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BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.

VOL. CLXXIV.

JULY—DECEMBER 1903.



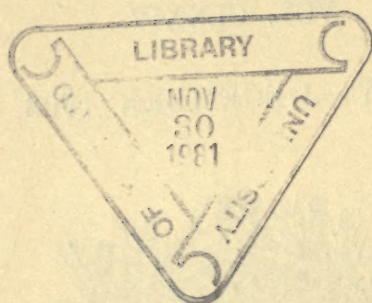
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No. MLIII.

JULY 1903.

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No. MLIIL.

JULY 1903.

VOL. CLXXIV.

PERSONALIA.

POLITICAL, SOCIAL, AND VARIOUS.

BY "SIGMA."

II. LAWYERS.

CHIEF BARON POLLOCK—EDWIN JAMES—BARON C. E. POLLOCK—LORD
BRAMWELL—MR JUSTICE BYLES—VICE-CHANCELLOR BACON—LORD
CHIEF-JUSTICE COCKBURN—LORD COLERIDGE—LORD BOWEN—LORD
WESTBURY—"DICK" BETHELL—SIR GEORGE JESSEL—VICE-CHANCELLOR
MALINS—BARON HUDDLESTON—SIR FRANCIS JEUNE—LORD LYNDHURST
—LORD CHELMSFORD—LORD CHANCELLOR CAIRNS.

My first introduction to the majesty of the Law was somewhere about the year of the Indian Mutiny, when as an urchin I was taken by my mother to the Croydon Assizes, where we occupied seats on the bench as the guests of Chief Baron Pollock, who was the presiding judge. Inasmuch as the Chief Baron was born as far back as 1783, had taken his degree as Senior Wrangler within a few days of Mr Pitt's death, and was called to the Bar in the following year, 1807,

this visit to Croydon constitutes one of my most interesting links with the past. The old judge, with his deeply lined face and stately bearing, struck me as profoundly impressive, and in aspect as a far greater dignitary than any of his judicial successors whom I chanced to see in later years. He in truth belonged to a school of legal magnates which, on his retirement in 1866, became practically extinct, though to some extent it was represented by such judges as

the late Lords Bramwell and Blackburne. As every one knows, the Chief Baron was the son of King George the Third's saddler, a highly respected Royal Warrant-holder, who had good reason to be proud of his progeny, for another son became an Indian Chief Justice, while a third was the distinguished Field-Marshal. The latter I remember once seeing on some gala day at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, when Sir John Fox Burgoyne (the son of the general who surrendered in the American War) was also present, and a more weather-beaten pair of old warriors I have never beheld. But the Chief Baron was, I believe, always considered the ablest of the three brothers; at all events he was the most versatile, for besides being an eminent lawyer he was no mean scientist, and a frequent contributor to the Transactions of the Royal Society almost to the day of his death. On the occasion when I was his juvenile guest at the Croydon Assizes the first case he tried was, I fancy, a commercial one, in which I remember Mr, afterwards Chief-Justice, Bovill took a leading part, much to the gratification of his venerable mother, who was also an occupant of the Bench. Then followed a "horse" case, which turned, I imagine, on a question of "warranty," for I recollect what Mr Fox used to call the "damnable iteration" of that word by the various counsel engaged. One of them, with a peculiarly vulgar, re-

volting face, had caused some amusement in court by getting wedged with a learned brother in a narrow gangway leading to the front row of the Bar. However, in spite of his corpulence, he contrived to squeeze himself triumphantly through to the array of "silks," among whom he took his seat with an oily and peculiarly impudent smile.

Even the dignity derived from his forensic attire was largely discounted by an extremely "loud" pair of black-and-white check trousers, which prominently obtruded themselves as he rose to address the court. "Who is that unpleasant looking barrister?" inquired my mother, *sotte voce*, of the Chief Baron, as this ornament of the Inner Bar began to harangue the jury with the voice and demeanour of a Smithfield butcher. "That," replied the judge, in a subdued tone of supreme disdain, "is Edwin James." Great heavens! how he bellowed, and brandished, and buttered the jury, and "my Lud-ded" the judge, every now and again glancing leeringly round the court for admiration from the bystanders, who appeared to regard him as a veritable oracle! But to a child like myself he presented an element of odiousness which for a long time prejudiced me against every one connected with his particular vocation.

Edwin James is a name of little significance nowadays, nevertheless his career is unparalleled in the annals of English advocacy. An outcast from his father's house before

he was twenty, he perceived in the Central Criminal Court a promising market for his master-talent, matchless and indomitable effrontery. In these days, even if successful in his own line of practice, an advocate of such an order would find the prizes of the profession relentlessly withheld from him; but I have heard on unimpeachable authority that when the crash came which culminated in the revocation of his patent as Queen's Counsel and his expulsion from the Bar, the high office of Solicitor-General was actually within Edwin James's reach. As M.P. for so important a constituency as Marylebone, he had no doubt established claims on the Liberal Government, which he was the last man not to urge in and out of season; but even if the appointment had been made, it would have raised such a clamour of protest from the majority of the Bar that the Government would probably have found it advisable to withdraw it. "Unprofessional conduct" was the immediate cause of James's downfall, but he must have long been looked upon with suspicion by the Benchers of his Inn, for, almost contrary to all precedent, on his obtaining "silk" they refused to elect him a Benchers. Nowadays the number of "silks" is so largely increased that the non-election to the Inn Bench of a newly created King's Counsel conveys no sort of reflection; but at that time it was otherwise, and the only similar instance of exclusion was that of Abraham Hayward, which

however was solely due to the personal animosity of Mr Roebuck, and implied no disapprobation of the candidate's professional conduct.

It has always been a mystery how Edwin James got into those pecuniary difficulties which were the cause of his professional irregularities. His practice, though not of the first magnitude, had latterly amounted to quite £7000 a-year; and his personal habits, as Thackeray pointed out in one of the "Roundabout Papers," were apparently the reverse of extravagant. He certainly lived in Berkeley Square, but the house was a small one, and well within his professional income. Either he gambled recklessly, or had to meet some persistent drain upon his resources which never came before the eyes of the world. Sir Thomas Lawrence, though avoiding a similar disgrace, presented very much the same enigma. In the receipt of princely gains from his portraits, and with no outwardly lavish expenditure, he astonished society by dying practically insolvent. I remember two characteristic stories of Edwin James's consummate impudence. At one time he lived in some West End chambers, of which the unfortunate landlord could never succeed in obtaining any rent. At last he had recourse to an expedient which he hoped might arouse his tenant to a sense of his obligations. He asked him if he would be kind enough to advise him on a little legal matter in which he was con-

cerned, and, on James acquiescing, drew up a statement specifying his own grievance against the learned counsel, and asking him to state what he considered the best course for a landlord to take under such conditions. The paper was returned to him the next morning with the following sentence subjoined: "In my opinion this is a case which admits of only one remedy: patience. EDWIN JAMES."

The other story is indicative of his methods in court. He was engaged in some case before Lord Chief-Justice Campbell, and in attempting to take an altogether inadmissible line with a witness, was stopped by the judge, who was the last man to allow any irregularities in the conduct of a case. James accepted Lord Campbell's interposition with a very ill grace, and the judge being of the same political party, took the opportunity, when summing up, of rather softening the remarks he had found it necessary to make in reference to James's "try on." "You will have observed, gentlemen," he said to the jury, "that I felt it my duty to stop Mr Edwin James in a certain line which he sought to adopt in the cross-examination of one of the witnesses, but at the same time I had no intention to cast any reflection on the learned counsel, who I am sure is known to you all as a most able——" Before the judge could proceed any further James started to his feet, and in a voice of contemptuous defiance exclaimed, "My Lud! I have borne with your Ludship's

censure, spare me your Ludship's praise!"

After being disbarred, Edwin James retreated to America, and before the facts could be properly ascertained by the authorities there, managed to get called to the New York Bar. But somehow or other he proved a complete failure, and before long returned to England, where he made a determined attempt to get his decree of "disbarral" rescinded by the Inns of Court. His efforts, however, were fruitless, the array of professional delinquencies that could be established against him being far too formidable, and he then became for a time common-law clerk to some Old Bailey solicitor; but not prospering in that capacity, he finally took a room in Old Bond Street, where he invited the public to consult him on legal matters, by means of a white marble tablet in the doorway on which he pompously described himself as "Mr Edwin James, Jurisconsult." But this resource also failed. Even had he been a competent lawyer, his clients would probably have not been too numerous; but, in point of fact, his legal attainments were of the slightest, "common jury-rhetoric" having been his main forensic stock-in-trade, any law that his case might involve being got up as necessity demanded, merely to serve the particular occasion. I saw him once emerging from his Bond Street lair, seedy, ill-shaven, sodden-faced, in a coat in which rusty brown had almost supplanted the original black, and

a hat of that greasy sheen peculiar to the head-gear of the old-fashioned sheriff's officer. Poor wretch! the curtain was then about to fall on his tragedy, for such, surely, his life must have been even at its apparent heyday. Very soon afterwards he died almost a pauper's death, pointing a moral such as happily few public men have ever supplied—at all events, in this country.

But to revert to Chief Baron Pollock. At the midday adjournment of the court, he entertained us at luncheon at the Judge's lodgings, a repast which is impressed on my memory by rather a ludicrous incident. In those days claret was still a negligible quantity, at any rate in old-fashioned cellars, the staple vintages being almost invariably port and sherry. Whether the Chief Baron's libations of port in his Northern Circuit days had sated him with that beverage I cannot say, but at the time of which I am writing he had become a great patron and connoisseur of sherry, and on the dining-room sideboard was ranged, I remember, a long and imposing row of decanters, each representing some choice example of his favourite wine. My mother, however, had forgotten, or was unaware of, her host's hobby, and in response to his inquiry, "Which wine will you take?" (meaning Amontillado, or Solera, or *Vino de Pasto*, and so forth) she unluckily expressed a preference for *port*! "I am afraid," replied the judge, with just a suspicion of polite irony, "that

port is a wine with which I am wholly unprovided, though I can offer you every kind of sherry." My poor mother, to whom wine of any sort was really a matter of supreme indifference, was covered with confusion, and attempted to atone for her blunder by enthusiastically declaring for cold water! With reference to connoisseurship of wine, I will venture, *en passant*, on two little anecdotes which are instructive in their way. Not long ago I was staying in a country house, the host of which was possessed of an extremely *recherché* cellar. It was about Christmas-time, and he good-naturedly decided to entertain some of his less affluent neighbours who were not much given to feasting, among them the elderly unmarried daughters of a deceased clergyman. At dessert the butler, with an inflection of compassionate condescension in his pompous voice, accosted one of these good ladies, who was my dinner neighbour, with the formidable interrogation: "Port, sherry, claret, or Madeira?" The embarrassed guest, whose aspect suggested weak negus as the acme of her alcoholic aspirations, replied, after a moment of tremulous deliberation, "A little *Marsala*, please." Fortunately the answer did not reach our host's ears, but the indignant butler had considerable difficulty in controlling himself. However, with a supreme effort he swallowed his ire, and, disdaining to offer any explanation, merely repeated with aggrieved em-

phasis the solemn formula, "Port, sherry, claret, or Madeira?" The terrorised spinster could only gurgle something which her tormentor took for a refusal, and he stalked on in offended majesty, casting a reproachful glance at his master for exposing him to the affronts of local Philistines.

The other anecdote is commended to would-be judges of '47 port! On the outskirts of a small country village there lived an old bachelor who, like Chief Baron Pollock, had in his later days forsaken the vintage of his youth for wines of a lighter quality. He had formerly been a north country merchant or manufacturer, but on relinquishing business had migrated to a southern county. Some years after his retirement he received, one afternoon, an intimation from some old business friends that they were in his neighbourhood and should take the liberty of presenting themselves at dinner. He immediately sent for his butler and apprised him of the coming guests, desiring him to be very particular about the wine, as they were great connoisseurs who in former days had always accorded the highest praise to his cellar. "Very good, sir," said the butler; "but what are we to do about port? there is not a bottle in the cellar." "I had forgotten the port," said the host in consternation; "and now I think of it, they used, like me, to be great port drinkers. What is to be done?" "Well, sir," replied the butler, "there is not

time to send to —," naming the county town, "but I think I might be able to borrow a bottle from Squire X's cellar." The Squire being a great "layer-down" of vintage port, the host felt considerably reassured, and wrote a short note explaining the circumstances, which the butler was to take over to the Squire's house, at no great distance. Various engagements prevented him from seeing his butler again before dinner, but he felt complete confidence in Squire X's cellar, and consequently heard without the least trepidation both of his guests pronouncing for port as their post-prandial libation. "Ah," exclaimed one of them, with an expression of discriminating gusto, as, after holding his glass up to the light, he took his first sip, "I see that your port maintains its old reputation." "More than maintains it," observed the other in a long-drawn tone of supreme satisfaction. "You had good port in the old days, but this beats it hollow. There is only one word for it, 'superb'—'47, I suppose?" "I believe so," carelessly remarked the host, "but I have given up drinking port myself; still, I like to have a tolerable glass for my friends." The bottle was finished amid increased encomiums, and in due course the guests departed.

"Did the Squire send any note with that port, Watkins?" inquired the host of his butler the next morning. "I am glad it turned out so well."

"So am I, sir," observed the

butler with a curious twinkle in his eye, "though it was none of the Squire's after all."

"Not the Squire's?" rejoined his master; "where did it come from then?"

"It came from the 'Spotted Dog,' sir," replied the man triumphantly, naming the village "public." "The Squire had gone up to London till Monday, and they couldn't get at the cellar; but gentlemen as drinks port ain't always the judges they think they are, so I just chanced it, and on my way back got a bottle at the 'Spotted Dog' for half-a-crown!"

Chief Baron Pollock only missed by a year or two the satisfaction of seeing his son Charles raised to the bench of his old court. Charles Pollock—"the last of the Barons," as he was called, when by the death of Baron Huddleston he became the solitary survivor of the old Exchequer Judges—though not equal to his father in ability, was by no means a specimen of those judges who derive their elevation, according to the well-known legal witticism, "*per stirpes et non per capita*." He was a capable, if not a profound lawyer, and discharged his duties not only with fastidious impartiality, but with a quiet dignity which has of late been far too rare in the High Court. At the same time, he was by no means deficient in a sense of humour, and would on occasion relax his austerity with sallies of a much better quality than is nowadays associated with legal jesters.

One of them at least is worthy of commemoration.

The Baron was trying a case which turned on what constituted "necessaries" for a minor, the leader on one side being a rather decrepit and elderly Q.C., whose marriage to the somewhat mature daughter of a patrician house had occasioned a certain amount of ironical comment on the part of his learned friends; while the opposing party was captained by a "silk" who, although younger than his antagonist, had decidedly the advantage of him in the matter of olive-branches. The question for decision was whether a piano constituted a "necessary," the childless old Benedict arguing that it was, and his opponent, the Paterfamilias, insisting that it was not. At last the former, by way of clenching his contention, began to allude rather pompously to his married experiences, a subject he was very fond of introducing on account of the augustness of his alliance. "My Lord," he ostentatiously urged, "as a married man, I can speak with some authority on these matters, and in my experience I have always understood that a piano was a 'necessary' for any one in the position which the minor in this case occupies." Hereupon the "Paterfamilias" counsel cruelly interrupted with: "My Lord, my learned friend boasts of his married experiences, but I must remind him that as a matter of fact he only entered upon the connubial state comparatively recently, whereas I, my Lord, have not only been married

nearly twenty years, but am the father of a large family, while in that respect, so far as I am aware, the union to which my learned friend refers with so much complacency has not proved equally fortunate." "My Lord," furiously rejoined the other, "I must really protest against my friend making these offensive remarks. I request your Lordship——" he was continuing with accelerated wrath, as the titter in court became more pronounced, when Baron Pollock, bending over from the Bench, threw oil on the troubled waters by quietly interfering with: "Gentlemen, I think we had better confine ourselves to the issue in the present case."

Baron, afterwards Lord, Bramwell was one of the small group of "strong" judges whose presence on the Bench was cordially appreciated by every one except the meritorious criminal. In appearance he was curiously like old J. B. Buckstone of the Haymarket Theatre, whose capacity for comedy he also to some extent shared. An amusing touch of this quality was revealed on one occasion at a certain sporting city where the Assizes happened to synchronise with the annual race-meeting. As a matter of fact, the judge had no Isthmian proclivities, but many members of the Bar then on circuit being extremely anxious to see the race of the day, which always created widespread interest, one of the leading counsel engaged in a case then in progress asked the judge to allow a short adjourn-

ment. Baron Bramwell, himself nothing loth, inquired of the jury whether they had any objection to the adjournment asked for; but after consultation with his colleagues the foreman intimated that the majority of them had come from a distance, and were anxious that the case should not be interrupted, in order that they might get back to their homes, if possible, that evening.

The judge, who in the heart of a sporting county had expected a more complaisant response, was not best pleased that the proposal should be discountenanced; but he merely remarked, "Very well, gentlemen," and the case proceeded. In the luncheon interval, however, he sent for the counsel who had applied for the adjournment, and after intimating to him that he had no notion of being overridden by the jury in the matter, suggested that he should renew the application still more urgently after lunch. Accordingly, on the reassembling of the court the same counsel again rose, and apologising to the judge with affected diffidence for renewing the application of the morning, stated that he had been afforded during the luncheon interval an opportunity of ascertaining the feeling of the Bar in the matter, which was so unanimously in favour of an adjournment for the race that he ventured to hope the concession might be granted. The judge, who feigned a sort of resigned sur-

prise at the revival of the subject, thereupon turned to the jury and addressed them as follows: "You have heard, gentlemen, what has just been urged by the learned counsel. Of course, under ordinary circumstances I should not think of entertaining so unusual an application, and one, moreover, which does not commend itself to the jury; but on the present occasion the case is exceptional. We happen to be here at the time when a great event in connection with what has been rightly designated the National Pastime is about to be celebrated, and it has been represented that there is a very strong, indeed an almost unanimous, desire on the part of those in court to witness this historic race. Should I be justified," he continued, solemnly scanning the jury—"should I be justified in refusing to sanction a short adjournment for what is, under the circumstances, so legitimate and reasonable an object?"

The jury still remained moodily obdurate, and the judge, after a pause, resumed, "I regret to observe, gentlemen, that you do not appear to be in accord with the prevailing sentiment; but, nevertheless, I cannot help feeling that it would be ungracious, I might even say arbitrary, on my part if I refused to give effect to it. In fact," he added, slowly gathering up his robes, "I am inclined to think—indeed I am quite sure that in spite of your continued dissent it is incumbent on me, nay, it is

my positive duty to adjourn the court [then majestically rising from the Bench], *and I will!*"

Mr Justice Byles was another "strong" judge of that epoch, whose austere demeanour was in strict harmony with an almost ultra-puritanical attitude of mind, which on one occasion was subjected to a very unwelcome experience. He was trying a case at Winchester, in which some soldiers of the dépôt were indicted for a riotous affray with a gang of navvies employed in the neighbourhood. One of these navvies had been under examination for a considerable time with very little practical result, and at last the judge interposing observed to the examining counsel that he appeared to be making very little way with the witness, who had better be allowed to give his evidence after his own fashion. "Come, my man," said the judge reassuringly, "we must get to the end of this. Suppose you tell the story in your own way." "Well, my lord," broke out the navvy, greatly relieved at being delivered from his tormentor, "yer see, it was like this—we met the sodgers on the bridge, and one of 'em says to me 'Good mornin'.' 'Good mornin', yer ——'; but before the specimen of appalling vernacular that followed was well articulated, Mr Justice Byles had fled precipitately from the Bench, with, no doubt, a mental resolution never again to invite a witness of the navigating order "to tell his story in his own way."

Apropos of witnesses and counsel, I think the most scathing retort that I ever read was the following, which I saw in some country newspaper report of an assize case. A counsel had been cross-examining a witness for some time with very little effect, and had sorely taxed the patience of the judge, the jury, and every one in court. At last the judge intervened with an imperative hint to the learned gentleman to conclude his cross-examination. The counsel, who received this judicial intimation with a very bad grace, before telling the witness to stand down, accosted him with the parting sarcasm: "Ah, you're a clever fellow, a very clever fellow! We can all see that!" The witness, bending over from the box, quietly retorted, "I would return the compliment—if *I were not on oath!*"

Counsel are not, as a rule, too receptive of hints from the Bench as to the conduct of a case. I remember hearing a leather-lunged gentleman bawling legal platitudes to old Vice-Chancellor Bacon, who, after sitting passive for some time in a state of ill-concealed irritability, gave utterance in quavering tones to the following pungent remonstrance: "I am, of course, aware, Mr So-and-so, that it is my duty to remind you that there is such a quality as *mer-r-cy!*" The Vice-Chancellor, though rather crusty on the Bench, was a model of old-world politeness in private life. I remember

on one occasion a Bayswater omnibus in which I was riding making an unduly long halt at the end of a street near Hyde Park Gardens, and just as the "fares" were beginning to wax impatient an old gentleman was seen crossing the road in the direction of the omnibus, under the guardianship of a butler. As he laboriously hoisted himself up the step I saw to my surprise that it was no less a personage than Vice-Chancellor Bacon, who in the vacation (as it then was) apparently considered himself justified in sinking his dignity by indulging in a twopenny ride! I extended a helping hand to the old man, who was then nearer ninety than eighty, and naturally far from agile. As a rule I have found that assistance thus proffered, though eagerly accepted, receives very little acknowledgment beyond an ill-tempered grunt, or a stony stare. But the old judge, entirely at variance with his demeanour on the Bench, turned ceremoniously round to me before sitting down, a manœuvre not easy to the most active in a moving omnibus, and with an old-world urbanity faltered in his curious nut-cracker voice, "I beg to thank you, sir, for your very great courtesy."

He and Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn were, I think, the only two judges who regularly attended the Monday Popular Concerts, though there was always a large legal element in the audience. Sir Alexander Cockburn was a personage who

would have figured with great effect in a novel. Unimpeachable in his public capacity, his private life resembled rather Lord Thurlow's than that of a nineteenth-century judge. Nevertheless, like Thurlow, he scrupulously maintained the dignity of his office, never descending to the derogatory conduct which too often characterised his successor, Lord Coleridge, who, so far as externals were concerned, had greatly the advantage. Both, however, were more distinguished at the Bar than on the Bench, though Cockburn was far from being a mere forensic orator, his speech on the Don Pacifico question being one of the finest ever delivered in Parliament. Probably the greatest compliment paid to him as an advocate was from Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner ("my sainted Bill," as his mother always termed him!), who, on being found guilty, handed down to his counsel a slip of paper bearing the following words: "It's the riding that's done it," Cockburn having been the prosecuting counsel. Lord Coleridge was decidedly his inferior both as an advocate and a parliamentary orator, though usually felicitous enough when delivering a literary address or a post-prandial speech. On one occasion, however, he was betrayed into a curious piece of bathos, which all the magic of his silvery accents was unable to redeem. He was among the distinguished guests at the dinner given at Balliol to cele-

brate the opening of the new college hall, and Archbishop Tait having responded for the college, Lord Coleridge was deputed to respond for the University. With his accustomed diffidence, or assumption of diffidence, he began his speech by disclaiming all qualification to fulfil so important a duty. "The Most Reverend Prelate," he observed with melodious unction, "in spite of his far more exalted position and infinitely superior eloquence, has on this memorable occasion only been called upon to respond for a part, while I, in every respect his inferior, who cannot claim to excel in a single one of the accomplishments with which he is so lavishly endowed, I, my lords and gentlemen, have been asked to respond for a whole, and" (with sonorous emphasis) "*what a (w)hole!*"

Although posing as one of those unterrestrial judges who have never heard of a music-hall, and are wholly unacquainted with slang, Lord Coleridge was not above enjoying an occasional touch of Billingsgate when applied to any individual whom he did not particularly affect. One of his learned brethren, with whom he was on intimate terms, was one day abusing a fellow Puisne, who happened to be especially repugnant to them both, in language the reverse of parliamentary. Coleridge listened to the opprobrious appellations with bland satisfaction, and then unctuously observed, "I am not addicted to expressions of that kind myself, but would

you mind saying it again?" As is well known, he signalled his tenure of the Lord Chief-Justiceship by presenting the unprecedented spectacle of appearing as a defendant, in an action brought against him by his son-in-law, in the course of which he actually sat in the back benches of the court prompting his counsel.

Ermine, even if itself unsullied, becomes somewhat depreciated when placed in contact with dirty linen, and Lord Coleridge never quite survived this unfortunate shock to his prestige. Moreover, he had an unhappy propensity for indulging in extra-judicial utterances of a highly democratic character; and in the course of a visit to America adopted an attitude of implied, if not expressed, antagonism towards his own country and its institutions, while fulsomely lauding those of the United States. On the whole, in spite of considerable talents and a highly ornamental presence, he must be ranked as the most unsatisfactory occupant of the Lord Chief Justice's chair for considerably over a century.

How much Coleridge, when at the Bar, owed to the untiring ability and laboriousness of Charles Bowen, only those who were behind the scenes can properly estimate. Bowen certainly never recovered the strain of the Tichborne trial, in which he was throughout the animating spirit of the Attorney-General, who without him would on many occasions have perilously floundered. Bowen was

one of the subtlest lawyers and most brilliant scholars that has ever adorned the English Bench. Moreover, he was endowed with a peculiarly mordant wit, enunciating the most sardonic utterances in a voice of almost feminine softness. Of these, perhaps the most prominent was his protest to the counsel who was impugning, wholesale, certain evidence which had been filed against his client. "Aren't you going a little too far, Mr ——?" he murmuredly interposed; "truth, you know, will occasionally out, even in an affidavit."

To see him in the Court of Appeal entangling in his exquisitely fine meshes that rough and ready "knot-cutter," Lord Esher, was a treat of which it was impossible to have too much. The feline purr in which he would half deferentially, half disdainfully, ply his puzzled senior with filagree subtleties, was the most finished example of intellectual torture I ever had the privilege of witnessing. How the sturdy old Master of the Rolls must have rejoiced when his superlatively ingenious colleague was promoted to the House of Lords, and replaced by the less complex intellect of Sir John Rigby! Lord Esher was at the best but sounding brass compared to the thrice-refined gold of Charles Bowen, who, if he had only deigned to trample the dust of the political arena, would have equalled on the Woolsack even the reputation of Westbury.

But Law was not the only field in which he shone. If not

actually a poet, he was a verse-writer of a very high order, while as an essayist or a historian, by dint of style alone, he would assuredly have won a distinguished place. His single defect was perhaps an undue proclivity for irony, which on one occasion he indulged in from the Bench, with disastrous effect on the jury. Shortly after his appointment as a puisne judge, he was trying a burglar in some country town, and by way of mitigating the tedium of the proceedings, summed up something in the following fashion: "You will have observed, gentlemen, that the prosecuting counsel laid great stress on the enormity of the offence with which the prisoner is charged, but I think it is only due to the prisoner to point out that in proceeding about his enterprise, he at all events displayed remarkable consideration for the inmates of the house. For instance, rather than disturb the owner, an invalid lady, as you will have remarked, with commendable solicitude he removed his boots, and went about in his stockings, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. Further, instead of rushing with heedless rapacity into the pantry, he carefully removed the coal-scuttle and any other obstacles, which, had he thoughtlessly collided with them, would have created a noise that must have aroused the jaded servants from their well-earned repose." After proceeding in this strain for some little time, he dismissed the jury to consider

their verdict, and was horror-struck when, on their return into court, they pronounced the acquittal of the prisoner!

Lord Bowen was probably the only judge who, on being summoned on an emergency to the dread ordeal of taking Admiralty cases, entered upon his doom with a pleasantry. After explaining to the counsel of that consummately technical tribunal the reason of his presiding over it on the occasion in question, and warning them of his inexperience in this particular branch of practice, he concluded his remarks with the following quotation from Tennyson's beautiful lyric, then recently published:—

"And may there be no moaning of the
Bar

When I put out to sea."

I have ventured to suggest that Lord Bowen's legal intellect was not inferior to that of Lord Westbury, a notability whose sayings are still of absorbing interest to a large section of the public. With brains of gold and a tongue of gall, both at the Bar and as Chancellor he was, though in a subtler fashion, fully as formidable as the terrible Thurlow, and his downfall was, I have been assured on the best authority, due less to indiscretion in the matter of patronage (in connection with which he actually resigned) than to a determined combination against him of various eminent individuals who had smarted under his affronts. Of these the most notable

was an Illustrious Personage whose resentment was, under the circumstances, not surprising. His Royal Highness had long been interesting himself on behalf of a certain gentleman whose wife held a confidential position in his consort's household, and it appearing probable that the second Reading Clerkship of the House of Lords would shortly become vacant, he had caused his *protégé's* claims to be made known to the Chancellor with a view to eventualities. In due course the invalid Reading Clerk departed this life, and the Prince, who had taken measures to have immediate intelligence of the event, at once sent off an equerry to the Chancellor with the news, and a strong hint that his *protégé's* candidature for the vacant post should receive favourable consideration. As a matter of fact, the Chancellor could not possibly have been aware of the Reading Clerk's death, but that did not deter him from charging the equerry with the following answer: "You will convey my most respectful compliments to his Royal Highness, and you will inform his Royal Highness that to my profound regret I am unable to comply with his Royal Highness's wishes, as the appointment in question is already filled up." Then, on the withdrawal of the astonished messenger, he rang the bell and said to the servant, "Tell Mr Slingsby I wish to see him." On Slingsby Bethell making his appearance the Chancellor greeted him as follows:

"Slingsby! you are appointed second Reading Clerk in the House of Lords." But though nothing loth to accept the post on his own account, Slingsby Bethell at once saw how prejudicially it would affect his father, and urged him to reconsider his decision; but the Chancellor was inflexible, and accordingly made an implacable enemy of the royal personage he had thus so ruthlessly affronted.

Not content with this exploit, the Chancellor shortly afterwards signalised himself by another only less remarkable. He had issued invitations for a "high Judicial" dinner-party, the guests including Vice-Chancellor Wood, a saintly old gentleman who had recently produced a work on 'The Continuity of Scripture,' and the late Lord Penzance, alike in official and private life the embodiment of austere decorum. To the inexpressible indignation of these eminent worthies, both of whom were accompanied by their ladies, they found the end of the Chancellor's table, that should have been occupied by Lady Westbury, presided over, in her absence, by a foreign Countess, more conspicuous for her fascinations than her fair fame! As may be easily imagined, the drawing-room part of the entertainment was not of long duration, and on reaching home the outraged author of 'The Continuity of Scripture' immediately sat down and indited a complaint of four pages to Lord Palmerston, the peccant Chancellor's Ministerial Chief.

Lord Palmerston's reply, which my informant had the privilege of seeing, was scarcely consolatory. It ran thus:—

"MY DEAR WOOD,—I quite agree that the Chancellor's conduct is inexcusable; but I am sure you will admit that he treated me worse than any of you, for he made me take the lady down to dinner!—Sincerely yours,

"PALMERSTON."

The virtuous Vice-Chancellor had to pocket his indignation, but in common with Lord Penzance (then Sir J. P. Wilde) he nursed his vengeance to some purpose. On the night when a motion of censure on the Chancellor's unsatisfactory methods of patronage was being debated in the Commons, Lord Granville was talking to his colleague on the Woolsack, and laughing to scorn the bare idea of an adverse vote. But he reckoned without the combined forces of the Chancellor's enemies, for a few moments later the news arrived that the motion had been carried, though it was universally recognised that in the particular circumstances the Chancellor had been more sinned against than sinning. There is no doubt that Richard Bethell, Lord Westbury's eldest son, had taken undue advantage of his father's good-nature in the matter of patronage, and that the Chancellor, though certainly blamable for carelessness, was absolutely free from any suspicion of corruption. It

was Richard Bethell who inspired his father with one of the neatest of impromptu puns. Always a spendthrift, even when his father was Attorney-General he had been proclaimed an outlaw, and was forced to lie *perdu* on the other side of the Channel. When, however, Sir Richard was made Lord Chancellor, and a family meeting was held to decide on the title of his peerage, Dick Bethell, as the heir, thought well to steal back in order to be present at the consultation, which took place at a country seat then occupied by the Chancellor near Basingstoke, called Hackwood. Various titles were suggested, but without result, and eventually Dick Bethell attempted to solve the difficulty by suggesting that his father should become Lord Hackwood. "No, no, Richard," replied the Chancellor, "that would never do; for if I became Lord Hackwood you would infallibly be dubbed The Honourable Mr 'Cut-your-Stick'!"

I believe that Lord Westbury had a far kinder heart than his manner ever permitted him to gain credit for. The late Mr Commissioner Holroyd, in whose chambers the Chancellor had been a pupil, among many others who afterwards attained judicial rank, told me that of them all Lord Westbury was the only one who had attempted to serve him (he proposed, though unsuccessfully, the Commissioner as Chief Judge in Bankruptcy under a new Act), and

that the loyalty and genuine goodness of heart which underlay his undesirable qualities had never been done justice to. The late Lady Westbury ("Dick" Bethell's widow) told me the same thing, though she admitted that her father-in-law was at first terribly formidable! She instanced an occasion on which, when he was still at the Bar, she had to see him at his chambers on some question connected, I think, with her marriage settlements, and while they were talking Sir Richard's clerk rashly entered with a message about a brief. "Will you be obliging enough," drawled the Attorney-General, with ominous trenchancy, "to close that door, and remain on the other side of it?" The wretched clerk looked as if he would have been thankful to sink through the floor, and Lady Westbury said she felt suddenly frozen up. But his supreme achievement of this sort occurred at a special meeting of the Conservative Club, to which he had been summoned to explain his conduct in standing for Parliament as a Liberal. The chairman of the meeting was Mr Quintin Dick, who being slightly deaf could not altogether catch Bethell's mincing tones of contemptuous defiance, delivered from a rather remote part of the room. On Mr Dick somewhat imperiously requesting him to "speak up," Bethell replied with acetic suavity that "he was very sorry for being inaudible, but he had really supposed that the ears of the

honourable chairman were long enough to be reached by his remarks, even from that distant part of the room." His doom after that was of course a *fait accompli*; indeed, aware that in any case it was assured, he resolved before receiving sentence to treat his tribunal to a taste of his quality. Only once, I believe, did he actually incur corporeal retribution for his offensiveness, and that was at the toes, or rather at the toes, of Mr Neate, a Chancery barrister, who sat in Parliament for the city of Oxford. Bethell, who was at the time Attorney-General, had thought fit in the course of some case to make an envenomed attack on Mr Neate, who was also engaged. Neate, red-hot with resentment, waited for the great man outside the court, and treated him to the rough-and-ready form of vengeance which I have already indicated. To kick an Attorney-General as one would a cheeky schoolboy was "*un peu trop fort*," however great the provocation, and poor Neate only saved himself from being disbarred by undertaking never to hold a brief again.

One of the greatest Equity judges of the last half-century was the late Sir George Jessel, the first, and, so far, the only Jew who has been raised to the English Bench. Jessel's appointment was received with a certain amount of misgiving, not on account of his attainments, which were unexceptionable, but by reason of an undesirable audacity which had

occasionally marked his conduct of cases at the Bar. There is no doubt that at a pinch in order to score a point he was not above "improving" the actual text of the Report which he purported to be quoting, and I well remember this practice producing quite a dramatic little scene, when having sprung upon a particularly painstaking opponent some case which apparently demolished the latter's argument, that learned gentleman with an almost apoplectic gasp requested that the volume might be passed to him. The result of his perusal was more satisfactory to himself than it was to Jessel, who, however, treated the matter as a mere "trifle," not worth fussing about, and calmly restarted his argument on a new tack! In this undesirable habit he resembled an eminent predecessor, who on investing some obsolete case on which he was relying with a complexion peculiarly favourable to his arguments but quite new to the presiding judge, the latter quietly asked him to hand up his volume of Reports. After a moment's examination the judge handed the volume back with the scathing rebuke: "As I thought, Mr —, my memory of thirty years is more accurate than your quotation."

But once on the Bench Jessel not only discarded all derogatory methods, but pounced remorselessly on any too ingenious practitioner who might attempt to resort to them, and brief as was his judicial career, he contrived to leave a reputation un-

rivalled in the Rolls Court since the days of Sir William Grant.

A Chancery Court is not, as a rule, a very amusing resort, but Vice-Chancellor Malins was always able to command a fairly "good house," as he might generally be counted on to show a certain amount of sport under the stimulating attacks of Mr Glasse and his Hibernian rival, Mr Napier Higgins. Mr Glasse, whose countenance recalled that of a vicious old pointer, when not engaged in bandying epithets with Mr Higgins, applied himself only too successfully to developing the unhappy Vice-Chancellor's propensities for making himself ridiculous. Sir Richard, an amiable, loquacious old gentleman who had bored and button-holed his parliamentary chiefs into giving him a judgeship, was certainly an easy prey for a bullying counsel. In external aspect dignified enough, he was afflicted with a habit of conversational irrelevancy which might have supplied a master-subject for the pen of Charles Dickens. While Higgins roared him down like a floundering bull, Glasse plied the even more discomfiting weapons of calculated contempt and impertinence.

The following is a sample of scenes which were then of almost daily occurrence in Sir Richard's court. "That reminds me," the judge would oracularly interpose, fixing his eyeglass and glancing round the court,—"That reminds me of a point I once raised in the House of Commons——"

"Really, my Lord," Mr Glasse would brusquely interrupt with a withering sneer, "we have not come here to listen to your Lordship's parliamentary experiences." Whereat with an uneasy flush the Vice-Chancellor would mutteringly resume attention. On one occasion I recollect Mr Glasse so far forgetting himself as to exclaim audibly, in response to some sudden discursion from the bench, "D——d old woman!" Every one, of course, tittered, and the Vice-Chancellor, for once nerving himself for reprisals, bent forward with a scarlet face and the interrogatory, "What was that you said, Mr Glasse?" But his terrible antagonist was not to be confounded. Without a moment's hesitation he replied, airily flourishing his many-coloured bandana, "My Lord, I will frankly acknowledge that my remark was not intended for your Lordship's ears;" an explanation which Malins thought it prudent humbly to accept.

But in justice be it said that, though intimidated in a fashion by this brace of forensic bruisers, the Vice-Chancellor was in his judgments no respecter of persons, and in the celebrated Rugby School case he administered a rebuke to a Right Reverend prelate, lately at the head of the Church, which must have been far from comfortable reading, if a full report of the proceedings ever came under his notice.

Sir Richard's garrulity once cost him rather dear. On

arriving unusually late in Court he artlessly explained that his unpunctuality was due to his having started for his morning ride minus his watch, which he had accidentally left at home, and in consequence had been beguiled into a prolongation of his amble with the "Liver Brigade." About an hour after this rather unnecessary explanation, a person presented himself at the Vice-Chancellor's house in Lowndes Square and informed the butler that he had been sent from the Court for Sir Richard's watch. The butler at first was suspicious; but on finding the watch on his master's dressing-table, and thinking that he would be greatly inconvenienced without it, he handed the timepiece—a very valuable one—to the messenger, who promptly hurried off—but not in the direction of Lincoln's Inn!

Though by no means a wit even of the judicial order, Sir Richard must be credited with one apposite pleasantry, which, though well enough known among lawyers, may be narrated here for the benefit of the lay community. At the time when Vice-Chancellor Bacon was one of his colleagues, Malins had before him some case in which one of the parties was of that order peculiarly obnoxious to the legal mind—namely, the "cranky" litigant. In delivering judgment the Vice-Chancellor felt himself constrained to take a view adverse to the claims set up by this individual, who de-

terminated to avenge himself for what he chose to consider a miscarriage of justice. Accordingly, one morning shortly after the judgment, he presented himself in court, and, taking hurried aim from amid the bystanders, hurled an over-preserved egg at the head of his oppressor. The Vice-Chancellor, by ducking adroitly, managed to avoid the missile, which malodorously discharged itself at a comparatively safe distance from its target. "I think," observed Sir Richard, almost grateful in spite of the *lèse majesté* for so apt an opportunity of qualifying as a judicial wag,—“I think that egg must have been intended for my brother Bacon!”

Apropos of troublesome litigants, the days of Mrs Weldon's forensic feats are now far distant, and, sad to relate, her solitary reappearance, as is too often the case with retired "stars," was a dismal fiasco. But twenty years ago she was a power and something more in the High Court, in spite of public ridicule and professional prejudice, scoring triumph after triumph, such as fall to the lot of few of even the most practised advocates. One of her most effective weapons was her exquisitely modulated voice, which was capable of the subtlest inflection of scorn and irony that I ever heard from human lips. Perhaps her most notable victory was in an action she brought against that Ouidaesque Guardsman, Sir Henry de Bathe, who in his magisterial capacity had signed an order

for her committal to a private asylum. The case was tried by Baron Huddleston, a judge whose well-known proclivities for patrician society and surroundings rendered him occasionally a somewhat partial arbiter. In this instance his sympathies were from the first manifestly in favour of the aristocratic defendant, while he displayed towards the plaintiff, who was as usual conducting her own case, a harshness and brusquerie which were quite uncalled for. But judicial antipathies never greatly troubled Mrs Weldon, who, as a litigant, had very soon discovered that a dead-set by the judge, especially against a woman, not infrequently results in enlisting the sympathies of the jury. Accordingly, after one or two ineffectual attempts on the part of Baron Huddleston to stifle the whole business, Mrs Weldon was allowed to proceed. I did not hear much of her opening address, but was fortunate enough to be present during the first part of her examination of Sir Henry de Bathe, which, for the sake of convenience, I will give in dialogue form. It must be borne in mind that Sir Henry had been one of Mrs Weldon's oldest friends, and that she was perfectly acquainted with all particulars as to his rank and status.

Mrs Weldon (to witness). I believe your name is Sir Henry de Bathe?

Sir Henry (with a lofty indifference). Yes.

Mrs W. A baronet?

Sir H. Yes.

Mrs W. And formerly colonel commanding the Scots Guards.

Sir H. (with a touch of self-complacency.) Just so.

Mrs W. You are also, I believe, a county magistrate?

Sir H. (with a bored air.) Oh yes.

Mrs W. Anything else?

Sir H. (after a pause.) Not that I know of.

Mrs W. Oh come, Sir Henry de Bathe, just refresh your memory, please.

Sir H. (after a longer pause.) I really can't recollect.

Mrs W. Dear me, and I should have thought it so very important! Come, now, have you never heard of St Luke's Asylum?

Sir H. (with an enlightened expression.) Oh, ah, yes, of course; but I wasn't thinking of that kind of thing, you know!

Mrs W. I can quite believe that! Well, now, tell my lord and the jury what your connection with St Luke's Asylum is.

Sir H. Well, I am one of the governors, you know.

Mrs W. Exactly. You are one of the governors of St Luke's Asylum, which, I believe, is an asylum for sufferers from mental diseases!

Sir H. I believe so.

Mrs W. You only believe so! Come, is it a fact or not?

Sir H. Oh yes, certainly.

Mrs W. Well, now, will you tell us in what your duties as a governor of St Luke's Asylum consist? (*An embarrassed silence, during which the witness rather nervously adjusts his necktie.*) I am waiting, Sir Henry de Bathe. (*No answer.*) Surely, Sir Henry de Bathe, you are not going to let the jury infer that, although a governor of this important asylum, you are unable to give any account of your duties?

Sir H. (after a further pause, and almost agitated attention to the ends of his tie.) Well, I—I look in now and then, you know.

Mrs W. (with an inflection of consummate irony.) "You look in now and then!" (*To the jury*) I hope, gentlemen, you will appreciate the answer of the honourable baronet! Here is a person who, in his capacity

of governor of a Lunatic Asylum, signed an order declaring me to be of unsound mind, and yet the only definition he can give of his duties is that "he looks in now and then!"

[*Sir Henry writhes, the jury smile with a significant air of sympathy, which renders a verdict for the plaintiff a foregone conclusion.*]

"Society" judges, such as the late Baron Huddleston, are, for obvious reasons, not satisfactory occupants of the Bench. With every desire to be impartial, they are insensibly prejudiced in favour of the class with whom they aspire to mingle, and in a celebrated trial that took place some twenty years ago, in which a certain sculptor, much affected by great ladies, was one of the parties, Baron Huddleston cut a figure which made him ridiculous in the eyes of the law, and almost a public laughing-stock. Of the present judicial body, Sir Francis Jeune is the only member who mixes much in fashionable society; and though he has hitherto been fortunate in not having to deal with his hosts and hostesses in the character of delinquents, it is of course always possible that such a *contretemps* may occur, in which case it would require all the President's tact and adroitness to maintain an attitude satisfactory to himself and to the public. In the old days, with the single exception of Vice-Chancellor Leach, judges did not aspire to patrician society, and the spectacle of the chief of a tribunal for matrimonial causes appearing

at a "smart" ball in fancy costume would have been hailed with pious horror. Lord Chancellors, of course, are in a different category; but even Lord Lyndhurst's "society" proclivities were looked upon in many quarters with disapprobation, succeeding as they did the austere aloofness observed by Lord Eldon. Lyndhurst, indeed, in spite of his legal genius, was by temperament much more qualified for a party than a judicial arena. One of those politicians who make expediency the main article of their creed, he was never troubled by scruples when they stood in the way of scoring a trick in the political game, and though Lord Campbell in his 'Lives' is undoubtedly too hard on him, his *volte face* from principles that verged on Jacobinism to those that prompted the "Six Acts" has never been satisfactorily accounted for. For his popularity he was chiefly indebted to his many personal qualities, that of never forgetting a friend being prominent among them. The father of an old gentleman with whom I was acquainted had given Lord Lyndhurst, then merely the unknown son of a not too prosperous artist, his first brief, and, whether in or out of office, the Chancellor never forgot it. He befriended the family in every way open to him, and after one of them had proved a hopeless failure in every other capacity, rather than let him "go under" he made him one of his private secretaries. "Si sic omnes!"

Another ex-Chancellor of exceeding charm, though of far inferior abilities, was the first Lord Chelmsford. I once had the good fortune to sit opposite him at a dinner-party, and was greatly struck by his courtly manner and sparkling talk, which were enhanced by unusually handsome features, though he was then a good deal nearer eighty than seventy. One fact that he mentioned concerning himself astonished me not a little. The talk happening to turn on naval subjects, he quietly remarked, "I am afraid I have forgotten the little I once knew on such matters, but I began life in the navy, and was a midshipman in the Copenhagen expedition of 1807." Lady Chelmsford was also at the dinner, an amiable-looking old lady, whom it was difficult to credit with the affront on Mrs Disraeli which was said to have procured the latter her coronet and Lord Chelmsford his *congé*. I have been told lately that the dismissal did not rest with Mr Disraeli, and perhaps the actual facts will come to light in Lord Rowton's long-awaited biography. At all events, Disraeli subsequently showed a marked friendliness to members of the ex-Chancellor's family, appointing his second son, Alfred, *per saltum* to a Lord-Justiceship of Appeal—the only other instance of like promotion being, I believe, in the case of Lord-Justice Mellish, though several law-officers and ex-law-officers of the Crown have been appointed to the same court without hold-

ing intermediate judicial office. It has always seemed to me a pity that no memoir of Lord Chelmsford has been given to the world. Though not a great lawyer, he was distinctly a personage who lived in important times, and, moreover, had a very pretty wit. Perhaps his most felicitous *mot* was the following, which I do not think is very widely known. When Chancellor he had rather a partiality for reading prayers in the House of Lords,—a duty which, I believe, devolved upon the Chancellor in the absence of the junior bishop, or at any rate in the event of there being no spiritual peer present. On one occasion the prelate who should have read the prayers not having arrived at the prescribed hour, Lord Chelmsford, without giving him any “law,” proceeded to perform the ceremony. Scarcely had the service begun when the defaulting bishop arrived breathless, but was of course too late. After prayers were over, as the Chancellor was preparing to note the occurrence according to custom, the bishop hastened up to the table with the petulant protest: “I think your lordship needn’t have been in such a hurry; you might have given me a moment.”

“Oh, if that’s all,” rejoined the Chancellor, taking up his pen, “I’ll make a *minute* of it.”

I will close this chapter with an anecdote about another Chancellor, Lord Cairns, which illustrates the wide divergency between precept and practice.

Some years ago I ordered some hosiery of an Oxford Street tradesman with whom I had not previously dealt, and happening to be at dinner when the articles were sent home, was rather annoyed at the messenger refusing to leave them without being paid. The next morning I called at the shop and expostulated at having been treated with what I considered scant ceremony. The proprietor politely apologised, but explained that he always made a practice of not delivering goods without payment in the case of a new customer, and proceeded to support his usage by declaring that it had been enjoined by no less a personage than Lord Chancellor Cairns, who, according to the hosier, had intimated in some case that if tradesmen left goods without waiting to be paid, and afterwards failed to get their money, they had only themselves to thank. “I read this,” he explained, “in some newspaper, and at once resolved that I would in future act on his lordship’s advice, at all events where new customers were concerned. Curiously enough, not long afterwards who should come into my shop but Lord Cairns himself, and ordered some shirts which, when made, were to be sent to his house in South Kensington. Accordingly, when they were ready I sent my man with them, and bearing in mind his lordship’s own excellent advice, I told him to wait for the money, which, to tell the truth, I was at the

moment rather in want of. My man, accordingly, on delivering the shirts presented the bill to the footman, requesting that it might be paid. The footman at first seemed disposed to shut the door in his face, but on my messenger declaring that if payment was not made, his orders were to take the parcel back, the man departed to consult the butler, who appeared on the scene, bursting with indignation, and ordered my messenger to be off. The man remaining obdurate, the butler departed in hot haste for the steward, or Groom of the Chambers, who raged even more furiously, but to no purpose—my man still stood firm. Finally, this official departed, and after a short interval his lordship himself appeared, and hectoring the man to such a

tune that he finally capitulated, and left the parcel minus the account. On hearing my man's report of what had happened, I wrote a most respectful letter to Lord Cairns explaining that but for his own advice on the subject I should not have thought of requesting payment at the door; that, moreover, I really supposed (which was true) that he preferred to have this system adopted in his household; concluding with a hope that under the circumstances he would not be offended. However," added the disillusioned hosier, "his lordship took no notice of my letter, and actually kept me waiting two years for the money!"

Moral. Be chary of judicial precepts, even when they emanate from a Chancellor!

FROM THE HEART OF THE DEEP.

TO THE PRINCESS MÉLISSINDE.

"The Heart of the Deep, like the centre of an infinite circle, is found everywhere; and those who have felt within their finite hearts the burning Heart of the Deep, that infinite Heart of fire, which is called Love, and consumes away the wild illusions of Space and Time, are often strangely aware of their forgotten immortality; as if some poppy-blurred ivory gate were dreamily opening on the dim blue dells of the distant world wherein we lived before the beginning of our mortal years. A strange scene, a scent of secret flowers, a passing face, and something thrills us with mysterious reminiscences, and cries to us like a haunting but elusive refrain, the notes of which the mind attempts in vain to command for ever: and just as children when they happen upon some lovely unknown valley or covert glade in the greenwood say that they feel they have been there before; so, also, when lovers are caught up by the surrounding sights and sounds, after the manner of a singer caught up and fired into force and exactness of tone and time by the surrounding orchestra, then the emulous heavens yearn down to meet their yearning, the future and the past are merged into the divine *Now*, the senses are all mingled and confounded in the life of the Soul; and these two mortal lovers, being for a moment made perfect, know all the wonderful things of God."—*Heaven and Hell*.

IN other worlds I loved you, long ago:

Love that hath no beginning hath no end:

Low to her heart he breathed it, sweet and low;

In other worlds I loved you, long ago;

This is a word that all the sea-waves know

And whisper as through the shoreless West they wend;

In other worlds I loved you, long ago:

Love that hath no beginning hath no end.

"Yet love can die!" she murmured once again;

For this was in that City by the Sea,

That old grey City of Pain,

Built on the shifting shores of Mystery

And mocked by all the immeasurable main.

"Yes; love can die!"

Under the deep eternal sky

His deeper voice caught up that deep refrain;

"A year ago, and under yonder sun

Earth had no Heaven to hold our hearts in one!

For me there was no love, afar or nigh:

And, oh, if love were thus in time begun,

Love, even our love, in time must surely die."

Then memory murmured "No";
And he remembered, a million years ago,
He saw the sea-waves wistfully westward wend;
And heard her voice whispering in their flow
And calling through the silent sunset-glow,
Love that hath no beginning hath no end.

"Love cannot die!" How wild, how deep the joy
That knows no death can e'er destroy
What cannot bear destruction! By these eyes
I know that, ere the fashioning of the skies,
Or ever the sun and moon and stars were made
I loved you. Sweet, I am no more afraid.

"Love like ours can never die!"
Under the deep eternal sky
Her wild sweet voice caught up that deep refrain:
There, in that silent City by the Sea,
Listening the wild-wave music of Infinity,
There, in that old grey City of mortal pain,
Their voices mingled in mystic unison
With that immortal harmony
Which holds the warring worlds in one.
Their Voice, one Voice, yet manifold,
Possessed the seas, the fields, the sky,
With utterance of the dream that cannot die;
Possessed the West's wild rose and dappled gold,
And that old secret of the setting sun
Which, to the glory of Eternity,
Time, tolling like a distant bell
Evermore faints to tell,
And, ever telling, never yet has told.

One, and yet manifold
Arose their Voice, oh strangely one again
With murmurs of the immeasurable main;
As, far beyond earth's cloudy bars,
Their Soul surpassed the sunset and the stars,
And all the heights and depths of temporal pain,
Till seas of seraph music round them rolled.

And, in that mystic plane,
They felt their mortal years
Break away as a dream of pain
Breaks in a stream of tears.

Love, of whom life had birth,
See now, is death not sweet?
Love, is this heaven or earth?
Both are beneath thy feet.

Nay, both within thy heart!
Oh Love, the glory nears;
The Gates of Pearl are flung apart,
The Rose of Heaven appears.

Across the deeps of change,
Like pangs of visible song,¹
What angel-spirits, remote and strange,
Thrill through the starry throng?

And oh, what wind that blows
Over the mystic Tree,
What whisper of the sacred Rose,
What murmur of the sapphire Sea,

What dreams that faint and fail
From harps of burning gold,
But tell in heaven the sweet old tale
An earthly sunset told?

Hark! like a holy bell
Over that spirit Sea,
Time, in the world it loves so well,
Tolls for Eternity.

Earth calls us once again,
And, through the mystic Gleam,
The grey old City of mortal pain
Dawns on the heavenly dream.

Sweet as the voice of birds
At dawn, the years return,
With little songs and sacred words
Of human hearts that yearn.

¹ V. Swedenborg.

The sweet same waves resound
Along our earthly shore ;
But now this earth we lost and found
Is heaven for evermore.

Hark ! how the cosmic choir,
In sea and flower and sun,
Recalls that triumph of desire
Which made all music one :

One universal soul,
Completing Joy with pain,
And harmonising with the Whole
The temporal refrain.

Until from hill and plain,
From bud and blossom and tree,
From shadow and shining after rain,
From cloud and clovered bee,

From earth and sea and sky,
From laughter and from tears,
One molten golden harmony
Fulfil the yearning years.

*Love, of whom death had birth,
See now, is life not sweet ?
Love, is this heaven or earth ?
Both are beneath thy feet.*

*In other worlds I loved you, long ago ;
Love that hath no beginning hath no end ;
The sea-waves whisper, low and sweet and low,
In other worlds I loved you, long ago ;
The May-boughs murmur and the roses know
The message that the dawning moon shall send ;
In other worlds I loved you, long ago ;
Love that hath no beginning hath no end.*

ALFRED NOYES.

A KNIGHT OF THE SUN.

OF Captain John Smith of Virginia it is popularly believed that, as an early Virginian colonist, he was saved by the Princess Pocahontas from death at the stake to which King Powhattan had bound him; that he consequently ought to have married the lady; and that the rest of his autobiography, dealing with extraordinary adventures in the Turkish wars,—single combats, sieges, and slavery, battle, murder, and hair-breadth escapes,—is a farrago of romance, not to be taken seriously. The popular judgment is fairly correct, except, indeed, as it involves a slur on the character of Pocahontas, whose worst crime consisted in tumbling, as a child, for biscuits before the settlers, and who, as Mrs Rebecca Rolfe, became the respected ancestress of several families flourishing in Australia and America to this day. But what is not generally understood is that the key to Smith's life—its piratical start—is given in his autobiography, which (though something diffuse, and overlaid with inventions designed to conceal his youthful follies) makes good reading—to the good reader. The truth is, that Smith has been the victim of his editors, who have not been able to understand their material; and a controversy which should long ago have been settled by the evidence, not only of the autobiography, but of easily access-

ible State Papers, has been suffered to grow till it has made the whole story obscure, and therefore uninteresting, except to American antiquarians and pedigree-hunters.

The actual founder of English colonisation in America, sometime "Governour of Virginia, and Admiral of New England," was for certain years preceding his twenty-fourth summer a Barbary corsair. A born colonist and explorer, a hardy captain and leader of men, a skilled seaman, and withal an inveterate romancer, he was the finest flower of piracy, an Elizabethan born some years too late; a man of vast energy and irregular habits, who in a brief interval of respectability founded the United States. A retired pirate before he was thirty, he became a planter with his savings, shaped Virginia, mapped out New England for settlement, and thereafter (his earlier profession having, by a curious sequence of misfortunes, been brought to light) turned journalist. From 1615 till his death in 1631 he was a scribe in London, combining the work of a later Hakluyt with the inventions of a sort of Hungarian Psalmanazar. And his final achievement, in the present day, has been to mislead Mr Arber into calling him the type of an English country gentleman.

When Queen Elizabeth departed this life in 1603 she

left many of her good sailormen at a loss. The age of gentlemanlike piracy had gone, and they found themselves descended upon deformed Jacobean times, when honest comrades who refreshed themselves upon the coast of Barbary usually, in Smith's excellent phrase, "died at Wapping." Some of them "lived like Bashaws" for a while, plundering the Spaniard, teaching "the Moores to be men of warre." But mostly they fell into evil ways through licentious living; whereby the Moors, "who knew scarce how to sail a ship" till they taught them, began to take the business out of their hands, and to start as Sallee Rovers on their own account. And this was the end of those lusty sailormen: though that there were some of them left even towards the end of Smith's life we may gather from his affectionate admonitions to them, hereinafter printed. Smith alone, having saved, by care in picory, some moneys, and finding trade slackening, adventured to regain a more reputable way of living. Let us come to the stable facts. Born in Lincolnshire in 1580, he certainly travelled during early manhood in all the coasts of the Mediterranean. According to his own story, he wandered and gathered in Italy, in Hungary, in divers other countries too numerous to mention. He was a slave in Babylon, or in Constantinople; a favourite of the harem; anon, in 1601-2-3,

a captain of horse in the Austrian army, by battery besieging Belgrade. He was granted arms in 1603 by Sigismund, Duke of Transylvania, for having engaged two Turks single-handed and stricken off their heads. The arms are certainly on record to declare it. But Sigismund had apparently no right in 1603 to sign himself Duke; and possibly "Segar King of Arms was imposed upon," as an American historian suggests,¹ "by Smith in 1625,"—in his journalistic period. The arms, in effect, may be taken as a sort of evidence of an alibi. The alibi, however, seems to have been overdone, for, as the same authority shows,² in about eighteen months of time he pretends to have had at least five years of adventure. Whatever may be the truth of it, there is no doubt that at this time he was much in the Turkish dominions,—probably more in the West Mediterranean than in Eastern Europe. And wherever he was a slave, if slave he ever was, it was in these years that he learnt his seamanship and his gunnery; in these years that he became known among the pirates who afterwards ruined him by claiming him as their old brother-in-arms; in these years that he made himself a man. For a man he was—the very type and captain of adventurers. "What Francis Drake was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth," says Mr Arber, "that was Captain John Smith in the reign of

¹ Brown, *Genesis of United States*, vol. ii. p. 1008.

² P. 1006.

her successor." Which is true enough: though the "reign of her successor" made all the unfortunate difference. "One cannot read his 'Universall Historie,'" Mr Arber goes on, "without seeing that he was something more than a brave and experienced soldier." "Not only in his modesty and self-restraint, his moderation and magnanimity, his loyalty to the King, affection for the Church, and love for his country, did he represent the best type of the English gentleman of his day, but he was a man of singular and varied ability. His many-sidedness is seen, as he is a Captain of Artillery—in Hungary, in 1601; or while 'managing the fights' of the French pirate-ship, off the Azores, in 1615; as he is a Captain of Cavalry—in Transylvania, in 1602"; and "as he is the first landsman who ever described in print all the parts, and all the working, of an English ship; and who wrote our first 'Sea Grammar' in 1626." It is curious English. And it is a no less curious blindness that persists in seeing a landsman in the author of the 'Sea Grammar,' which is a sailor-man's book from cover to cover, steeped in ship's-grease and brine. But the unlikeness between the stiff peak-bearded gentleman of the day and the shaggy John Smith who stares at one in the 'Universall Historie' is quite flagrant. The face is English and pleasing enough; bluff, round, fringed with a bushy circle of unkempt red hair—beard, moustaches, and *whiskers*: all that there

is of the most piratical; or at least maritime to an extraordinary degree. One has only to read the epigraph to the portrait in the Sixth Book:—

"These are the Lines that show thy
Face; but those
That show thy Grace and Glory
brighter bee;

So thou art Brasse without, but Gold
within."

For details enlightening us as to his piracies we look, of course, in vain to the Memoirs; but we have a story of an "enforced voyage" of short duration in a freebooting ship (Smith's escapades of picory, it will be noted, are always recorded as involuntary), with abundance of vague recollections in the manner of St Paul. "The Warres in Europe, Asia, and Africa taught me how to subdue the wilde Salvages in America," he says. "Having been a slave to the Turks, prisoner amongst the most barbarous Salvages—always in mutinies, wants, and miseries; blowne up with gunpowder; a long time prisoner among the French Pyrats, from whom escaping in a little boat by myselfe, and adrift all such a stormy winter night, when their ships were split, more than a hundred thousand pound lost they had taken at sea, and most of them drowned upon the Isle of Ree, not farre from whence I was driven on shore in my little boat,"—and so on. To the blowing up by gunpowder we shall come presently. The reference to it, and to this second enforced

voyage (of 1615), which is authenticated, show where we begin to touch firm ground. In 1604, "understanding that the Warres of Mully Shah and Mully Sedan, the two brothers in Barbarie of Fez and Moroco (to which he was animated by some friends), were concluded in peace, he embarked himself for England with one thousand Duckets in his Purse," the savings of piracy. This part of the *Memoirs*, we have a suspicion, may have been Defoe's mine for the *Sallee* portion of 'Robinson Crusoe.' It contains a passage, in particular, about lions swimming in the sea, with other incidents, and a local colour generally, which seem familiar.

Three years go by, and we know nothing more of Smith except that, on an occasion in his later life, being taunted that he was a "sturdy beggar" in Ireland during this interval, he appears to have been unable to deny it. But in the winter of 1606 the Virginian project was afoot, and Smith began his real career. The material used for colonisation was much the same under James I. as in his predecessor's reign—quite as plentiful, but a little more out at elbows. Elizabeth had noted in her adventurers their "so good order of government, so good agreement, every man ready in his calling." But the younger sons and wastrels who sailed with Drake and Raleigh were bound, nevertheless, most of them, to mend their broken fortunes:—

"Some to the wars, to try their fortune there,
Some to discover islands far away."
—["Two Gentlemen of Verona,"
Act I. scene iii.]

Many of them were pirates. The bent was now to colonisation. And Smith was the connecting-link. We have a sea-song (quoted in 'Lady Alimony' as "that old catch of Tunis and Argiers") which dates from Smith's time, and might, with the change of a word or two, have served as well for this Virginian expedition as for his first Barbary voyage:—

"To Tunis and Argiers, boys!
Great is our want, small be our joys.
Let's then some voyage take in hand
To get us means, by sea or land.
Come follow me, my boys, come
follow me;
And if thou die, I'll die with thee.
Courage, my sparks, my knights o' th'
sun;
Let Seville fame what we have done.
We'd better ten times fight a foe,
Than once for all to Tyburn go.
Come follow me, my boys, come
follow me;
And if thou die, I'll die with thee."

The national temper was persistent. "But the Englishman," wrote Sir John Fortescue, the old Lancastrian statesman, long before, "is of another courage. For if he be poor, and see another man having riches, which may be taken from him by might, he will not spare to do so, but if that poor man be right true." The wars with Spain had ceased, and the streets of London were filled with men who had been soldiers in Ireland and the Netherlands. A hundred and five Adullamites, of whom Smith made one, forgathered in the winter, and

he sailed with them as a planter in the first of three ships which left Blackwall shortly before Christmas Day 1606,—the year after Gunpowder Plot. It is probable, in spite of the Irish “beggar” story, that he had invested some of his Algiers ducats in the enterprise; for, as he discovered on landing, he was named a Member of Council in the Company’s sealed orders. In the meantime, like the shag-haired pirate he was, he had mutinied on the way out, and arrived in irons. But the orders gave him a fresh start. He was admitted and sworn of the Council in June 1607; and in September, “as a member of a revolutionary cabal calling itself the Triumvirate,” deposed the President, and installed himself, with two others (one of whom, Radcliffe, was chosen to be the new President), in power. From this point he took charge of the settlement—“by mere force of character,” says the late Dr Toner, of Washington, “becoming the leader and historian of the colony and the preserver of the early colonists.” Within a year he was titular head of the colony, corresponding as such with the Company in London. But his work lay mainly afield. His boat-voyages and excursions into the forest,—his explorations, diplomacies, and rencontres with the “Savages,”—were incessant. Forts, stockades, maps, and treaties filled his days. In December 1607 he was captured by King Powhattan, and released (as he told the story long afterwards) at the intercession of Pocahontas, who, as Matoaka, *alias*

Rebecca, subsequently became wife to the worshipful Mr Rolfe, the first tobacco-planter in Virginia; was received with due ceremony, as an Indian princess, at the English Court; and died in 1617 at Gravesend, where her monument stands to this day. Smith explored and mapped the New England coast, all of it then within Raleigh’s Kingdom of Virginia. But his real achievement was that he insisted on delving, on real settlement,—on pioneer work,—as the only possible hope for the colony; and set his face against the washing for gold, which was the curse of early settlement in America, and had hitherto been encouraged, not only by the advisers of the London Company, anxious for immediate returns, but by the natural disinclination of the gentleman-adventurer for ordinary agricultural labour. Smith was of another type; new, at all events, amongst colonial Governors or Presidents of Council. There is no agriculturist so keen as your retired seaman; and the turbulent miseries of the life he had abandoned showed him not only the need of discipline but how to enforce it. He carried the feeling of the settlers with him. The example of Roanoke was before their eyes.

“The worst mischief was, our gilded refiners,” wrote a colonist in 1608, “with their golden promises, made all men their slaves in hope of recompense. There was no talke, no hope, nor worke, but dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, load gold. Such a bruit of gold, as one mad fellow desired to be buried in the sandes, lest by their art they should make gold of his bones.”

“This gold,” says the historian of ‘The British Empire in America,’

writing in 1741 (p. 358), "was a sort of Dust-Isinglass, which the English mistook for gold."

"Were it not," our colonist continues, "that Captaine Smith would not applaud all these golden inventions, because they admitted him not to the sight of their trials nor golden consultations, I knowe not, but I heard him question with Captain Martin and tell him, except he would shew him a more substantial trial, he was not inamored with their durtie skill. Breathing out those and many other passions, never any thing did more torment him, than to see all necessarie businesse neglected, to fraught such a drunken ship with so much gilded dirt."

"Wee," therefore, "not having any use of Parliaments, plaies, petitions, admirals, recorders, interpreters, chronologers, courts of plea, nor Justices of peace,"

shipped the local Government home to England, and settled down to agriculture under Captain Smith.

What this agriculture of the first planters meant we may gather from a view of an average outfit:—

"Victuall for a whole yeare for a man:—the usual proportion the Virginia Company doe bestow upon their Tenents they send.

	£	s.	d.
8 bushels of meal	2	0	0
2 " pease	6	0	
2 " oatmeal	9	0	
1 gallon of aquivitie	2	6	
1 " oil	3	6	
2 " vinegar	2	0	
	£3	3	0"

"Household implements for a family of six persons.

	£	s.	d.
1 iron pot	7	0	
1 kettle	6	0	
1 large frying-pan	2	6	
1 gridiron	1	6	
2 skellets	5	0	
1 spit	2	0	
Platters, dishes, spoones of wood	4	0	
	£1	8	0"

Say £20 (or, at present values, considerably less) for a year's outfit for a family. It is perhaps unfortunate that the Boer Repatriation Commissioners have not seen these figures.

Smith's recall to England, to explain the situation to the Chartered Company, soon, of course, followed. In the meanwhile, moreover, he had been injured, in one of his boat-voyages, by the accidental explosion of a bag of powder. He sailed for London in 1609. But Virginia was founded. What manner of man he was we may read not only in the success of the colony, thenceforward assured as a real Plantation, nor even in his own writings (his second monument), but in the lament of his two most trusted lieutenants after his departure—a document explanatory both of Virginia and of John Smith.

"What shall I say?" one of them writes, "but thus we lost him that, in all his proceedings, made Justice his first guide, and experience his second; ever hating basenesses, sloth, pride, and indignitie more than any dangers; that never allowed more for himselfe then his souldiers with him; that upon no danger would send them where he would not lead them himselfe; that would never see us want what he either had, or could by any means get us; that would rather want then borrow, or starve then not pay; that loved actions more than wordes, and hated falsehood and couenage worse then death; whose adventures were our lives, and whose losse our deathes."

It is a fine character, and not the character of a "gascon" or a beggar, as Smith's biographers (those of them who do not mistake him

for a country gentleman) are wont to call him. There are many sound company-officers to-day who have showed in recent campaigns that they have something to learn from the ex-pirate. A good class of infantry captain, who never allows more for himself than for his men, and will certainly never send them where he would not lead them, is yet often a bad provider, and will see them want what he could easily get, either from the commissariat or from the enemy.

Smith never returned to Virginia. The Council probably listened to the complaints of the recorders, chronologers, and metallurgists he had sent home. At all events, he was not again employed by the Company. He turned for patronage to the Prince of Wales. The heir to the Crown was a steady supporter of the Colonial party. Robert Tindall, "Gunner to His Highness Prince Henry," who joined the first voyage of Virginia, thought it "no less than his duty" to forward to his master a "Journall of the voyage," with a map of the country "of the which wee have taken a Reall and publicke possession in the name and to the use of your Royall father and our Gracious King and Sovereigne." His letter was addressed "To the highe and Mightie Prince Henry Fredericke, prince and heyre apparente of greate Brittain, Fraunce, Ireland, and Virginia"; a superscription which shows that the Elizabethan idea of a Kingdom of America

was not forgotten. "What so truly suits with honour and honesty," wrote Smith, "as discovering things unknown, erecting towns, peopling countries, and to gain for our native Mother-Country a Kingdom to attend her?" The Prince caught fire. It was as a result, mainly, of his countenance and favour—though he himself, most unfortunately in the long-run for Smith, died in 1612—that we find our captain prospecting the territories of the Northern or Plymouth Company in 1614 with Captain Hunt and two ships. The maps, already prepared by Smith, of the country which on his return he was to christen New England (as opposed to the Southern colony, which appears henceforward as Old (generally as *Ould*) Virginia, or *Virginea Britannia*, had been submitted, about a year before his death, to Prince Henry, who himself renamed many of the salient points, a mark of interest of which the canny seaman made the utmost possible use. About this time, also, Smith was appointed Admiral of New England by the Plymouth Company, an honour which, according to the portrait already mentioned, he still retained in 1617.

The brief period of prosperity, however, was not to last. In 1615 he made two ventures, which together may be called the second New England voyage, in the latter of which he fell in with his old piratical associates. The adventure was chiefly at Plymouth, or at all events at West-Country,

charges; and the leading subscriber was Sir Ferdinando Gorges—a name recurrent in affairs of the day, and associated with Virginia from the earliest time of the Elizabethan colony. Lane, Raleigh's captain, writes from Port Ferdinando in Virginia; and Dominic de Gourges was the Huguenot leader who in 1566, finding some of his countrymen gibbeted by the Spaniards "not as Frenchmen, but as Lutherans," hanged the like number of Spaniards, and labelled them hanged "not as Spaniards, but as traitors, robbers, and murderers." The family seems to have been led to settle in Devonshire by its American interests.

Having put back once to Plymouth in 1615, Smith, almost immediately on setting out again in a small bark of 60 tons, was chased by an English pirate, one Fry, for two days. At the end of which time the ships, coming to a parley, found that, as fellow-countrymen, they had no quarrel. The quartermaster, indeed, "had gold of the pirates." But Smith refused the presents offered him; nor would he "come out of his Caben to entertain them; although a great many of them had beene his saylers, and for his love would have wafted us to the Isle of Flowers" (*sc.* Flores), said his steward, when under examination before a West-Country magistrate later in the year. Sir Lewis Stukely was the magistrate: Vice-Admiral of Devonshire, as Smith was Admiral of New England. "Strange" the crew

"thought it," the evidence continues, "that a Barke of three-score tons with four guns should stand upon such terms" with a pirate-ship of 140 tons and 36 guns. "But when they knew our captain, so many of them had been his Souldiers, and they but lately run from Tunis, where they had stolen this ship, wanted victuall, and in combustion amongst themselves, would have yeilded all to his protection, or wafted us any whither."

But Smith would have none of them, and thus they parted. So far, no great harm had been done. A parcel of honest English pirates were no such fatal acquaintances, especially in the eyes of a Devonshire magistrate, part-owner probably in the expedition. But "at Flowers," the steward's story goes on, Smith "fell in with a fleet of four French Pirates," increased in a few days to eight or nine sail. The captain perforce went on board the senior pirate-officer's ship, "to shew his Commission." But the two fell out. The pirates kept him, "rifled our ship, and dispersed us amongst their Fleet." In a few days' time, however, Smith was able to establish solidarity even here, having evidently met with more of his old "saylers" and "souldiers." For the Frenchmen, re-collecting his crew, gave back the ship and all the provisions. Whereupon Smith's people, not liking their company, took the first opportunity of giving him the slip in the night, leaving their commander still in the senior pirate cap-

tain's cabin. "With a false excuse," says the steward, "faining for feare lest he should turne mann-of-warre" (i.e., rover), "they returned for Plimoth; fifteen of us being land-men, not knowing what they did."

Smith, thus abandoned, remained with the pirate fleet, more or less under constraint. "Two months they kept me in this manner," he says, taking up the tale himself, "to manage their fights with the Spaniards and to be a Prisoner when they took any English." By the etiquette of his old profession, as practised by Englishmen, Spaniards and Portuguese were the main objects of legitimate buccaneering. A Protestant, and particularly a Protestant fellow-countryman, could not even be expected to pay toll, still less to walk the plank. Smith was confined, therefore, or, from a sense of delicacy, confined himself, to the captain's cabin whenever an English ship was scuttled. But his gunnery was too useful, and he himself too much a man of action—too much Sir John Fortescue's Englishman—to stand aside when there was a foreigner to plunder. Altogether a hundred thousand pounds' worth of plunder was secured by his confederates in these two months. Meantime he was conducting an argument, or a negotiation, with them on the subject which had provoked their original disagreement and the seizure of the ship,—a subject (Smith hints) not unconnected with some injury once inflicted by him on a French

settlement upon the North American coast. Whether it was Canada or Acadie that he raided, whether it was as Governor of Virginia during one of those boat-voyages, or (as is more probable) in the course of the New England voyage of 1614, we are not told. In any case the Frenchmen talked of bringing him to account, at the end of the voyage, in the law-courts of their own country. And if the reader thinks that such a bagatelle as a summer's picarooning off Flores would in any way affect a patriot's ability to set the law in motion, he has altogether failed to catch the innocent spirit of the times.

Not wishing, however, to see these old matters raked up, Smith resolved to forgo the share which his services had earned him in the profits of the cruise, and dropped astern in a small boat one night near Rochelle, "in the end of such a storm that beat them all under hatches." This was the night referred to before,—“such a stormy winter night,” when most of their ships were split, and themselves drowned upon the Isle of Ree. Smith, driven on the coast in the end, pawned his boat to find means to get to Rochelle, where he found the fleet wrecked, the most inconvenient of his adversaries missing, and “some 3600 crowns’-worth of goods come ashore.” Which goods “I did my best to arrest,” he writes in 1616; “and the Judge promised I should have justice. But what will be the conclusion as yet I know not.”

Upon the whole, this last, and

really enforced, voyage, might seem to have ended luckily enough. But a fatal and unavoidable punishment, little as Smith seems at first to have apprehended it, was to follow. He never, in fact, recovered from the effects of Stukely's inquiry. His protestations of innocence of any intent to join the pirates were possibly accepted. There is no doubt, and his contemporaries may have believed, that he was taken prisoner against his will—that his one desire had been to proceed on his voyage to New England. But the repeated and enthusiastic recognitions of their old commander by his former associates, their very refusal to deprive him of his ship, were damning in an age when corsairs and Englishmen, no longer demi-official agents of the Crown, were being hanged at Wapping. Smith was loth to believe it; but nothing was now left to him beyond the memory of his admiralty—and a facile pen.

For a few years he struggled against fate. There was another abortive voyage in 1617. The spirit of the nation was strongly bent on the colonies he had marked out.

“And the spacious West,”

wrote George Wither “to his friend Captain Smith” in 1616,

“Being still more with English bloud
possest,
The proud Iberians shall not rule those
Seas,
To check our ships from sailing where
they please;
Nor future times make any forraine
power,
Become so great to force a bound to
Our.”

In 1618 Smith writes to Lord Bacon (the letter is among the Colonial State Papers) offering to lead the Pilgrim Fathers to New England. He modestly alludes to his labours. “Their fruits,” he says, “I am certayne may bring both wealth and honor for a Crowne and a Kingdom to his Majesties posterity.” But the times were “deformed” (as an old chronicler is never tired of repeating) and out of joint. Raleigh was executed in this very year; and Bacon, as Lord Chancellor, had prosecuted him. Prince Henry was dead; and his successor was no Elizabethan. In vain Smith tried to arouse in him the ambitions which had inspired his brother. In the Dedication of ‘New England’s Trials’ (2nd edition, 1622) to “the most High and Excellent Charles, Prince of Wales,” the new colony, it is prophesied, will attend her wished-for patron “with a trophie of honour, and a Kingdome for a Prince.” “To conclude,” says the Third Book of the ‘Universall Historie,’ “the greatest honour that ever belonged to the greatest Monarkes, was the inlarging their Dominions, and erecting Commonweales.” Rome, Carthage, Venice, and the rest grew from small beginnings to be most famous States. “Now this our yong Commonwealth in Virginia once consisted of but 38 persons.” “The gaining Provinces addeth to the King’s Crown,” says the Preface to the whole ‘Historie,’ “but” (a subtle qualification in Stuart times) “nothing but the touch of the King’s sacred hand can erect

a Monarchy." In vain! Hack-writing was in this case the last resource of a man whose chiefest desire it had been for years to forswear piracy: and the new scruples of the age robbed England of an indomitable but unlucky adventurer.

But though thus denied, in retribution for his early sins, all hope of further employment, Smith never lost interest in the colonies—nor in life. He steadily span, in his Memoirs, a web of mystification over his adventures; he came to enjoy a certain position in Grub Street; he presided once in the City at a great dinner given by the clan of his name; his advice was even asked in 1624 by his Majesty's Commissioners for the Reformation of Virginia. For the infant settlement had its troubles in his absence. The "Parliaments, petitions, recorders, and Justices of the peace," whom he had expelled, returned, and with them many other devils—in particular, concessionaires. "To such," wrote an indignant settler in 1621, "I wish according to the decree of Darius, that whosoever is an enemy to our peace, and seeketh either by getting monopolicall patents, or by forging unjust tales, to hinder our welfare, that his house were pulled downe, and a paire of gallowes made of the wood, and he hanged on them in the place."

Moreover, as Smith himself remarks after his departure from the colony, the number of felons and vagabonds transported to Virginia brought

such evil report on the place "that some did choose to be hanged ere they would go there, and were." It is suggested that these troubles of the settlement occasioned Lord Bacon's memorable declaration that "it is a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum of the people and wicked condemned men to be the people with whom we plant." And as Bacon was a member of the Council constituted under the second charter, it is more than probable, says Lucas ('Charters,' &c., p. 28), that this view is correct. One rejoices that Smith had the opportunity not only of benefiting Virginia, but of driving a nail in the coffin of his ungrateful employers by his advice. He recommended the Lords Commissioners to resume the country to the direct government of the Crown; to simplify its administration, dispensing with ceremony and show; and to cease to try to "rectify a common-wealth with debauched people."

In the last scene of this tragic comedy the veteran adventurer (not old in years, for he died (1631) at fifty-one, yet having lived a full life) half withdraws, in a document instinct with actuality, the veil which, while he still might hope to evade their consequences, he had cast over the follies of his youth. 'The True Travels, Adventures, and Observations of Captain John Smith' were published in 1630. Chapter xxviii. deals with "The bad life qualities and conditions of Pyrats; and how they taught

the Turks and Moores to become men-of-warre." Among Elizabethan pirates some few are mentioned by name (friends, no doubt, several of them, of Smith's own), including that Flemming who gave the Lord Admiral at Plymouth notice of the coming of the Spanish Armada; Callis, "who most refreshed himself upon the Coast of Wales"; and Clinton and Purser, whom "Queen Elizabeth of blessed memory hanged at Wapping." (An interesting contemporary of Flemming's—"the Spaniard's Pilot for England in '88," the pilot of the Armada, an Englishman—was accidentally left behind in Virginia by a Spanish ship which came to spy out the land in 1616; and, being sent to England for examination, passes out of history.) Towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, Smith goes on, it was "incredible how many and rich prizes the little barques of the West Country daily brought home." But after her death "our Royall King James . . . had no employment for these men of warre, so that" some of them "turned Pirats," and retired to Barbary, where,

"although there be not many good Harbours but Tunis, Argier, Sally, Mamora, and Tituane, there are many convenient Rodes, or the open Sea, which is their chiefe Lordship." "Ward, a poore English sailor, and Dansker, a Dutchman, made first here their Marts, when the Moores knew scarce how to sail a ship; . . . and Warde lived like a Bashaw in Barbary; these were the first that taught the Moores to be men-of-warre." "Genning, Harris, Thompson, and divers others, were taken

in Ireland, a Coast they much frequented, and died at Wapping. Hewes, Bough, Smith, Walsingham, Ellis, Collins, Sawkwell, Wallistone, Barrow, Wilson, Sayres, and divers others, all these were Captaines amongst the Pirats; . . . and was it not strange, a few of these should command the Seas?"

"Notwithstanding the Malteses, the Pope, Florentines, Genoeses, Dutch, and English Gallies and Men-of-Warre, they would rob before their faces, and even at their owne Ports, yet seldome more than three, foure, five, or six, in a Fleet; many times they had very good ships, and well manned, but commonly in such factions amongst themselves, and so riotious, quarrelous, treacherous, blasphemous, and villanous, it is more than a wonder they could so long continue to doe so much mischief; and all they got, they basely consumed it amongst Jewes, Turks, Moores, and whores."

"The best was, they would seldome go to Sea, so long as they could possibly live on shore, being compiled of English, French, Dutch, and Moores (but very few Spanyards, or Italians), commonly running one from another, till they became so disjoynted, disordered, debauched, and miserable, that the Turks and Moores beganne to command them as slaves, and force them to instruct them in their best skill: which many an accused runnagado or Christian turned Turke did, till they have made those Sally men, or Moores of Barbary, so powerfull as they be, to the terror of all the Straights."

"To conclude, the misery of a Pirate (although many are as sufficient Sea-men as any) yet in regard of his superfluity, you shall finde it such, that any wise man would rather live amongst wilde beasts than them; therefore . . . I could wish Merchants, Gentlemen, and all setters-forth of ships, not to bee sparing of a competent pay, nor true payment; for neither Souldiers nor Sea-men can live without meanes, but necessity will force them to steale; and when they are once entered into that trade, they are hardly reclaimed."

It was probably Smith's own

case. He concludes with an address to his old associates:—

"Those titles of Sea-men and Souldiers have beene most worthily honoured and esteemed, but now regarded for most part, but as the scumme of the world; regaine therefore your wonted reputations, and endeavour rather to adventure to those faire plantations of our English Nation; which however in the beginning were scorned and contemned, yet now you see how many rich and gallant people come from thence, who went thither as poore as any Souldier or Sailer, and gets more in one yeare, than you by Piracie in seven."

Smith himself brought more reputation, perhaps, than wealth from those fair Plantations. Yet, if he died his day's equivalent for a journalist instead of a Virginian magnate, that was not his fault, we may believe, but the fault of his crew who deserted him at Flores.

"If in or outward you be bound,"
he says in his only poem, "The Sea-Mark,"

"Do not forget to sound. . . .

The Seas were calm, the wind was
fair,
That made me so secure."

He was, as his biographer

calls him, one of the best and bravest of Englishmen: a Lincolnshire Viking, the worthy co-mate of the Elizabethan Danes of Devon. "It is not too much to say," pursues Mr Arber, "that had not one Captain Smith strove, fought, and endured as he did, the present United States of America might never have come into existence." Which, again, possibly might have been no great loss. But that in no way diminishes Smith's achievement.

The tablet to his memory, "on the South side of the Quire in Saint Sepulcher's," London, is inscribed with some verses, *not*, I think, by himself, and now illegible, which speak of him as the founder of Virginia, "that large Continnence," where

"He subdu'd
Kings unto his yoke,
And made those Heathen flie,
As wind doth smoke;
And made their Land,
Being of so large a Station,
A habitation
For our Christian Nation."

HAROLD G. PARSONS.

A CHRISTIAN UNDER THE COVENANT.

BY ANDREW LANG.

It is not probable that the traditional theory of the Covenanters, as martyrs of freedom of conscience, will ever be eradicated from the popular mind of Scotland. My purpose is to produce from among the ranks of the Persecutors a character who, in certain respects, and these essentially important, was infinitely more of a Christian than the Saints of the Covenant. As godly men, engaged in a holy war, the Covenanters might have been expected to set an example of clemency, sparing the lives of women, of course, and "giving good quarter" to gallant if mistaken opponents. It is true that the wars of the Saints followed the Irish rebellion of 1641, which was accompanied by many horrible deeds. Some Scottish Presbyterians of Ulster were sufferers. But the Rev. Mr Livingstone of Ancrum, a devout man in high trust among the brethren, says that many thought the Covenanting army which came for the protection of Ulster decidedly more obnoxious than the Irish rebels. Here are his words: "I have heard some of them that escaped the sword of the rebels complain that they thought the oppressions and insolencies of some of the Scots army that came over was to them worse than the rebellion."¹

Whether these Covenanted Scots or the Popish Irish rebels were the worse, at all events the Irish as idolaters of course knew no better. To the Covenanting mind Catholics were "antichristians," and allowances ought to have been made for them. It was therefore the obvious duty of Presbyterians, engaged in a Holy War, to set to the Catholics an example of lenity, and to avoid the sin of cruel and indiscriminate revenge. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Expecting, then, that the Covenanters would behave as chivalrous and Christian warriors, conceive our disillusion when we find them and their Protestant English allies especially revengeful and cruel? For example, on October 24, 1644, the English House of Lords passed an ordinance by which "*all* Irishmen, and all Papists born in Ireland, are excepted out of all capitulations." All were to be shot or hanged when taken as prisoners. Nor was this cruelty, in Scotland, confined to "Irishes"—including Protestant "Irishes"—and Catholics. On December 5, 1645, the Commissioners of the General Assembly—ministers of the Gospel—petitioned the Scottish Estates, at St Andrews, for the blood of the Cavalier prisoners captured,

¹ Select Biographies, vol. i. pp. 165, 166. Wodrow Society. 1845.

some of them after quarter given, at Philiphaugh.¹ There was quibbling as to who had a right to give quarter. Before the battle Leslie gave orders that the Irish should have none. The preachers got what they wanted, but later a Committee of the Kirk, in which sat the saintly Leighton, afterwards Archbishop of Glasgow, called out for more blood of cavaliers. This conduct was hardly to be expected from the saintly Leighton, but at that time he was a Covenanter.

If any one looks at the 'Annals of Scotland,' by the contemporary Sir James Balfour, for this Parliament, he will find that the House orders the Irish prisoners "taken at and after Philiphaugh, in all the prisons of the Kingdom, to be executed without any assize or process, conform to the treaty betwixt both Kingdoms, passed in Act."² This "treaty," I presume, was in accordance with the ordinance, already cited, of the English House of Lords of October 24, 1644.³ But the English ordinance says nothing about putting Irish *women* to death, — in cold blood. The Covenanting Scots bettered the English example, and the records of the Acts of Parliament prove that they ordered Irish *women*, taken after Philiphaugh (September 13, 1645), to be killed after they had lain three months in the jails of Selkirk and other towns.⁴

Balfour does not mention

this infamy, which has escaped our historians, I think, except Mr Craig-Brown in his 'History of Selkirkshire.' Many of the wives of the Irish, or rather of Scottish Highlanders settled in Ireland, were massacred at or near the field of Philiphaugh, we know; and the late Rev. Dr Mitchell tried to palliate this deed, on the ground that the poor women probably were not the wedded wives of the defeated Celts, as Patrick Gordon, in 'Britane's Distemper,' assures us that they were. But what does it signify whether they had their Popish marriage-lines or not,—they were women, and they were murdered. Yet this was nothing to the cruelty of slaying, in cold blood, three months after Philiphaugh, the wretched women who had lain so long in Selkirk and Jedburgh jails.

I am not quite certain whether the Parliamentarians of England, in the Civil War, really did slay all Irish prisoners and all Papists born in Ireland. On December 31, 1646, arrangements were made for exchanging Irish for English prisoners. One hundred and fifty English prisoners at Wexford were in despair because Captains Gibson and Plunket, in English service, had actually thrown overboard and drowned fifteen Irishmen taken at sea! The gallant captains could not help themselves, for the October ordinance of 1644 ran that every officer who gives an

¹ Records of the General Assembly Commission. Scottish History Society.

² Balfour, vol. iii. p. 341.

³ Lords' Journals, vol. vi. p. 34.

⁴ Act Parl. Scot., vol. vi. 1. See Index, s.v. "Philiphaugh."

Irishman, or Papist born in Ireland, quarter "shall be reported as a favourer of that bloody rebellion in Ireland."¹ Robert Vennard, an English prisoner at Wexford, writes to his wife: "If the cruelty of throwing men overboard be allowed, the English will suffer far more than the Irish, and great will be the number of widows and fatherless" (November 9, 1646). Moreover, on April 1645 Rupert wrote a manly and spirited letter to the Commons. They had hanged thirteen Irish prisoners, none of them engaged in the rebellion; on the contrary, they had fought against it. He had, in reprisals, hanged thirteen Roundhead prisoners, and he meant to persevere. He had taken, he said, prisoners of many nations, and of every grade of religious opinion, and had given quarter to all, but now, if the ordinance were kept in force, he must alter his methods.² Rupert's reprisals may have modified English cruelty. In Scotland the great Montrose could not be induced to make reprisals, Wishart tells us; while not only were Irish prisoners from his little army "shot at a post" by the hundred, or butchered long after their defeat by the Covenanters, but Protestant gentlemen like Sir Robert Spottiswoode and William Murray were beheaded at the request of the preachers and of Waristoun.

After this preface, proving

the ferocious revenges of the godly, I arrive at my Christian under the Covenant. Here, at last, in the Covenanted ranks, we find a man with a heart not a wolf's heart, a man who, when he could, spared the lives of the helpless, and resisted the demands of Argyll and of a preacher for blood, unhappily without success.

My Christian hero hath hitherto been somewhat slurred by those who failed to understand him. Mr Carlyle, for example, speaks of him, in Cromwell's 'Letters and Speeches,' as "Dalgetty," and Sir Walter Scott admits that, in some points, my Christian hero, Sir James Turner, does resemble the renowned soldado, Sir Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket. But Sir James Turner's Memoirs were not printed for the Bannatyne Club till 1829. The 'Legend of Montrose' was written in 1816, and it is not certain that Scott had seen the Memoirs in MS., or even that Constable had acquired the MS. so early.

Sir James, in the preface to his 'Pallas Armata,' written about 1671, but published in 1683, confesses himself to be "one of those whom the world nicknames *Souldiers of Fortune*." He was of the same class, that is, as Alexander Leslie, Earl of Leven; David Leslie, the defeated of Dunbar; Baillie, the defeated of every field where he met Montrose; Sir John Hurry;

¹ For the cases of drowning Irishmen see Historical MSS. Commission, vol. vi. pp. 148, 149.

² Commons Journals, vol. vii. p. 329.

and Middleton (Earl of Middleton), who headed Glencairn's Rising in 1654. Charles II. then observed that the nobles were usually content to be colonels of regiments, and left the supreme military direction to "soldiers of fortune," gentlemen of mean estate who had won their experience under Tilly, Wallenstein, Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, and other Continental men of the sword. Except Montrose, the Scots nobles were the poorest leaders possible, and in 'Pallas Armata' Turner implores the young lords, "as you will not learn Peaceable Arts and Sciences," to study scientific soldiering.

Turner himself, up to the age of eighteen, applied himself "to the studie of humane letters and historie, in both which I allways tooke delight." He really was a man of letters; when he could not fight, he would read and write, even when a prisoner of war. Born about 1615, he went to "fight the foreign loons in their ain countrie" in 1632; "the Presbyterians at that time made little or no noise." The lad passed through "many brushes," pitched battles, sieges, and onfalls, growing so hard that he relished "very spare diet, without a bed too." Later, "I had learned so much cunning, and became so vigilant to lay hold on opportunities, that I wanted for nothing, horses, cloathes, meat, nor moneys"; but, even now, he was a man full of compassion for the miseries of non-combatants, "a ruthless object of

pity to any tender-hearted Christian." Turner does not dwell on his German wars, "that being the subject of one other story." He left for Scotland in 1639, stayed only a fortnight, but guessed that "there was something to be doing in his way in this his own dear native country," as Dalgetty says. In 1640, being in Norway, he found one ship leaving for Hull, and another for Leith. Having "swallowed without chewing, in Germany, a very dangerous maxim, . . . that so we serve one master honestly it is no matter which master we serve," he tried to take ship for Hull, to offer his sword to King Charles. Missing his ship by accident, he took the other, bound for Leith, and thence riding to Newcastle, he placed himself at the service of old Leslie and the Covenanters. Having quitted Scotland as a lad in 1632, when Giant Presbyter was "making no noise," Turner had no affection for the Covenant or the godly Cause. Any master was good enough for him. At Newcastle he got the majorship of the regiment of Galloway, "a place and a people fatal to me." Leslie disliked Turner, on a private quarrel, and Turner had the lowest opinion of Leslie. Every one supposed that our Christian hero must be a Covenanter, so nobody made him sign the Covenant, though "I would have made no bones to take, swear, and sign it." "A soldier only has his orders," Turner thought, like Captain Hedzoff.

He went, under old Leslie, to Ireland, after the Irish Rebellion, with the godly army which was rather more objectionable than the rebels. He was in Lord Sinclair's regiment, which would much have preferred to be fighting for the king. He found that the English Puritans gave no quarter, "a thing inhumane and disavowable, for the cruelty of one enemy cannot excuse the inhumanity of the other." Thus we see that the latitudinarian Turner is, in fact, much more of a Christian than the Puritan bigots. Newry was surrendered by the Irish "on a very ill-made accord, or a very ill-kept one." The garrison and many townsmen were taken to the bridge and drowned, hanged, or shot. The soldiers then seized about 150 women, and set about drowning them. While outcries are still raised, most justly, over Spalding's account of certain women killed by Montrose's Irish at Aberdeen (a misdeed about which the Burgh Records and Baillie are silent), we do not hear much about this earlier Covenanting outrage at Newry (1642). Turner was standing beside Sir George Munroe, the Scottish commander. He saw from afar the massacre of the women, sprang on his horse, galloped to the spot, and, drawing his pistol, saved all the women except about a dozen. There were famous preachers present at Philiphaugh and Dunavertie; but *they* either urged or did not prevent massacre, any more than did the devout Marquis of Argyll. The min-

isters and Argyll had not been trained, like Turner, in the cruel German wars: here the uncovenanted Dalgetty is the better Christian.

The result of the massacre of Newry was reprisals by the Irish on hundreds of prisoners. A hurricane occurring, some of the Covenanting officers, "supposing that nothing extraordinary can be the product of nature," attributed the storm "to the devilish skill of some Irish witches." Being unpaid, the officers nearly mutinied. After a good deal of hard work, Turner went back to Scotland in 1644, and joined old Leslie at the siege of Newcastle. He tells a ludicrous anecdote of Leslie's incompetence, and the dulness of Argyll, though "a good seaman," in an affair of boats. Turner made no profit of his Irish campaigns, save "that I value more than any worldly riches, my dear wife, . . . thought by others, much more by me, to be of a good beauty." They were not yet wedded, the lady being a Catholic, "which was very hateful to our leading men of Scotland." Turner was now ordered to Stirling with Sinclair's regiment, and, having time to look into matters, found The Solemn League and Covenant to be "a treacherous and disloyal combination." Montrose at that moment made a sudden attack for the king on the Border, and reached Dumfries. Turner won over the officers of Sinclair's to join Montrose, and intrigued with the Napiers

and Stirling of Keir, the most intimate friends of the great Marquis. They sent messengers promising to surrender to him Stirling and Perth. Either the messengers never arrived, or the perfidy of Lord Callander, mustering a Covenanted host, prevented Montrose from moving north: he had reason to distrust Lord Sinclair, and so he went south, joining Prince Rupert the day after the defeat of Marston Moor.

Sinclair's regiment was now ordered into England, and, with my Christian hero, "made a fashion (for indeed it was no better) to take the Covenant, that under the pretence of the Covenant we might ruin the Covenanters, a thing (though too much practised in a corrupt world) yet in itself dishonest, sinful, and disavowable. . . . No evil should be done that good may come of it." This moralist has no doubt that the ruin of the Covenant was a good end, but he admits that the means to be employed were improper. The point must be left to casuists: in any case Turner did not get a chance to effect his purpose.

Callander, with a large Covenanting force, including Sinclair's regiment, did not change sides as he had promised to do, and our hero took part in the storming of New-castle. "We gave very good quarter; of the plunder of the town I had not one penniworth," Turner being, it seems, engaged in saving lives along the walls, not in vulgar looting. During the great year

of Montrose Turner remained inactive in England. When Charles, trusting to the honour of the Covenanted Lords, came to the Scottish army at Newark, he had an interview with Turner. "I assured him that he was a prisoner, and therefore prayed him to think of his escape, offering him all the service I could do him." They were then interrupted, and never again allowed to meet.

Shortly afterwards Turner was badly wounded in a duel,—"Drink prevailing over my reason. . . . Drinking, I confess, besides the sin against God, hath brought me in many inconveniences." These were the first wounds that he ever received, either in battle, siege, or the *monomachia*. The Scots having given up the king, "to the eternal shame of the whole nation," Turner joined Argyll and David Leslie in their expedition against Montrose's old ally, Colkitto, in Kintyre. Col had deserted Montrose before Philiphaugh, so "I thought it duty to fight against these men,"—a remarkable refinement on the part of our hero, who had always fought against the king through the accident of taking the wrong ship.

Col, "stout enough but no soldier," left 300 of his best men in the waterless castle of Dunavertie. They had to yield to what Leslie called "the kingdom's mercy, and not to his." "A nice distinction," says Turner. The fact was that Argyll, though not in command, was present, repre-

senting the Estates, and a preacher called Nevoy might be taken to represent the Kirk. After two days' hesitation, all the prisoners, except one whom Turner saved, were cruelly butchered in cold blood. Turner was called as a witness at Argyll's trial in 1661, and said that he never heard Argyll advise Leslie to do the deed. "What he did in private I know not." This must mean that he knows not at first hand, for, in criticising Bishop Guthry's then unpublished MS., he writes, "It is true David Leslie hath confessed it *afterwards* to several, and to myself in particular, oftener than once, that he had spared them all, if that Nevoy, put on by Argyll, had not by preachings and imprecations instead of prayers led him to commit that butchery." Turner argues that, by the laws of war (see also his 'Pallas Armata'), Leslie was within his right, and that the prisoners "had shed much innocent blood," deserted Montrose, and disobeyed the king's command to lay down arms. "Yet perhaps their well-deserved punishment was inflicted on them by the wrong hand." "I several times spoke to the lieutenant-general [Leslie] to save those men's lives, and he always assented to it," but Mr John Nevoy ("the wrong hand"), appointed by the Kirk to be Leslie's chaplain, "never ceased to tempt him to that bloodshed; yea, and threatened him with the curses that befell Saul for sparing the Amalekites. . . . And I verily believe that this prevailed most with Leslie, who

looked upon Nevoy as the representative of the Kirk of Scotland. . . . In such cases, mercy is the more Christian, the more honourable, and the more ordinary way, in our wars in Europe."

There is not much doubt as to which is the more Christian way, but the godly party preferred not to set a Christian example. At Duniveg siege old Col was taken, "on some parole or other," condemned by a Campbell jury, and hanged. Argyll, however, stopped an attempt to butcher "all the whole clan of Maclean." In 1648, when the Parliament raised forces to rescue Charles I. from prison (under "the Engagement"), the Kirk, backed by Argyll, rose in rebellion against the State. Turner, in Glasgow, quartered soldiers on the recalcitrants, and marched his men out of church when the Rev. Mr Dick reviled the king. "This was that great and wellnigh inexpressible sin which I committed against the sacred sovereignty of the Kirk; for which all members were so implacable and irreconcilable enemies to me afterward." The Kirk used a communion at Mauchline as a rallying-point of rebellion against the State; "so handsomely could these hypocrites make the commemoration of our Saviour's sufferings and death—that peace so often inculcated, and left as a legacy by our blessed Lord—the symbol of war and bloody broils." There was a fight between the army of the Estates and about 2000 armed and "slashing communicants"; their officers were taken, and sen-

tenced to be hanged and shot, their seven preachers (including Nevoy) were turned loose, and the condemned officers were then pardoned, "to which I was very instrumental, though I had been president of the court of war," or court-martial.

This was injudicious clemency: the Scottish army for the king's rescue, defeated by Cromwell at Preston, was opposed, on the return of its remnants, by the Kirk's force of Whigamores. Argyll and the Kirk seized power, a kind of Parliament was held, and all parties to the gallant Royalist effort were deprived, by "The Act of Classes," of civil and military functions. Thus Scotland lay divided and prostrate at the feet of the Kirk, the king was put to death, and when Charles II. had swallowed the Covenant, the Kirk party, by "purging" Leslie's army of its efficient regimental officers, handed the nation over to Cromwell at the rout of Dunbar.

Meanwhile Turner, after characteristic adventures with the army defeated at Preston, lay a prisoner at Hull. Despite orders from his Scotch enemies, conveyed through Cromwell, Turner was well treated, and wrote essays on Queen Mary and other historical characters, which are still in MS. in the British Museum. He appears as a defender of Queen Mary, and translates French and Latin poetry in her praise. During Cromwell's absence in Ireland, Colonel Overton, "the most courteous Independent I ever met with," procured Turner's release, on condition

that he crossed the seas, on November 1649. Failing to join Montrose in his last fatal expedition, he landed in Scotland the night before Cromwell's victory at Dunbar (September 3, 1650). He had to lie low, as the Kirk was still persecuting men who had been with the army of the Engagement in 1648. In October the westland Whigs "hatched the monstrous Remonstrance"; their separate army, under Ker, was well beaten by Lambert at Hamilton; had the Remonstrators won, Turner thought that Charles II. "would have been just as safe at Perth as his father was at Westminster."

The posture of affairs was eccentric. South of Forth, Cromwell and Lambert were all powerful. At Stirling lay a starving Scottish army in the interests of king, Covenant, and the less rabid party of the preachers. In the north, Middleton and Ogilvy were collecting a truly Royalist force. In the south-west, between Dumfries and Hamilton, was Ker's and Strachan's independent Whigamore command, in sympathy with the wilder fanatics among the ministers. At Stirling the Rev. Mr Guthrie (later hanged) was "preaching the poor little army down," the army which stood for king *plus* Covenant. Nobody knew what the independent fanatics of Ker's and Strachan's force intended; they had forsworn the Royal, but had not accepted the Cromwellian cause. Had they beaten Lambert at Hamilton

they might have marched against the king at Perth, so Turner held, and Charles liked the look of affairs so ill that he made "the Start," and fled to join Ogilvy, the friend of Montrose. He was caught, like a runaway schoolboy; the Royalists and the Stirling army came to terms; Strachan was excommunicated; Middleton (excommunicated by Guthrie and Co.) was freed from excommunication, after doing penance in sackcloth, and it was altogether a pretty mess that the Kirk and Argyll had made of Scotland.

The Kirk now split into two irreconcilable parties, both of which, we must remember, adhered to the Covenant, and attacked or solicited Charles, at the Restoration, because the English Liturgy was used in his private chapel in England. Both parties were staunch to the old Presbyterian claim to clerical interference in secular affairs, though the milder faction, the Resolutioners, or some of them, verbally disclaimed this pretension.

The immediate result of the situation of 1651 was the gallant but desperate march of Charles to Worcester. Many of his army, and Turner, before they were allowed to join, had to make sham repentance. "The ministers of the Gospel received all our repentances as unfeigned, though they knew well enough they were but counterfeit. . . . If this was not to mock the all-knowing and all-seeing God to his face, then I declare myself not to know what a fearful sin hypoc-

risy is," quoth our hero. Here the Remonstrators agreed with him.

He was taken at Worcester (September 3, 1651), declined to give his parole, and at Oxford, aided by a bargee, a barber, and a shoemaker, escaped over the roofs of houses, and, "not without merrie passages," escaped, disguised himself, and with six Royalist bargees, "lusty, strong, loyal fellows, but extremely debauched," walked to London, drinking at every alehouse on the way.

At Marlowe Turner hired an old horse, and rode through two hundred red-coats unsuspected. In London he found friends. He had a final bout with his bargees, who refused to take his guineas, but tore the ribbons from his coat, to wear when the king came to his own again. Mrs Turner had been in Dundee when Monk sacked the town, and massacred men and women there (September 1, 1651); but she escaped with bare life, and walked to Dysart. Turner, in town, invented three ways for Middleton's escape from the Tower. His execution was intended, but one of Turner's three plans (a false key, a black suit of clothes, and a red periwig) did the trick, and Turner made off to Paris, where he kissed the hand of Charles II. He returned to Scotland in 1654, during Glencairn's guerilla war, where, after a skirmish, he again saved the lives of prisoners, "partly with entreaties, and partly with horrible threatenings of an after-revenge." At this time

he was with guerillas or moss-troopers, who annoyed the English during Glencairn's and Middleton's Highland rising. The influence of Argyll and the quarrels of the Royalist chiefs ended in the skirmish of Loch Garry. The little army broke up before Turner could reach the main body. He took ship at Anstruther, went to Aix-les-Bains, and told Hyde that to serve King Charles he would start, if necessary, for Japan. But at Aix he had to stay, the baths being soveran for a certain Highland outaneous disorder, "epidemical, almost, in the place from whence I brought it."

After a good deal of mixed soldiering in Northern Europe, Turner came to London at the Restoration. He was knighted, "an honour truly never desired or deserved by me," but Middleton, from some private grudge, stood between him and employment. In 1663, Middleton having been deprived of power in Scotland, while Rothes took his place there, Sir James did receive a commission in the royal army, which led to the only misfortunes that he did not regard as rather "merrie passages."

"A soldier has only his orders." Scotland was not settled: the Whigamores—the religious, independent, anti-national party, the "Remonstrators"—were strong, especially from Glasgow to Galloway. The embers of Presbyterian anarchism, or theocracy, were glowing: any State would have

had to take order with the inveterate curse of secular interference by preachers. Almost a hundred years earlier, the Regent Morton is said to have observed that Scotland would never be at peace till some ministers were hanged, and a beginning was made with the Rev. James Guthrie.

What was to be done? As every one knows, what was meant for a moderate Episcopacy, without the hated Liturgy, and without the Articles of Perth (enjoining the idolatrous custom of kneeling at the Holy Communion), was introduced. The Church, says Archbishop Leighton, "has not of solemn and orderly public worship so much as a shadow."¹ This might seem satisfactory in itself to Presbyterian minds; still there were bishops, and something under 300 ministers were "outed," just as conformist ministers had been "outed" by the Presbyterians in 1638-1639. The object was to get rid of these mothers of mischief, the Covenants, insanely supposed to be binding on all posterity for ever. It was necessary to make impossible the eternal interferences of the "prophets" with secular affairs. But the managers of a necessary resistance to the "prophets" were men like Middleton (who had his sackcloth to avenge), and like the cruel, brutal, ignorant Rothes, whose face is the most hideous and malign of any in our history.

Congregations would not attend the new ministers; they

¹ Leighton to Lauderdale, Dec. 17, 1674. 'Lauderdale Papers,' vol. iii. p. 76.

mustered in conventicles, and such people were fined, precisely as Catholics for a hundred years had been, and still were to be, fined and persecuted in England and Scotland. All this was part of a system of which Presbyterians had been, and continued to be, as guilty as Anglicans. The difference was that the system was now applied to Presbyterians. To fine and quarter soldiers on recalcitrant Presbyterians were the orders of the good Turner, and he executed them with military punctuality. He was devoid of prejudice as to shades of difference in religious opinions: he had married a Catholic. If we listen to Wodrow (who vainly tried to procure Turner's MS. Memoirs), "Sir James Turner and his soldiers continued to make terrible havock in the west, and especially the south. That country was made a wilderness, and wellnigh ruined."¹ Turner, on the other hand, says that "he never came the full length of his orders," sometimes not fining at all, at others imposing the sixth, third, or half of the fines. Before the outbreak of November 1666 Turner had not seventy soldiers under his command, and these, except thirteen, were widely scattered at quarters on recalcitrants. In May, "at my very earnest desire," an Act had been passed "to ease the phanticks for some time of cessing," with an amnesty for past offences. "I dealt as favourably as I could with these who were averse from Church

government." Any reader of Turner, either in his Memoirs or in 'Pallas Armata,' must see that he was a kind-hearted man, and he confesses his aversion to his odious employment in 1665-1666. The writer of 'Naphtali' (1667), whom Turner speaks of with contempt, assures us that Sir James and his men "laid both parishes and country-sides almost wholly desolate." To be sure, the people signed an acknowledgment that "Sir James had used them civilly and discreetly," or rather, "are urged and compelled," by the bishop and his synod, to sign it. In any case, the force at Turner's disposal could not have reduced south-west Scotland to the desolation which Wodrow seems to describe after 'Naphtali.'

The real blame lay on the imbecile orders which forced Turner to scatter his handful of men in quarters over a wide extent of country. In the first place, small parties of Frank Bothwells and Tam Hallidays were let loose, without Turner's superintendence, to work their will on the peasantry. As he says, if outrages had been reported to him (one was a mere trooper's jest), he would have punished their authors. But these were the charges of an anonymous libel: none such were sworn to in the depositions taken after Turner had been made a scapegoat. Secondly, not having his men with him, Turner, then suffering from dysentery, was captured at Dumfries by a band of rebels (November 15, 1666).

¹ Wodrow, vol. ii. p. 16.

The circumstances which led to this rising are variously stated by 'Naphtali,' Wodrow, and Turner. A few men at Dalry, in Glenkens, shot a trooper, doubtless for some oppressive act. Turner says that M'Lennan of Barscobe shot a corporal, and the corporal declared that his offence was refusal to take the Covenant. In any case Turner was seized by an armed party under one Gray; his arms, papers, and money were made prize, and he was hurried about the country, often threatened with death, but always observant, humorous, and anxious (in his report to Rothes) to say a good word for every one who treated him kindly. Turner vainly argued that he could be no prisoner of war, for no war had been declared: his military law was thrown away: his parole was refused: he was "entertained the whole night with discourses of death." The captain, Gray, was a person about whom he could get no information; he spoke of having superior officers in Ayrshire. Wodrow says that he was a merchant in Edinburgh; Burnet, that he made off with Sir James's money; the editor of Wodrow thinks that he retired "in a pet," because Neilson of Corsock would not let him shoot Turner. The whole affair seems to have been an impulsive, unconcerted movement.

The Galloway rebels marched about under Barscobe, Corsock, and a preacher. They were joined by another preacher, Welch, and by Maxwell of Monreith, who seems to have

thought the business rather a "lark," and merrily invited the captive to hear a "phana-tick sermon." Monreith, when things went wrong, after a rapid ride home, escaped to Ireland, and was heard of no more. Turner was ready to enjoy any religious privileges, but, as there was no sermon, he stood the preachers ale, for the amusement of hearing them utter long graces before drink, including a prayer for the knight's conversion. Turner thought highly of the Covenanting infantry. "I never saw lustier fellows or better marchers." The cavalry also manœuvred "handsomely, to my great admiration." They renewed the Covenant, which, some averred, decreed that Turner should be put to death, but he escaped by one vote. At most the rebels were never more than 1100. Many deserted, among them the famous prophet, Peden. Colonel Wallace, a soldier of experience had now come from Edinburgh to lead the rebels, Dalryell of Binns with the regular troops following them. Wallace was proud of his own strategy; he could move on Glasgow or Edinburgh at will. He chose Edinburgh, and came within two miles of the terrified town—encouraged by a rumour of a Dutch fleet on the coast. They found, however, no chance of recruits from the town, and wandered to Rullion Green. After a skirmish in the morning, and the flight of some forty horsemen, it became clear that there would be a battle, and Turner vowed, if the Royal forces were victorious, to protect

eight of his guards if they would do as much for him. The rebels were routed, and Turner with four of his guards rode to the Duke of Hamilton. He was now safe; he secured the pardon of his four men, gave them money, and sent them home.

A year or more later it was thought advisable to "put at" Sir James, as if he had been responsible for the cruelties that caused the Rising. His commission had been taken from him by the rebels; he thought it wise to admit certain faults; he cleared himself as to his dealings with the money paid to him in fines; and the result may be given in the words of Wodrow: "To stop the clamour of the country it was thought proper to remove him from his posts, and many were of opinion his commissions were so large that he ought not to have received them." In short, Sir James was a convenient scapegoat, not being a man of birth and family. He wrote his *Memoirs* in 1670, and in 1670-71 his '*Pallas Armata*.' It is a useful book to those who would understand the arms and drill of the period, and a diverting book, thanks to the quiet humour and friendly style of the author. He lived till 1685 at least, and his wife, of whom he often speaks in a tone that goes to the heart, till 1710. Had Turner not been put on an employment in which it was impossible to escape

censure, we might have known nothing about him, for his loss of his offices gave him leisure to write his *Memoirs*. But, now that we do know him, may we not reckon him a very brave, active, good-hearted, and agreeable companion, a man of sense in an age of religious lunacy, a scholar, as a soldier's learning goes, and, generally, a good fellow?

We have heard from Sir James that he saved lives whenever he had the power. From a Covenanted source I give an example, not mentioned by himself. Neilson of Corsock, one of his captors at Dumfries, was taken, tortured by the devilish Rothes, and sentenced to death. "Sir James Turner made all the friendship he could for Corsock's life, in respect that he had spared Sir James's life, when it was in his power to take it."¹ A "curate," finding that Turner was likely to succeed, is said to have interfered, and induced the bishops to get the sentence on Corsock confirmed. Now, in his report to Rothes, Corsock's name only once incidentally escapes Sir James's pen, and throughout he is mainly intent on describing the good treatment which he received at several hands rather than in denouncing his captors. Though not precisely a saint, Turner shines, where humanity is concerned, in comparison with the saintly enthusiasts of the Covenant.

¹ Account of Neilson of Corsock, Wodrow MSS.; Law's '*Memorials*,' p. 17, note. There is a story of horrid excesses by Turner, in the Life of the Rev. Mr Blackadder. It is conceivable that among "the inconveniences of drink" such an outbreak may be reckoned.

PIXIE AND HER FAMILY.

SOMETHING in the nature of a thunderbolt has within the last few weeks fallen upon my establishment, and one and all the members thereof have begun to realise what the crack-brained Prince of Denmark meant when he declared that the time was out of joint.

Had my old pet bantam-cock—now, alas! almost beyond the age of crowing—suddenly so far departed from his usual habits as to be guilty of laying an egg; had my portly cook, a professed man-hater from her youth up,—she entered herself at the last census as forty,—announced her intention of committing matrimony, I question whether so great wonderment would have pervaded my domestic circle as was evoked by the momentous and wholly unexpected news of Pixie's confinement.

It was not as if there had been any premonitory symptoms appreciable by the human intelligence. For the old lady had in no way departed from any of her usual habits, but had eaten her own meals with consistent regularity, and other dogs' meals when they came in her way; had gardened with her mistress or accompanied her to week-day services, and enjoyed the almost daily altercation with the parish clerk, who refuses to believe that dogs have souls to be saved, or with the rector's Irish terrier Pat, who cannot understand that the mat in the church

porch is exclusively reserved for ladies.

Then, again, nature and high breeding have endowed Mistress Pixie with so bountiful a coat that it is at all times a pure matter of conjecture how much or how little framework lies beneath it; while a healthy appetite, which varies rather according to the ratio of opportunity than of inclination for eating, is quite sufficient to account for occasional suggestions of embonpoint. True, I had in all innocence remarked to my wife one day, as she coolly appropriated for Pixie's benefit a chop-bone which I had put aside for the stable-cat, that her pet was quite fat enough already.

"Elderly spread, my dear," was the answer, and as "elderly spread," real or imaginary, had latterly been a matter of contention between my tailor and myself, I dropped the subject.

Furthermore, it was not as if the shock of the catastrophe had been mitigated for us, as is so often the case, by the news coming to us, as it were, second-hand in the form of an announcement in the first column of the 'Times' or 'Morning Post,' or even by sympathetical allusion in the course of correspondence. Rudely, abruptly, and at a most unseasonable hour was it broken to us as we sat at the breakfast-table by a shock-headed groom, who, apparently startled himself out of all sense of propriety, accosted my wife through the open

window, piling up the horrors as he proceeded, with blatant voice—

“Please ’m, that there Pixie she’ve gone and gotten two puppies in the loose-box where I keeps my hay and straw. She’ve done it all by herself, and won’t let no one go nigh agin her, wot she’ve fetched a great bit out of my trousers, and have tore the cook’s petticoats shameful.”

The immediate result to our breakfast party of this most unpalatable announcement may be summed up in the word “chaos,”—chaos, be it added, of a somewhat painful nature. For my wife upset a full teacup; my daughter, who received the contents of the aforesaid cup in her lap, uttered a lamentable cry; the governess turned pale and gasped for breath; and the master of the house swallowed at one and the same moment a piece of toast which went the wrong way, and an ejaculation which perhaps was better swallowed than otherwise. When something like order had been re-established,—when, that is, my wife had replenished her teacup, the child had hurried off to change her frock, the governess had found her breath, I myself had recovered from a prolonged fit of coughing, and the author of the various disasters had slouched off to retail his own grievances and Pixie’s misdemeanour elsewhere,—we attempted to resume our broken repast. But it really seemed as if Pixie’s latest exploit was to be classed under the head-

ing of *res infandæ* or *majores verbis*. A complete damper had been cast upon conversation, three members of the party finished the interrupted meal in almost absolute silence, and my wife seemed to be soliloquising rather than addressing society at large when at intervals of a minute or so she softly murmured, “Poor little Pixie!” It cannot be doubted that if the latest family event did not provoke immediate discussion, that and nothing but that was engrossing all our thoughts. Personally, I may as well acknowledge, I was meditating what was the earliest possible date at which the latest inmates of my one spare loose-box could with propriety be drowned, and wondering whether Pixie, who was strongly wanting in maternal instincts, and had at all times actively resented the addition of other dogs’ puppies to the establishment, would in her heart of hearts be pleased or sorry when her own progeny was satisfactorily disposed of. A self-satisfied smile on my daughter’s face clearly implied a readiness to welcome and appropriate to her own amusement two new playmates, while the governess wore a set expression which told a tale of absolute condemnation of Pixie’s proceedings, and of sad conviction that one who in times past had ostensibly trod the paths of virtue was, after all, nothing more nor less than a most sly, most disreputable, and very shocking little dog.

Immediately after breakfast

my wife trotted off to the kitchen to confer with that most important functionary, our portly cook, on the matter of delicate messes suitable for the occasion. In view of the revelations of the damage wrought by Pixie's cast-iron jaws on the cook's undergarments, it was perhaps as well that I had not been tempted to visit the kitchen in person. But even from the duly bowdlerised version which I received of the dilapidations, I was not surprised to hear that the cook, when consulted about possets, arrowroot gruel, and other invalid requirements, so far from approving herself sympathetic, not only "dratted the dog," but expressed strong doubts as to the entire respectability of an establishment which could countenance such an animal. It is hardly to be expected that a woman whose feelings have been outraged, and whose garments have been torn, will measure her words and wear a smiling face, unless indeed she be amiable beyond her fellows, or, as Job Billing once described a former curate, a "pore-speretted crittur." Unfortunately "angels to cook" are mythical personages, and may even be classified with "a griffin or a unicorn or a king's arms, which," as Mr Weller said, "is werry well known to be a collection o' fabulous animals." Our Mrs Pittans, capable at an emergency of cooking a meal fit to "set before the king," had, as great artistes are entitled to have, a short temper, a considerable idea of her own importance,

and an eye to the main chance; and when she wound up a highly spiced oration by announcing that things were come to a pretty pass when she was expected to cook for the dogs, and that she should at once begin to look out for another situation where people would understand what was due to her, my wife fairly threw up the sponge and raised her wages on the spot. And I found myself put in my proper place when, later on, I ventured to remark that instead of raising the woman's wages I should have asked her what the devil business of hers it was to go to the stable.

"Of course you can use strong language if you like to your men, but I shall be glad if you will leave the cook to me, as I am perfectly capable of making my own arrangements."

If I prudently forbore to remark that whoever made the arrangements, the privilege of paying the piper, or the cook, appertained to myself alone, I could not help feeling that, so far as we had got, Pixie's puppies were promising to prove rather expensive luxuries.

While my wife paid her visit to the kitchen I had myself strolled off to consult my gardener, who, as being an austere man and possessed with a proper sense of the sanctity of the garden, would, I felt sure, be ready and willing to undertake the drowning of Pixie's puppies, Pixie herself, or any other animal on the place, as soon as I passed the word to him. I found my friend busy in a

potato-patch at the farthest end of the garden, which, indeed, he generally haunts when I am in a hurry to find him, though, by way of balancing the account, he is always very much in evidence when I do not want him, either nailing up the creepers outside my study window if I am trying to do some quiet writing, or poking his head into my dressing-room at inconvenient hours in the morning under the pretence of trimming the ivy.

I do not know that I extracted much comfort from him; but he briefly imparted to me his views as to Pixie's puppies, their parentage, dogs and puppies in general, cats, rabbits, potatoes, and a few other things besides.

"Yes," he said; "I'd drown 'em, if I was you, leastways get 'em drowned, one or t'other. Pity as you or me don't know who the father of 'em were, so as we could drown him too; he weren't no gentleman, you can lay your life on it, acting like that. I wonder whatever old Pixie wanted to have they puppies for? Why couldn't she go on same as she were, and the missis setting such store by her and all. Not as I holds wi' no dogs myself, leastways not in my garding. Why, I've knowed old Pixie herself scrat a hole as you might bury a man in a'most, right down along my inion-bed, a-digging after rats or moles or summat. Not that dogs is no worse than cats—I reckon one's just as bad as t'other. I've seed that there cat as you've gotten in the stable a-scratting

holes in my 'ranium-beds as independent-like as if the whole place was his'n. I'd like to get shot on him too. And there were a rabbut and all last week, come right away across the fields it did after my carnations, gnawed some seedlings as was give me horrid, he did. And I dunno if these here taters of mine ain't agoing to have the blight and all. There never were such a season for blight, not as I ever heard tell on leastways."

If I had happened to have the bump of patience properly developed I might have reaped a good deal more information. But I really cannot lay claim to a strong interest either in the devastations of cats and "rabbutts" or the vagaries of a potato crop, so that having satisfied myself that the gardener was at one with me as to the desirability of getting rid of Pixie's puppies at an early date, I walked off to the stable to pay a visit of inspection. The truly diabolical growling which greeted the opening of the stable-door, and the costly experience bought by the pair of earlier intruders, did not encourage me to try my luck inside the loose-box. But the short savage barks and ominous snarls that emanated from Pixie when I cautiously peeped over the door of her sanctum advised me that either the production of puppies or the reception of morning visitors had converted a naturally phlegmatic lady into a perfect virago. As I pay a considerable rent for my premises, it was almost as disconcerting to find that I was

regarded as a trespasser in the stable as to be told that the flowers and vegetables grown in the garden—nay, even the garden itself—belong to the gardener.

The thickness of the door, however, giving me a sense of security, I told Pixie that she was a silly old fool, and that I intended to look at her and her beastly puppies as long as I liked. Thereupon, by way of making herself as disagreeable as possible under the circumstances, she got up and shook herself, and then, after showing her teeth at me and calling me many names which I should blush to repeat, she turned her back upon me and lay down again in such a position as to exclude from the outside world any possible view of the precious infants. The little, however, that I had seen was sufficient to confirm the gardener's statements as to the character of the male parent, as well as to show that Pixie, in her preparations for the coming event, had acted up to those principles which have governed the course of her life since the period, now five years ago, when I first had the pleasure of making her acquaintance. It has been the custom, I believe, for expectant mothers, who move in high circles, to decorate beforehand the bassinette intended for the little stranger with Valenciennes lace and other costly adornments. But, albeit that Mistress Pixie is by looks and breeding well qualified to rank among the highest of her species, economy, not ostenta-

tion, and provident forethought rather than reckless expenditure, have marked the tenor of her way. At the morning distribution of bones, to quote an instance, when each other dog would go to work instanter to demolish his or her share, Pixie, with an eye to future contingencies, would trot off and bury as many as she could carry, and almost immediately reappear in the guise of a suppliant for a second supply. Or again, if any dog chanced—a rare event, indeed—to arrive late for the midday meal, Pixie, both of whose eyes were widely open to the main chance, in virtue of her seniority and a comprehensive vocabulary, claimed the right to clear the absentee's plate before she attacked her own. So, too, now she had been content, in the first instance, with annexing a modest truss of my best hay by way of preparing a warm depository for the new arrivals, postponing the more costly decoration of the cradle till the puppies had actually been born. And Providence had at the same time rewarded her sagacity and exacted toll from the inquisitiveness of outsiders by adding to her modest store a full square foot of scarlet flannel and a goodly strip of fancy Angola trousering, the latter a sort of second-hand contribution of my own, though I am thankful to say that it was not covering my own legs at the moment of its annexation. Having no particular desire that any essential part, whether visible or invisible, of my wife's wardrobe, in which I

may describe myself as having a distant pecuniary interest, should be added to Pixie's layette, I went off to warn her that, for the present at all events, her pet had better be left severely alone. But my words fell on ears dull to receive them. For the lady, having set her heart on carrying to the interesting invalid a comforting mess of warm pottage which she had prepared with her own fair hands, resented as libellous the suggestion that Pixie, in her present frame of mind, was likely to prefer an animal—human animal—diet.

"My Pixie bite me!" was the scornful rejoinder. "Just you come and see!"

I went accordingly, and had the pleasure, not of seeing anything particular, but of listening to a short dialogue.

"Poor little Pixie!" exclaimed my wife, peeping over the door of the loose-box.

A deep growl from Pixie.

"Was it a poor little Pixie dog?"

Snarl.

"Had she got little pupsies then?"

A prolonged series of growls and snarls, varied by an occasional snapping bark.

So far neither party to the debate could be pronounced to have made much progress; but at this juncture my wife, notwithstanding that her advances had not been met in a wholly amiable spirit, ventured to fumble at the handle of the door, a proceeding which at once brought Pixie to her feet with every bristle up, and every sign that she meant to

emulate the example of Horatius Cocles and resist any profanation of her sanctuary to the last gasp. Three minutes later a much crestfallen woman, not without suspicion of tears, had given up the unequal contest and retired to the house, leaving the dainty food to be administered by the groom as best he could. Yet such is the long-suffering nature of woman-kind, that by the space of five days, during which Pixie clung obstinately to her stronghold and treated all applicants for admission to threats of a blood-curdling nature, not a meal passed in our house without some special delicacy being put aside for the lady of the beleaguered castle.

In those days Vixen, my daughter's terrier, who always knows more about what is going on than any one else, and who, having the maternal instinct very strongly developed, has always taken the deepest interest in other dogs' puppies or even the cat's kittens, used to pay periodical visits to the stable, and with long-drawn sympathetic whines express her anxiety to see the babies and her willingness to look after them at any time that the mother felt inclined to take an airing. Never did sympathetic kindness meet with a ruder response, and never was rude response more amiably accepted! For if nothing in the way of vituperation came amiss to Pixie when the idea of temporary separation was suggested, Vixen accepted it all not merely with complacency, but with evident amusement,

wagging her tail and cocking her ear, and now and again looking round at me with a twinkle in her eye. On the sixth day, when I was beginning to lose my patience, and had almost made up my mind to try if we could not starve the tenants of my loose-box into a voluntary surrender, a whisper reached my ears that Bill, the little boot-boy, fourth in succession from Master Tartar's friend Jim, had paid more than one surreptitious visit to Pixie and her puppies. Bill is a sturdy young rascal, who does not black boots badly, but is very imperfectly imbued with any idea of reverence towards his elders and betters—the class of boy, in fact, who in the years to come promises to be a strong Radical, if not a Socialist.

When I sent for him he appeared, polishing a boot as he walked, and whistling.

"Is it true that you've been to see the puppies?" I inquired.

"Seed 'em a score of times. Ain't you?"

"Well, what does Pixie do when you go?"

"Don't do nothing, only growls a bit. Who minds her growlin'? You ain't frit on her, are you?"

Not feeling myself called upon to answer personal questions, I suggested that he should go into the stable and fetch Pixie to me.

"Right you are, governor," was the answer; "ketch hold," and before I quite knew where I was I found myself standing with a boot in one hand and

a blacking-brush in the other, while my graceless young friend sauntered off to the stable whistling. Two minutes later he was back again, carrying the panting and struggling Pixie in his arms, and totally disregarding the awful imprecations which she was invoking on his head.

"There you are, old gall!" he exclaimed, favouring her with a hearty pat, as, obedient to my injunctions, he deposited her in my arms. "And now I want to get back to my boots. Hulloo! I say," addressing me, "what ever have you done with my boot, and my brush as I give you to hold?"

A little tired of having everything on the premises claimed as somebody else's property, I sent Bill about his business, and having given orders for the clearing out of the loose-box and the removal of the puppies to an empty shed, I rested from my labours with the feeling that I had done a good morning's work. For a full quarter of an hour the mother, bereaved of her children, played in my room the part of a caged lioness, running wildly round the room, and expressing her feelings by alternately howling, barking, and growling. To all these remonstrances I turned a deaf ear, and it was only when she began to scratch the paint off my door that I called her to order. Thereupon having jumped upon her own particular chair, by way, as it seemed, of putting herself on speaking terms with me, she continued to whine and

whimper, till she had simply compelled me to take her on to my lap and talk to her. He is indeed a dull wight who cannot understand his own dogs when they are at the trouble to explain matters to him. Now at any rate Pixie, who expresses her feelings more clearly than any dog of my acquaintance, gave me to understand that she was a cruelly misinterpreted animal, although she acknowledged that she herself was not quite free from blame in the matter, as she had, so to speak, donned the wolf's clothing in order to veil a truly sheeplike timidity, and had affected an appearance of savagery, when all along she had been terribly anxious lest her puppies should mysteriously disappear as other puppies—to say nothing of innumerable kittens—had disappeared in times past.

"My nerves are simply shattered," she explained; "and then I growl, and people think that I am cross."

I felt sorry for the little dog, the more so as a little reflection on my part tended to confirm her statements. For I have more than once had occasion to notice that, although she has a tendency to growl unnecessarily, Pixie is by no means unpopular in her home circle,—with the dogs, that is, of our own establishment,—whereas outside village dogs and other strangers, deceived by her manner, and mistaking shyness for hauteur, and timidity for surliness, roll her over in the mud without further

provocation. And I furthermore recalled the fact that when she had been run over by a scorching bicyclist, to the great discomfiture of both parties, she had indeed on the spur of the moment applied her teeth to the calves of her assailant, but had then almost instantaneously bolted home and declined to stir outside the garden gates for a good fortnight.

Remembering all this, my heart went out to the little dog; and mentally rescinding all sinister designs against her precious infants, I comforted and consoled her to the best of my ability, and presently myself escorted her to the new nursery, where I left her, growling, to be sure, but apparently not wholly dissatisfied with the change of quarters.

The ice once broken, visitors to the nursery were received with tolerable complacency, and Pixie herself presently resumed her daily attendance at the dogs' dinner, where, prudently suppressing all mention of the comforting messes provided for her by her mistress, she based an application for increased rations at the other dogs' expense on the ground that she had to support two poor fatherless orphans. She found a soft bargain in Vixen, who, never slow to grasp an opportunity of doing a little amateur nursing, and perfectly capable of looking after her own commissariat without extraneous assistance, would bolt one or two choice morsels, and leaving the rest of her dinner for

Pixie to finish at her leisure, gallop off to the nursery to lick and cuddle the babies.

The unfortunate part of this was, that now and again, if the puppies proved unusually fascinating, she was tempted to advance a claim of absolute ownership and to resist *vi et armis* the counter-claim of the original proprietor, so that I was more than once called upon to play the part of Solomon, and keep the peace between the lady in possession and the titular owner of this most valuable, though singularly ill-favoured, property. But if, on the whole, fortunate in her appeals for charity with the other dogs, Mistress Pixie met with a rude rebuff at the hands of Poo, the great house-cat, when, emboldened by the success of applications in other quarters, she suggested that Poo should bestow a portion of her dinner on the deserted mother of two growing puppies.

"Two puppies! Only two!" exclaimed Poo in high contempt. "Why, I've had a hundred and forty-three kittens in my time, and I never went begging yet."

Both these statements were literally true; for the kittens used to arrive with clockwork regularity two or three times a year, in batches of six or seven, and Poo has always preferred to pursue a policy of "robbery with violence," varied by "petty larceny," rather than to pose as a beggar. Poo has her own way of arguing; and it was a much-chastened Pixie, with scratched nose and tingling

ears, who, a minute later, scampered off with her tail between her legs to regale her puppies, not with the cat's meat, but with a highly coloured version of her terrific encounter with a creature that spat like a steam-engine and clawed like the devil himself.

"And did you lick him, ma?" asked one.

"Of course I did, my darling!"

Another fortnight passed, and then came a fresh development. A proud and happy mother, with tail well cocked, might have been seen escorting two blundering puppies, with tails equally well cocked, into the great world which lay outside the nursery walls, and introducing them to her own old familiar haunts. When walking in line they formed a pretty picture of self-satisfied motherhood and light-hearted imitative infancy. But, alas! "all that glitters is not gold," and it was painful to remark that the force of bad example had blighted those young lives, and that they had imbibed from their mother's lips, not soft words of amiability and loving-kindness, but a full and complete vocabulary of naughty swear-words. Unfortunately, too, their manners were consonant to their language. Spoilt children of both sexes I have seen in my time by the score, and they are probably common in all parts of the world; but, taking their tender age into consideration, I doubt whether two more graceless little ruffians than Pixie's twin-sons, Huz and Buz, were ever

let loose upon society. When things went entirely to their liking, they were not so actively objectionable, but on the slightest provocation either one of the pair would growl and snarl, or even bite the first thing that came handy, and if that thing happened to be the little brother, they would fight like a pair of young tigers.

For another week or two Pixie, not wiser in her generation than other mothers, affected to believe that her *enfants terribles* were a pair of very interesting and high-spirited children. But when, at the mature age of six weeks, they presented themselves, uninvited guests, at the dogs' dinner, disillusion followed. Many of us are apt to imagine that the world is unkind in its criticisms on our sons' and daughters' manners, and I will admit that I may perhaps be inclined to regard my own family through rose-coloured spectacles; but if my one and only daughter had ever, at dinner-time, insisted upon sitting on my plate and snarling at me, I should have drawn the line very strongly, and suggested that she, like Mr Nupkins's scullery-maid, should have her meals in the "wash-us." To Pixie, ever a good trencher-woman, the spectacle of Huz and Buz squatting on the top of the two best-filled plates and using abusive language towards the legitimate proprietresses, came as a rude awakening, and it was not surprising that a short but sharp altercation should have been presently followed by a most salutary spanking.

There was still worse to follow, an act—*horresco referens*—of gross irreverence, which finally created a complete *bouleversement* of Pixie's ideas of the joys of motherhood. We sympathise with poor besotted old Lear when the ingratitude of Goneril and Regan drove him distracted; yet to Lear, if not blessed in his children, was wanting the crowning misfortune of possessing a lengthy and highly sensitive tail—he had, to be sure, a "tail of knights," but this is nothing to the purpose—whereon the hard-hearted sisters could practise their "sharp-toothed unkindness." Not so, alas! poor Pixie. For as, having snatched a brief holiday from nursery responsibilities, she lay peacefully slumbering on my hearthrug one afternoon, there came the sound of pattering of little paws, and into the room waddled Huz, and Buz his brother. They took absolutely no notice of myself, but their eyes twinkled when they saw their mother, and then they put their little heads together, and were so evidently plotting mischief that their conversation is not hard to imagine.

"There's old ma fast asleep; let's pull her tail!" suggested Huz.

"Bags first!" exclaimed Buz, and in a moment, suiting the action to the word, he took a firm grip of his mother's caudal appendage and tugged for all he was worth.

One dismal yell from Pixie, one appealing glance at me, one moment of sharp and in-

discriminate punishment, and she had simply bounded into her chair, and then sat growling at her sons and heirs while the two graceless little varmints yapped derisively at her.

Two days later Pixie, having in the interim formally handed over the charge of her puppies to Vixen, who, having no tail to speak of and using the slipper with a firm though kindly hand, kept them in tolerably good order, entered my study and explained to me that she had come to the conclusion that the time had arrived when her two little boys should be sent to a preparatory school, or perhaps, better still, a reformatory.

"And perhaps they could go into the navy later," she added; "they'll make good sea-dogs, and—eh?—don't you agree with me?—they'll be best away from home."

It was then that for the first time I realised what is meant by the irony of fate. We used to be told in our childhood that virtue is its own reward. Strange to relate, in this instance, vice rather than virtue proved the salvation of these

young termagants. For my gardener, dour himself, had been so much impressed by the superior dourness exhibited by the pair that, much to my astonishment, he preferred a request that he might have the disposal of them, not, as I should have expected, in a bucket or a pond, but in the form of a present to some connection of his own who had recently set up in business as a rat-catcher. As they promised to be uncommonly handy with their teeth, and have, we will hope, inherited the varmint-slaying instincts of their mother, it may be that they will be heard of again in the future. Meantime I gather from Pixie that she regards the whole episode of their introduction to the world as the solitary blot on an otherwise stainless career; and when, now and again, as she lies sleeping in her chair, I see her suddenly wake up with a start and a growl, and hurriedly thrust her tail between her legs, I feel sure that she has been dreaming of reprobate Huz, and Buz his yet more undutiful brother.

CHILDREN OF TEMPEST.¹

A TALE OF THE OUTER ISLES.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER XXIX.—THE SURRENDER OF THE SECRET.

THAT a rap should come to Creggans in that hour of night, thundering its way through a house that seemed forgotten of the decent world, wholly given up to dark and secret passions, and to lonely desperate deeds, was more terrifying to the girl at first than all that had gone before. Only a moment she shrank, though, for a hope sprang quickly that for all its eerie solitude, and its sinister repute, the inn might now and then attract some honest traveller. The Sergeant glanced at her and saw she meant to cry. "Quiet, I'm telling you!" he hissed in her ear, and clapped a hand upon her mouth. She struggled, but he had sacked with ruffian corps in towns abroad; the warmth of her breath, the touch of her neck, stirred in him for a moment, even in his fear of the intrusion, old memories, foul appetites keener than the greed of wealth; the ancient elemental beast took in him command, and it was with an effort he restrained the instinct of his flesh to squeeze remorselessly and kill.

There was a confusion of muttering voices outside, and the shuffle of feet. Before the

innkeeper could give words to an inquiry, Jib-boom, his skipper, cried for entrance in a voice that made it plain he was still his own master and in no mood for being kept long on the wrong side of any door he had a notion to make use of.

"I have my strength on me!" he bawled, beating with both of his open palms on the door till it dirled like a drum. "Are you hearing? I have my strength on me, and I'm angry, angry! Back with your bar, I'm telling you, this very instant, or Dan MacNeil will put his hands upon the lintel and the lum, and pull the house in pieces that would do for the ballast of a boat."

Anna's heart sank; she was still in the hands of the Philistines! The innkeeper let her go, and with an oath opened his door misgivingly. Jib-boom and the Macleods came into the light, glistening in oilskins, dripping with rain, irresistible to look on as if they had been cased in metal, surging upon the innkeeper impetuous like a tide as he stood before them on the middle of the floor, so that they did not at first see the woman shrinking behind.

"*Thrusdair!* Where's the

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girl?" cried the skipper, catching hold of the collar of the innkeeper's coat. "If she's a hair of her head the worse for you, I will take you out and give you death. Look at my face; it's red! I could tear your heart out through your thrapple, and shred it on the yard to poison hens."

The innkeeper gave an ugly laugh, uncomfortable, his face ash-grey with anger, but knowing too well his skipper's strength and temper to make resistance.

"You have been at the Barra stuff again, Dan, I'm thinking," said he, drawing aside to show his wife and Anna in the dusk of the apartment.

"You're a liar there! I have not drunk to-day; I could not drink for thinking," cried the skipper; "it's just my natural strength in me," and stopped in a confusion at the sight of Anna standing gazing at him.

"God!" said he, "I'm fair affronted, lady! Did I not think—did I not think—what in the world was it I was thinking, lads?" He turned on his companions; the three stood dripping and glistening, their tarpaulin hats at once in their hands.

"Och! Put it in the English, skipper," said one of them; "in the Gaelic it was meaning that himself here was badly in need of killing, and yourself was the fellow, with a little help from Skye, could do it neat and cleanly." They shuffled their feet on the sandy floor awkwardly; the crimson paled on the face of Jib-boom; he was fast becoming the genial

man who was daft about the dancing, and found his temper soft in the air of tavern rooms.

"Upon my word, a fine-like time of night to be disturbing us!" said the innkeeper, feeling himself master again, stretching out his arms, and trying to herd them out the way they had come in. Just another moment and they would have gone, for it looked indeed as if they were unwelcome intruders there to everybody; but the skipper saw something in Anna's face that stayed him.

"Och! to the mischief!" said he. "I wish I was out on the deep; all this carry-on is a confusion. Give me the deck and a rope's end, and no dubieties. I was in my red wrath with you since ever I let Herself ashore; did I not come here with gaiety to break every bone in your body?"

"And we were in the finest trim to give a hand at it, the two of us," said Calum. "It's a pity; it's a pity!"

"Let me get back to my boat out yonder, and I would give Dark John, if he was a generation younger, what he would not in a hurry be forgetting," the skipper went on, wondering at Anna's aspect. "I would never have been here but for his nonsense. First he said the lady was in Creggans with her own free will, and then he swore, when I would not let him follow her, the very life of her was in danger."

"In Creggans Inn!" cried the Sergeant. "Man! I have a wonder on me to hear you talking; the worst that could

happen her here would be that she might choke with sand in the morning's milk, for my wife, this woman here, is too drowsy to be cleaning out her pails, and I have got shrimps before now in my porridge. Go back to your ship, good lads!" He tried again to push them out, as if they had been naughty children, and at that Anna caught the skipper's arm, with a cry to him not to leave her.

"Not a bit of me!" he promised heartily. "Was I not the fool to let you take your own way here yesterday morning? If it was not for that you might have been back long ago in Boisdale Presbytery, and I would not be missing you dancing in Kintra." He put her behind him, out of reach of the Sergeant, and faced that angry individual with something of the spirit he had brought to his entrance. "None of your dirty work for Dan MacNeil!" he told him. "I'm black ashamed that I had the share I had in this affair, and gave my word to take the lady here, not thinking it was much more than a ploy of Col Corodale's. Ships have I sailed for you, my speckled fellow, and run ankers of Barra for you, and missed many a noble entertainment at the dancing, and sang songs for you, but rot take me if I don't convoy Herself here back to where I took her from!"

The Sergeant shrugged his shoulders. "Faith, you're welcome!" said he. "The whole thing was no more than a prank of another man's, though

I daresay I'll have to take the blame of it. It's lucky I'm not particular, and whatever way things turn out I need not care." He poured himself out a glass of spirits, gulped it at a breath, and scowled upon his wife, who all this time was either in a state of silent terror close upon a swoon, or whimpering stupidly, till Anna felt more pity for her than for herself. "There's a slut!" said her husband, and pointed a contemptuous finger at her. "One of the cursed gang of fools I have about me to do nothing else but bungle things and spoil me on every hand. Wasn't I the silly man?" He lifted his hand to her, carried away on his fury. Jib-boom gave a glad loud cry, and struck him with his fist upon the temple. He fell with a crash among the ashes of the hearth.

"There you are, master! Will you take another one?" cried the skipper. "This is better sport than any dancing: for seven years have I been craving the opportunity, and now I'm vexed I'm only in a half fury and dare not have a full indulgence. My God! I'm in my glory. Go back, boys, back to the boat, and take this lady with you; leave me here with Pock-marks, and you may take my very clothes. I'll never ask to leave so long as he can stand before me."

Anna tugged at his sleeve. "Oh come, come!" she pleaded. "You are but making matters worse for this poor woman. Let us go from this place." He was a child in her grasp;

his eyes hungered for the inn-keeper, who was getting to his feet, plainly in no fighting humour, but he moved at her pressure to the door.

To Anna's surprise the inn-keeper began to don an oilskin coat. "If you're for starting now," said he to her, "then I'm going too; this thing demands an explanation."

"It's your own vessel; I can't hinder you," the skipper answered. "On my word it's only fair that you should come and take the blame for setting us to your dirty business."

They all went out of the inn except the wife. A faint bland breeze struck Anna's cheek and felt like the caress of liberty; she could have cried with joy, in spite of her rude companionship, to be free from the place of her fears and tortures, and yet her heart was heavy to think of the unhappy wretch, the wife for whom there never could be freedom nor caress. At the threshold she ran back impetuous, took the poor drab, that was her sister, in her arms and kissed her, then made for the shore with the sailors.

The sloop, that had hung all day irresolute off Aird, now lay at anchor in the creek; they went out to her in the small boat that had brought Anna to her prison, and weighed her anchor just about the hour of dawn. Anna thought, as she looked at the grey bars over flat Benbecula, that now they were leaving, that of late her ways had, at the intensest hours, been cast in chilly dawns, in the qualified melancholy half-lights when

the meanings of nature are dim. A long time, with no bounds to it, seemed to have elapsed since she had been decoyed from home; how agonised a time it must have been for Ludovick, ignorant of her fate! to herself it might have been months, or even years, and it was with a shock she felt the reality that in truth it was but a matter of little more than a day, when she saw, still chewing his dulse assiduous on the deck, Dark John, the wretch who had betrayed her. It was to him the innkeeper made his first advances whenever he got on board. They went muttering apart, putting their heads together. The skipper, looking to the handling of his vessel, and still defiant of his master, was annoyed at their communing, damned them heartily, and fell in conversation with the girl. She was glad of that comfort, knowing him now really her friend, though he had played a part at first in her decoying. Sitting dead-weary on a water-breaker, and he speaking to her now and then at every turn of what they call a smuggler's walk, it was vaguely she heard, and little she heeded what he said till he made some mention of the letters that had come for her. Till then he had been speaking with remorse of his own deceit; at the reference to the letters she was wide-awake and eager in every nerve of her.

"Yes, yes, the letters! how dared that man keep my letters?" she demanded, looking along the deck, where in the grey light the two con-

spirators sat on the fo'c'sle head.

"There you have me again!" said Jib-boom. "He got every one of them from myself. We were no sooner over the Minch than he was up the side and on the top of us demanding every scrap we carried; he made more ado about the letters sometimes than about the cargo. O king! what did I ken? I never had the schooling. At sailing the ships, at singing the songs, or at the dancing, there's very few my equal, but the scrape of a pen never yet but set me sweating. By the Book! if it was not my own singing of a song that cleared Corodale out of Uist."

"What!" cried Anna, wondering. "I do not understand."

"No more do I; but a woman in Dalvoolin, called Bell Vore, she told me that the song it was that did it, and it was the Sergeant's wife who told her. Have you not heard the 'Little Black Pot'?"

She shook her head.

He hummed the verse that Col had contrived—

"Duncan, Duncan, what is your wishing?

A crock of gold and an easy life."

"Stop! stop!" she cried in an anguish. "Do you tell me Mr Duncan heard that abominable thing?"

"He did, indeed, my shame to say it! I learned the words from the Sergeant here, and had a score or two of ready scholars of my own for it over in Boisdale Bay that night we burst the keg and had the fine carouse."

Through her mind the whole scene flashed; it was not ill for her to comprehend the story. She had heard the air herself that night, and Duncan when he left her must have heard the very words of this appalling ribaldry. It was clear to her now why he had gone away. The fiend who had devised the scheme could not have struck his blow with greater cunning if he had been in league with hell itself. How true had been her intuition that she had everything to fear from her lover's pride, if he had the slightest glimmer of light upon the scandalous things that Boisdale thought of him: his letter now was plain—he had gone from a delicacy that, though it had brought her pain, made him dearer to her than ever he was before.

"And have you any idea where the letters came from?" she asked, after thinking long.

"It's myself has not the smallest notion," said Jib-boom. "I did not even know they were from Mr Duncan till the Sergeant's woman blabbed her goodman's secret."

"Oh!" cried Anna, "I would give the world—I would give the world to know, and there's a rogue at the other end of this vessel could make me happy in a word!"

"And what in the universe is all his mischief for?" the skipper asked. "This roguery is not in the way of honest smuggling."

"He wants—he wants to get his hands on the Arkaig treasure."

Jib-boom was coiling a rope;

at her words he let it fall at his feet.

"What is that you are saying?" he cried. "He is after the *ulaidh*?"

"He knows I could tell him where it is hidden," said Anna, "and all his plotting is to make me tell."

In the morning light she saw the skipper was amused at something in her answer; he shook with silent laughter, till his earrings danced on his sunburned neck. "*Mo chreach!*" said he, "the fifty-year fortune! Faith! I think myself you might do worse than tell him."

It was the very thought that was in her mind. The secret was her own; it had never brought her anything but misery, and the treasure seemed in some way more accursed in idleness than it could ever be if she renounced it altogether.

"You may not be believing me," said she, impetuous, "but as sure as I stand here I have it in the heart of me to do him an ill turn, and tell him of my own free will what he could never have got from me by force. Oh! it would be a just punishment for him, and it would be a relief to me; I do not think that even Ludovick would blame me."

"Indeed and I daresay not," Jib-boom agreed, so readily she had a little of her first distrust of him, and thought he shared his master's lust and counted on a portion of the plunder. With what a gang of rogues was she surrounded! how common and deep, she felt, was a vice she had never before met anywhere except in books!

Without another moment's

hesitation, she left his side and went forward on the deck where the Sergeant and the other schemed.

The Sergeant was in a natural dread of the consequences of his plot, and Dark John shared his apprehension, for even in Uist girls were not to be trepanned with impunity. Father Ludovick's wrath, they felt, would follow them to the remotest of the Outer Isles.

"At any rate I'm done with Creggans," said the innkeeper; "that's the one thing certain: it'll have to be the mainland for me, and as fast as this black dog MacNeil can take us there after he has got rid of the woman. If there was not the need for that, I would knife him where he stood for daring to lift a hand to me. I——"

He started at a touch on his shoulder, and turned about to see Anna.

"Will you give me my letter?" she asked him, making a last trial at his better nature.

"Och! a bargain's a bargain!" he answered.

"I know," said she, "and I am quite agreeable."

"On my soul now, are you?" he cried; and drawing forth the letter, thrust it in her hand without a doubt of her meaning.

As her fingers closed on Duncan's letter she felt she was exchanging sorrow for her very heart's delight.

"You know Mingulay?" she said eagerly.

He wet a parched lip and nodded.

"It's in the Long Gallery in Mingulay, then, on the ledge above the blood of the Merry Dancers."

CHAPTER XXX.—ANNA'S RETURN.

Kilbride is over Cruachan and Hartabeck in the south-east corner of the island. Lost among the heather, far from seas, though the ribbons of the sea come in among its pastures, and the scent of the tides is ever over it, and cattle wade in the heat of the day in wide inland waters, where silver-bellied trout and salmon play through the shoals of lythe and codling, there is this township of St Bride, forgotten to the foolish world but darling to the Church. That Father Ludovick might bring the Host there to his people, where they worshipped in a hut, he had to travel once a-fortnight. Welcome travelling it was to him, and the day when he went a true holyday, filling his soul with a gaiety deep and quiet. This small community, sharing none of the outer world's unrest, loitering content and simple through heather and dream, ignorant of the great confusions elsewhere, was to him the jewel of his diocese. It was not only that he found there the lingering song of the woman at the quern or waulking-wicker, the shealing ballad, the *ursquel*—the antic story of the folds, the old generous ways, and faith as passionate as his own; but that in Kilbride were still the ashes of revolt. The tale was done, the hope departed, but he loved to meet the men who had marched through English meadows fifty years ago, creatures kind of heart at home,

shy as birds and always wondering; but to the Saxon towns they marched through with Prince Charlie creatures dim and terrible, alien as Mameluke or Arab, fancies of the pillow more than human folk, whereof the last had not been swallowed up in the mist whence they went out in a noble folly, whereto, when the sun fell on Drumossie Moor, they sorrowfully returned. Kilbride retained for him a ghost that mourned and could not be forgetting. He never left the place at evening to go home, his hat drawn down on his eyebrows, his plaid drawn high to his chin, but that he stood a moment on the verge of it, of the wilds and of the ancient days himself again, separate by some freak of the imagination from that new world of fretting influences that came with books and letters to the bay of Boisdale.

It was in Kilbride, the happy valley lacking distant prospects, where people were content and never had a doubt of God, that he was Lord of the Isles in a sense more deep than ever had been the old Macdonalds. He was the greatest man in the world for them—fond simpletons!—the knowledge of it made him glad and humble. That day of Anna's beguiling, a score at least of his people went part of the way with him when he left for home. He should have been happy, so cheerful the adieux—women frankly court-

ing him, and men determinedly at their best with humour—but somehow the sense of a blow impending burdened him. Perhaps it was the portent of the sky, that ere he skirted Cruachan blackened suddenly, and the curious absence of the birds that ordinarily made the moorland busy and charmed his pilgrimages from Kilbride with chirp and song. A stagnant air was choking the islands; the pass was like a kiln for the heat; when he was over the slope of the hill and could see the ocean, it glinted to his vision like a metal tempering in fire, the horizon of a hue unusual.

He thought of thunder; he wished ardently for rain; soon the one was crashing on Benmore and the other pattered on him. Through the night he tramped with joy, possessed with that exultation that came to him always when tempest reigned, sometimes picturing to himself the hearth glowing and new-swept, the cheerful lamp, and Anna herself a benign domestic star. The hamlets round the rock of Stella Maris were dark and silent as he walked through them, more like memorial cairns than dwellings; far off he saw the light of the presbytery and hastened his pace.

It was almost with a lover's eagerness he opened the door. Anna was not down-stairs. The lamp and fire were there, but lately tended; the table was set for his supper, their chairs drawn up to it, and the room was smelling of bog-myrtle she had plucked in

rain, for still the drops were on it as it stood on the table with some wild roses.

"Anna!" he cried up the stair, even before he had his hat off: it was a common vanity of his to let her see him at his very wettest after such drenching pilgrimages. But he got no answer.

That night he searched in every house in Boisdale. He sought her in the chapel; he sought along the shore. At dawn, when she was far off in Benbecula, and shuddering at the sight of Creggans Inn, the quest was far and furious for signs of her. Like a madman he rode from township to township, from shealing to shealing, and late in the day he found himself at Corodale, knowing her heart was wont to be there.

Col took horse too, and together they went as far north as the ford. It was a day of rain and mist: like phantoms the two of them rode out of the fog and into hamlets, to amaze the children tending cattle, over moors, to meet women bearing peats on lonely tracks, along the shore, to startle men repairing the ravages of the dog-fish on their nets. No one had seen the girl on any path she might have taken to leave the presbytery's neighbourhood: it seemed—in one extravagant fancy of her brother's—as if, too soon angelic, she had taken wings. Her name was being cried on fields and mosses, resounding high on the moors, throughout the summer camps; the spinning stopped, the cattle

were left untended, folk came hurriedly to the machar-land and joined the search.

Col found the company of the priest at last insufferable—the silent agony, the miraculous tirelessness, the foolish hopes that flared up on the flimsiest of suggestions, were an irritation to him; for judging the rest of the world was like himself, that envied her a knowledge so precious as the secret of the Arkaig treasure, he had, in a little while, in the bottom of his heart, a conviction that Anna's disappearance was in some way due to the very thing that had made her most attractive to himself. It was not grace and beauty and goodness that were lost to him, it was a hidden store of lavish years he had been counting on; they were as assuredly stolen from him as if a robber had broken into the box up-stairs in Corodale and taken the contents. The coarse chagrin of the expectant who is bitterly disappointed came out, somehow, in his most trivial utterances; a shallowness in his spoken sentiments made the priest distrust him, and come at last to the sad conclusion that here was a vulgar mercenary, so they went their own ways searching.

Late in the afternoon, perhaps because he was the only one with wits untroubled by genuine distress, Col took a sudden thought and asked where the little boat the *Ron* was. It was customarily in the bay: he went with some others to look for it among the stranded skiffs and cobbles; but

the boat was gone, and at that discovery their searching was conducted in a different fashion and with new fears.

"I cannot understand it," cried Ludovick, distracted. "There was nothing in the world to send her out in a boat at any time, and more particularly on such a night as last night, and I am beat to think of any place she could have thought of going to by sea in any case. At any other time it might have been Dalvoolin round Kintra, on a sudden fancy; but she knew that all the folk are in Loch Eynort at the shealings."

"Let us go round the shore again, and take our boats this time," said some one, and for hours the island edge was searched, and every rock beyond it. Some fishermen, called by a smoke from Eris-kay, cunningly rigged long lines with fishing hooks, and slyly grappled in the bay, but so as not to let her brother see them. Col cursed their folly, more certain than ever that he was right, and she was somewhere trapped for her secret, or fled of her own accord,—he had once the maddening notion that it might be to his brother Duncan, some of whose letters might have reached her, for all the care he and the Sergeant had taken to waylay them.

He rode hither and yond, as the saying goes, with every appearance of looking for the lady as ardently as the others did; but he was not like them, in that he never had a hope to find her in that neighbour-

hood. And yet it was his unexpected eyes that first fell on the *Ron*. He came upon Anna's boat suddenly in a cleft of the rocks at Saltavik: it was with what was close upon a dread he left his horse and went down to look. There was little to see indeed, and no clue to its story as it lay there bright with paint, having something of a cheerful holiday aspect, the thole-pins and oars in their places, to show that it had not gone adrift from the shore by accident.

Back he rode into Boisdale and told of his discovery. All the parish flocked to Saltavik and stood lamenting beside the little boat, the magic galley that had brought Anna to the fairy isle of Tir-an-oig, the barge of her love and fancy. Father Ludovick looked at it, nodding carelessly on the edge of the sand, and turned on his people a stricken countenance. Over them swept a share of his apprehensions. A murmur rose among the fishermen, some foolish women in the background suddenly burst into the keening. The cadence of their wail had no sooner brought its meaning to his senses than he dashed among them, angrily commanding silence, and as they fell away abashed before him, he rode back to Stella Maris. The dusk was come; he went into the chapel; when, later, his people came they saw the wan glow of a single light, and did not venture to disturb him.

And so another night passed. A second dawn broke on his anguish. Haggard and grey

he came out of the chapel when the first light rose in the east and looked at the cold unpromising world.

It was the very hour when Anna gave up her secret. She saw the same dawn pale among the cordage of the vessel, spread quickly over Hecla and Benmore, flame at last fiery and golden through the Sound, the bars of the heavens crossed by myriad sea-fowl, the waves crashing milk-white on Oronsay and the Barra Isles. She had gone aft when her secret was surrendered, the letter caught tightly in her hands.

"You have got it there?" said the skipper.

"Thank God!" she answered, and then had one short thought that sickened her, that after all she might again be cheated, the man had so readily seemed to trust her. The seal was broken, and she tore the paper open, to smile and sigh and murmur over its contents, though they were blaming her for her failure to acknowledge letters he had sent before. It was not the splendid day that gladdened her then, not the sunshine glorifying all the sea; it was the eager passionate words of remembrance, love, and hope in her lover's handwriting that made her brim with joy.

"Did you tell our speckled fellow yon?" asked Jib-boom, watching her countenance, and seemed greatly pleased with her answer.

"By the Book!" said he, "and you have made the finest bargain ever you made, then. In all my life I have not heard of a droller thing, and would

sooner miss a hundred dances in Barra or the Isle of Skye than miss this that you're telling me."

The Sergeant, forward on the fo'c'slehead, looked aft at them, and had two thoughts in his head,—one that he had maybe parted with his letter for a fiction, and the other a conviction from Anna's solemn manner that he was truly at the door of fortune, but that he had not yet the key.

"What's this about the blood of the Merry Dancers?" said he, turning to the old man blinking beside him at the morning sun, cheerful at the thought of his feet again on the friendly land.

Dark John vowed he could not tell, that he did not know; aft to where Anna sat the Sergeant ventured then to ask an explanation, but there he found a check in the presence of Jib-boom. He waited for an opportunity, but he never had a chance to speak to her apart, so keen was her repugnance, and the shore slipped by: Oronsay fell behind; here was Boisdale bay! Home seemed magically unchanged to Anna after her absence of tortured years. Greedily her eyes drank in the prospect, the familiar dwellings, the paths she knew with Duncan, oft frequented, the chapel on the rock. There was no one in the fields; but on the township tracks, so far as she could see, were people seemingly in some strange excitement, and at the curing-sheds were many men in groups, as if it had been Michaelmas and they balloted for the banks.

She searched the whole visible isle for Ludovick, and saw him come at last to the chapel door. A fresh certainty of what he had endured in her absence gave her grief again, that drowned for a moment the sense of discovery and joy that she brought back with her.

The sloop swung round in the wind at the harbour mouth; Jim-boom prepared to set the girl ashore. "There you are," he told Dark John; "yourself, that took the lady from the shore, can take her back again: I'm not caring much to set a foot on Uist for a while to come until this thing blows over; I'm thinking to myself, O king! it would not be good for the health of Dan MacNeil." Helping Anna into the boat, he took the chance to whisper to her, "I have a bit of a surprise myself for this speckled fellow, more than any drubbing he would get from the Boisdale lads would be"; then gave a grimace of sly glee, and pushed the boat from the sloop's side with a benediction.

Some of the men at the curing-sheds, seeing a woman's figure in the small boat from the smuggler, came quickly to the beach; a cry rose that Herself was safe and back again; the tidings went over the neighbourhood like a wave, and, like a wave returning, the folk poured on the shore at Anna's feet. Ludovick cleft the noisy band, that half-wept, half-laughed its welcome.

"I knew—I knew you were coming," said he. "Since the break of day I never had a doubt of it."

CHAPTER XXXI—MINGULAY.

Col had slept for the night in his friend the tacksman's at Dalvoolin. He got up that morning with his mind resolved to relinquish this make-believe at searching and go home, where, his constant fears at any time of absence told him, things were certain to go contrary to his interests. For him, at all events, the new day came with no gladness; he was vexed with the conviction that everything went in opposition to his inclinations. The fortune his imagination had been feeding on for months further away than ever, his skipper and his sloop (or at least his share of these adventurers) vagrant without so much as "by your leave," and the priest manifestly dubious of him,—it was no wonder his patience was at an end. For decency's sake he would have to show face again at the presbytery and make an excuse for leaving, but that accomplished, he made up his mind he must be back in Corodale by noon.

Riding up the machar, busy with his thoughts, that were singularly heartless in the circumstances, he turned the point of the island just in time to see the sloop's arrival. "They will be on the hunt too, now," he thought, a grudging demon summing in a flash the cost of this new demand upon his property. He was too far off to see whom it was the vessel landed; but he could make plainly out that the shore was black with people in a manifest

excitement, and the conviction came to him at once that Anna had returned.

Between him and the bay where the people were gathered was the figure of a man, half-walking, half-running through the grass and sand. Col set his pony to a brisker progress; the closer he drew to the man approaching the more convinced he was that, in spite of an agility miraculous in one so old, it was no other than Dark John. A thought came to him then with a sense of revelation that this old wretch haunted him, a ghost in moments critical, led him first astray, and always spurred his interest in the fifty years' fortune at any time the same might seem to flag.

"Corodale! Corodale!" Dark John cried, long before he neared him, waving his arms in a kind of frenzy. "Stop you there till I have my breath, for I have a story."

Col waited, wondering. The old man toiled through the bent grass, panting, the soil of two days' travelling in every furrow of his face. He caught Col's stirrup, and pointed back at the bay whence he had come so hurriedly; not at the folk cheering Anna as they accompanied her to the presbytery, but at the sloop, that was already putting about, as it seemed, to the open sea.

"A bad death on me, master," said he, "if yonder's not the last chance of the *Arkaig ulaidh*, and it at the turning of a tail on you!"

Col had a little saugh switch in his hand, cut from the tacksmen's garden. In a sudden fury to have his unwelcomest thoughts brought back to him this way, he lashed the old man on the face with it and raised a weal.

"Master, master! Have I deserved it?" cried Dark John. "My God! here's pretty wages for all that I have done for you. Night and day have I been at the toiling for you, wanting meat and drink; listening, contriving, lying, taking the taunt for you, and you give me the willow withie! O king! have not I been the fool in my liking? For payment but the wand across the face! Black's the name of the willow that had no pity on the Son of God in His extremity, but like the shivering-ash, held up its head, a braggart when the rest of the wood was trembling. No matter, master, no matter; yours is my hand, yours is my bosom, for I have said it: the cheek, O king! may go with it. See, I will give you the other side!"

He held up the other cheek for the lash, and Col rued his evil temper. "You come at the wrong hours always," he snarled. "But I am vexed I switched you. The life is worried out of me, these days, with many things. Has Herself come home yonder?"

"Faith! that has she," said Dark John, and caught again at the stirrup; "but not the way she went. Your friend, the speckled innkeeper in Benbecula, has got the best of her."

"What's that you're saying?" cried Col, jumping from

his saddle. "Do you tell me she told him yon thing?"

"It cost him no more than a scrape of a pen from your brother Duncan. You might have kent the fellow; he kept a letter from the budget. Was ever a red-haired man, and he speckled, that swithered to give up a friend?"

"That red rogue turned traitor! May the brute die foreign and far from friends!" cried Col, all the new hopes built on the sight of Anna's home-coming toppling into the dust again. He looked blankly at the sloop, and his wits went wandering.

"In the Isles from here to Harris you have not a friend, O king! that is dependable, but myself. Am not I your man since yon night—Lord!—out there, and you so gallantly gripping me when the yellow of the end came in my eyes? They are saying that to drown is a pleasant dying, like the sweet half-dream of the morning, but they need not be telling that to me, for I have drowned and I know different: it is falling to a depth without a bottom, and the heart of you bursting, bursting!"

Col seemed as if he never heard him, glowering bewildered at the sloop. "Were you on the ship?" he asked, "and what were you doing there?"

"What but in your service? I would never have heard any more than yourself where the *ulaidh* was, if my wits did not keep me on the heels of the speckled fellow yonder."

"You know the place?" cried Col.

"No one better," he answered; "but the worst of it is, the Sergeant knows nearly as well, and he's now on his way to the place in Mingulay."

He told the story hurriedly—of the shealing rumour that Duncan was returning, of the Sergeant's plan for squeezing the secret from Anna, of its failure at the first, and how at last the letter had compelled her; but never said a word about the share he had played, himself, in the decoying.

Col swore in English oaths, ever with an anxious eye on the sloop, that hung in the wind off Oronsay, as if her mind was not made up on what her course should be. At last his mind came out of the fermentation. There was something to do, and the doing must be quickly settled on.

"Mingulay I know," said he, "and the arcades of it, and this dark quarter-mile they call the gallery I have been at the mouth of with my father once; but the Merry Dancers and their blood—it is beyond me! One might pick the saying up in a song of the country."

"There you are now! Did I not always say what a poor thing was this schooling, where a fellow blinds himself with books, and does not know the hemlock in his garden! Glad am I, *Oh Righ!* that I was not burdened with it, but was left with all my natural faculties. You do not know the *fuil nan Sluagh*—the blood of the Merry Dancers? Neither does the speckled fellow, and I would not tell him, but I could take you there to Min-

gulay and put your hand on it."

"At what price?" asked Col.

"For not a farthing! I would not take the Arkaig treasure if in depth it were to my knees and in width a pole, for a handful of dulse; a hundred times have I heard Master Ludovick call it cursed."

"But you do not care if the curse of it fall on me! That, by my faith, is droll friendship!"

Dark John held up an eager face to him. "Corodale," said he, "in the mornings, when I am newly awakened, and my innocence is still upon me, before the world takes hold, I will be thinking of that; thinking quick, and always certain that you were well to let it be. At night, too, when all the vigours are gone from my body, I have the same notion, that you would be the wiser not to set your mind on it, and I would be more your man to keep you from it. But when I am in my full possession, and with a taste—the littlest taste—of seaweed on my palate, I have another fellow in my skin, and if the stuff was at the other end of France I would carry you on my back to it. Yonder it goes!" He pointed to the sloop. "Oh love of men! have you not some notion of a way to get to Mingulay before him?"

"By the seven stars! and if I had a decent boat I would sail him for it," cried Col, plucking his Spanish beard, his eyes like lamps under shaggy eaves. His man stood helpless beside him, dog-tired, his eager-

ness slipping from him out of weariness. He had been sure that Col was capable even of miracles; here he was as useless as himself.

"A decent boat," said he, "and forty miles to Mingulay. Forty miles! and I am not liking the look of the weather at all, at all! There is a bit of a yawl of Baldy-Kate-Veg's in the creek down there at Dalvoolin——"

"The yawl!" cried Col. "I quite forgot her. With the yawl and this sou'-west wind as it is, I could easily make it—Mingulay before the night-fall; and Jib-boom, I'll warrant, could not make it any sooner. You will give me a hand, stout fellow?"

"Mingulay!" said John; and all his terror of the deep waters came over him.

Col waited no answer, but jumped into the saddle, and started for Dalvoolin, that he had so lately left. "Come along," he commanded, and the old man followed him.

Col turned his horse loose in the tacksman's field, and ran to the creek. Before the other joined him the sails were up, the yawl was ready for her voyage, and though the old man's fears cried out to him to remain on the steadfast land, he was, in his flesh, so much the agent of his master that he was at the jib-sheets without his will's consent, as it were, in a kind of trance.

The hour was seven. The sun was up in heaven, struck hot on the canvas, and brought the smell of bark and brine from it; the tar that coated

the boat was blistering on the gunnel. Clear of the creek the sea beat on the island with a strength that marked its edge with white; high tide hid the lesser rocks that were scattered to the north of Eriskay, the green little isle tranquil within the beacons of Fearay. On the wide sea or on the Sounds there was no other boat than this, and the sloop, that still hung dubious off Oronsay.

"We have the start at any rate," said Col, looking back at her. "Now I'm wondering what is keeping them. Ah! yonder he goes! I thought he would not lose a minute longer if he saw us."

The sloop fell off; her sails, that had been idly flapping, filled in the brisk sou'-wester, and she made for the Sound of Barra leisuredly, as if treasure was a poor consideration to cause the tightening of a sheet.

"If that's the side of Barra that she's going to," said Col, astonished, "then Jib-boom is an odd man for a sailor. Are you sure, old man, it is Mingulay?"

"Am I sure, O king! my ears are on my head? I wish we were as certain to get there and back with the boat below us, for there's a gale at the brewing yonder." He pointed to the south, where black clouds with a yellow core lay thick between sea and sky.

"*Dhe!*" said Col, uneasy, "there's going to be a night of it, no doubt; it's plain Jib-boom is thinking the lee of Barra safest. Well, let him have it! it is longest too!"

He drew well out from Scur-

rival, and Grean Head, and Dorval, and still the weather favoured them. Barra swam at their counter, dazzling white with sands, all its bays murmuring; high over its mountains, birds; blue reek of shealing-fires on its upper levels, the townships on the plain forsaken. Col saw little of these things, that Dark John cherished and pined for with a landsman's eye. For Col the interest lay ahead of his ship; his heart was hammering at the doors of fortune in the long gallery of Mingulay, and when they rounded Doirlinn Head, and Mingulay was opened, he gave a gasp to think this was the reality, that somewhere in these rocks was stored the extravagant hours. If a wish could sink the *Happy Return* somewhere on the other side of the island, sailing too for treasure, she would lie with all her folk in the greenest depths of the Minch, rocking soft among the weeds and star-fish, that he might ride in the world above in wealth and splendour.

It was noon when they were come to Vatersay: the tide was on the turn; a calm that left the sails useless came suddenly, and for hours the two men laboured at the sweeps. There was no sight of the sloop; that was the one thought that made the travail at the oars to Col a mere diversion. His companion rowed in a kind of ecstasy, the sap of sea-weed sustaining him,

though hours wanting food left him hungry. Col seemed to him gigantic, a marvel of endurance, so tireless that he might have rowed to the other side of the world, speechless—so full was he of thoughts. No sign of the sloop; and now a great space of empty sea behind them: the prize seemed in their grasp; if not, here came the wind again to help them.

It rose as sudden as it fell, gusty and fierce, catching the yawl at her bows, and throwing cold green seas to sluice along her ballast. Mingulay staggered a while beyond the spars, then leaped on them with the leaping wave, so large, so black, so terrible that the heart of the old man shrank to the size of a parched pea. "My end!" he cried; "we are gone, Corodale!" and caught the rigging. Col laughed. "No, nor gone," said he, "so long as I can hold a tiller." They passed in a second from the infuriate sea to a calm the ear could not believe in, but filled with a false commotion, the phantoms of all old sounds since the creation, the everlasting humming of the universe. The yawl was in a creek that lay like a broken cup in the thick of the cliffs of Carnan. Like oil the water lay around them; on every hand, except at the door they entered, the rock rose giddy over them, the sea-fowl white on its ledges.

(To be continued.)

WITH THE RUCK TO THE DERBY.

"To Tattenham Corner!"

There it was in black and white, staring us in the face. A simple placard posted outside the station door. We had left our office chairs, and were sitting in the window watching London bustling in the busy street below us. It was London in the haze of approaching mid-day heat. London of radiating paving-stones and sweltering asphalt. London of straw hats and——

"Shall we go? We need only be away about four hours, and just think what a day it will be on the Downs!" and instinctively H. put out his hand to reach his hat.

To Tattenham Corner!

The magic in that simple legend. We gaze hesitatingly at it, then a smart hansom deposits at the station door a well-groomed man escorting a fashionably attired lady. The man has field-glasses slung across his shoulder; he stops and buys a race-card from a busy hawker on the curb. Obviously he is bound for Epsom. Every one who can find the time is bound for Epsom. It is such a glorious day. The last scruple vanishes; we will go to Epsom too. We are not dressed for the part. What does it matter? who will know us in that vast concourse of people? We will go—we will go with the ruck, and take our chance with the ruck.

"The last special, sir, leaves

at 12.30. Room, sir? Yes, you will have lying-down room from here; but you will fill up at Cannon Street and London Bridge. Cannot guarantee you any class these times. No, you won't be in time for the first race, but you will be in time to see the Derby. Thank you, sir; hope you back a winner, sir."

The inspector spoke the truth; we did not fill up until we reached London Bridge. Even then we did not fill up as heavily as we had anticipated. We only took two more truants from oppressive London, like unto ourselves. Truant No. 3 was a silent, solid man. His mellow face spoke of exposure and strong waters. He was evidently in the habit of attending race-meetings, since he entered fully equipped with the necessary accessories. Just as the train was starting, to us entered truant No. 4. He presented a striking contrast to No. 3. He brought in with him all the gaiety of atmosphere inseparable from the Cockney as soon as he may with decency affect the panama. He settled himself in a corner, shot his pink jute cuffs, pulled out a gigantic cigar, and before commencing to uncase it from its tinfoil covering, smiled indulgently upon us as he unburdened himself of his introductory question—

"Goin' to back Catgut, eh?" (Silence.) "Well, if you are

not, you ought to. I am!" Then he rattled on, making the conversation for the whole party, as only a Cockney can. "I tell you what it is, I have got to get a little of my own back. I was stoney broke yesterday. Had only my ticket to get home with. My pals played it low down on me, I can tell you. They were on Kroonstad, yet they would give me nothing to get back with. Fine kind of pals I call them. But 'oo cares?—I can't help it. One day luck's in, next it's out. When I tell you that my name is Chandler, you will see how it is—it's in the bone, you see; my dad's name was Chandler and my mother was a Jupp. How then can you expect me to keep off a little game of gee-gees? Why, my dad never missed a Derby for fifty-three years, and when I was only eleven they put me on old Spatch Cook to ride a trial with Nemesis, and that's now—let me see, how many years ago. Now look here, gentlemen, I'll bet you a thick 'un all round that none of you guess within two years of my age. Now, how old do you think I am?" (At this juncture truant No. 4 took off his mock panama, in order, we presume, that we might judge of his age by the bleachment of his locks.) "Now there is no kid. I bet an even sovereign that none of you can name it within two. See, I will write it down on my cuff. I can't alter that now or change it. Any takers? Well I never—goin' to back Rock Sand at odds on, and not ready for a little flutter on the road. Well,

there you are—forty-three—an' none of you would have pitched it higher than thirty-five."

How much further the genial Cockney and sharper might have entertained us it is impossible to say, only at Croydon we picked up four more truants, which considerably curtailed his field of operations. The conversation became disjointed and less localised. But the Cockney had played his part well, and had manfully endeavoured to bring us novices up to the betting scratch by the skilful disguise in his conversation. Doubtless he had found the age ruse work with wary novices who would have shied at a pack of cards or a thimble.

To the stroke of the scheduled time of arrival the special put us down at the new station at Tattenham Corner. The shouting which heralded the finish of the first race greeted us as we passed through the station barrier and became integral units in that vast Derby concourse.

Cold lunch, 2s. 6d.

"We must feed," said H., as the inviting placard of a great catering firm caught our eye. "This is no day to brave a crowd with a loose jerkin." This sound philosophy brought no demur, and unknown we dived into the great unknown.

"Hullo, J., so we can't even come to an English race-course without finding you in evidence." It was the *Sudda* judge whom we had not seen since the days we donned silk at northern Indian meetings, and beside him stood the great-

est authority on Thuggee and Dacoity that Bengal had ever seen. The great unknown, indeed! why, the first persons that we met knew us, and were bent upon a mission similar to our own. What memories this chance meeting in the railway buffet conjured up. The steady murmur of the Derby crowd died away. One was no longer a mere grain in that vast dune of sand covering the Epsom Downs, but a principal again. The silk jacket rustled under the covert coat as one waited at the door of the weighing-room. Then our turn came. Off with the coat; where is the saddle, the martingale?—"Ten stone two, please." "You want a little more—a pound will do." "The big lead, please." Then the race. The irritable starter, with his field of gentlemen riders; the little square of white flag that dances before your eyes, and which it seems will never fall. But all this is dreaming. We hurriedly swallow our lunch, bid farewell to the Indian civilians, and dive into the Derby crowd. At the sight of the Derby crowd all memory of India and its race-meetings fades and dies away. It is a glorious day—gold and blue above, gorgeous rain-fed green below. But a solid druggot of black has been drawn across the green. The crowd lies, in shaping like a skate with outstretched tail, right down the straight five furlongs of Epsom turf. Where the stands tower there is the body, a solid mass of palpitating humanity; towards us, all along the rails

to where we stand, tapers the tail. And what a crowd it is! Like ourselves, it is composed of mere holiday-makers, the effervescent froth of London's lower classes. The rich and the business seekers gravitate towards the stands, where on either hand a veritable multitude of "turf accountants" have raised the symbols of their trade, and are shouting the odds, which seem to regulate with almost supernatural unison and rapidity. It is indeed an ideal Derby Day. Harriet, too, has not been unmindful of the opportunity which the gorgeous sun and perfect sky has given her. She is bewitching in the airiest of muslins that will contrast with pink and blue, and the whitest of panama hats, with brim enticed and bent into rakish angle and jaunty poise. Nor is Harry behind her. He too has affected the panama; and though his flannels are not obtrusive, yet he has satisfied this shortcoming with the excessive exuberance of his waistcloth and the colour of his flaming tie. Poor things! why grudge them the "properties" which go to make their simple pleasures? To-morrow Harry will be totalling figures in demure monotony behind a counter; while Harriet will know no more of white gloves and pipe-clayed shoes as her aching fingers ply pickle-jar, typewriter, or paste-pot.

We pushed our way through the crowd towards the course, and for the first time began to feel the necessity for a guide.

One was at our elbow in a moment.

"Race-card, gents?"

"How much?" said H., feeling in his pockets.

"A shilling to you, gents; they was 'arf a crown. This is the last I 'ave; so 'aving made my profit, I can afford to let you 'ave it cheap"; and the dilapidated vagabond passed a dirty piece of pasteboard over to us. H. counted him out three coppers.

"Lor', sir, I couldn't let you 'ave it for that; I should 'ave the Trades Unions on to me. Make it another penny, and I'll mark all the winners for you."

We threw him the copper and passed on. Already the course was clear, and the candidates for the second race forming up at the five-furlong post. We were novices on an English race-course. It was the first time that we had seen jockeys crouched up behind their horses' ears, or the starting-machine. It must be allowed that the first impression was not engaging. We had been trained in a school where five-furlong scurrys were usually lost and won at the starting - post, — where everything had depended, not upon the balance, but the horsemanship of the jockey. It was a shock, therefore, to see a field of ten horses ranged up behind a barrier which only two of them would face with equanimity. It was a shock, also, to notice that when a jockey most required his leg-power to keep his mount straight, he was sprawling about on its neck with his knees almost

touching his chin. It was a shock, also, to see that the starter was immaculately dressed, as if the pulling of a lever required the same attention to toilet as an afternoon tea-party. These are, of course, only the conservative ideas of men to whom the starting-machine is a novelty. But in the present case there appeared no advantage in the barrier—eight horses out of the ten would not face the white strips fairly; and when at last the ribbons disappeared overhead, the field was "all ways," and it was not an eighth-part as good and fair a start as a strong official would have effected with the same field starting from a walk to the office of a flag.

Those at the post see little or nothing of the race. A mob of galloping horses and silk-covered backs rapidly disappearing, and then the crowd breaks cover and throngs on to the course behind the race. But we had come to see the Derby, and recked little of the five-furlong scurry which preceded it. There was perhaps three-quarters of an hour before the race, and we made our way down the course in order to secure some good place of vantage to see the great event. Shouting at the stand showed that the Juvenile Stakes had been lost and won, but already the course was thronged. It is a marvel that it is not kept clear between the races; it is many times more a marvel that it is ever made clear for the races.

A walk down the Epsom

course between races on Derby Day is perhaps the most interesting experience to be found upon any race-course in the world. On either hand is gathered a heterogeneous *chevaux de frise* of vehicles which, that morning, have made their way from London. On the one side the stately coach, interloping motor-car, and gaily caparisoned *char-a-banc*; on the other a veritable sea of chariots—omnibus, drag, buggy, butcher's cart, and coster's shay. But that is nothing to the array and armament of the betting faculty. They have opened batteries of every size, shape, and calibre. As far as eye can reach above the mass of seething crowd these batteries rise tier after tier. And what is more, they all seem to be in action. The more appalling the odds, the fiercer swells the din of battle.

Was there ever such a cosmopolitan area as the green turf of the Epsom track on Derby Day! Here we pass a group of charming ladies, in the clothing of whose dainty persons the price of at least a plater has been expended. They belong to the gay world which makes Ascot and Henley so bright and picturesque. Next, and almost rubbing shoulders with them, we find four of the most forbidding touts that Bethnal Green could produce and Epsom attract. Here a party from Suburbia, dowdy perhaps in dress, yet honest in their intention to make Epsom the most delightful picnic of the year. And so you pass on, to find rich and poor of both sexes moving

as it were hand in hand. Within the narrow corral of the Epsom rails the law-abiding citizen and the habitual criminal, the honourable man and the knave, the innocent and wicked, the dissolute and pure. All with their minds fixed on one common object—to turn this form of national pastime, as best within them lies, to their own personal advantage. Marvellous sight, extraordinary gathering!

"Take a good cooler!" The Italian ice-cream vendor is doing a roaring trade. A few steps farther along men of Gaelic colouring have attracted a knot of delighted holiday-makers to witness the sinuous contortions of the sword-dance in rhythm to the skirl of the pipes. Then our way is blocked by a still greater crowd. "The Mammoth Tipster of the World" is holding forth. Quaintly attired, jockey above and gamekeeper below, the tipster rattles off to the admiring crowd his stock-in-trade patter. It delights them, it keeps them in good-humour, and even makes them laugh. We catch a fragment, "Therefore, if you have not backed a winner, my advice to you is to back the horse which runs second for a place." This tickles the crowd. They applaud the cryptic humour in the speech, and we pass on nearer to the domain of the Jockey Club.

"Shall we expend a guinea and seek entrance to a fashionable enclosure?"

"No, we are not well enough dressed. Our straw hats and

flannels have not the guinea hall-mark upon them. Besides, we are of the great unknown !”

So we turn to the nearest enclosure, which seems less crowded than the majority. For an expenditure of fifteen shillings between us they grant us admission. We find ourselves in a respectable if not high-class society. The majority of our fellow-prisoners behind the bars are lunching. Theirs is the simple kind of lunch which can be conveniently carried in the pocket—hard-boiled eggs and sandwiches. But a dishevelled ruffian is determined that none shall starve for want of enterprise on his part. “Lobster and bread, a ‘bob !’” he shouts, and displays his wares. He has a greasy carpet-bag full of small lobsters, freely intermingled with chunks of bread. These he cheerfully barter at his tariff price. Providence alone can know the far-reaching effects of his “Lobster Trust.”

Then the saddling-bell rings. Our attention at once returns to the real business of the day. They are clearing the course for the Derby. If there is any one circumstance attendant upon Epsom meeting more wonderful than another, it is the manner of the clearing of the course. As has been shown, the turf between the rails is crowded with the merry holiday throng. The crowd includes hawkers selling food, race-cards, and even pencils. Dealers in oranges and ice-creams. Open-air variety artists, the daintiest of ladies, and the roughest of roughs. Out from the openings

in the rails file lines of blue-coated policemen. Right turn—and the extended lines are passing up and down the course. They are few, the crowd is dense. But it disappears before them. It is an object-lesson. That crowd is such that if it willed otherwise the police could be swept before it as corks upon a wave. But whatever his class, whatever his understanding, the Englishman will not spoil sport ; and with good-natured bantering, and without the slightest show of force, the crowd disappears, as if by magic, before the thin blue line. In five minutes it is clear, and the space that was so animated stands out like a great emerald bar-sinister across a sable shield.

The “turf accountants” are bracing themselves for the *pièce-de-résistance* of the day. “It is just picking money up to back Rock Sand !” the knowing people tell you ; but there is a royal entry. An impression seems to have taken hold of our section of the betting public that the King, who they tell us is present away in yonder lofty stand or in the paddock, is destined to win his third Derby stakes. The wish is father to the thought, and before such sentiment the skill and reputation of trainers is nothing in the minds of the casual race-goer. Loyalty is responsible for many a sovereign and half-sovereign bet during the last quarter of an hour, and you hear men saying that they would not mind how much they lost if they could hope to see another royal win.

The course is now clear, and all is expectancy for the parade of the Derby field. It is a small field, as only seven names are on the card. We in our cheap enclosure have a mild excitement while the *élite* are thronging the paddock. For reasons known only to themselves and the stewards of the meeting, the police have their receiving-station almost underneath the grand stand. Anyway the transgressors of turf etiquette in the matter of ready-money transactions are paraded, when the police find it expedient to furnish them with a haven, all along the front of the cheaper enclosures. One such miserable is now dragged past us. Even the sanctity of the cleared course cannot prevent the more enthusiastic of his creditors from bearing him company. He is a sorry—almost indecent—sight, and even now is not secure, though in the custody of four stalwart pillars of the law. Unmoved by his cut and bleeding face, or the scanty remnant of raiment left him, an angry claimant hurls himself upon him, and before his escort can prevent the blow, hits him heavily with both fists at once. So much for the spirit of commerce militant!

Then on the far side a file of policemen move out on to the course. It is preliminary to the parade of the Derby horses. Here they come—one, two, three, four, five, six tall lean thoroughbreds, their long tails swinging in unison as they pick their graceful way with cat-like steps across the springy turf. The favourite is in front,

and as the eager gaze of hundreds centres upon him, they find that reassurance which sends many of them back to the bookmaker. Hullo! what is that—Rock Sand is only playful; he kicks up, and for the moment Maher, from the absurd angle of his knees, seems likely to disappear over the favourite's head. Yet beautifully as Blackwell has turned Rock Sand out, there are many who cannot, at the eleventh hour, resist the temptation to invest a mite upon M. Blanc's nomination. Vinicius, in spite of his having run poorly at Chantilly on the preceding Sunday and the unsettling possibilities of the incidental sea trip, looks as bright as bay ever looked. A fine, big-striding colt, and owned by a sporting foreigner. Surely he is worth a sovereign for a place!

They have turned, and are cantering past the grand stand: then they turn again, the crowd divides, and they disappear into it on their way to the post. In the meantime the steady hum of renewed business spreads over the Derby crowd. A ten minutes' wait, and the white signal-flag of the starter gleams out above the heads of the hundreds who have collected to see the start.

A great silence seems to pervade the course, broken, it is true, by the comment of the bookmakers. But much of the noise and bustle is stilled—it is a silence by comparison. Thousands of eyes are fixed on that little square of fluttering white on the far side of the hill. Will it never fall! Who is the

culprit?—Aceful, the unsatisfactory American, who never appeared in the parade! Then the white disappears, and before the bell tolls out even the murmur swells up, "They're off!" They disappear behind the brow of the hill, with its skyline of booths and luncheon canvas, and the crowd which had witnessed the start comes tumbling back, in the hope that it may see something of the finish. The murmur dies away, and it is in comparative silence again that every eye is strained to the point where they will appear on the skyline. A few seconds of suspense. "Here they come!" The murmur again, as a bunch of extended horses sweeps into sight. They all seem to be racing abreast. The proverbial sheet would have covered them. Then those with field-glasses pick out the colours; a horse has been driven into the van. "Mead's in front!" A tremor goes through the hearers. The superstitious are right, then—we are going to have a repetition of the scenes which marked the Royal win with Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee! But those who have a better judgment allay the popular excitement. "Rock Sand is going strong." They

are at the five furlongs now, and the colours of the favourite have drawn up to those of the King. In a moment they will disappear, to reappear round Tottenham Corner. Even though we feel that the race is already won, the excitement is breathless. "Ten to one, bar one!" comes a raucous cry behind us. One "Turf Accountant" at least is satisfied that the favourite wins. "Here they come." The leaders sweep into the straight. As they gallop against that dense background of crowd they look small and insignificant. The favourite is inside, and—leading. The murmur swells to a roar. They have reached the distance! What a picture!—what a thunder of applause! They are passing us now. The favourite hugs the rails. Maher wins sitting still. What is this? The great bay is going through them. The French horse is making its effort. Vinicius! Vinicius wins! The bay indeed has come with a wet sail: he has left Mead, Rabelais, and Flotsam behind; but Maher never moves, and amid a vast tumult of human shouting the numbers go up.

The favourite has won the Derby.¹

L. J.

¹ The Derby Stakes, 1903—Rock Sand, 1; Vinicius, 2; Flotsam, 3.

AN ILL-CONSIDERED IMPULSE.

"When shall I look for thee, and find thee gone?
When cry for the old comfort and find none?"

THE express from Paris to Marseilles was clanging and clattering on its way; but two people, a man and a woman in a compartment by themselves, were decidedly not enjoying the journey. They were quite young folks, and had been married only a few months; but though they were good-looking, prosperous, and healthy, things did not seem to be going smoothly with them.

The man had smoked as many cigarettes as he wanted, and was now irritably crackling an English paper, the news in which had seemed strangely vapid, even before he had read it three times over. He threw it down on the floor of the carriage, and said to his wife—

"Confound it all, Marion, you might at least try to make yourself agreeable."

His wife did not put aside the book she was reading, in response to this genial invitation, nor did she look up as she answered, "I hate talking in the train; it makes my head ache."

"You chattered fast enough yesterday on the way to Compiègne. I suppose you are regretting the society of your baron?" he retorted.

"Really, Dick," said she, shifting her ground, "there does not seem to be much to talk about. As we passed Avignon, I pointed out the

Palace of the Popes, and you said 'D—the Popes!'"

"That was certainly superfluous," he sneered; "but, you see, I am not literary like your Paris friends, and these historical reminiscences don't thrill me; I like something more human. What's that rubbish you are reading?" He took the book roughly from her hand, "*Lettres à une Inconnue*! What rot! fancy writing letters to a woman you don't know."

Marion kept her pained expression, and answered in an exasperatingly gentle voice, "You don't understand, Dick. Prosper Mérimée wrote those letters to the woman he loved; she was only 'Inconnue' to the rest of the world. They are full of beautiful tender thoughts."

"Pack of stuff," said he; "where did you get 'em?" He turned to the fly-leaf, and his wife's colour rose as he read aloud, "*Adolf de Boigne*."

"Once for all, Marion," he said loudly, and getting very red in the face, "I won't have you carrying on with other men, and taking presents from them, especially beastly Frenchmen."

Marion's handsome mouth was drawn very tight as she said coldly, "Give me back my book."

His reply was to throw the volume out of the window.

"Now you understand, don't you?" he said savagely.

"Yes, I understand," she answered coldly, fixing her brown eyes on him. "Perhaps if you understood a little better, you would not think it necessary to train your wife as you would a dog, with a whip."

The words stung. He started to his feet with an exclamation which he crushed between his teeth, and then, walking to the other end of the carriage, he stood there looking out of the window. His broad back and square shoulders seemed very obstinate, as, with his feet planted firmly and his hands in his pockets, he fought down the evidences of his passion—packing it by, as it were, for future use. He was young enough to have plenty of the schoolboy left in him. "He would not let himself be beaten by a girl." He had also his full share of the Englishman's domineering temper, and determination to show his mastery over the weaker vessel once for all.

Marion looked very wilful too as she sat with her pretty feet put up on the opposite seat. She was thinking hard.

"Your Englishmen make the most respectable husbands in the world, *ma belle*, and also the most disagreeable," one of her French friends had said to Mrs Clavell. She had resented the remark at the time; but she remembered it now, as, smarting under her husband's treatment, she sat anticipating the pleasant sort of evening they were likely to spend together. Was this what she

had married for? she wondered, as she recalled all the beautiful dreams she had dreamt. "I meant it to be such a success," she thought, "and it is such a failure!" These last weeks in Paris had put an edge on the situation. After a couple of months' honeymoon, a few weeks' hunting, and a little time in London, she and Dick had started for a month or two on the Riviera, meaning to come back and look out for a small place in the country, with some shooting, and settle down, keeping on Marion's flat in town. On their way they had stopped in Paris. Marion had lived much in a literary set in London before her marriage: one of her literary friends, who had married a clever Frenchman, a M. Lamotte, knew all the interesting people in Paris; and Marion, who, truth to tell, was getting somewhat bored with her new life, had plunged delightedly into the intellectual atmosphere in which her friend was moving.

As a very handsome young Englishwoman, and one who had made something of a name for herself by her writings, she was received effusively by intellectual Paris, which was at the moment temporarily Anglophile. But Dick was uncommonly "out of it." He spoke French well enough, but his manners were aggressively English; and he aired his London clothes, his British inches, and his highly polished, speckless British cleanliness with what appeared to the "foreigner," in his own country, intolerable

insolence. His ideas about Paris were represented by Palais Royal farces, races at Long-champs or St Cloud, drives in the Bois, and various mirthful resorts in the way of *cafés chantants*, which horrified Marion as much as the latest play at the Théâtre Antoine, which she dignified by the name of literature, shocked him. To be taken to picture sales, to lectures, and to sermons by popular preachers, to hear authors read their poems, and to listen to long discussions as to the candidate for the next vacancy at the Academy, bored him horribly. He found Ros-tand dull, and Maeterlinck impossible. So he ended by going his way, while his wife went hers; but he had an uncomfortable habit of turning up at odd times and spoiling nice little combinations which were afoot, with a certainty little short of instinct. Marion did not realise that he was jealous of her friends, of her admirers, and of her interests; but he made her feel his growing dissatisfaction in a manner which seemed to her unreasonable and tyrannical.

She had been used to plenty of freedom before she married, living alone in a flat in Victoria Street on a sufficient income of her own, and she had been much disinclined to put on the matrimonial shackles, until, on a visit to a smart would-be literary lady in Scotland, she had met and fallen in love with this man, of a different grain and a different world from her own.

Captain Clavell had been

lately recalled from India by the serious illness of his mother, to whom he was devoted; he was an only son, and as the illness promised to be lingering, he had left the army to stay at home and comfort her; then the end had come, quite suddenly, much sooner than had been expected, and Dick found himself left with a good income, nothing to do, and a very empty, sad heart. What more natural than that he should take a wife? He was tired to death of the ordinary smart girl whom he knew so well, and he yielded quite willingly to Marion's attractive qualities. He liked her fine proportions, her stately bearing, and her magnificent hair, dark brown, brushed with gold-leaf, and above all he liked her hazel eyes, the colour of the little burn that ran at the foot of the hill just outside the shooting-lodge.

Theoretically he hated clever independent women, but he was no fool, and this girl's talk stimulated him. It amused him to hear her holding her own against the men of the party in some merry or serious argument.

He had been asked up to Glen-spinny to make himself agreeable to his hostess; but she being a good-natured woman, when she saw how things were going, began to think it was better fun to help on a real love-affair than to play a part in a sham one. So she kept the pair on, whilst other visitors came and went, and watched with amusement the haughty Marion gradually letting her-

self be won over by this ordinary young man. To Marion, Captain Clavell came as an agreeable variety, he was so different from her London friends. She liked his tall, spare, soldierly figure, and his clean-cut, resolute face. Even his somewhat arrogant manner pleased her, especially when it softened towards herself; and his full deep voice and curt sentences were so interestingly unlike the cultured peevish accents of some of the literary clique she knew in town.

It was perhaps rather hard upon Urban Milvain, the distinguished editor of a well-known weekly journal, to be tried by this test. Marion had thought him very agreeable at dinner-parties, and had been flattered by his attentions; but there was no need to tell herself so often how uncomfortable he would look striding over the heather, with a gun across his shoulder, particularly as he had done nothing to subject himself to the comparison. Anyhow she had accepted Dick Clavell from love of him and of his masterful ways, and yet now when he tried to apply the curb, she resented it bitterly and fiercely. All her pride and her independence rose in revolt as he, having conquered the outward evidences of his bad temper, sat heavily down beside her and began in a tone which seemed to her in itself an offence.

"Look here, Marion; you think you are going to have your own way in everything, but you have been playing it too low down on me lately.

You have been amusing yourself at my expense for the last fortnight, and I can just tell you I am not the sort of man to stand it: you will have to mind your P's and Q's, my lady. I did not bring you abroad to go about with other people, and leave me to amuse myself—I brought you to be an agreeable companion, and to make yourself pleasant to me, and, by Heaven! you shall."

Marion laughed, a well-modulated laugh, exasperating to listen to.

"I fear I cannot make myself agreeable to order," she said. "It's a pity you took the trouble to 'bring me abroad,' as I don't give satisfaction; hadn't you better send me home? You might advertise for a companion to suit you."

"I daresay I could find one without that," he muttered. But she was not listening: her own words, "Hadn't you better send me home?" had suddenly conjured up a vision before her angry, tired mind of her own flat, of her life before her marriage, of solitude, of freedom, of relief from the perpetual companionship of this *vie à deux*, from the petty tyrannies of incessant intercourse, and a vast longing came over her to be once again Marion Leigh, mistress of her own time and her own actions. What would she not give for one day, even one hour, absolutely to herself with no dread of interruption. What a relief it would be if only he would send her home for a while. A few words of affection from her husband would have recalled to her the

other side of things, but he was far too angry to use his surest weapon. A man jealous and in love is never at his best, and when her thoughts came back to him, she found he was blustering about a wife's duties and a husband's requirements in a primitive style which she scornfully characterised as stupid. She had no answer for his angry tirade but an impatient sigh. So he told her that "she could sulk if she liked, but he would let her know he meant what he said," after which original peroration he took refuge again behind the 'Standard,' and appeared to sleep, whilst the train hammered and banged on its weary way.

Marion looked vaguely out of the window, and her attention was caught by the weird beauty of the scenery through which they were travelling, a country of limestone hills, white as if powdered with snow, wreathed at this time with pale pink almond-blossoms, the grey branches of the almond-trees as delicately pencilled as tree-stems in an old Japanese print, and everywhere those clear lilac shadows, so ethereal, so fairy-like. It is an arid and unreal though lovely land through which they were passing, and to Marion it seemed peopled with dead dreams and still sadder phantoms of live regrets.

At last they reached Marseilles, and having annexed a porter, who hung their numerous belongings on all parts of his person, Captain Clavell took his wife to the waiting-

room, and with the words, "Don't move till I come back," left her whilst he went to reclaim the heavy luggage.

In the temper in which she found herself her husband's injunction "not to move till he came back" irritated Marion unreasonably. She was disposed to assert herself even in little things, and with her dressing-bag in her hand, and a light rug over her arm, she walked to the second door of the waiting-room, which looked out on another platform. A train was drawn up opposite the doors, and people were crowding into it. She wondered idly where it was going; presently, as she looked up, she saw "à Paris" on a board hooked on to the carriages.

A sudden resolution formed itself in her mind. It must have been simmering there ever since that thought of the peaceful solitude of her own flat had come into her head. She pushed open the doors and walked out.

"At what time does that train start?" she asked a smartly uniformed official standing by.

"In ten minutes; you must look sharp if you are going on." All at once she knew quite well that she was going; it seemed the only possible thing she could do. The idea of escape was too tempting to be resisted, and it was so easy; it would take her husband quite ten minutes to find the luggage. He could not stop her, perhaps he would not even want to. All her injuries rushed upon

her in a flood as she walked quickly to the booking-office, took a ticket for Paris, and with a beating heart stowed herself away in a crowded second-class carriage, as being less likely to attract attention than a first.

Her watch was in her hand. Ten minutes passed, they seemed hours; no sign of Dick. Why did not the train start? Should she get out? And then, before she expected it, the train started with a jolt, and was swinging out of the station on its way back to Paris, and beyond Paris, London, and in London, freedom and solitude.

Five minutes later Captain Clavell returned to the waiting-room where he had left his wife. He had been further irritated by a heated altercation over his luggage, and by what seemed the unnecessary obstacles placed by the officials in the way of his search, and as he strode into the waiting-room it appeared to him outrageously inconsiderate of his wife not to be sitting in the very chair in which he had left her. He looked round, feeling angry that she should have even crossed the room, and blankly astonished when he did not see her anywhere. Could it be the wrong waiting-room? He had been all up and down the platform after those confounded boxes. Why would women travel with so many impedimenta? What a bore travelling was!

"Here, porter, is there another waiting-room?" He examined every corner of the station, growing more and more cross and breathless, and then on a sudden thought came

back to the first waiting-room, to find his dressing-case, rugs, &c., reposing exactly where he had put them when he had left them under his wife's care; but he noticed that her bag and rug had gone. That was it, then! A nice trick to play him; she had taken a cab and gone on to the hotel, and had left his things to be picked up by anybody. What a devil the girl was! He laughed angrily. Well, she should not see he had been worried, and taking up his belongings, he got into a cab and was driven off to the "Grand." He did not mean even to ask for her, but as the proprietor came forward bowing, the words slipped out in spite of himself.

"Madame, my wife, I missed her at the station—she has, of course, arrived."

"No; no lady had come by that train. The omnibus had not yet come up; perhaps she was in that."

Hang it all! perhaps she was; what a confounded mess they had made of it! Well, here was the omnibus, but she was not in it. Then for the first time Dick felt really anxious. The landlord and waiters were talking and gesticulating round him. "Good God! could anything have happened?" He had been rather brutal to her in the train. An accident! but he should have heard of that at the station: he must go back and hunt for her again. The interpreter of the hotel followed him, but he did not notice it. At the station he made flustered inquiries: had any one

noticed a tall English lady, dressed in grey, carrying a brown leather bag? Yes, the *sous-chef*, to whom she had spoken, remembered her. She had asked at what time the Paris train started, and had walked away to the booking-office. He knew no more. Dick felt himself grow suddenly cold; there was no accident, then, merely spiteful deliberate desertion. He walked quite calmly to the ticket-office; the clerk happened to be at leisure. "Yes, an English lady had taken a ticket for Paris. What business was it of monsieur's? Oh, her husband, who had missed the train. Yes, madame had paid for her ticket with an English five-pound note; perhaps monsieur had the number." Yes, monsieur had the numbers in his pocket-book of some notes he had handed to his wife the day before. They compared them, and one of them tallied. When was the next train to Paris? . . . not till six o'clock in the evening, but it was a much quicker train than the one madame had gone by; he would be in Paris nearly as soon.

Dick thanked him and went out of the station, his head buzzing as if from a heavy blow. He found himself presently on the sea front, and sat down on one of the numerous seats, and began idly to admire the view, and to wonder what he should do with himself all day. A thought of breakfast even obtruded itself. Then all at once the whole thing came vividly home

to him. Marion had run away from him! His wife had left him, just for a few angry words. What a temper the woman had, he repeated; he almost laughed again as he thought of it. . . . But who had she gone to? Back to her friends in Paris? All his jealousy surged up at the thought. Was there some other man? That little fool of a baron. . . . No, it was impossible; she had some sense, after all; he could not harbour the thought for a moment. It was just a freak, but she should pay for it.

He got a momentary satisfaction from the anticipation of her crushed pride, only to remember miserably that she was a woman after all, and therefore, inevitably, had the better of him. Well, he would go into *déjeuner*; he would not make a fool of himself about it; he hoped by this time she was pretty well frightened at what she had done; and so he spent a wretched day of alternate raging and relenting, till it was time to start for Paris.

In the train, tired out, he slept an uneasy sleep, during which he went through all kinds of unimaginable crises, and woke at last from a happy dream of delightful companionship to the grim reality of the Paris Lyons station in the early morning. He drove to a hotel and had a bath, and then went straight off to Madame Lamotte's house. Sitting with her he found the Baron de Boigne, decked in a most elaborate morning toilet. Some

crisis had occurred in the fortunes of his friend's candidate for the Academy, which it was necessary he should discuss with her.

Their surprise at seeing him was certainly genuine, and his explanations necessarily embarrassed. Business had brought him back to Paris, and he had a commission from his wife to madame when she was quite at leisure. The baron took the hint, and beat a graceful retreat. "Ce cher baron," said madame, as the door closed upon him; then, struck by the tragedy in her visitor's face, "What on earth has happened?" she exclaimed, clasping her hands.

He told her as baldly as possible: it made him angry that he could not control his voice better as he spoke of his search at the railway-station; he would have been more angry still if he had known how white and haggard his face looked, and what a suspicious flush there was round his eyes.

"You had a little difference in the train; what about?—another man?" queried madame sharply.

"Not at all," answered Dick stiffly; "there was nothing of that sort."

"I don't think there was," said madame, a reply for which Dick inwardly blessed her. "And you thought she would have come to me," she went on. "Well, perhaps she meant to, but changed her mind; she would not have got any sympathy from me. Wives must stick to their husbands, however tiresome they may be; it

is the only decent thing to do, once married."

"Thank you, madame," said he.

"Oh, you won't get any sympathy either, Captain Clavell. If a man doesn't know how to keep his wife, he must be a fool or worse; though I don't know what is much worse than a fool," she added thoughtfully. "Englishmen are not fools, but they are thick-headed; that is why I married a Frenchman."

Dick, who was not interested just then in her matrimonial arrangements, took up his hat and prepared to go.

"No, you must stay to luncheon," she said more kindly, "and then catch the next train back to Marseilles. Depend upon it she has got frightened *en route*, and is either on her way back to you, or you will find a letter to say she is waiting your forgiveness among the almond-blossoms at Avignon."

Dick remembered his unhappy remark about the Popes, and did not think that very likely: however, there seemed nothing else to be done. It never occurred to either of them that Marion had gone straight home. If it had done so, Dick might have followed her, and set things straight; but instead—taking with him Madame Lamotte's promise to wire instantly if any news reached her—he blundered back to Marseilles, only to find that no letter and no wife awaited him.

There seemed nothing to do but to stay where he was. Then he began again to torment himself. What if the

ticket-taking had been a mere blind. Horrible possibilities presented themselves. That day he searched all the hospitals and mortuaries of Marseilles. He went to bed that night determined to place the matter next day in the hands of the police.

Next morning, however, when he was starting for an early walk, as a refresher after a sleepless night, a letter was handed to him at the door. The effect his wife's handwriting had upon him was so complicated and bewildering that he put the letter into his pocket and walked on to the Cannebière, where he looked about deliberately for a suitable seat, took out his cigarette-case, hunted for his matches, and got his cigarette well alight before he trusted himself to open it. It consisted of a single sheet of notepaper, and it did not take him long to master the contents. It was dated from the flat in Victoria Street.

"DEAR DICK" (it ran),—"How angry you are with me, or are you a little glad to get rid of me? Anyhow, I felt the only thing I could do just then was to get away. Believe me, the resolution was quite sudden; you see, I had never been used to any restraint, and you pulled the curb too tight." ("Curb," he muttered; "had her own way in everything—what more did she want?") "Do not follow me." ("No fear," commented Dick.) "I will write again later on; for the present

I want to be alone. Indeed I feel it is the best and only thing for me for a time.—Yours regretfully,

"MARION CLAVELL."

"The best thing for her!" Not a word about him. Stay, there was a postscript. "I sent a telegram from Paris; the porter promised to see to it. I had only just time to catch my train; I hope you were not anxious." Cold-hearted jade! and he had thought she cared for him. . . . She could not even take the trouble to send her own telegrams, but must trust them to a porter. "She hoped he had not been anxious!" As he thought of his agonised search of the day before, his cheeks burned. . . . She was shallow and heartless. Angry as he was, he could not have written her such a letter; he could have raged at her, sulked with her, even he felt he could have beaten her! but—he could not have written her an airy careless letter like that; things went too deep with him.

He knew somehow at the bottom of his heart that she had done an impulsive foolish thing, a thing she would be sorry for, but he told himself he was not sorry for her: whatever there was of heart-break and of loneliness in store for her she should know it, in return for what she was making him suffer. And yet how sweet she could be when she liked! It was a showery day, and a sharp cold scud of rain had fallen as he sat there; but the sun had come out again, and

he found himself idly watching the glitter of the sunshine on the wet pools in the road. It reminded him of another showery day when he had walked with her on the moors in Scotland, and when the rain, suddenly coming down in torrents, had driven them to shelter in a lonely shanty, probably the nightly refuge of a solitary cow. Some fodder had been stacked in the corner, and by the door were a few peats; he had piled these into a seat for her, whilst the rain had made a grey curtain between them and the outside world, and there in the dusk of the shed he had found courage to tell her of his love. He remembered now that she had demurred at first—she had argued that she enjoyed her life too much to change it—that she had no wish to marry, and she had only yielded at last so far as to promise to think about it, to write to him when she got back to London; and then as a brilliant sunset had flamed up in the west, they had set off home together, splashing through the gleaming rain-pools, till they came to a stone stile set in a wall of rough cobble. Here with his foot on the first step, and his hand held out to help her up, he had suddenly remembered that it had been too dark in the shed to see her eyes. He looked straight into them now by the sunset light, and read something there which made him grasp her hand more firmly, and bid her say “Yes” without stopping to think about it, and she had answered, something less than her eyes had

told him, but enough to justify him in putting his arms round her and kissing away her scruples. Confound it! How the twinkles on the water hurt a fellow’s eyes! he must shift his seat to get away from them. One thing was certain, he would not go after her. What was the good, anyway, of sitting maundering there? he would go back to the hotel and write my lady a piece of his mind. He did; but when he re-read her letter he felt his own was weak, rambling, and ineffective, so he tore it up, and confining himself strictly to one sheet of paper, as she had done, he wrote:—

“It is a pity we understood each other so little. I thought marriage was for life. You appear to have looked upon it as a sort of trial trip, a partnership to be dissolved by the first difference of opinion, or a few hasty words. It would have been fairer to me to have explained your views sooner, as I might have declined the compact on these terms. However, you have chosen your own path, and I have nothing more to say to it. Don’t trouble to write again; I shall probably be travelling about for some time, and letters may not reach me. I have instructed my solicitors, Messrs Jackson & Jones, of Lincoln’s Inn Fields, to make all arrangements for your comfort.—Yours truly,

“RICHARD CURTIS CLAVELL.”

Marion had written that letter to her husband the minute she got back to her flat. She

was very tired after her long journey; but, on the whole, she was pleased with what she had done, and thought she had acted with spirit, and she had gone to bed and slept the sleep of the just, until suddenly waking in the "dead waste and middle" of the night, she said to herself, as she sat up in bed, "Dick will never forgive me." Whether the words came out of a dream or not, she did not know, but there they were, graven in fire, like the writing on the wall, and a sudden sense of the enormity of her conduct came clearly to her mind. What an absolutely ill-bred, ill-considered thing she had done! She pictured her husband searching the station for her, his blank astonishment at first, and his subsequent humiliation. What had he done, she wondered; it was not like him to sit down and do nothing. The telegram could not have reached him till twelve hours later. Then that letter—was anything ever more heartless? She blushed to think of it. After all, what was Dick's crime? Was it his fault he was not literary? At one time the absence of that particular vice had been counted to him for righteousness. . . . Certainly he had a bad temper, but had she done anything to soften that "humour which sometime hath his hour with every man." All men were bad tempered, her married friends had told her so, and she had not been very conciliatory. For a time she writhed under her own self-reproaches, but then came a worse moment still; this differ-

ence went deeper than all that. Was it possible that she and her husband had ceased to love each other? that the beautiful dreams she had dreamt and the kind manly words he had said meant nothing? Were they just strangers, after all? Had her love no forbearance or power of resistance, that it should fail and shrivel at the first test. Surely her heart had been stony ground, if the good seed of love, so soon sprung up, should so soon wither away. What had become of the happy life they were to have shared, their qualities supplementing and their defects neutralising each other? . . . Had she shattered all this fair future by her hasty, foolish act?

If Dick could have known, he was not suffering alone. She tossed till morning, and rose weak and weary. She thought of writing to her husband, but she was afraid and ashamed. She must wait for his answer to her letter, and when it came it was so conclusive, there seemed to be nothing more to say. If he had sent that first angry rambling letter, she would have found something to reply to, perhaps something to resent, because by that time her original sense of injury had revived; but this curt decisive note, accepting her decision so irrevocably, and cutting her adrift so completely, paralysed her. She felt curiously languid and ill, and was disinclined to do anything except sit still and wait: she told herself she had brought her troubles upon her own head, so there was nothing

to do but bear them. And after all there was something restful about this solitary freedom she had hankered after,—she could get up and go to bed when she liked, and stay in or go out. No need to walk when she was tired, or eat when she was not hungry; and in the languid state she was in just now, it was much not to be met by argument or expostulation. If only there had not been that ache at her heart. Alas! she could never be Marion Leigh again. We can never go back; all the gates are barred, all the fires out, all the altars cold, and the road ahead is steep and stony, but must be trodden, though the overseer's whip is needed to goad us on.

Easter had come and gone before she heard anything from the lawyers. She had been nowhere, and seen no one, when one day she had a visit from Mr Jackson, a bland thin old gentleman, the senior partner in the firm, who did all the delicate and diplomatic business. He should have called sooner, he said, but the firm had been expecting to hear from Mrs Clavell. Captain Clavell had led them to expect that she would communicate her wishes as to any arrangements that should be made during his absence. Mrs Clavell did not desire any fresh arrangements. As Mr Jackson was probably aware, she had her own income, which was enough for her requirements. Whilst Captain Clavell was away she did not wish to interfere with his financial affairs.

Mr Jackson understood the

position differently. His client had distinctly stated that he wished his wife to draw upon them for any sums she might require, and they had that morning received a communication from Captain Clavell which, as pointing to his absence being somewhat prolonged, might lead her to reconsider her decision.

Marion turned very pale, but her voice was quite steady as she asked what was the purport of the communication.

"Well," Mr Jackson regretted to say, "that while visiting the Isles of Greece"—"the Isles of Greece!" how the words sang in Marion's ears: they had talked of seeing them together!—"Captain Clavell had been inspired by the accounts of the fighting going on on the mainland, and had actually accepted a commission in the Turkish army, now operating in Macedonia." Mr Jackson was a good Liberal, and looked the horror he felt at such an unheard-of course of conduct.

Marion laughed a short unmirthful laugh.

"How perverse and how like Dick," she said. "Will there be much fighting?"

Well, so far, the lawyer had heard, the Turks seemed to be uniformly successful; but the well-known patriotism of the Macedonians would, no doubt, prolong the struggle.

"They had talked of the war a good deal in Paris," Marion told him, "where, of course, sympathy was all with the Macedonians; but her husband had always taken the side of the Turks. He opined they were

standing up for their rights, and that the other side would only make a bad use of their freedom if they got it." Well, indeed, did she remember it. The subject had been a matter of constant dissension between Dick and her friends. She understood why the war had attracted him.

Mr Jackson was a little offended by her remarks: he was a pompous old gentleman, and liked ladies to listen, not to give information, so he was rather brusque in making the rest of his communication. "He had only to inform her that Captain Clavell had sent home a short will, drawn up by an English lawyer in Crete, making a handsome provision for her in case of his death, and had desired them to send him regularly a certain proportion of his income, and leave the rest in her hands to do as she liked with." Poor Marion! This news coming from a stranger crushed her, but she summoned all her self-control to last whilst the lawyer was with her, and let him know that she accepted her husband's trust, and would call later on at his office to master the details.

Directly he was gone she sat down and sent for Susan Freshfield. Now Susan Freshfield was one of those reliable women who never fail a friend at a pinch, and in half an hour she had arrived in a cab, bringing the messenger-boy with her, and paying him, and getting rid of him without any fuss.

"My darling, what a pleasure to see you! I am really not in

town at all. I had only come up from my cottage on business for a few hours, and had just let myself into my house with my latch-key when your boy knocked at the door; and now sit down and tell me what is the matter." All the time she was talking she had been holding Marion's burning hand in her firm cool one, and looking steadily at the girl's set white face.

"How ill you are looking, dear! When did you come home?"

"Nearly a month ago. I have been wanting to send for you ever since. I have been so lonely."

"Lonely!" said Susan. "Where's your husband?"

"I have just heard he is in Macedonia fighting on the side of the Turks."

"Where all the men would like to be; but what sent him there?"

"I did," said Marion.

"So you have been quarrelling already, and he has gone away and left you?"

"No; I ran away and left him at Marseilles without warning, at a moment's notice."

"What was it all about?" asked Susan, and Marion tried to tell her. It sounded so foolish and childish put into words that she broke down, stammered, and stopped.

Susan listened gravely without trying to help her out, and, when she broke down, said gravely—

"You have done a very foolish and wicked thing, dear."

Marion had expected sympathy. She started and flushed

hotly. She was not used to criticism.

"Why, Suey, I thought you always took the woman's part. You are always talking about the blessings of freedom."

"My dear, I am not married, and may talk as I like; but when a woman has put on the matrimonial fetters, the only decent thing for her to do is to wear them silently and patiently, even if they gall now and then. Really I have to comfort so many poor wronged women that it is quite refreshing to scold one who is entirely in the wrong herself."

"No doubt you are enjoying yourself," said Marion, edging away from the arm Susan would have encircled her with. "Would you have a wife bear all kinds of tyranny and injustice?"

"Had you anything of that kind to bear?"

"Susan—you know Dick is always a gentleman."

"You see, dear, there is no excuse for you. Better give in at once. You have committed one of two unpardonable sins. Either you have married a man without loving him, which is anathema, or, loving him, you have turned coward and run away from your duties at the first trial, leaving that poor fellow to go to the bad, or join the Turks, with no one to stop him."

"He won't go to the bad," said Marion, who did not like to be called a coward, especially when she knew it was true. Then with an impulse towards truthfulness on her

own account, "But I do love him," she faltered.

"Well, that is the better case of the two," said her implacable friend. "Where love is, there is always the possibility of atonement; but you will have to repent and humble yourself in the dust for this."

"To him?" asked the victim.

"Oh, I was not thinking of him. He ought to be able to take care of himself."

"He is," put in Marion with conviction.

"It is your soul I was thinking of saving," Susan went on. "It is to yourself you must do penance, and sacrifice your pride; for this is a sin against womanhood, and you, the woman, must suffer for it."

"I am suffering," said Marion, her beautiful eyes filling with tears. "I sent for you to apply a poultice, and you are administering fresh stripes."

"Poor girl, I want to make you cry a little," said Susan, pillowing Marion's head on her own shoulder; "a few tears will do you good."

"But these are bitter tears, Susan," said Marion; "they burn and sting."

"They have something to wash away, dearest: they will make room for easier ones;" and then for a few minutes there was no sound in the room but the quiet sobbing of two women crying in each other's arms. But Marion was not the kind of woman to give much time to tears. Presently she sat up, and, drying her eyes, said to her candid friend—

"Well, Job's comforter, now that your precious balms have broken my head, what are you going to do for me?"

"I am going to take you straight off into the country with me," said Susan, blowing her nose. "You shall live all day in the fresh air among the apple-blossoms. We must get back some colour into your cheeks. You shall watch the young lambs, and see the little birds in their nests, and," looking at her sharply, "we may discover another reason why you should not have left your husband."

"Oh, do you really think that, Susan?" Marion blushed this time a lovely pink.

"What do you think about it, dear?"

"Well, the idea did cross my mind; that is why I sent for you."

"Put your feet up this moment," ordered Susan. "I am going to do your packing, and get you some tea. Why did you not tell me the truth at once? Perhaps I should not have been so hard upon you."

"It is all right, dear; your scolding has done me good. I feel the better for it. Annette will do the packing. You go about your business now. The tea and I will be ready when you come back. It is sweet of you to have me, Suey. It will be such a rest to see your beautiful white hair and your kind face all day, instead of horrid visions of wounds and battlefields."

"Bless you, my darling! If you only knew what a joy it

is to me to have you. I had just been thinking that Paradise—the cottage is Paradise, Marion—with only one old maid in it is rather a dull place, and you must never think of battles or fighting. The Macedonians always run away when they see the Turks coming."

In Susan's apple-orchard Marion pieced together the fragments of the hopes which she had shattered in her fall. The pink-and-white blossoms lay scattered around her, but she remembered the fruit which was forming in their stead, and the fluttering white butterflies taught her their beautiful lesson of Immortality and Eternal Hope. Strange that the things which are only lovely and useless should be inspired to teach the highest truths of all. The busy, thrifty working bee, buzzing in the daffodils at her feet, had nothing so cheering to say, though perhaps its workaday sermon on the duties of life might be needed by-and-by. Wherever Marion turned there was beauty,—in the grass at her feet, where cheerful daisies smiled; in the garden borders, where gorgeous tulips, buoyant on their stems, flaunted in the breeze, and pansies turned their cat's faces to the sun; up among the tree-tops, where the young green leaves were shaking themselves out and whispering their eternal story to the wind. Beauty most of all in the pale turquoise of the spring sky, with its great, piled-up, white cloud castles, homes of dreams, —beauty so lavishly displayed, so prodigally wasted, that poor

Marion's sore heart felt oppressed by it.

"Heaps of the guelder-rose !
I must bear with it, I suppose,"

she quoted softly, as she sat with Susan one lovely evening on the tiny terrace in front of the cottage; the air was full of the scent of sweet-briar and lilac, and a young moon hung its glittering crescent on the saffron depths of the sky.

"Suey, dear," she said, "don't think me ungrateful, but I can't bear all this; it plays too much on my feelings. I must get back to London, and fill my nostrils with its smoke and my ears with its din, and rub shoulders with other men and women and try to forget myself in the world. Some day I may be able to enjoy spring in the country again, but now the birds wake me too early." Susan understood, and took her back to London, and stayed with her till her boy was born.

Marion lived her usual life quite cheerfully, as much of it as she had strength for. She looked carefully after her husband's fortune, but she would not spend it, though Susan told her her scruples were absurd. She knew she would want more money, so she took up her writing again. She anointed her head and washed her face, and only Susan knew that she wore sackcloth, and only she herself knew how it hurt.

Her character improved and deepened in this time of trial. She lost the self-sufficiency of

successful youth, and became more tolerant and sympathetic, but it was at the cost of her freshness and buoyancy. She had a terrible time when her boy was born. Susan nursed her devotedly, but she was a long time fighting her way back to health and strength. One day Susan came in and found her very tired, and with very red eyes. She looked at her but said nothing.

"Don't scold me, dear," said Marion, "I have been writing to Dick."

"Was it a nice letter?" Susan asked.

"Suey, I grovelled," was the tearful answer.

After that she began to get better rapidly. By the time the reply might have been expected she was practically well. It seemed she had braced herself for the result, but the answer never came. Marion never spoke of it, and by degrees her restlessness at mail-times died away. She shut up her heart even from Susan, but she began to go out again into society, just as she had done before her marriage. People forgot to ask questions about the husband who was fighting—nobody knew where, people so soon forget in London.

Marion was more of a success than ever. She had developed and improved, and her talk, though just as witty, was less liable to wound. Several men besides Urban Milvain, misreading the look in her eyes, found her irresistible. The editor found her also a great assistance in his profession; her articles were good for the

paper; it is doubtful if otherwise she would have interested him so much. He wanted her to accept the post of sub-editor, but she declined to come to the office, so he fell into the habit of dropping in at the flat on Wednesday afternoons, and talking over the contents of the paper before it was definitely set up.

"You ought to take a consulting fee," he said.

But Marion refused. He paid her well for her articles, and she was in full work for other papers and magazines.

The baby was born in August, and it was well on in October before she settled again to her work. November came, with its short days and flaring, murky sunsets. December passed, with its leaden skies. London was impossible until the lamps were lit, Marion declared; and then what unsuspected glories the old monster revealed—the wet pavements gleaming with reflected lights; the cabs, swaying shadows, with red or white eyes; the wonderful contrast of orange gas and white electric light, with here and there the flash of a many-coloured sign. Behind it all was the deep lapis-lazuli background that only London can show. What does it come from? Marion wondered as she walked the muddy pavements, and tried to think only of the things before her eyes.

The pleasant bustle of Christmas had come and gone, and London had settled down into the dead unrelieved dulness of January, when as usual, one Wednesday afternoon, Mr Mil-

vain was sitting with Mrs Clavell in her pleasantly lighted drawing-room. Their work was over; the number was a good one, and they were enjoying the well-earned refreshment of a comfortable tea. Suddenly the door-bell rang, and almost without a pause the smart parlour-maid announced in her ordinary well-trained voice—

"Captain Clavell."

For a moment Marion's heart stood still. She tottered as she rose to her feet. She could not believe her ears, scarcely her eyes. Then springing quickly forward with outstretched hands, she exclaimed—

"Dick! Why, Dick!"

Captain Clavell shook hands with her gravely, and by the steely glint in his eyes she saw she was not to "escape whipping." However, she was prepared to do a certain amount of penance, though she felt Dick had lost a beautiful opportunity in not taking her in his arms and forgiving her there and then. Dick was rarely dramatic, she remembered, and then there was Urban Milvain. Her husband's glance was straying towards him over her shoulder, she noticed, so she introduced the men to each other.

"My husband, Captain Clavell. Mr Urban Milvain."

There was an odd little gasp, half pain, half triumph, in her voice, which so preoccupied Dick that he forgot to bow to the other visitor, and his eyes were busy following his wife as she pushed up a chair to

the tea-table for him to sit down on.

"Why, how lame you are, Dick!" she said, as he limped up to it. "What is the matter?"

"Bullet in the leg, compound fracture, getting all right again." He did not want to talk of himself before this stranger.

"I did not know you had been wounded," said Marion in her lowest tone, and her eyes and fingers were busied rather blindly among the teacups for a few minutes.

"Only got back last night," said Dick hurriedly, to fill an awkward pause. "Have been all day trying to get clean. Took a Turkish bath and had my hair cut."

"So like you, Dick," laughed his wife.

"Well, war is a dirty business," said he.

"War," chimed in Mr Milvain, waking up to the situation: "dear me, yes, you have been fighting in Macedonia, haven't you? helping those poor devils of Macedonians against the Unspeakable Turk."

Dick accorded him a stony glance as he answered deliberately—

"Helping those fine fellows the Turks to beat the miserable, cowardly wretches of Macedonians."

"Oh," said Urban Milvain, speaking in his most cultured drawl, "then you can tell us all about the massacres at first hand."

"The massacres existed entirely in the minds of special

correspondents; the Macedonians never stayed to be massacred. If it hadn't been for the fools of correspondents, and their double-dyed fools of editors at home, encouraging silly people to send money to the insurgents, the war would have been over long ago, and what you are pleased to call massacres would have been avoided."

"Really, Dick, Mr Milvain is a distinguished editor himself," put in Marion.

"So I might have supposed," said her husband grimly.

Urban Milvain took up his hat to go, but he was not to be extinguished without a parting shot.

"Well, Captain Clavell, if you like to give us your experiences from the point of view of a Turk for the paper, they might be interesting for a variety. You could get your wife to knock the article into shape for you, as I don't suppose that sort of thing is much in your line. Sword mightier than the pen in your case, eh?"

It was Marion's turn to flare up now.

"I don't think it is at all likely, Mr Milvain, that either my husband or I shall feel inclined to turn his serious and painful experiences into copy for a newspaper," she said hotly, and the distinguished editor faded away into nothingness. Dick's moustache was twitching, though his eyes were still grave, and, as the door closed on Mr Milvain, he said—

"You polished that fellow off nicely, Marion; but how did

you know my experiences had been so tragic?"

"I heard sometimes from the lawyers."

Again that little thrill in her voice which reached the man's heart in spite of him.

"Besides, you are awfully thin. I am sure you have been ill; and then, your wound."

"Well, I lay out thirty-six hours on the battlefield after my leg was broken. Beastly malarial climate, so I got fever on the top of the wound, and it pulled me down."

"You never wrote, Dick."

He looked sternly at her.

"When I was lying out there in the rain," he said, "I had made myself pretty comfortable, with my back against a wall and my leg stretched out straight: there was a poor fellow mortally wounded lying beside me. I did what I could for him, but most of the night he groaned or screamed. At dawn, just before he died, the pain left him, and seeing I had a stump of pencil and a bit of paper, he made me write a letter for him to the poor girl he had left behind when he volunteered. They weren't even married; but he said she would break her heart if she had not a few words to comfort her when he was gone. She loved him, do you see.—Well, I tried to feel glad then that I had no one to care whether I lived or died."

Marion's eyes were again cast down; she said nothing, she was fighting the lump in her throat. Meanwhile Dick was looking round the room, a sensation of comfort stealing

over him: presently he said dreamily, in quite a different tone—

"Everything looks exactly as it used to here."

"Yes, I daresay," flashed Marion suddenly, the lump quite choked down, "it all seems very dull and prosaic and unchanged to you; but peace has its battlefields as well as war, and when I lay fighting for life on my bed of pain, I did not harden my heart. Why did you not answer my letter, Dick?"

"The one to Marseilles?"

"No, not that," she stammered, her cheeks tingling at the reminder as if he had boxed her ears; "the one I wrote you at the end of August."

"My dear," he said, watching her narrowly, "letters very often did not reach us. Once in September I remember we were watching through our field-glasses how the man with the mail-bags was cautiously creeping, leading his horse along a road which hung against the side of a precipice, a sheer rock going down a vast depth into a blue lake. Suddenly the horse lost his footing. The man let go in time, but the poor beast rolled over and over, and fell, mail-bags and all, with a splash into the lake a thousand feet below. Perhaps your letter is at the bottom of that lake, Marion."

"And the lawyer's letters and the newspapers, they did not all go by the same mail?"

"Things often accumulated till they could be brought up to the front. What was in your letter, Marion?"

"Then you don't know, Dick?"

"Know what?" he asked, perplexed. "Something in the newspapers?"

A ray of sunshine pierced Marion's heart; he had not come back for the child's sake, then.

"Come with me and I will show you," she cried gaily, and, forgetting his lameness, she flew along the tiny passage, stopping at the door of what had once been her husband's dressing-room, and turning with a beautiful movement, one hand on the door-handle and the forefinger of the other on her lips, she waited for him to come up. Some glimmer of an idea as to what she had to show him had pierced even to Dick's dull masculine intelligence; but the effect of the disclosure was hardly what she expected. As she turned up the light, and showed him a fine, fat, boy-baby sleeping cosily in his little cot, Dick's heart hardened with a fresh sense of injury.

"When you lay out on the battlefield and tried to feel glad you had no wife, Dick, you did not know you had a little son," said Marion, looking the incarnation of splendid motherhood as she leant over the sleeping child. But Dick's face was sterner than ever as he looked at this miniature copy of himself.

"And you could leave me, knowing this?" he said, gravely and slowly.

She blushed deeply.

"I did not know till after," she said.

"Even then you could have written."

"You had ordered me not to. I did not know you would care to hear. I was in the wrong. How could I appeal to your pity? Besides, it was too late. You had already turned Turk."

"You are quite mistaken," he began hotly. Then, with a queer twist of his moustache, "about the Turks," he added. "But when he was born you wrote. What was in that letter, Marion?"

"His eyes are like yours, Dick," she remarked irrelevantly.

"Make him open them," demanded Dick. "I am afraid of touching him."

The light shining through Marion's loose rings of hair made an aureole round her head, her eyes were shining with suppressed excitement, her voice shook a little.

"He will probably cry," she said, as she kissed the drowsy boy till he woke, showing sure enough his father's blue eyes, but with their pale cold light glorified in his baby face into a splendour of turquoise and forget-me-not.

Dick reached one finger down, and cautiously stroked the rosy cheek. As he did so the baby made a grab at his father's hand with a noise of gurgling laughter, and conveyed the captured finger into his moist red triangle of a mouth.

"He did not cry, you see," said the proud father, glancing across at his wife.

"He's a 'wise child,' and a good-tempered one," laughed Marion.

"He did not get that from

me—nor from you, my dear,” put in her husband, looking keenly at her. “What fools we have both been, Marion!”

Her eyes filled with tears.

“Why did you come back, Dick?” she asked. “You are just as cold and cruel as when we parted.”

“Cruel?” he said, surprised. “Was the cruelty all on one side?” Then in a softer tone, “Cold?” he repeated slowly, as if something explanatory was gradually dawning upon him. “Did you by any chance think I did not care, Marion? Well, then, you made a mistake, my dear. Even clever women make mistakes sometimes. Shall we make it up, wife?”

There was no answer except the beautiful blush which spread even to the tips of Marion’s pretty ears, as she bent down to hush the child, who was dropping off to sleep again. Presently she looked up, and as the blush faded, leaving her face rather white, she said in a brisk business-like tone—

“Why not stop and dine, Dick? We can send to the Cecil for your things, and there is the spare room.”

Dick had come to her side of the cot as she spoke, his arm was round her waist, and he was looking straight into her eyes as he said—

“I can only stay on my own terms, Marion.” He felt her stiffen in his grasp, and she turned her head from him as she answered—

“When did you ever do anything except on your own terms, I wonder?”

A pang shot through his heart, too bitter to be borne. He could not face the chance of losing her again. Her splendid hair had brushed his cheek as she turned away. It smelt of violets as of old. He had learnt his lesson. His voice was quite soft, and there was a more tender light in his eyes than they had ever held even for her, as he whispered in her ear—

“I can’t turn out again alone into the cold, dearest. You will have to keep me on whatever terms you will have me.”

“On your own, then,” she said, yielding superbly and at once, and as she laid her head on his shoulder she murmured—

“I have missed you so, Dick; my punishment has been very heavy.”

Their lips met in a kiss of forgiveness, and thus Dick got his masculine triumph after all, at the moment when he least expected, and perhaps most deserved it.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

A REVIVED SCANDAL—SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE'S ATTACK UPON MRS CARLYLE—THE DEFENCE OF MR FROUDE—AN INDELICATE DISPUTE—'MŒURS DES DIURNALES'—ADVICE TO JOURNALISTS—THE SUPREMACY OF THE ADVERTISER—THE SERVID TRAGEDY.

THERE have always been many idle persons who confuse a love of scandal with a love of literature. It pleases them to profess a knowledge of the humanities, without sacrificing their favourite gossip. Some years since, when Shelley was a chosen victim, the papers were full of "chatter about Harriet." The poet's difference with his wife was eagerly discussed in the name of literature, and many who had not read a line of Shelley's poetry took sides in a quarrel which could in no way affect them. For some years the author of "Adonais" has been given a respite from impertinence. But the public taste is not yet glutted, and a fresh victim has recently been found. There is, of course, never a dearth of scandal. Any man, be he writer or politician, who, in the elegant phrase of our hungry ghouls, has "bulked large in the public eye," will efficiently serve the purpose. Some shameful secret may generally be uncovered. Falsehood is always at hand to amplify and embellish truth, and if there be no printed pages, lying gossip is readily accepted as evidence. When the history of these times comes to be written, their most flagrant disgrace will surely be

their love of eavesdropping and their outrage upon privacy. It is idle to enumerate the many sins of the people; but we may protest, in all gravity, against the latest sacrifice. In order that foolish busybodies may be satisfied, who desire to display a knowledge of books without reading them, Carlyle and his wife have been offered up upon the altar. The controversy which raged twenty years ago was properly extinguished. A generation had arisen which judged Carlyle, rightly or wrongly, by the books to which he had put his name, and had forgotten, if it ever knew, the scandal of his life. Obviously here was a chance far too good to lose. Carlyle had written books; he had also quarrelled with his wife. The good that he had done lived after him; the evil was in danger of being interred with his bones. A monstrous waste of good material, indeed! Nor were those wanting who might make the best use of it. The 'French Revolution' had won a second popularity. Was there not, then, a fine opportunity to revive a once popular scandal? The man was there, and the hour. Mr Alexander Carlyle still possessed "new letters and memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," and, with Sir

James Crichton-Browne to aid him, he has most effectually reopened the discussion. Had the memorials and letters been printed without comment, we could have done no more than deplore an indiscretion. But unhappily Sir James Crichton-Browne has thought fit to contribute an introduction, which not only raises the old forgotten issues, but raises them in terms so violent that some sort of reply from the other side was inevitable. In order to whitewash the memory of Carlyle, which needed no scouring at his hands, he has thought it worth while not only to vilify the methods of Froude, which has long been the favourite pastime of the half-knowing, but to make a pedantical diagnosis of a dead lady. In his best bedside manner he pronounces that she suffered not only from neuralgia, but also from "phrenalgia" or mind pain, which was sometimes "delusional," and sometimes was "connected with her bodily sufferings." He also deplores that, "with all her gushing love for her husband, there were strong suicidal promptings." Why "gushing," Sir James, why "gushing"? The prejudice is evident in this single word; but it is not the prejudice which most amazes us: it is the ingenuity of a doctor who tells a lady from what she suffers, when she has lain forty years in the grave.

The motive of Sir James Crichton-Browne is not easy to discover, unless, in truth, he possesses the quality which he ascribes to Mr Birrell — "an

alertness to read the signs of the times." In his own pleasant way he tells us that "the slump is over, and a steady appreciation has set in." In other words, "a Carlyle revival is upon us." Truly it is upon us, in more senses than Sir James dreamt when he penned this phrase—

"The sale of his books is greatly and steadily increasing," thus he goes on. "Six copyright editions of the whole of his works have been issued, and the non-copyright volumes have been published by half the publishers in London. . . . The number of pilgrims to his shrine at Ecclefechan, a somewhat inaccessible and otherwise unattractive spot, is growing, and includes travellers from all quarters of the globe, even from China, Brazil, and Argentina."

It is clear that these arduous travellers should be adequately rewarded for their toil. It is no mere love of history or literature which can induce the blue-gowned Celestial to visit the inhospitable North; nor do we believe that the sprightly citizen of Argentina will miss the chance of shooting a president merely because he has broken his teeth upon the craggy prose of Thomas Carlyle. No; it is evident that what in America is called a side-show must be invented, if Ecclefechan is to remain the shrine of pilgrims. This side-show the revived scandal should provide, and it is not the fault of Carlyle's apologists if his birthplace does not become as notorious, and as grotesque, as Stratford itself.

Fortified, then, by Carlyle's growing popularity, Sir James Crichton-Browne has attempted

to rehabilitate Carlyle at the expense of his wife. With astounding penetration he has not only diagnosed her disease ; he has discovered also the motives of her actions. He is not disturbed by the doubts which might perplex the most of us in judging the conduct of those who are dead and gone. "Mrs Carlyle's primary grievance against Lady Ashburton," says he, "arose out of chagrin at what she regarded as her superior cleverness." From what hidden sources Sir James derives his information we do not know ; but when he defines it as jealousy, "a malignant and metastatic growth," we are sure that it is the doctor who speaks. Now, whether Sir James's argument is sound or not, does not affect the question. What is most deplorable in a deplorable business is the indelicacy which drags the dead from the grave, to enact once more a petty tragedy of misunderstanding and recrimination.

We have already said that one result of Sir James's argument is to discredit Froude. Now Froude's part in the sorry drama might have been discussed without a word of tale-bearing. That his transcription of Carlyle's papers was inaccurate, no one need deny. We all know that Froude was truthful rather in the spirit than in the letter. He possessed a fatal gift of inaccuracy, which diminished the historical, if not the literary, value of all that he wrote. But the task which Carlyle set him, and which he accepted as what he deemed a

sorrowful duty, was weighted with a manifold difficulty. He was asked to tell an unpalatable truth, to be faithful to a disagreeable trust, to break with unwilling hands a worshipped idol ; and he attempted to harmonise all these difficult tasks with the natural discretion of a gentleman. How far he succeeded the world judged long ago. In his own lifetime he was only once stung to a reply ; and the hasty letter which he wrote to the 'Times' imposed, in Sir James Stephen's words, "no legal obligation, and, as I think, no moral obligation." The obloquy which he encountered from those who knew but half the truth, he bore in dignified silence ; and the controversy might have been forgotten, had it not been for the recent indiscreet publications.

But no sooner had Sir James Crichton-Browne thrown down his superfluous challenge, than the son and daughter of James Anthony Froude picked it up, and, we regret to say, displayed no better judgment in the conduct of the fray than their antagonist. With a recklessness bred of a very natural anger, they have printed Froude's unpublished defence of his own conduct—a document which, while it vindicates its author, casts another aspersion upon poor Carlyle. The fresh charge, which is now brought publicly against the philosopher for the first time, should never have been brought. It concerns him and him alone ; it has no bearing whatever upon his public work ; and no one can read it

without something of the shame which attaches to the eaves-dropper. We are glad to remember, for Froude's reputation, that he never published this sad apology himself; and highly as we may respect the filial piety which induced its publication, Mr and Miss Froude must share the disgrace incurred by Sir James Crichton-Browne. The indiscretion is the less easily pardoned because the vindication of Froude's honour might have been complete without turning over the ashes of the dead. Nothing was necessary for the entire justification of J. A. Froude save Carlyle's own will and the magnificently just and temperate letter of Sir James Stephen. No man of his generation had a clearer sense of justice, a more lucid method of exposition, than this eminent lawyer. He was the friend for many years of both Froude and Carlyle; he was by nature incapable of taking small views or of being led away by malicious gossip. He knew all the facts, and he summed the case up, in the weighty accent of a judge upon the bench, completely in Froude's favour. He found it impossible to believe that Froude's conduct had fallen short of the highest standard of truth and honour, and there is one single passage in his judgment which would have been sufficient vindication of Carlyle's biographer.

"For about fifteen years," says Sir James Stephen, "I was the intimate friend and constant companion of both of you, and never in my life did

I see any one man so much devoted to any other as you were to him during the whole of that period of time. The most affectionate son could not have acted better to the most venerated father. You cared for him, soothed him, protected him, as a guide might protect a weak old man down a steep and painful path. The admiration which you habitually expressed for him, both morally and intellectually, was unqualified. You never said to me one ill-natured word about him down to this day. It is to me wholly incredible that anything but a severe regard for truth, learnt to a great extent from his teaching, could ever have led you to embody in your portrait of him a delineation of the faults and weaknesses which mixed with his great qualities."

We do not know how many years (if any) Sir James Crichton-Browne enjoyed the friendship of Froude and Carlyle. But it is pleasant to contrast the high opinion expressed of Froude, by a distinguished man who knew them both, with the petulant detraction of Sir James Crichton-Browne. "Froude had had two wives himself," says he; "he grudged his friend one." Such a monstrous assertion can only be made to create prejudice, but it should completely invalidate the Doctor's argument, if argument it may be termed. And thus Sir James Stephen, having given the verdict in Froude's favour, explains with impartial justice the conduct of Carlyle.

"He did not use you well," he says in his letter to Froude. "He threw upon you the responsibility of a decision which he ought to have taken himself in a plain unmistakable way. He considered himself bound to expiate the wrongs which he had done to his wife. If he had done this himself it would have been a courag-

eous thing; but he did not do it himself. He did not even decide for himself that it should be done after his death. If any courage was shown in the matter, it was shown by you and not by him."

This pronouncement, the fruit of knowledge, should carry far more weight than the innuendo of one who has diagnosed the disease of a dead woman, and divined the reasons of her love and hate. It would, indeed, have been enough of itself to have cleared Froude's reputation, and we cannot absolve the biographer's representatives of all blame. They are only better than Sir James Crichton-Browne in that they received, and did not give, the provocation.

Of course the quarrel will not stop here. Too many vanities are engaged for silence. There will be replies and counter-replies exchanged between those who never saw the Carlyles in the flesh. We are even promised the decision of "a competent medical tribunal," and we wonder whether two poor dead bodies are to be dragged from the grave, and submitted to the indignity of a post-mortem, that this man or that may prove his irrelevant opinion correct. For ourselves, we decline to take sides in a quarrel which does not concern us. We decline even to mention the ground of dispute; but we have a right to protest in the cause of decency against the wanton intrusion of strangers into a personal quarrel. These gentry take no account of their unhappy victims. Carlyle and his wife are but the wretched

puppets of superfluous antagonists. They were both born more than a century ago; and surely for them the hour of rest had come. Froude wrote his friend's biography in response to a definite request, and no other has the right to pry into the past. But the chatter about Jane will presently surpass in volume and rancour the chatter about Harriet, until the world, tired of its newest victim, casts about for some other reputation to mangle. To the amateurs of literature we would say: Forget that Carlyle was ever married to Jane Welsh; for you it is enough to remember that he was the author of many books; acquit or condemn him on those. To the meddlers, who believe that the private life of a public man should be uncovered, we would say: For shame, sirs, to dig in graveyards! Put up your spades; go home; and attend to your own affairs like gentlemen.

It would be difficult to account for this monstrous curiosity did we not know that the popular taste had long since been debauched by printed indiscretions. For many years the press, with its ear at every keyhole, has told the people what it has no right to know, until its pampered appetite can only be sated with scandal. And since the press—the Fourth Estate, as it is pleased to call itself—is at once the most prosperous and powerful of our institutions, it has easily won the reputation which once belonged

to kings: it can do no wrong. After five hundred years of existence the printing press has not lost its power. Shrouded in the same mystery as it was in the time of Gutenberg, the art of printing still appears "black" to the uninstructed. A spoken lie may be refuted on the spot. A sort of sanctity guards the most foolish statements against contradiction when once they stand in type. And thus it is that our journals have been able to corrupt the public taste. Of course their pretension and ignorance have been exposed a thousand times, but never with a more scathing wit and a keener understanding of the worst among modern follies than in a little book which has just reached us from Paris. '*Mœurs des Diurnales*'¹ it is called, and the name, Loyson-Bridet, which stands upon the title-page is evidently a pseudonym. But the book is so fresh, its satire is so sharp, its humour so just, that even its victims may smile as they receive a merited castigation. In one chapter M. Loyson-Bridet presents an engaging portrait of Francisque Sarcey, so long the *doyen* of the French press, as he himself would have expressed it. In another he parodies Lucian, and in "*L'Ile des Diurnales*" sketches an imaginary country, such as the author of the '*True History*' would not have disdained.

Now the inhabitants of this island, we are told with a fabulous circumstance, support

in a temple a vast number of prodigious animals which resemble ostriches, save in their size, which is extraordinary. The mere sight of these birds inspires the unwary with terror. The rich inhabitants feed them from time to time with sacks of gold, which they swallow greedily; but their common food consists of the noises which their guardians produce with drums and trumpets. Their favourite drink is ink, and the oracles which they produce announce war, pestilence, and the end of the world. But happily the oracles are never true a day after they have been uttered. As to the birth of these obscene birds, this, we are told, is the common tradition: the *Diurnales* meet and invent a name for the bird which is to be born. This, as M. Loyson-Bridet says, appears absurd. Who has ever heard on the surface of the globe a name to designate that which does not exist? But the inhabitants of this strange island assure the traveller that practised ears can detect the name of the bird many weeks before he is born. The young birds are born only in the morning or evening, never at mid-day. From this it is evident that the practice of the island conforms rather to that of Paris than of London. In our own capital the bantling which should only come into existence in the evening raises the raucous cry of "Second

¹ *Mœurs des Diurnales. Traité de Journalisme. Par Loyson - Bridet. Paris: Mercure de France.*

Edishun!" long before noon. But we will not spoil the charm of Loyson-Bridet's fable by too long a quotation. We are content to urge to its perusal all our readers, in whom the gay spirit of Lucian is still awake, and who do not despise the satire of Rabelais.

The rest of M. Loyson-Bridet's treatise may be briefly described as instructions to young journalists; and as journalism is pursued with the same amount of intelligence and to the same end on either side the Channel, not one word of his wisdom loses its force with adaptation. We propose, therefore, to present a few hints, which will not only save the young members of the "Fourth Estate" a world of trouble, but will also (we trust) double their incomes. The youth who commences journalist has many fields open to him. He may, for instance, if his ambition be high, become a special correspondent. In the middle plane he may collect news, and convert the simplest incidents into tragedies which merit a dozen headlines. If he be truly humble, he may aspire no higher than to be a critic, though, in most well-conducted journals, the task of criticism is safely intrusted to the office boy. But whatever his ambition, there are certain plain rules which he must always observe. His first and last duty is to cultivate his public, to give his exacting patrons precisely what they want. When he has learnt this lesson, he is far on the road to success; but it cannot always be mastered

without self-denial. Suppose the young journalist to possess some knowledge of affairs, he must resolutely suppress it. The public desires to lead, not to follow. It is only happy when a perusal of its morning print inspires it to the expression of that proud boast, "I told you so." In other words, the journalist, if by a strange chance he be superior to his patrons, must rigorously suppress that superiority. We do not suppose that he will often be called upon to make this sacrifice, but he must be ready at all hazards to abase himself, if necessary. For we have been told on the highest authority that there is one thing which the public will not endure—a better intelligence than its own. Having learnt this first easy lesson of abnegation, the young journalist would be wise to cultivate a popular style. Here the examples of the great masters will be useless to him. For they aimed at expressing their thoughts in the most appropriate terms, and the journalist will of course scorn so poor an ambition as this one. The public, whom it is his pleasure to cultivate, his honour to serve, understands not words but phrases. For instance, suppose a distinguished editor be dead, the wise journalist will be content to say: "He has left a blank which cannot easily be filled." The public, which might have some difficulty in understanding these words taken one by one, palpitates at the phrase. As the saying is, "it touches a chord,"

and the chord responds like an *Æolian* harp. This, then, is the first and great lesson: never write a characteristic word, and you will always be understood.

The next ambition of the journalist should be to achieve banality and yet avoid simplicity. Should he be a sporting reporter who desires to explain that *Wavelet's Pride* was not reserved for the *Ascot Stakes*, he should use the following phrase: "The idea that *Wavelet's Pride* would be reserved for the *Ascot Stakes* did not materialise." There is nothing simple about that, although it conveys the simplest information. The reporter who wrote it certainly felt a glow when he spelt out "materialise," and that glow he imparted to those who read him. Again, should the journalist be asked to declare that there is no advantage in a certain course, he will miss his chance if he do not write that "the advantage is non-existent." It is not worth while to multiply examples. The eager student will find as many as he needs in the first paper which he picks up, and as a ready-made phrase takes up more room, and is therefore better paid than a simple word, this first lesson of style needs not to be enforced.

Having packed a note-book with useful *clichés*, the young journalist must turn his attention to grammar. Now grammar has been described as the art of writing and reading correctly, and therefore the self-respecting journalist should avoid it as he would avoid the

plague. Who is he that he should indulge a pedantic love of accuracy? What will his patron the public, whom he is bound to flatter, say if he betray a superior knowledge of the English tongue? No, he should forget that *Lindley Murray* was ever "materialised," and bravely break all the rules which idle grammarians have invented. Above all, he should never see an infinitive without splitting it; he should never deprive a poor lone relative of its protecting "and." For instance, what could be more pleasantly expressed than the following paragraph: "Mr *Dan Leno* has been medically advised to immediately take a sea voyage in order to have a complete rest." There is no tiresome pedantry in this. The mournful fact is conveyed in just such terms as the two million readers of the paragraph would have expressed it themselves. Or take this other simple pronouncement: "The article which recently gave so much offence to a well-known actor-manager is said to have been written by Mr *John Jones*, and who was once on the staff of an evening paper." See with what elegance the simple "and" supports the relative! Would the sentence have had half its distinction without it? A thousand times no! A mere man of letters, of course, would have omitted the conjunctive; but a journalist knows better, and he is justified of his wisdom.

But though the young journalist should be more careful of the phrase than of the word,

he will succeed all the better if he pay some attention to his vocabulary. Some few words, indeed, are indispensable, and he must never lose a chance of their employment. For instance, if he discusses the work of a novelist, he must not fail to call it his "output." If he be inclined to spell out the verb "lower" or "debase," he must check the impulse, and, following the august example of Sir James Crichton-Browne, select instead the serviceable solecism "demean." Again, should he be called upon to explain the direction of a valley, a coast, or an opinion, he will show himself a master of the craft by the use of "trend." So also in his eyes a statesman will not attract attention; he will "loom" or, better still, "bulk large in the public eye." Then he must never write "before": "prior to" is at once less simple and better journalism; nor should the young man forget that the words "many" and "several" were long since banished from the realm of print. "A number of" now does duty for them both. And we trust that for many years to come "phenomenal" will remain his favourite word.

From what we have said it will be clear that old-fashioned knowledge is not of the slightest value to the journalist. He has not the time to be erudite, and even if he had the time, erudition would but hamper the exercise of his duties. There is one nameless master—he belonged, we believe, to the 'Pall Mall

Gazette'—who best showed what his craft might achieve. A message came over the wires that the French had seized a certain province *manu militari*. Instantly the enterprising sub-editor translated the sentence into his own vernacular. "The well-known province of *Manu Militari*," wrote he, "has been captured by the French." We thank thee, journalist, for teaching us this word! It gives us a pleasure which mere literature will never afford, and we are not sure that it does not entitle its author to sit at Shakespeare's elbow. But, though he have it not, the young journalist would be wise to affect a sort of erudition. Indeed, he must be ready to write upon all the sciences, to appraise all the arts, at a moment's notice. Without this affectation he would be unable to detect, as one of his class recently detected, a head of Julius Cæsar among the Elgin Marbles. Nor could he without a sublime confidence compose the following paragraph, which we owe to the research of M. Loyson-Bridet: "In France there are sold every year of Feuilletton's works, 50,000; of Daudet's, 80,000; and of Zola's, 90,000. Hall Caine received outright a check for 50,000 dollars for 'The Christian.'" This gem is culled from 'The Literary Magazine' of New York, but it deserves to sparkle in the eyes of all the world.

We have been asked by many young journalists to recommend them a course of reading. The question is deli-

cate, and it is only with the greatest humility that we attempt an answer. But one great work, above all others, is absolutely necessary. Need we say that we refer to the ninth edition of that masterpiece which, under the name of the tenth, may be purchased by weekly instalments? There is no weapon of journalism which may not be found in this armoury. Do you want a leading article ready to your hand? Turn up the largest index in the world, and you will find a hundred clues to point you on your way. Is it a piece of descriptive reporting that you seek? There it is ready-made beneath your hand. Or suppose you look for copy in popular biography. Provided your subject has passed his twelfth lustre, the trick is done. This, of course, is the one work which is the solid foundation of all journalism. He who can find the modest sum of 4s. 6d. a-week need never despair of success; but though we know that it is a library in itself, its volumes fall below a hundred, and there are one or two important facts which it does not disclose. It will be well, therefore, for the aspirant to supplement it; and we can think of no book which so well deserves to take the second place as the popular compilation entitled 'Who's Who.' In the pages of this work the journalist can discover the recreations and private addresses of many distinguished men, a knowledge of which is obviously essential to his craft. With

these two monuments of research as a nucleus, the journalist may easily complete his library. Though he need not trouble himself to buy the works of the poets, it is worth his while to purchase a handy book of quotations; but he must use it with reticence and circumspection. In the first place, he will be wise if he only quotes such lines as are perfectly familiar. The public resents most bitterly a verse which it has not heard before. There are, however, certain quotations which we can recommend with perfect confidence. "*Arma virumque cano*" will be found invaluable, especially in time of war; and the impassioned question, "To be or not to be?" has never yet been known to fail. At the same time, the young journalist who is bold enough to quote from foreign tongues should not be too accurate. A word wrongly spelt, or a false ascription, reassures the public wonderfully; and the journalist will find no difficulty in achieving this desirable end. Indeed, it will achieve itself. But we cannot forbear to cite M. Loyson-Bridet's two examples, which should prove as useful in London as they have proved in France: he who introduces a paragraph with the phrase, "*Non omnis moribor,*" as Abelard said," is already on the highroad to fame; and if he follow it up by "*Reddate Cæsaro quod est Cæsari,*" he should be sure of an editorial chair. Thus without the few books we have named, no journalist's library is complete;

in fact, he needs none other; and he may fill up his shelves with ancient files of his favourite newspaper and back numbers of bright and chatty magazines.

The directions we have given so far are suitable for all journalists, to whatever branch of the profession they aspire. One or two hints may be useful to those who confine their energies to this or that department. The Special Correspondent, for instance, the spoilt child of journalism, must cultivate a particular talent. It is his business to see, even where nothing is visible; and he must exaggerate the simplest images into the very terrors of the night, that he may write what is known as "a good story." He should, therefore, continually practise that which the rhetoricians call *hyperbole*. If he go to war, he must describe the air as heavy with lead; he must hear the bullets hiss and hurtle, splash and whizz, even though there be not a single enemy in sight. Above all, he must aim at colour,—colour splashed on with a big brush from a very large pail. He will be wise, therefore, to commit to memory the names of all the tints and hues under heaven. Scarlet, crimson, vermillion, purple, yellow ochre, and Prussian blue—all these are useful; but there is one word—opalescent—without which no article is complete. This blessed quadrisyllable should be graven on the correspondent's heart, and drip from his pen. To use it once is to win a high reputation for painting what

we believe is called a "word-picture"; to make it your own is to ensure the highest rates per thousand and a perpetual free pass round the world. Some correspondents, indeed, have so keen an eye for colour that they can detect it in a sheet of white paper or a pocket-handkerchief. The following passage, culled from the article of a master, pleasantly illustrates the gift. "The famous Taj," says he, "as every one who has seen it knows well enough, is white only in the little oval miniatures on ivory that add colour to the chimney-piece of many a seaside lodging-house." Now, to the common eye, white ivory is white; but the correspondent finds colour in it even when it is on the chimney-piece of a seaside lodging-house, and it is easy to see that a discriminating vision such as this will carry its possessor very far.

The Special Correspondent, then, is a personage to whom we bow a willing knee. But we are not sure that the gentleman who collects the snippets of information which decorate our more popular prints is not entitled to greater glory. We cannot too highly admire the enterprise with which he discovers them, nor the infallible instinct of selection which chooses none but gems of purest ray. The moral of these snippets is not always obvious—they are, indeed, fine examples of art for art's sake; but there is scarcely one of them that is not a drama three lines long, and we weep when we think of

the dull lives our fathers led who knew them not. Where there are so many masterpieces, it is difficult for us who have not the gift of selection to choose. But one or two, taken at random, will give some idea of the admirable work that is being accomplished by our journalists. A brief month ago at least five million citizens were privileged to read the following: "On June 2, Mr Edward Keller, of New York, had a long-rooted back-tooth extracted, since when he has been speechless. Physicians are at a loss to account for the curious result." Note with what dexterity entertainment is blended with science. At first sight it might appear that Mr Keller's back-tooth concerned no one but himself; but who are we that we should say that anything human is alien to us? And does not the perplexity of the physicians give the paragraph a grave interest which we cannot overlook? And here is another little drama which should bring a thrill to every British home: "Two cyclists after climbing Ben Nevis found the Observatory peeping through the snow, and a cat lying on the roof basking in the sun." Who that reads these few lines over his breakfast but rises better able to face the burden of the day? Is there not an exquisite touch of domesticity in the cat, who basks impavid even in the septentrional snow? And these are but two of many hundreds which, week after week, are devised for our pleasure and profit. But what we

admire most in these little dramas is the economy of their style. They are marred by no unnecessary comma, by no superfluous word, and as we read them we cannot but wonder at the cunning artistry that fashioned them.

We had intended to give some advice to the young critic. But, in the first place, his work may be accomplished by any one, and, secondly, he will find in the works of Dean Swift and Bishop Coplestone directions so ample, that we forbear to say a word. But in taking leave of the journalist, who is to-day the real ruler of the world, we are obliged in honesty to point out that he is beset by one serious rival. As he himself might observe, "progress is the order of the day," and "there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." In other words, the composer of advertisements is encroaching hour by hour upon the province of the journalist. At the outset he takes a mean advantage, because he is willing to pay that his copy should be printed, while the journalist is forced to exact his price per thousand. More than this, he diminishes day by day the space which the journalist is ready to cover at proper rates. But worst of all, he has the knack of interesting the public which once belonged exclusively to the journalist. And highly as we esteem the men of genius, to whom we have ventured to proffer some modest advice, we cannot but admit in spite of ourselves the grandeur of the mission under-

taken by those who persuade us with an exquisite eloquence to purchase what we do not want. Surely the gentleman who forces a nauseous pill upon your unwilling attention, or who persuades you to cumber your house with tons of printed matter, is even greater than the eagle-eyed hero who surprised two cyclists and a basking cat upon the top of Ben Nevis. Indeed, with sorrow we confess that the throne of journalism is in danger. In a few brief years it will be wholly usurped by the cunning advertiser, the master of us all. And then the journalist will be forced into "the backward and abysm" with that other pedantic anachronism, the man of letters. "Eheu fugaces,"—the quotation is doubtless familiar,—and as the years roll, it is sad to think, that the journalist,—he, too,—like kings and chimney-sweepers, must come to dust.

But while the artist in advertisement is a near rival to the journalist, there are certain qualities of taste and tact in which he is woefully deficient. So vain is he of his craft, that he seems to think he may turn to his own profit whatever happens in the world. A shocking murder is for him nothing but a blatant opportunity for puffing his wares. On the day after the King and Queen of Servia were brutally assassinated, a great journal shamelessly took advantage of the tragedy to point out the value of a popular publication. We are glad to think that such

callousness as this is contrary to our English traditions, and that greedy, as most men are, of advertisement, this breach of decorum is not likely to be repeated. Spilt blood is not a proper subject either for humour or ingenuity, and whatever may be our opinion of the hapless Queen Draga, she has atoned for her sins with her life. However, to read of the events which have given Belgrade a sinister celebrity is to carry oneself far away from the world of modern journalism and modern publicity. We are transported at a word into the ancient days of the Roman Empire, when the army upset thrones and murdered emperors as it willed; and if the new King of Servia begins his reign by punishing those who gave him the crown the parallel will be complete. The crime, like so many crimes which quicken ancient Rome or Italy of the fifteenth century with the spirit of romance, was dynastic rather than personal. Had it been committed with a finer restraint, it might almost have been called judicial murder. A certain sense of order seemed to control the action of the assassins, at least until they were excited at the sight of blood. For no sooner was King Alexander killed than Prince Peter Karageorgewitch was proclaimed King of Servia by the army. In other words, the murder was committed, not to gratify feelings of revenge, but to restore freedom to the people; and though the new king ascends his rightful throne under bad auspices, there is no reason why

he should not enjoy a peaceful and prosperous reign.

As for Queen Draga, she has won an unenviable immortality. She had raised herself by a rare endowment of charm and energy to a throne whereto she was not born; and when her history is written without prejudice or passion, her career will surely appear the most romantic of a drab century. Meanwhile the Powers have taken a prudent course. They have condemned the crime with suitable emphasis, and they have undertaken to acknowledge the new sovereign when the blood of the old is avenged. And they have done wisely, since the peace of Europe is of greater importance than the punishment of a hundred

murderers. Indeed, nothing is more striking than the composure with which the news was everywhere received. Twenty years ago a revolution in Serbia might have reopened what was then known as the Eastern Question. But to-day the pendulum has swung from the Balkans to China. The rivalries of Europe have been transferred from the Near to the Far East, and we owe it to the complications in Manchuria that Serbia can change her dynasty without embroiling the Powers in war. Thus it is that in politics there is no finality. And who knows but some day we may be indifferent to the intrigues and ambitions which now make the Yellow Sea appear the centre of the world?

A HISTORY OF SCOTTISH LITERATURE.

BY a curious coincidence, or more properly, perhaps, by a kind of natural compensation, the period of the Kailyard assault on the dignity of Scottish literature synchronised with the beginning of a remarkable development of interest in the older vernacular literature. At the very time when Mr Crockett, as De Quincey basely said of Keats, was trampling on his mother tongue as with the hoofs of a buffalo, the language of the old Scots "makaris" was gradually winning its way to the respectful attentions of the philologist, till at the present day it is subject of study in American and German as well as in British university class-rooms. That in itself is an excellent consummation, a tardy but gratifying compliment well fitted to give a thrill of patriotic pleasure to thousands of Scotsmen whose knowledge of their country's literature goes back no further than "The Cottar's Saturday Night," excepting, it may be, a ballad or two, a vague notion of Ossian and Buchanan, and two lines from Home's "Douglas." Nothing is gained by concealing the truth, and it is a painful fact that by a concentration of national eulogy on Burns Scotland has not only incited unavoidable reprisals from the arrogant Southron, but has wilfully ignored her older writers, who, so far from requiring apologetic treatment,

supply ample materials for a literary patriotism. The "common Burnsite" who knows nothing of Dunbar has little right to rail at Mr Henley.

For the prevailing ignorance of the works of the older Scots writers there is the adequate enough excuse that until recently they have been inaccessible to all but scholars and antiquaries. It is true that of writers so late as Allan Ramsay and Robert Fergusson there is not even this open door of apology; and it must remain a surprise that some of the superfluous enthusiasm of the Burns cult did not find a useful outlet in the study and the popularising of works the excellence of which the master was always forward to admit. But to the older "makaris" the ways of access were few. There has never been a lack in Scotland of distinguished antiquaries—a motley band, containing men of the ability of Leyden and the enthusiastic industry of David Laing; but antiquaries are only occasionally scholars, and their labours, instead of attracting general attention to the object of their enthusiasm, more frequently degrade it to the level of a fad. The antiquary is a useful camp-follower of literature; but at the best his work is wont to be marred by an absence of any sense of proportion, and at the worst it has no more connection with literature than the engrossing pur-

suits of the book-hunter or the philatelist. To the Scottish Text Society belongs the credit of making the first systematic attempt to explore thoroughly the neglected field of early Scots literature. Already much has been accomplished, and the Society has completely vindicated its claim upon the national support of its patriotic undertaking. That its work has attained a uniform level of excellence can be said of it as little as of most literary series. In the earlier volumes more especially it is not surprising to find the antiquarian enthusiasm of which we have spoken much more evident than what it is the fashion to call exact scholarship. But in this regard it is only fair to bear in mind that the Society had largely to create the interest which is now bearing fruit in the shape of a more exact philological study. It is an interesting sign of this development that only last year there appeared a treatise bearing on the subject, which in point of philological thoroughness may successfully challenge comparison with any of the standard authorities on Early English.¹ Though not one of its official publications, this work by the General Editor of the Text Society is indeed an indispensable introduction to them; and, what is better, it deprives the fellow-countrymen of Burns of any excuse for ignorance of their early literature. If any "Young Scots" have the will to read Dunbar and

Henryson, Mr Gregory Smith has provided the way; and we would in all humility suggest to these pushful "young" gentlemen that they might find in this study an outlet for their energy at least as patriotic and "mutually improving" as the callow statesmanship of a debating society.

Altogether, it would appear, as Mr Lang might say, that "things are looking up" for Scottish literature. In addition to the work of the Text Society, there has in recent years been a remarkable number of books bearing on the literary, political, and social history of Scotland. Mr Lang himself, in what will probably rank as the most erudite, as it certainly is by far the most attractive, *History of Scotland* ever written, has naturally found room for a good deal of literary criticism, and it is needless to say that he steers his course through the literature of the Reformation period with an undaunted gaiety that would have moved Mr Tapley to envy and delight. In the debatable ground between history and literature Mr Grey Graham has done excellent work in popularising (or might we say with Sheridan, "stealing with taste") the rich materials contained in such treasure-houses as the *Autobiography of "Jupiter" Carlyle* and Mr Allardyce's selections from the MSS. of Ramsay of Ochtertyre. It is only incidentally, however, that these works treat of Scottish

¹ *Specimens of Middle Scots. With Introduction, Notes, and Glossary.* By G. Gregory Smith, M.A. William Blackwood & Sons.

literature, and for a full history of the subject we must refer to Mr T. F. Henderson's 'Scottish Vernacular Literature' and the newly issued History by Mr J. H. Millar.¹ The two books differ widely in scope, and even more widely in point of style. Mr Henderson closes his survey with Allan Cunningham: Mr Millar refers to fiction which is still running in serial form. Mr Henderson writes with a sobriety that is sometimes depressing: Mr Millar enters upon the stage in the traditional trappings of the literary "brave," whooping defiance and brandishing his tomahawk. Which of these is the better way we shall not here pause to determine: as to which is the more entertaining there is no manner of doubt.

The Scots vernacular Mr Freeman maintained was "the purest surviving form of English,"—a paradoxical statement of the philological fact that before the close of the fifteenth century Scotland had no distinctive literary dialect of its own. Thus, as Mr Gregory Smith says, "it is incorrect to apply the term 'Scots' to the Court and literary language of Scotland as consolidated by the Wars of Independence." Until well into the fifteenth century the literary language of Scotland was to all intents and purposes identical with Northern English, and while it is permissible to call it Early Scots, it is to be remembered that in the litera-

ture of the time "Scots" stood for Gaelic only. It was not till towards the close of the fifteenth century that political events aroused the national sentiment of Scotsmen to the necessity of distinguishing their language from that of their enemy, and early in the following century the usage took root of restricting "Scots" to its modern significance and of referring to the language of the despised Gael as *Ersch*. Derived though it thus was from Northumbrian English, the Scots language by the end of the fifteenth century had begun to exhibit so many distinctive features as to justify philologically the change of name which political reasons came to render imperative. French, Celtic, and especially Latin all added their share to the vocabulary of the new literary language which attained its full maturity and independence in the sixteenth century, and has now come to be called Middle Scots. Mr Millar has omitted Carlyle because he lived in Chelsea and wrote English: he might with equal impropriety have omitted Barbour, who also wrote English though he lived in Aberdeen.

The earliest of the English-writing Scots whose works have survived are somewhat visionary figures, though their importance may seem considerable when viewed through the spectacles of the zealous antiquarian. Of Thomas of Erceeldoune it is

¹ A Literary History of Scotland. By J. H. Millar, B.A., LL.B. London: Fisher Unwin.

sufficient to remember that he was a poet and prophet who probably died towards the close of the thirteenth century. As for the mysterious "Huchown off the Awle Ryale," we dare not stultify ourselves by rushing in where nearly all but Mr Neilson fear to tread. "Huchown" wrote the "Pystyll of Swete Susane" (*i.e.*, the *Susanna of the Apocrypha*), on the authority of Andrew of Wyntoun; but Mr Neilson will have it that he also wrote "The Pearl" and many things beside. It is interesting, not to say diverting, to find that the game of "Gallup" can be played with cards earlier than those of the Elizabethan age. It is only fair to add that Mr Neilson plays the game with most uncommon skill, and that if dates did not thwart him he would make out a good case for Huchown's authorship of "Macbeth." At all events Huchown was quite equal to the task, for Mr Neilson assures us that he had a glorious intellect, a superbly appointed pen, and wielded an influence not inferior to that of Chaucer. When legal acumen and antiquarian zeal are united in attack, no prolific author may call his book his own, and we tremble to think of the awful revelations that would ensue if Mr Neilson were to swoop down on Mr Saintsbury or Mr Lang. Though Mr Neilson finds traces of Huchown's influence in the work of Barbour, he does not go the length of dispossessing the Archdeacon of Aberdeen of the credit of writing his remarkable epic on the achieve-

ments of Bruce. Sir Herbert Maxwell has turned on the cold tap of modern scepticism to the veracity of Barbour's facts, but we must remember and make due allowance for Waller's witty vindication of his tergiversation to Charles II., that "poets succeed better in fiction than in truth." Barbour's magnificent apostrophe to Freedom is one of the things in literature regarding which all anthologists have agreed, but it is not a little remarkable that "The Bruce" as a whole shows only the cold impartiality of the chronicler. The struggle for independence left no mark on the literature immediately succeeding, and it was not till the appearance of Blind Harry's "Wallace" about 1470 that the note of patriotism was distinctly heard. Still another century had to elapse before the national sentiment found expression in prose in the curious medley called 'The Complaynt of Scotland.' Pinkerton preferred "The Bruce" to "the melancholy sublimity of Dante and the amorous quaintness of Petrarca." For such a deliverance Mr Burchell's "Fudge!" seems the only possible epithet. It is sufficiently high praise of Barbour to affirm, as Mr Millar does, that when battle is his theme the old poet only falls short of the splendid conclusion of "Marmion."

Scottish poetry of the fifteenth century falls naturally into two divisions. On the one side we have the so-called Scottish Chaucerian school, founded by James I., who, strangely enough, had no

successors till the appearance, sixty years later, of the brilliant band of "makaris" that adorned the reign of James IV. On the other hand, the older alliterative rhyme in the style of Huchown was kept alive throughout the century, not only in anonymous poems such as the tale of "Ralph the Collier," but in the works of the Chaucerians themselves. Dunbar and others refashioned this older manner, and used it with complete success as the medium of their humorous satire.

Vigorous attempts have been made to rob James I. of the honour of being the greatest of Chaucer's understudies, but the king has emerged triumphant from the ordeal. That he was the author of "Christ's Kirk on the Green" and "Peebles to the Play" seems highly improbable, not because of the fantastic argument sometimes adduced that the author of the "Kingis Quair" was necessarily incapable of such rollicking effusions, but because these latter accord more perfectly with the manner of the merry men who wrote in the days of James IV. The "Kingis Quair" has been called "the most celebrated English poem in the fifteenth century." Great originality certainly cannot be claimed for it, so carefully does it follow the recognised conventions of the allegorical romance. But though it persists in the "garden" and "May-morning" traditions, the "Kingis Quair" stands out clear and distinct above the work of all other imitators of the king's "maister dere," and Professor Skeat,

boldly carrying the critical war into the camp of the sceptics, has gone the length of ascribing to James a portion of the so-called Chaucerian translation of the "Romaunt of the Rose." The "Kingis Quair" is distinguished from its rivals by its high lyrical quality and by a personality of expression which has led many to consider it less as an allegory than as a veiled record of actual experience. Mr Millar is loth to abandon the tempting identification of the poet's "freschest yonge flowre" with the king's future bride, but there seems to be no getting over the fact of her remarkable resemblance to that earlier flower, the "fresshe Emelye" of the "Knight's Tale."

With the accession of James IV. we enter on the so-called Golden Age of Scottish poetry. We have no love for these fanciful designations which, if they do not actually mislead, for the most part beg the question. A too literal acceptance of Dunbar's famous list of "makaris" has led to the employment of such phrases as "a nest of singing birds"; but it has to be borne in mind that the birds were curiously assorted, ranging from twittering sparrows to slanderous cuckoos. Nor did they at all conform to Dr Watts' ideas of life in the nest, feathers flying very freely when the birds took to "flyte." Another abuse of nomenclature is seen in such phrases as the Scottish Chaucer, a singularly unhappy epithet for William Dunbar, who might equally well be likened to Aristophanes, Juvenal, or Rabelais.

Dunbar, it is true, was an avowed disciple of Chaucer, whom he calls

“The rose of rethoris all,
Surmounting every tongue terrestrial”;

but by far his greatest work was achieved in the humorously satirical poems, for which, as we have seen, he borrowed some of his tools from the school of alliterative romance. Mr Millar only does justice to the genius of Dunbar when he insists on “the splendid prodigality of his resources. Not one of Dunbar’s contemporaries could boast anything like the dexterity and nimbleness with which he swept the keys.” Mr Millar goes so far as to find traces of Dunbar’s influence in Mr Swinburne; and there is an undoubted resemblance between the roll of Dunbar’s “aureate” verse, with its lavish use of assonance, alliteration, and rhyme, and some of the metrical triumphs of the living poet. But for Scottish literature the great importance of Dunbar is that he came to be the moving force of the poetic revival of the eighteenth century. In his own day he created no school, for the simple reason that after his time Scotland was no place for singing birds; and it is certain that much of his work would actually have been lost to us but for the pious care of George Bannatyne and, *longo intervallo*, of Allan Ramsay. There is little of the spirit of Juvenal in Dunbar. His satires have always something of the deliberate insincerity of the “flytings,” for Dunbar was an

artist to his finger-tips, sometimes even gratifying his passion for “form” at the expense of coherence. The same deliberate artistry is visible to a less extent in Henryson, Douglas, and Lindsay, the chief of the contemporaries over whom Dunbar presided. None of them approach Dunbar in vigour or originality; but they are very much more than minor poets. Henryson is notable as the author of the first Scottish pastoral, “Robene and Makyne,” a kind of poetry not attempted again till the “Gentle Shepherd” of Allan Ramsay. Exaggerated claims have been set up for Gavin Douglas as the earliest literary fruit of the renaissance in Scotland, and this mainly on the strength of his translation of the *Æneid*. We entirely agree with those who, like Mr Millar, find far more of the renaissance spirit in the joyous humanity of Dunbar. The remarkable morality play, the “Satire of the Three Estates,” is Sir David Lindsay’s chief claim to remembrance, and is an extremely valuable picture of contemporary life. Mr Millar speculates sadly on what might have been the future of Scottish drama but for the Reformation. Remarkable as it is, we do not think that Lindsay’s play at all justifies Mr Millar’s melancholy reflection.

With Lindsay the “Golden Age” of Scottish poetry ends its brief course, and towards the close of the century the last of the “makaris” make a belated appearance on the

stage. Alexander Scott, whose writings we owe to Bannatyne, Mr Millar terms the Scottish Moore. It might be more significant still to borrow Moore's pseudonym of Thomas Little, for of Scott's eminence in coarse ribaldry there can be no question.

Montgomery, a disappointed place-man in the Court of James VI., had this in common with Scott, that he also translated psalms and established a secure reputation for his unquotability. His best work, "The Cherrie and the Slae," is not, however, chargeable with that offence, and is memorable for its quatorzain stanza, which Burns was later to use with masterly effect.

The question as to the proper place for its discussion in the history of Scots literature is one of the many puzzles that go to make up the "ballad problem," but it is at least convenient to have done with it before passing in rapid review the dreary wastes of Reformation and seventeenth-century literature. Mr Millar, as we have hinted, has a keen relish for polemics, and while he generally fights fairly, he always fights to a finish. On the question of the origin of the ballad he finds congenial work in knocking out the unfortunate Mr Gummere, a root-and-branch "communalist." This gentleman's view of the tribal origin of the ballad simply amounts, Mr Millar assures us, to the theory that "in the course of tribal or communal dancing and singing, the ballad somehow or other glided into being. It sprang in a mysterious

manner from the heart or the throat or the legs of the 'people.'" To ourselves this does not seem an extravagant parody. "Communal" is a vague and eminently soothing term, but it explains nothing, and is itself generally explained away till it becomes merely equivalent to "anonymous." Mr Gummere holds that the ballad has been a "closed account" since the invention of printing, and believes in the existence of certain "differencing elements," by which the genuine antique can be told from the modern "fake." Now we hold that Scott wrote some admirable ballads, and it is certain that, good judge as he was, he could not detect the frauds of Surtees. Mr Millar rightly, we think, ranges himself alongside Mr Courthope and Mr Gregory Smith, whose theory (and it is substantially Scott's) is that the ballad is simply attenuated romance. The romance and epic precede popular poetry, "the professional and dignified purpose comes first in the literary process." In a phrase which bids fair to become the accepted formula of the theory, Mr Gregory Smith defines the ballad succinctly as "part of the literary *débris* of the Middle Ages." On one point Mr Millar airs a most pestilent heresy, arguing that the ballads owe their charm to the occurrence at intervals of verses of exceptional vividness and power, and not to the poem as a whole. This we may call Mr Millar's theory of the purple patch, and we care little for it. That it is true of inferior ballads is not

to the point, and does not warrant Mr Millar in saying that but for such verses the ballads "must needs have forfeited their right to more than passing mention in anything that pretends to be a history of literature." Mr Gummere has here material for reprisal, and we do not envy Mr Millar his task when Mr Gummere asks him to point out the "differencing elements" in the stanzas which are collectively known as the "Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens."

The earliest Scottish vernacular prose is in the uninviting form of a statute-book,—a fact which prepares the way for Mr Henderson's sweeping assertion that "the bulk of Scottish vernacular prose can scarce be termed literature." Up to the sixteenth century Latin was the recognised prose medium, and the first work of any real interest in the vernacular—apart from sundry translations—was 'The Complaynt of Scotland' in 1549. This extraordinary medley, which has been discovered to be largely an adaptation from the French, is written in "aureate" prose, in spite of the anonymous author's promise to use "domestic Scottis langage," and its chief interest—apart from questions of philology—consists in its vehement and provincial patriotism. The greatest figure in the Reformation period was also, perhaps, the greatest vernacular writer, although his enemies often reproved Knox for aping "Suddron" English. Ninian Winzet told him roundly that he had forgotten "our auld plaine Scottis, quhilk your

mother lerit zou." Knox's style has all the qualities of its author,—manly vigour, scurrilous invective, rude and boisterous wit. His 'History of the Reformation' Mr Millar justly describes as "an unconscious essay in self-portraiture, no less masterly than that of Pepys or of Gibbon." And not only is it an essay in self-portraiture: the narrative has many pieces of word-painting hardly inferior to that immortal description of Beaton's death, which is surpassed by nothing in Carlyle.

The Herodotean naïveté of Pitscottie's History entitles it to a much higher place than anything Buchanan wrote in the vernacular, although Mr Hume Brown has found in the latter the "finest specimens of vernacular Scottish prose." Buchanan's Latin was attested by his pupil Montaigne, by Grotius, and by Scaliger, but his Scots is pedantic and academic to a degree. Mr Millar is hard upon Buchanan, and if we quoted some of his remarks on his personal character we should expect to see his beard bristle with indignation on the cover of this magazine. It was a happy thought that led the founder of 'Maga'—little recking, if we may venture to parody that prince of parodists, Aytoun,

"Of that after-time
When classics shall be deemed superfluous,
And scholarship be called a crime"—

to choose the furrowed brows of Scotland's typical scholar as the sober adornment of her sober cover.

The Reformation period gave

birth to an enormous amount of vernacular verse, ballads on topical subjects, and scurrilous lampoons, but scarcely any of it is literature. The most curious and typical specimen was the collection of "Gude and Godlie Ballads," drawn largely from German sources, the unknown authors of which, anticipating the methods of General Booth, sought to popularise religious parodies by fitting them with popular airs. The success of the collection was due to the skill with which religion was tempered by satire and buffoonery, and probably their latest editor is alone in recognising in them a "winning simplicity." The use of the English form of the Scriptures probably did more than anything else to hasten the decline of Middle Scots. The union of the Crowns led to the same result, and though during the seventeenth century it was freely blended with English, it may be said roughly that Scottish vernacular prose lasted only two centuries. It yielded no work of first-rate importance, nothing comparable with what it achieved in verse.

There remain three centuries of Scottish literature to review, as unfolded in nearly five hundred pages of Mr Millar's narrative. We make no apology for having dwelt at disproportionate length on the less familiar story of early Scottish literature, since of the rest nearly all that is valuable forms part of the familiar history of British literature. We can only glance at some of the more important issues, and indicate Mr Millar's treatment of them.

Through the dreary waste of the seventeenth century few readers may care to follow Mr Millar. They will not miss many authors of repute, but they will miss some good critical sport. The drearier the divinity, the livelier becomes Mr Millar, till finally he descends like an avalanche on the devoted head of Samuel Rutherford. The fun is fast and furious, and considerably better than the taste; but lenient readers will grant that the critic, as he goes "sounding on his dim and perilous way," may be excused if he keeps his spirits up by a little not very harmful horse-play. Mr Millar has a keen eye for historical parallels with which to cheer on his readers: he has discovered, for example, that there was a crusade against barmaids in Edinburgh as early as 1650. The much overrated poetry of Drummond of Hawthornden is part of British literature; so too is the work of Bishop Burnet, of the Marquis of Montrose, and of the brilliant and erratic Sir Thomas Urquhart, the translator of Rabelais, who died of a fit of laughter when he heard of the Restoration. To Scottish literature belong the Sempills, one of whom wrote the poem on "Habbie Simson," who had the honour of giving a name to the favourite five-line stanza of Ramsay, Fergusson, and Burns. The great majority of seventeenth-century Scottish writings do not belong to literature at all.

The union of Parliaments completed what the union of the Crowns had begun. Ver-

naacular prose was dead, and left nothing behind but the accent and a few Scotticisms. Of the latter Scottish authors were unnecessarily afraid. Beattie and Hume both compiled anthologies of Scotticisms, and Hume employed Mallet to purge them from his proof-sheets. It is not surprising that this anxiety led to a bombastic style of so-called "eloquence" which Mr Millar ridicules very successfully. This "eloquence" endured in Scottish university class-rooms until well into last century. Philosophy naturally suffered most from it, and Dugald Stewart is admittedly the greatest exponent of the *vox et præterea nihil* tradition. In the dawn of the eighteenth century began the rush to London, which has never ceased since, of brilliant Caledonians with two-and-sixpence in their pockets; and it must frankly be admitted that there was some reason for the Scotophobia which found humorous expression in Johnson, and culminated in the offensive ribaldry of Churchill.

The most important publication in the early eighteenth century affecting Scottish literature was Watson's 'Choice Collection.' This contained much important salvage from the Golden Age, and Allan Ramsay was ready to improve upon and add to it. Ramsay had a large share of the Scottish genius for "vamping," and though his original songs are of indifferent worth, he is memorable in that he handed on the torch of vernacular poetry to Fergusson and Burns.

On all these matters Mr Millar writes with orthodoxy and admirable perspicacity. Fergusson's vernacular verse (his English poems are beneath criticism), excellent as it is, has been greatly overvalued, owing first to the chivalry of Burns, and secondly to the fantasy of Mr Stevenson. Fergusson is an intermediate link and nothing more between Dunbar and Burns, with neither of whom is he entitled to a moment's comparison.

On the subject of Burns Mr Millar is a pronounced follower of Mr Henley. So are we all—with a reservation. The admirers of Burns may be classified into those who are on thinking, and those who are on drinking, terms with the greatest of Scottish poets. Mr Henley need only have startled the latter class. Burns himself is always eager to proclaim his obligation to those who went before him, and his own frailties he has deplored in some of the most poignant poetry of remorse. Long before the appearance of Mr Henley's essay, Professor Minto, whom Mr Millar ineptly relegates to a patronising footnote, had emphasised Burns's obligations to his predecessors, and Mr Quiller-Couch had humorously suggested to Scotsmen the propriety of "tunding upon the racial tom-tom" to the glory, not of Burns, but of Scott. It must be admitted, however, that the disease refused to yield to the treatment of these physicians, and Mr Henley is entitled to the credit of supplying a desperate remedy. There is probably

little in his essay which Burns himself would have denied, but the manner of it would have inspired an "Epistle to Mr Henley" which would have secured for that critic a certain immortality.

After a long and eminently judicial estimate of Scott, Mr Millar gives an excellent account of Scottish periodical literature, in which 'Maga' is glad to find a worthy appreciation of the versatile genius of Aytoun. From this point onwards Mr Millar appears to us to deviate from history into journalism. With Stevenson, we think, Mr Millar might have been content to stop, and in appraising his own contemporaries he shows more courage than discretion. Mr Millar's attitude is that of a magistrate rather than a critic, and as the delinquents shuffle past the bar, we are irresistibly reminded of the humours of a metropolitan police court. That all this adds piquancy to the book is indisputable, but none the less we think that Mr Millar has done injustice not only to himself but to the compilers of that entertaining annual 'Who's Who.' And if some "false Southron" should play the sedulous ape to Mr Millar, and imitate his history of Scottish Literature from Barbour to Bell¹ with one of English Literature from Chaucer to Corelli, we should receive it without enthusiasm.

Wit Mr Millar has in plenty, but humour and urbanity are

to seek. His most conspicuous merit, and we do not undervalue it, is his robust sanity of judgment, nowhere better seen than in his treatment of Scott. But too often this is obscured in a mist of prejudice. In certain departments of literature, notably theology and philosophy, Mr Millar would have been well advised to keep to purely formal criticism. But most of all is it regrettable that Mr Millar should have so little regard for the "dignity of history" as sometimes to purchase liveliness at the cost of critical good taste. Laugh we must, but with a regret that Mr Millar should lend the weight of his example to the recrudescence of an obsolete critical tradition.

We cannot take leave of Mr Millar's history without paying tribute to its unflagging vivacity. He has to the full the qualities of his defects. Dealing with a subject that, to say the least, is often little alluring, Mr Millar has few dull pages; and as there is no work on Scottish literature of the same compass, neither is there any a tenth part so entertaining. Mr Millar has the art, as Johnson said of Goldsmith, "of compiling and of saying everything he has to say in a pleasing manner," and he is fully entitled to the further compliment, borrowed from the same source, that he has made his History "as pleasing as a Persian tale."

¹ The "onlie begetter" of 'Wee Macgregor.'

THE PERSIAN GULF.

THERE is a danger lest the absorbing nature of the fiscal problem which Mr Chamberlain has called upon us to solve may divert attention not only from sectarian squabbles about education and other purely domestic matters, but from questions of a vital and pressing nature from an imperial point of view. We make no apology, therefore, for asking our readers' attention to the question of our position in the Persian Gulf and our relations with Persia generally. On the 12th of May last, Lord Lansdowne, speaking as Foreign Secretary in the House of Lords, made an announcement of policy in these momentous and memorable words: "I say it without hesitation that we should regard the establishment of a naval base or a fortified port in the Persian Gulf by any other Power as a very grave menace to British interests, and we should certainly resist it with all the means at our disposal." Such a declaration could not have been made by the Foreign Secretary without a decision of the Cabinet, taken after careful deliberation. It may lead us straight into a war with a first-class Power in the not very distant future, but it is much more likely to prevent the necessity of fighting. If it is allowed to drop out of memory, and to be treated as a mere rhetorical exaggeration, the result to our position in the world, and especially in the

East, will be disastrous. It is important, therefore, that the policy thus enunciated should be understood by all who can influence national opinion, and that the views on the opposite side should be examined.

Lord Lansdowne's declaration amounts, in fact, to a challenge to all whom it may concern. What is the justification of this challenge? To whom is it more particularly addressed? The shores of the Persian Gulf are not British territory. We do not hold a rood of ground by sovereign right on any part of them. What right has England to say who shall or shall not hold a port or form a naval base in those waters? What are the interests at stake—and they must needs be vast—to justify a policy which is quite outside the rule of international law?

The reader who has leisure to go thoroughly into the subject is advised to read the chapters in Sir Henry Rawlinson's '*Russia in the East*' which treat of the relations of the British and the Indian Governments with Persia, and to study Lord Curzon's great work on Persia—especially the last four chapters. He may then read '*The Persian Problem*,' by Mr H. J. Whigham, the correspondent of the '*Morning Post*,' and the able papers on the same subject which have appeared in the '*Times*,' in order to bring his knowledge up to the present day. For those who have not the

leisure to study these authorities, an endeavour will be made here to state the salient points of the question.

In the first place, it will be convenient to consider the present position of Great Britain in the Persian Gulf, and how she acquired it. British trade with the Gulf dates from the early years of the seventeenth century. But although the East India Company had maintained a Resident at Bushire for a long series of years, our political influence in these regions cannot be said to have been great. It was not until the beginning of the last century that the Government of India and the British Foreign Office began to busy themselves in establishing diplomatic relations with Persia. Actuated at first by mistaken apprehensions of French intrigue, they soon found that the real enemy they had to deal with was Russia, and to counteract Russian influence and maintain the independence of Persia has since been the leading note of their policy, whenever they have had any policy at all.

About the same time, namely, the beginning of the nineteenth century, the Arab tribes who occupy the southern shores of the Gulf, and had been sea-robbers from time immemorial, formed themselves into a dangerous confederacy. "They were fused," writes Lord Curzon, "into an aggressive force of formidable character by the proselytising influence of the Wahabé movement, which, extending its activity from the interior of Arabia to the shores of the Gulf, invited

the coast tribes under the guise of piracy to attain a secure salvation." They harassed the coast villages, carried off the inhabitants as slaves, and attacked every boat that ventured to put to sea. Gaining courage with success, they captured our merchant ships and attacked our cruisers, and on one occasion took a British man-of-war and put to the sword every man in her. Persia, as every one knows, has never had a navy; and Turkey, the only other nation with any pretence to authority in the Gulf, was equally impotent. It became imperative on the British Government to deal with the pirates. Their power was broken by successive expeditions, and by the activity of our sailors.

After several treaties had been made with them, which forbade kidnapping, and prohibited the export of slaves, the foundation of the present system was laid in 1835 by the establishment of a maritime truce, by which the tribes pledged themselves not to engage in hostilities by sea, provided the British Government did not interfere with them by land. This engagement was renewed with success from time to time, until, in 1853, it was succeeded by a Treaty of Perpetual Peace, which provided that there should be a complete cessation of hostilities by sea; that in the event of aggressions on any one by sea, the injured tribes should not retaliate, but should refer the matter to the British Resident in the Persian Gulf; and that the British Government should watch over

the peace of the Gulf, and ensure at all times the observance of the treaty. The Pax Britannica thus established has never been seriously disturbed. Any breach of the treaty is punished by a fine at the discretion of the British Resident in the Gulf, whose order is never forcibly resisted, but may be emphasised when necessary by the despatch of the gunboat which represents the British navy in these waters.

The pages in which Mr Whigham describes his visit to the Pirate Coast in the suite of the British Resident are well worth reading. He draws a striking picture of the representative of a far-off Power maintaining peace, and acting as the supreme arbiter, amongst a turbulent population of Arab tribes. He delivers his verdict in these words: "As for our influence over the Coast, no one can doubt its beneficence; and it is especially gratifying to see how the British Resident is able to transcend the actual treaty and act as arbiter in disputes which not so long ago would certainly have led to instant bloodshed." The fact that for one hundred years we have spent our energies in establishing and maintaining order in these regions—that we have protected human life and liberty, and opened the way to the commerce of all nations—is one of the grounds on which the claim to maintain our position rests.

It may be said, no doubt it will be said, that the establishment of another European Power on the shore of the Gulf need not menace this position.

It will still be possible for us, it may be argued, to exercise control over the Arab tribes. Or if we desire to be relieved from a portion of the responsibility, we may come to an arrangement for that object with the new-comer. There are only two nations, the Russians and the Germans, who can be considered as serious candidates for a port on the Gulf. If any one imagines that either of these Powers, or indeed any other first-rate European Power, can be allowed to establish itself in these waters without upsetting the present order of things, he must be a credulous and simple-minded man. The existing system depends on England being sole and supreme. The factious sheikh who kicks against our Resident's order has no one now with whom he can intrigue. Place within his reach a German, or Russian, or French official, only too ready, as experience elsewhere teaches us, to do anything likely to undermine British influence, and he will infallibly seek to evade obedience.

This is an obvious truth—obvious to any one acquainted with Orientals. "Every claim," wrote the author of 'Persia' in 1892, "that can be advanced by Russia to the exclusive control of the Caspian Sea could be urged with tenfold greater force by Great Britain for a similar monopoly of the Persian Gulf. Hundreds of British lives and millions of British money have been spent in the pacification of these troublous waters." And to the same effect an impartial observer, Captain A. T. Mahan, writing of the Persian Gulf:

"Where a single Government can show a long prescription of useful action, of predominant influence, and of political primacy locally recognised in important quarters, as Great Britain can, there is no reason why she should be expected to abandon these advantages, except as the result of war, if a rival think that will repay the cost."¹

The next argument for Great Britain's claim is her trade with the Gulf. It is not pretended that in establishing our control we have had a disinterested desire to promote civilisation. Trade brought us to the Gulf, and to protect it we have established our control. We have a right to maintain and extend that trade if we can. We know that the advent of another Power will mean restrictions on our commerce, not by competition, which, so far as our influence extends, is free now, but by customs dues, preferential freights, and other obstacles deliberately placed in our way. This is practically admitted, even by that sturdy advocate of an understanding with Russia, the '*Spectator*': "A great war to guard our trade in the Gulf—it is positively less than our trade with Belgium—would be a financial folly." Therefore, in order to avoid a great war, we are advised to ask Persia to give Russia a port—Bunder Abbas for choice, as it is supposed to be the best—or to invite Russia to take it from Persia. We are to see our trade destroyed (is it not a little one?), and,

resigning the high place which our fathers have won, to retire ignominiously, Resident and gunboat and all. It is difficult to understand how a writer of knowledge and patriotism can persuade himself to advise the British nation in this sense. Certainly no man of affairs and action will take this view. The words of Mahan should be administered as an antidote to the paralysing preaching of the '*Spectator*.'

But is the trade for which we are not to fight so very small? And, if it is not worth fighting for, why is it assumed that Russia will go to war with us in order to obtain a port on the Gulf, or why is she subsidising steamers at a heavy cost to compete with us? In comparison with the total trade of a great commercial empire it may be small, but the bulk of our trade is made up of items comparatively insignificant. If we are to submit to be ousted from one market after another, where are we to end? The fact is, however, that the markets of this region are not to be despised. In the first place, the total trade of the whole Gulf in the year 1900 amounted, according to Mr Whigham's calculations, to £8,640,000, practically all of which was carried by British steamers. For until 1901, when the Russian Government subsidised two steamers to run from Odessa to the Gulf, every steamer flew the British flag. This by itself should give us no small interest in the commerce of the Gulf. Besides this, the trade is almost entirely in

¹ National Review, Sept. 1902.

the hands of British or British-Indian firms, and of British-Indian settlers, who retail the goods. Mr Whigham, to whom we are indebted for the figures, estimates that 40 per cent of the exports go to British India and the British Isles, while 63 per cent of the imports are from the same sources. Of other European nations, France imports into Persia about 4 per cent, Germany less than one, and Russia so little that it may be disregarded.

It must be remembered, moreover, that trade with Persia is at present in its infancy. Not only has it to struggle against the poverty of the people and the obstacles put in its way by a thoroughly corrupt and incompetent Government, but there are no landing facilities, and the natural difficulties of the country make transport from the ports to the interior extravagantly dear. There are no railways, and no roads worthy of the name. It may be hoped that in the future we may see the Government reformed and the people more prosperous. It will be our own fault to a great extent if, in a much nearer future, we do not see railways built from the coast to the highlands of the interior. Large provinces of Persia are undoubtedly potentially rich, and only wait to be developed. Commerce will then increase by leaps and bounds. Are we to slink away in cowardly fear of provoking Russia or any other Power, and allow our merchants to be excluded, as they will certainly be excluded, by hostile tariffs

and preferential railway rates, from sharing in the increase of a commerce which England has created and protected?

Lord Lansdowne truly said, "It is impossible to dissociate our commercial and our political interests." True at all times and in all cases, this axiom is especially true at the present day, when every nation is seeking political influence mainly for commercial purposes, and in the present case, which touches so closely and so widely the interests of our Indian dependency. It is difficult to regard with complacency the prospect of our Indian subjects finding themselves placed at a disadvantage in markets so near to them and so connected from time immemorial with their country. We are already losing their respect as a just and protecting Power, from the hard measure which our self-governing colonies deal out to them, with our permission, as they think. Powerless we may be in that case. We cannot and dare not plead impotence in the case of the Persian Gulf. If the trade with Persia belonged entirely to the people of these islands, the loss of it might perhaps be weighed, as the 'Spectator' weighs it, against the cost of maintaining our rights by war. India, however, is dependent on us. She can take no action, diplomatically or otherwise, for herself, and we are bound in honour to stand up for her rights. If we refuse, we shall sever some of the strands that unite her to the Empire. It is enough that we have allowed Persia to revise her tariff under Rus-

sian influence, and, as the Foreign Secretary admitted, "not to the interest of British commerce." Is it desired by the 'Spectator,' and other writers who hold similar views, that intelligent natives of India should begin to ask what they gain by belonging to the British Empire?

It may be said, then, that Lord Lansdowne's declaration is justified by the necessity of protecting our trade with Persia. There is, however, a third and still stronger argument in support of our claim to maintain our supremacy in the Persian Gulf—namely, its strategical value with reference to our communications and trade with India, with the far East and Australia, and the safety of our position in India itself. There are some who advise us to purchase peace by surrendering our advantages.

"It is the necessity of Russia to get to the water, and she will get to it; and to arrest or try to arrest every effort she makes towards that end in the near East, the middle East, and the far East is only to make deadly enemies of a people who, if we could but discover a *modus vivendi* with them, would leave us masters of the greatest prize in the world, the fertile plains and valleys of Southern Asia."—'Spectator,' May 9.

And so we are invited to let Russia install herself at Bunder Abbas, and to protect ourselves from her friendliness by keeping a larger squadron in the Gulf. Thus prepared, we are to "wait to see what will happen during the long years which must elapse before Bunder Abbas becomes a Russian Bizerta." It is regrettable, to say the least, that publicists

who pose as the instructors of the people should write in this way. How many years has it taken Russia to fortify Port Arthur? Even if it would take her fifty years to convert a port in the Gulf into an impregnable *place d'armes*, is that a reason for allowing her to injure us? It will be said, we suppose, that it would do us no harm. The writer in the 'Spectator' does say it. "Does Cherbourg," he asks, "threaten Great Britain?" Some people might say it did. But if it does not, is that any reason for allowing the Germans, we will say, to establish themselves at Cork? Let us turn, however, to Captain Mahan's article in the 'National Review' of September last year.

"Concession in the Persian Gulf," he writes, "whether by formal arrangement or by neglect of the local commercial interests which now underlie political and military control, will imperil Great Britain's naval situation in the farther East, her political position in India, her commercial interests in both, and the imperial tie between herself and Australia."

There are few soldiers or civilians versed in the foreign politics of India who will not agree with this statement of the case. The opinion of the American strategist, who has made a study of the nature of maritime power, does not confirm the views of the desk politician in this matter. It is hardly necessary, however, to be a student of strategy for the understanding of this question. Let the reader take a map of the world, and, imagining himself to be an enemy of Great Britain, let him try to select a

point from which he can best prepare for an attack upon her trade and her possessions in the East. It must be a naval base, and it must be in secure communication with the Power which contemplates attack, and from which supplies of coal, food, and warlike stores are to be drawn. Neither in the Mediterranean nor the Red Sea can a base of the kind be found. So long as the naval superiority of Great Britain is maintained, England is much too strong in the Mediterranean, and no temporary reverse there could materially affect her position. She holds both ends of the Red Sea; and a hostile fleet, if mustered within it, could get no reinforcements, and would be starved out.

The same fate would befall a hostile squadron which was to form in the Persian Gulf under present conditions. The case will be very different, however, if the enemy owns a port in the Gulf, where stores may be collected without hindrance in time of peace. We have said before that the only countries worth considering in this connection are Germany and Russia. Germany's acquisition of a port at the head of the Gulf presupposes the construction of the railway through Asia Minor. Russia may seek to get the concession of a port first and make the railway afterwards. In any case she will make the railway, and would never seek the port unless she could reckon on the railway. Germany at Koweit could get her supplies of men, ammunition, and food from her own territories in a few days. Russia at Bunder Abbas could

reinforce herself with equal facility. Moreover, if we were so facile as to permit either of these nations to establish itself on the Gulf, it is practically certain that the other would never rest until it obtained a similar concession. The position of Germany, in control of a railway with its terminus at the head of the Gulf and with land communication with Berlin which England could not threaten, would be exceedingly strong. It is improbable that the German Government—we might almost include the Emperor—should entertain at present a design against British power in India. There can be no doubt, however, as to its ambitions in the farther East, and its desire to damage our commerce in every part of the world. It is conceivable, therefore, that for a time at least, and for its own purposes, it might join with Russia in a scheme for placing Great Britain in a difficult position.

The menace from Russia is much more direct. It must be borne in mind that the establishment of Russia in a Gulf port postulates the construction of railways from the Caspian through Persia to the sea-border. She wants, as the 'Spectator' has it, to get to the sea. It is absurd to suppose that she can effect this without railways, or that she can build railways through a country like Persia without acquiring the practical control of the territory through which they pass. A glance at the map will make it clear that when this is done India will be completely overlapped by Rus-

sian territory. Afghanistan will only retain her independence on sufferance, and the difficulties in the way of an invasion of India will be infinitely lessened. Invasion or no invasion, the prestige of the British power in India will be shaken, not merely by the occupation of Persia, but by the apparent impotency of Great Britain to prevent it. It would be necessary to add very largely to the number of the British troops in India, and to take other measures of defence, the cost of which would be ruinous to that country and ought not in justice to be imposed on her.

It is easy to say that Russia has no designs upon India, and that it is only our ill-natured opposition to her harmless ambitions which causes her to threaten us in that quarter. If we are only wise enough to give her what she wants, she will "leave us masters of the greatest prize in the world, the fertile plains and valleys of Southern Asia." In other words, we are advised to offer no opposition to the occupation by Russia of a position which will place India at her mercy, and to trust to the infinite mercy and goodness of the Czar and his advisers to restrain their hands. Russia will be so kind as to "leave us masters" of our Indian Empire. It may be so; but the British people will prefer to hold their possessions by their own right hands, and at no man's sufferance.

It is impossible here to enter upon a discussion of Russian policy in Persia, or of the fitful attempts of British diplomacy

to deal with it. In Persia, as elsewhere, Russia began her assault by a violent blow, which terrified the victim and convinced it of the irresistible power of the assailant. After that has been effected, the gentler arts of peace and diplomacy are employed to veil the force, which is always ready but never in view. "A policy of sap," as it was described long ago by Sir Henry Rawlinson, working underground on carefully planned lines, the effects of which are only discovered when it is too late to resist. To counteract her designs the British Foreign Office has had no fixed principle of conduct. Sometimes eagerly courting the friendship of the Shah and lavishing expenditure upon him, sometimes treating him with contempt and neglect. Now in fussy apprehension of danger, and again absolutely blind to the progress of events.

We have just recovered from an interval of unconsciousness. Our interests in Persia have been left for years to take care of themselves, and, if rumour speaks truly, the warnings and advice of our representative at Teheran have been disregarded. The Shah has visited Europe without receiving much attention from us. He has hardly returned before a mission is despatched in hot haste to invest him with the Garter, which he was known to desire. If it had been given to him in London by the King himself, he would have appreciated the honour more, and he might have been drawn nearer to Great Britain.

It was in 1900 that the British Government let slip the opportunity of establishing their influence on a sound basis. The Shah was in great need of money, and we could have lent it to him. For some reason or other we did not. Lord Lansdowne's account of the matter is perhaps as frank as can be expected from the Foreign Secretary.

"It is quite true that in 1900 the Persian Government secured a loan of about two millions sterling from the Russian Bank upon conditions of a somewhat onerous and inconvenient character. But I think the noble Lord [Lord Lamington] was in error when he said that that was due to the fact that we had refused to make any advance to the Persian Government. On the contrary, it was well known by the Persian Government at that time that we were willing to give them assistance. But, for reasons of their own, they preferred dealing with the Russian Government, with the result which we know."

The result is indeed well known, and it is the establishment of Russian influence as supreme at Teheran. Lord Lansdowne did not tell the country the conditions on which the British Government had been willing to help Persia. It is improbable that the Shah rejected fair terms offered by England and accepted from Russia conditions which Lord Lansdowne described as somewhat onerous and inconvenient. Persia is bound not to redeem the loan of £2,250,000 for ten years, and meanwhile she must borrow from no Power but Russia. And her customs receipts from all sources except the Gulf ports are pledged as security. In 1902 she borrowed ten million roubles more

on the same terms. Here is Mr Whigham's comments on the transaction, which, so far as we are aware, have not been disputed:—

"The extraordinary foolishness of the British Government in allowing the chance to slip can be palliated only on the grounds that we were at the moment in the throes of the South African war, and could think of nothing else. It is important, however, to point out that Sir Mortimer Durand, then Minister at Teheran, did his utmost to save the day; but his efforts were unavailing against the rancour of the London Stock Exchange, on the one hand,—which had old grievances against Persia,—and the preoccupation of the Foreign Office. Our Ministers have often to bear the odium of an error which they have worked hard to avoid, and the Foreign Office is not sorry to let the blame rest where the public sees fit to put it. To make things even, the Minister gets a decoration and promotion."

It may be added that the Russian Bank, under the guarantee of the Russian Government, issued the loans to Persia at a discount of 15 per cent, with interest at 5 per cent, on ample security for repayment, to say nothing of indirect advantages. If the British Government had been willing to guarantee the loan, it is not likely that the Stock Exchange would have allowed its feelings to stand in the way.

The undertaking which Russia has exacted from Persia—that no railways whatever shall be constructed for a term of years—is another proof of Russian influence and Russian designs. What does it mean? It means this, and can mean nothing else—that Russia intends to construct the railways herself; that she is not ready

to advance, and does not intend to let any other Power occupy the field. It is a monstrous and unheard-of undertaking. It is all very well for Lord Lansdowne to say that we are no parties to the engagement, and are not bound by it. Persia is bound by it; and are we prepared to stand by Persia if she repudiates it? Lord Lansdowne stated that "whenever railway construction takes place in Persia, we have a right to construct or procure the construction of railways in the southern part of that country." On what is this right founded? "Though that arrangement," he explained, "may not be recorded in any very formal manner, we are satisfied that it is a binding engagement on the part of the Persian Government, and we should certainly maintain that that is its character." It will be found, it is to be feared, when the time comes, that we have nothing but a vague oral promise from the Shah or one of his Ministers to set against a definite, written, and fully ratified and registered bond held by Russia.

Enough has been said to show the extent to which Russian power is already established in northern Persia. To enable her to complete her conquest of that country, by connecting her vast resources in the north with a port in the Persian Gulf, would be nothing short of criminal negligence. She would then have the whole western flank of our Indian Empire at her command. We could hardly threaten, much less attack, her communica-

tions, even if a railway were constructed from Quetta to Nushki, and then only by keeping an army on the Seistan frontier. These considerations may explain why a Russian port on the Persian Gulf would be "a grave menace to British interests."

Let the country therefore see to it that Lord Lansdowne's declaration of a Monroe doctrine in respect of the Persian Gulf is not treated as a *brutum fulmen*. It is well to attend to education, and it would be better if we could do it without miserable squabbles over it. It is well and most necessary to examine our fiscal system and adapt it so far as may be to the conditions of the Empire. It is well, above all, to see that the Empire is safely guarded and that its existence is not endangered while we are attending to smaller and more domestic matters. The Baghdad Railway question must come on again. The railway is one which must be constructed. We have to beware lest Germany use the railway to establish herself on the Gulf.

Writing in 1892, the present Viceroy used the following forcible words, with which the present article may aptly close: "I should regard the concession of a port upon the Persian Gulf as a deliberate insult to Great Britain, as a wanton rupture of the *status quo*, and as an intentional provocation to war; and I should impeach the British Minister who was guilty of acquiescing in such a surrender as a traitor to his country."

A SELF-SUSTAINING EMPIRE.

EVENTS of imperial magnitude have not been altogether rare in our recent history, but the one which distinguished the past month admits of no doubt or question as to its importance. Mr Chamberlain's imperial federation manifesto, delivered first to his constituents at Birmingham on the 15th May, and afterwards elaborated in the House of Commons, has the making of history in it. In fact, it has already made a considerable amount of political history. It has produced a sharp split in the Cabinet and a battle royal in Parliament. From the moment of its appearance all ordinary topics were pushed on one side. It took possession not merely of the centre of the stage but of the whole stage.

The excitement of the public, the enthusiasm of its friends, and the violent hostility of its opponents, all testify to the powerful impression it has produced. We shall say nothing here of the dramatic developments it has given rise to in the political world. These are only part of the parliamentary game which has got to be carried on from day to day, and in which each side eagerly catches at every passing advantage that may offer itself. Whether Mr Chamberlain was wise in springing so large an issue thus suddenly on the country, whether his colleagues in the Cabinet who declined to follow his lead were con-

siderate in their opposition, and whether the Prime Minister might not have been a little firmer with them, are all questions open to discussion. But they are side-issues which can obscure only for a moment the main question. The manifesto has been unfortunate in getting mixed up at the start in a parliamentary *mêlée*, which, with a little more tact on the part of Ministers, might have been avoided. It will, however, emerge in due time from the clouds of dust which have been thrown over it by those who fear frank and fair discussion.

While acknowledging without reserve the boldness of Mr Chamberlain's conception, we have to remind ourselves that it is not altogether novel or original. Mr Chamberlain is not, and does not claim to be, its first parent. He professes to be only following the lead of his late chief, Lord Salisbury. But the idea, or at least the germ of it, goes much further back than even Lord Salisbury's time. All new ideas, especially in politics, are only old ones in a new dress. Mr Chamberlain is taking us back at a jump to the colonial policy of sixty years ago, which was upset by the free-trade iconoclasts. He takes us back to the days when the corn laws still had a national purpose, and were part of a great commercial system which Cobden and Bright caricatured to death.

Whether Mr Chamberlain may like it or not, we feel bound to say that his new ideas cannot be adequately understood and appreciated without referring them to their original prototypes, and comparing them with the ideas of sixty years ago, of which they are a resurrection. Even if we deemed them impracticable, which we do not, though they will be by no means easy of realisation, we should heartily welcome them were it only for the fresh light they will throw on a much-maligned and distorted period of our national history. If we could conceive of speeches like these of Mr Chamberlain having been delivered at any time between 1838 and 1846, there would have been no absolute repeal of the corn duty, neither would the preferential duties on colonial sugar and timber have gone by the board as they did. Had the Mr Chamberlain of to-day, with his present ideas and sympathies, lived sixty years ago, Sir Robert Peel might have been spared the trouble of surrendering to the Anti-Corn Law League. Mr Disraeli would also have had a powerful ally in the exposition of economic ideas which were wasted on emotional exploiters of the cheap loaf and the open port. The corn law repealers, on the other hand, would have had a much harder fight for it.

It is undeniable that when the agitation for free trade began there was much in our fiscal system that demanded reform. Like many other public institutions of the time

it was out of date, and required to be modernised. But a beginning had been made with its modernisation long before the free-traders came on the scene. Pitt had led the way with a brave attempt to apply to the tariff of his day the principles of Adam Smith. After the war of the French Revolution Huskisson and Canning had taken up the task and carried it considerably further. These reformers, belonging as they did to the old *régime* in which the landed interest was dominant—not as rulers only, but as taxpayers,—preserved the fundamental principles on which our fiscal system was based. They frankly avowed themselves protectionists, and were not ashamed of the name, for it had not yet acquired the odious and unpopular meaning given to it later.

Pitt and Huskisson were protectionists of a broader and larger minded type than their successors of 1846. They were the protectors not of individual trades or industries, some of which were probably quite well able to take care of themselves, but of a commercial system in which the colonies and the mother country were equally interested. They preferred home producers to foreign importers, because the home producers had to bear the chief burden of the government of the country. They preferred colonial to foreign producers, because the colonial producers were creating wealth and strength for the empire as a whole. They preferred domestic to foreign shipping, because it helped to maintain

and extend our supremacy on the ocean. In Pitt's time, or even in Huskisson's thirty years later, no Englishman would for a moment have set up the cheap loaf against ideas which, whether right or wrong, were ingrained in the national character. They were, in fact, the soul of the nation.

Had the protectionist tariff been merely a question of bread and cheese, Cobden might never have had a chance to rail against it, for it would have been swept away before his time. It was the national traditions associated with it that kept it alive in spite of all its anomalies, and what from our superior standpoint we may choose to call its absurdities. Only when the old-fashioned bulldog patriotism of the war days had died out was the door opened to ten-pound voters, regenerated beadles, and "Manchester men." The fiscal system of the pre-reform period was not condemned by any deliberate judgment of the nation. It was swept away by the social and political revolution which began in 1832 and culminated in the European upheaval of 1848. It suffered for the landed interest with which it had always been identified, and the landed interest had reason to be thankful for its narrow escape from going down along with it.

And now, perchance, what we see to-day may be the beginning of the counter-revolution. It is certainly the anticlimax to the cheap loaf hysteria of 1846. Strange indeed are the ways of political

Providence! Passing strange that a son of the middle class, a man of the people, a self-made statesman like Mr Chamberlain, should arise sixty years later to repair the errors and correct the extravagances into which his own class were betrayed by their excessive zeal during the anti-corn law crusade. Truly the whirligig of time brings its revenges! Readers of 'Maga' have seen many illustrations of the old adage, but never a more remarkable one than this bold effort of our strongest living statesman to pick up again the threads of the old national policy that were violently broken two generations ago. It would have been marvellous enough had he only tried to resuscitate the colonial *régime* which his fathers so hastily renounced, but when he comes out boldly for the corn duty as well, then we may see that the country is indeed going back on itself.

'Maga,' with its vivid memories of the anti-corn law crusade, can almost imagine that the old struggle is about to begin all over again. Half-consciously it takes down from dusty shelves the old volumes in which a Homeric battle for the earliest and greatest industry of the nation was fought month by month. How earnestly it then warned the free-trade economists that they were playing not merely with theories and imaginings of their own, but with the vital interests of the country. It set figures and facts before them to prove that they were destroying things far more valuable than

anything they could create. But at the time it seemed to be all in vain. The victory of the repealers was decisive and complete. Toryism and Protection were to survive hereafter only as terms of reproach, and as such how lavishly were they used in every parish of the three kingdoms!

Modern students of the anti-corn law crusade, in the light of all that has happened since and that is still happening, will find in it two characteristics which detract considerably from its historical value. It was a class movement mainly, and it became in the end very hysterical. Its engineers were the leaders of the new mercantile constituencies created in 1832. The latter had a hereditary antipathy to the landed interest, which had hitherto dominated the Legislature. Having got a foothold in Parliament, they found ready to their hands a means of strengthening their position with the people, and at the same time of weakening their rivals. A general attack on everything connected with the landed interest served their double purpose. But keen as the new reformers were for change, it took them seven or eight years to reach the tariff, wicked and inequitable as it was afterwards declared to be.

The Whig Cabinet of 1832 had no more sympathy with free trade than had the Iron Duke himself. Cobden's biographer has given a graphic account of the first deputation of the newly formed League that visited London in 1839. They asked through Mr Villiers

to be heard at the bar of the House of Commons, but "the motion was thrown out by a majority of more than two to one, in a House of more than five hundred members." Next year (1840) the Whig Cabinet granted Joseph Hume a Select Committee on import duties, and began to consider what they should do if something had to be sacrificed to the rising agitation. Lord Russell records in his 'Recollections and Suggestions' how the subject presented itself to them. "The question," he said, "for the Cabinet to decide was, whether they would lower duties of a protective character on a great number of small articles, or whether they would attack the giant monopolies of sugar, of timber, and of corn. The latter course, the most gallant though not perhaps the most prudent, was preferred."

How far the country was yet from making a fetish of free trade is shown by the reductions which the Whig Cabinet of the day (1840) considered abundantly, if not extravagantly, liberal. They proposed to cut down the differential duties on sugar to 12s. and on timber to 10s. For corn they recommended a fixed duty of 8s. per quarter, to be relaxed from time to time by Order in Council. Though the motion was rejected, much to Lord John Russell's chagrin, it is of interest now as showing what was at that time considered a fair compromise between the landed and the commercial interests. But for the intervention of the Man-

chester root-and-branch free-traders, it would very probably have been accepted in the end. When Sir Robert Peel took the matter in hand in 1842 he let the "giant monopolies," as Lord Russell calls them, severely alone, and struck at the multitude of small duties. More fortunate than the Whigs, and possibly more in earnest, he carried his party with him, and the tariff was purged of hundreds of duties hardly worth collecting.

Up to this point the protectionists and the free-traders had hardly joined issue. There was no substantial opposition to the consolidated tariff of 1842, and the protectionists had at least as good a claim to credit for it as had the Whigs. Fiscal reform, if continued on those lines, might have been carried very far without serious prejudice to any industrial or commercial interest. Afterwards means might have been found of gradually curtailing the "giant monopolies"—sugar, timber, and corn—to moderate proportions. The special difficulty in their case was, as already explained, their colonial associations. They had been originally granted, and were continued, for the encouragement of colonisation. Mr Chamberlain, in his second speech, supplied a reason for them which would have been as valid in 1840 as it is to-day. "Look," he said, "into the future. I say it is the business of British statesmen to do everything they can, *even at some present sacrifice*, to keep the trade of the colonies with

Great Britain, to increase that trade, and to promote it, even if, in doing so, we lessen somewhat the trade with our foreign competitors."

In public finance and economy strange reactions occur. True doctrines are often rejected and reappear years after, just as they are doing now. The "giant monopolies" which Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell thought they had killed in 1846 are very much in the sun to-day. The sugar duty, after a prolonged hibernation, is once more a substantial revenue-producer. The corn duty hangs for the moment, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth; but if its present be dubious it has a promising future. Of the three "giant monopolies" only the timber duty has little hope of an early resurrection, because nowadays timber is an indispensable raw material, and may soon be an article of luxury even without the help of differential duties. But sugar and corn would occupy in any tariff framed on Mr Chamberlain's principles a position exactly analogous to what they held previous to 1846.

Mr Chamberlain has prudently refused to commit himself at this early stage to details of how his federal tariff might operate. But we may easily see that when he comes to frame it he will have to revert, to some extent, to the principles of the tariff which the free-traders destroyed. For convenience, let us speak of that as the Huskisson tariff, it having

received its latest revision from that fiscal reformer. Were its author to come to life again he might show a strong case against the revolutionary treatment it received in 1842 and 1846. He might prove without much trouble two things—first, that the burden of the corn duty as a tax was always enormously exaggerated; and, secondly, that whatever corn consumers may have saved in the past thirty or forty years through the absence of a moderate duty on it, has been far outweighed by the heavy losses which home producers have suffered through foreign competition.

When the duty was high, for example 20s. per quarter in the years immediately preceding repeal, the importation was very small. From July 1828 to January 1841, a period of nearly thirteen years, it averaged only a million quarters per annum. On the eve of repeal Horne Tooke predicted in his 'History of Prices' that the importation under an 8s. duty would not exceed a million and a half to two million quarters a-year. As a matter of fact, the rush of foreign grain into the country during the first sixteen months of free trade exceeded sixteen million quarters, or one million quarters per month. But even on this unprecedented quantity a 5s. duty would have amounted to only three millions sterling per annum. Such a duty would, however, have curtailed the importation by perhaps 50 per cent, and reduced the duty

to a million and a half sterling per annum—not much more than a fourth of the income tax levied as a substitute for it.

But if the burden of the corn duty on the taxpayers was ridiculously exaggerated in 1841, it is far more so now. The 3d. per cwt. imposed by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was levied last year on an importation of cereals and flour aggregating under 200 million cwts. The duty amounted to about $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling. In the same year there was levied on $254\frac{1}{2}$ million pounds of tea, at 6d. per pound, $5\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling. By taking only 2d. off the tea duty Mr Ritchie could have remitted nearly two millions sterling, and done an equal service to the working man; while, instead of snatching from the farmer and the miller the small help they were enjoying, he could have given a much-needed lift to the Indian tea-planter.

It may be asked, Why rake up all this long-forgotten history, which has little application to the greatly changed circumstances of to-day? Good reader, the conditions and circumstances may have greatly changed, but both the political and the economic principles involved remain as they were. Economic truth proves itself by its continuity, and by the persistence with which it reasserts itself after temporary aberrations and disturbances. In a case like this where is truth to be learned unless from the history of the past read anew in the light of present-day facts? Not one man in ten who will be called on to decide the fate

of Mr Chamberlain's proposals can have any personal or even much second-hand experience of the issues at stake. He must be guided chiefly by historical observation. History is about to repeat itself in a most remarkable manner and on a vast scale. Let us therefore make sure at the outset that we understand it.

Not only in its principles but in its methods the original free-trade campaign is about to be reproduced. That much of the emotional fervour thrown into it was made to order we have Mr Cobden's own admission in a letter to his brother, whom he was endeavouring to rouse from a fit of despondency. "I think," he said, "that the scattered elements may yet be rallied round the question of the corn laws. *It appears to me that a moral and even a religious spirit may be infused into that topic, and if agitated in the same manner that the question of slavery has been, it will be irresistible.*"

Such was the spirit of at least one free-trade leader, and he, admittedly, the most representative of the whole. Class jealousy blazed up at last into moral fanaticism, and what chance had any economic doctrine of a fair trial from such a tribunal? The so-called free-traders became a medley of agitators, sentimentalists, doctrinaires, and Radical philosophers, led by large employers of labour, who had confessedly interests of their own to serve. How could they be just and impartial judges in their own cause? Many of the doctrin-

aires and sentimentalists were honest, no doubt, but they were carried away by their optimist enthusiasm. They fancied that they were creating a new heaven and a new earth when they gave England a ten-pound franchise, and threw open all its ports to foreign food and merchandise. Whatever question they touched they thought they were settling permanently. In economics as well as in politics they were great finalists. The Reform Act of 1832 was to be a final settlement of the franchise. The tariff of 1846 was to be the last word on our fiscal system. The repeal of the Navigation Laws was to be the Amen of that subject.

For a generation and more fortune favoured them in many ways, and their boasted finality seemed to be assured. But now we know how far short of their hopes and promises fell their greatest triumphs; how where they least expected it they encountered failure and disappointment; and how often unexpected things happened to upset their calculations. Their illusions were heightened and prolonged by a variety of causes quite unconnected with free trade. The gold discoveries in California and Australia in 1848-50, the rapid development of steam-power both on land and sea, the consequent spread of colonisation within the empire and outside of it, the development of international trade and banking,—all these helped to produce that flood of prosperity which they claimed to have drawn from the rock

with a touch of their magical rod. But in due time the tide turned, and forty years of free-trade ecstasy was succeeded by twenty years of reaction, doubt, and fresh controversy. At last we have come round again to the irrepressible corn-duty, which the doctrinaires thought they had for ever left behind them in the wilderness!

But it is not on the free-trade side only that history may be recalled with advantage. The literature on the other side will well repay perusal in the calmer and broader light that can now be brought to bear on it. The defenders of the corn duty made out a much better case than they ever got credit for either at the time or since. Mr Disraeli's speeches in the corn-law debates teem with original and striking views, not merely on this special subject, but on the chief financial and commercial questions of the day. At the time they were sneered at as eccentric, which they certainly were if eccentric means seeing much farther than other people. If they were repeated to-day in the House of Commons it would be surprising how well many of them fitted into current events.

And here 'Maga' may without egotism pay a passing tribute to the memory of the clear-headed editor and contributors who kept it on a straight course through the prolonged and bewildering controversies of the corn-law period. A more trying and difficult task never fell to critics of public affairs. The questions themselves would

have been hard enough to grapple with had they stood alone on their intrinsic merits. When complicated and distorted by all kinds of claptrap and partisan passion, they were doubly difficult to examine with a clear steady eye. But the insight, rising in many cases to prescience, with which they were expounded to 'Maga's' readers of half a century ago shines out over the long years. From many examples to be found in old numbers of the Magazine we choose one that appeared in January 1850 under the title "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition." It states the case for a moderate corn-duty and the claims of the British farmer to a reasonable degree of fiscal protection in the most exhaustive way that the present writer has ever met with in the whole range of agricultural or economic literature. When it was written the country had had a year's experience of free imports of corn (repeal having taken full effect from 1st January 1849), and the consequences had been disastrous to the home grower. Our markets had been flooded with foreign wheat, and the price was already down several shillings a quarter below the cost of production on the best managed farms.

To this notable article many able minds, practical as well as theoretical, contributed. It was written by an economist of recognised authority, on data obtained from the most experienced agriculturists of the day. It was revised by an agricultural writer of distinction, and

its conclusions were confirmed by many practical experts in various parts of the country. On its appearance it was discussed and criticised as few magazine articles had ever been before. But no criticism could shake any of its main positions, and it stands to this day an unanswered defence of the agricultural interest against fiscal pedantry and political cant.

The writer, after discussing the minimum price at which wheat could be grown at home under the then conditions, proceeds :—

“Our primary business is to ascertain whether under the operation of the new system prices can ever rise, supposing the present breadth of land to remain in tillage, above this average amount; or whether they must not permanently diminish, so as to destroy all vestige of an independent average in this country, and substitute foreign-growing prices for our own. The question is a very momentous one, for it involves the existence of our national agriculture, and not only that, but the existence of the larger portion of the home market for our manufactures, compared with which our exports are practically as nothing.”

He next deals with the minimum cost of wheat-growing in some of the newly opened grain districts of the Continent—Poland in particular. From special information he had obtained as to these districts, he concluded that, partly owing to cheap land and serf labour, they could lay down wheat in English ports at half the price of the home-grown crop. Then he showed that this meant something far more serious than driving the home-grower out of his own market. It

implied as well the transfer of full control of our grain markets to the foreigner. “Our conviction,” he said, “is most decided that henceforward the foreigner has the game entirely in his hands; that he may prescribe what price he pleases to this country; and that *every year, in spite of all efforts, all home harvests, all variety of seasons, prices must inevitably decline.*”

Which they actually have done by fully one-half. The prediction of foreign control was not so speedily realised, but it is within sight to-day, and an alarm has been raised against it in several quarters. The question of food-supplies in time of war is one aspect of the danger of foreign control, American wheat corners are another, and to these might be added many more. Mr Chamberlain has shown that he is alive to these dangers: he has, in fact, specified them among his reasons for desiring to have the Government invested with fuller powers of negotiation with foreign States. In summing up his Birmingham speech he thus described its two main points :—

“I have called attention to what I considered to be the opportunity existing at the present time, and the importance of seizing the opportunity of making preferential arrangements, in the nature of reciprocity agreements, with our colonies; and in the second place, I have called attention to the fact that *under our present system we were helpless and totally impotent to bring any influence to bear on foreign countries if they attacked our colonies, or if they attacked us in any manner we might consider unfair or seriously dangerous to our industries.*”

There is, no doubt, a slight distinction between Mr Chamberlain's warning of to-day and ours of 1850. He refers specially to control exercised by foreign Governments, whereas our article on "British Agriculture and Foreign Competition" referred to control by foreign producers over our home markets. The two dangers, however, are so closely akin as to be practically one. Foreign control of British trade is equally objectionable, whether exercised by Governments or by private individuals or corporations, as, for example, American trusts. Both were equally ignored by the original free-traders, and even few defenders of the corn duty realised the value of this important argument. It is a comparatively modern idea, and in the rare cases where it was recognised in 1850 it was far in advance of its time. Only of late have the dangerous possibilities of foreign control over British markets begun to be appreciated, and we confess that it was with some surprise we found so distinct a warning given against them fifty-three years ago. The writer would almost seem to have had a presentiment of the steel trusts, sugar cartels, and shipping rings of our own day.

We would put it to any commercial man on any exchange in the three kingdoms if it is not grotesquely innocent to make an outcry about a duty of 3 or 4 per cent—and the corn duty is no more than that—on a leading import, and at the same time to take no pre-

cautions against market manipulation which may raise prices 30 or 40 per cent without our being able to help ourselves? The vital question of the day as to corn, cotton, copper, and sundry other staples for which we are dependent on foreign producers is no longer whether we ought or ought not to tax them in moderation, but whether the foreign producers, when they secure the control they aim at, will not tax them for us without either moderation or mercy.

Until Mr Chamberlain formulates a specific scheme there can, of course, be no specific criticism. And, with all deference to Opposition orators who demand full disclosure on the nail, a responsible Minister initiating a movement like this, not only of imperial but of world-wide magnitude, is quite entitled to choose his own time. So long as we know that he is in earnest, and that he is moving as rapidly as the case admits, that is all reasonable people will expect. Mr Chamberlain's record from the day he took charge of the Colonial Office abundantly proves that he has had some idea of this sort in his mind. He has not only developed it at every opportunity which came in his way, but he has created special opportunities for its development, as, for example, the Colonial Conferences of 1897 and 1902. The official records of these conferences show the idea growing in the mind of its author, and also in the minds of the Colonial Premiers to whom it was first unfolded.

In addition to these records

there are various other indirect methods of studying Mr Chamberlain's idea and estimating its future possibilities. Much can be read between the lines of his speeches,—not only the two in which he made his present appeal to the empire, but many preceding speeches on ordinary occasions. Much more can be learned from the leading incidents of his colonial administration,—his generous help to the West Indian planters, his action on the sugar bounties question, his support of Canada against Germany, and so on. If he is not yet ready with a plan of reform for the commercial relations of the empire as a whole,—a large order, it will be admitted,—he has created, and continues to create, a situation which will render such a plan practicable. He has set in motion the great currents of thought and sentiment, which in due time will carry the plan, whatever its details may be, to ultimate success.

It is open to any of us who have tried to grasp the situation to criticise it and offer suggestions for dealing with it. Evidently this is Mr Chamberlain's wish. He has issued an invitation to the empire at large to consider how it may be politically and commercially consolidated. The three hundred and forty millions of people in the empire will require some time to get educated up to it, especially if they are not to be more apt and willing pupils than Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is showing

himself. The most perverse and pig-headed pupils are apparently to be the very superior politicians who claim a monopoly of economic truth and righteousness. Their success so far in misinterpreting and misrepresenting Mr Chamberlain's fundamental idea should be a warning to other critics. More is to be learned from their blunders, conscious or otherwise, than by any other course we can suggest to the reader. They call it many things which it is not, and overlook—purposely or otherwise—nearly everything that it really is.

The very names they have chosen for it are, as a rule, misnomers. Many of them speak of it as a Zollverein, and others as a Customs Union. It is neither, as any one may learn from Mr Chamberlain's own statements. He has never suggested or imagined that anything exactly analogous to the German Zollverein could ever be established within the British Empire. He realises, as every other practical statesman does, its utter unsuitability to our geographical circumstances. Our various colonies and groups of colonies have so many local peculiarities that a certain amount of latitude in framing their tariff is indispensable. For the same reason it is misleading to speak of "free trade within the empire." It is a catching phrase which platform speakers find it difficult to avoid. In fact Mr Chamberlain himself has slipped into it now and then, but generally he applies a very necessary qualification.

Absolute free trade within the empire would involve, of course, the complete abolition of inter-colonial and inter-imperial custom-houses, which is impossible.

Mr Chamberlain's position on this rather slippery point was clearly stated in his address to the Colonial Premiers at the second Colonial Conference (1902). "When I speak of free trade," he said, "it must be understood that I do not mean by that the total abolition of customs duties as between different parts of the empire. I recognise fully the exigencies of all new countries, and especially of our self-governing colonies. I see that your revenue must always, probably, and certainly for a long while to come, depend chiefly upon indirect taxation." The sooner, therefore, that the Zollverein myth drops out of the discussion the better. But, like the corn duty, "it lends itself so readily to misrepresentation" that politicians devoted to that branch of politics will give it up with reluctance.

Then what, it may be asked, are the exact fiscal relations between the several parts of the empire aimed at by Mr Chamberlain? They may be most correctly described as preferential relations based on preferential rates of import duty granted by the colonies to each other and to the mother country. The term that best summarises them is "imperial reciprocity," meaning reciprocity between the various parts of the empire. This, it will be seen, is a very different thing

from a British Zollverein, or "free trade within the empire." The one is a Utopia and the other is a matter of business negotiation between the parties concerned. How very practicable it is has been proved by its first application, that of Canada and Germany—a provisional experiment which has produced quite wonderful effects at Berlin.

But it is not to the colonies only that a well-directed policy of preferential duties would apply. Though they are being put in the forefront owing to their special association with the Colonial Secretary, their interest in the question is not by any means the largest. Preferential duties are as applicable to our foreign as to our colonial trade, and in proportion as the former is far larger than the latter, it offers a wider field for their exercise. The one class involves the other, for it naturally follows that if we are to treat foreign nations as they individually treat us and our colonies, we shall have to make differences between them also. Whether we call it "differential" treatment, as the original free-traders used to do, or substitute the more polite modern term "preferential," the practical result will be much the same. The nation we discriminate against may find its feelings most adequately expressed by the old-fashioned term, and the nation we favour may be more disposed to look at the matter from the "preferential" side. They can have their choice.

The true key to the situation and to the policy it demands above all others is imperial reciprocity. This, again, has to be closely examined, for it is by no means a simple thing. There will have to be various parties to the compact, and a great variety of trades will have to be provided for under it. Our interest in it will not always be identical with the interests of the colonies. On the contrary, it might, under conceivable circumstances, clash with them. Our principal difficulties, however, will not arise in dealing with the colonies, but in dealing with foreign Governments, especially with those we may have to discriminate against. Our first duty, therefore, is to ascertain as far as possible what our own position might be under the new *régime*. We can safely pay the colonies the compliment of assuming that they will be well able to take care of themselves in the all-round readjustment of commercial relations which would result from the new policy.

It should not be forgotten, though, as a matter of fact, it has been by most writers on the subject, that, apart from the colonies altogether, our own foreign trade is in urgent need of leverage. If reciprocity and preferential duties are to be good for trade within the empire, they should be equally good for trade outside of it. This branch of the question has not been emphasised by Mr Chamberlain. By tacit agreement he appears to have left it to his hypothetical

partner, the Prime Minister. Mr Balfour believes thoroughly in the programme, from a foreign trade point of view, though he frankly confessed his uncertainty as to the rest. The foreign section of the picture he painted in—for him—quite lurid colours.

After reminding the House how completely falsified all the early predictions about the universality of free trade had been, he declared, "There is absolutely now in the whole world not one civilised free-trade community of any magnitude except ourselves." Then he ventured on a counter-prediction to Mr Cobden's. "We have to look forward," he said, "to a condition of things in which more and more there will be a wall of tariffs built up against us, in which foreign nations will use their power of manipulating their tariffs to our disadvantage, and in which we shall be less and less able to find in civilised countries a market for our manufactured goods." Mr Balfour did well to emphasise this aspect of the case, which most directly and seriously concerns ourselves. It foreshadows a peril almost as great as the disintegration of the empire, and much nearer to us. Therefore, while not forgetting the colonies or under-estimating the importance of drawing them closer to us, let our own special stake in this movement not be left in the background. Reciprocity has its home as well as its colonial bearings.

The term which covers the largest and most vital part of

this great issue is one we have borrowed from a speech of Mr Chamberlain as the title to this article. "A self-sustaining empire" is indeed what we want, and must strive after. It will do everything for us we need—consolidate the empire politically and commercially, develop the colonies, give us markets of our own for our surplus manufactures on which we can always rely, render us independent of foreign Governments, and enable us to snap our fingers at foreign tariffs. In order to achieve these tempting results we must have suitable tools to work with, and, if necessary, suitable weapons to fight with. Tariffs alone will not suffice. Our industrial organisation will have to be improved all round, and from top to bottom.

Our foreign competitors are not fighting us with tariffs alone, but with other and even more dangerous weapons also. The best supplies of raw material, the most efficient administration, the greatest technical skill, the most capable labour, the most energetic business methods,—these are the factors which go farthest nowadays in the international struggle for supremacy. We are vulnerable at all these points, any one of which will be quite as important by-and-by as tariffs. As regards food and raw materials we are specially vulnerable. With the exception of coal there is no primary material of our staple industries in respect of which we are perfectly self-dependent; and our coal supplies are becoming steadily

exhausted. Iron-ore, timber, wool, cotton, and nearly everything else we need to keep our factories going, have to be imported. Even foreign supplies are rapidly reaching their limits, and the dire possibility has more than once presented itself lately of some day there not being enough to go round. Our Lancashire mills are many of them on half-time owing to a cotton corner in New Orleans. Our copper manufacturers have had a similar corner hanging over them for months past. It is, in short, by a wholesale capture of the raw materials of every staple industry that American trusts hope to establish world-wide monopolies.

Great Britain is the only country outside of the United States, and probably Russia, that can protect itself in the future against this greatest of all perils. Its colonies will, if properly developed, furnish it with every kind of raw material it is likely to need. But they must be systematically prospected, worked, and cultivated to that end. This may be a somewhat novel view even to Mr Chamberlain, but it has only to be stated in order to show its importance. We confess to a feeling of surprise and disappointment at finding little or no reference to it in the discussions of either the first or second Colonial Conference. In the next it is much less likely to be overlooked, for it will be a burning question then, more so even than preferential tariffs.

It would be premature and

inopportune, even if our space permitted, to plunge the reader into any of the very intricate fiscal and commercial discussions which are sure to arise out of the great controversy just begun. In the present article, which, keeping in view the magnitude and complexity of the problem, can be nothing more than introductory, we must content ourselves with indicating ramifications that may be followed up hereafter. Taking our cue from the second Colonial Conference (1902), we note that in addition to the commercial relations between the mother country and the colonies, which have been more particularly dealt with here, there are political relations and questions of military and naval defence to be arranged. Deferring them, however, for the present, let us restate the main issue in its clearest and most definite form.

In a word, the main issue lies between the old colonial school and the new, between Goldwin Smith and Mr Chamberlain, between the "Whigs and prigs and pedants" of half a century ago and the business men of the present day. The "Whigs and prigs and pedants" worshipped the rising sun of a Great Republic, compared with which the oldest British colonies were mere Cinderellas. To them Canada was but a satellite of the United States, and the United States was encouraged to think itself the reversioner of Canada. Half a century hence there will be as much chance of Canada absorbing the United States as

of the United States absorbing Canada.

To dig up from the archives of the free-trade party the rapturous panegyrics of Cobden and others on the Great Republic is almost too cruel irony. In 1835 Cobden had hardly got ashore at New York when he wrote home a glowing account of his joy at finding himself in a country "on the soil of which I fondly hope will be realised some of those dreams of human exaltation, if not of perfection, with which I love to console myself." Imagine Mr Pierpont Morgan, Mr Andrew Carnegie, and Mr John C. Gates as the latest types of "human exaltation, if not of perfection"! Only think of Wall Street as the crowning proof of American "superiority to all that we own in the Old World"!

Even that paragon of Whigs, Lord Russell, also grovelled at the American shrine. He predicted that there would never be any lack of markets for British exports—never any need to trouble about colonies while the boundless prairies of the West and the great pampas of the South were unpopulated. How soon they were to be filled up he had little suspicion. Writing so recently as 1874 he said:—

"Nor can I foresee a time when the British manufacturer will not find a market for his goods in other parts of the world. The population of Great Britain is so cabined, cribbed, confined to the land of the British Isles that our manufacturing towns will always be very populous, and there will exist for a long time vast territories in North and South America, in the plains of Buenos Ayres, in the hills and dales of New Zealand and Australia, where herds of cattle may

find plentiful pasture and the grower of corn receive an ample remuneration for his labour. The evil genius of protection may prevail in the Senate and the Congress [*sic*] of the United States, and may animate selfish parties in the Legislatures of the British colonies, but these obstacles must be overcome."

As a stroke of prophecy the "overcoming of the obstacles" was unlucky even for a free-trade oracle. 'Maga' of fifty years ago could give all these free-trade prophets ten miles' start and a sound beating. In the article above referred to—"British Agriculture and Foreign Competition" (January 1850)—will be found a prediction which has been only too truly and tragically fulfilled:—

"The struggle must end by the British farmer, overloaded with rent, taxes, and public burdens, giving way to his [foreign] competitors, who, with no such impediments and with a better climate and richer soil, will monopolise his proper function. We shall then experience in corn what our West India colonists under the same kind of legislation have experienced in sugar. *The greater part of the soil of Great Britain will be diverted from cereal growth; and as the earth does not yield her produce without long wooing, we shall be at the mercy of the foreigner for our supplies of food at any rates which he may choose to impose.*"

To the free-traders of to-day who are buckling on the old rusty armour of 1846 and preparing to deafen the country with their ancient shibboleths we would say one quiet word before they start. "Read over again the free-trade prophecies and the protectionist prophecies of the anti-corn law days, and see which has come true—

Cobden's or Disraeli's, Lord Russell's or 'Maga's.'" Mr Chamberlain has evidently formed his own opinion on this point, and we, as having some title to speak for the agricultural interest which we tried to save from wanton ruin half a century ago, bid him God-speed in his campaign of reparation. Two great wrongs were done in those days of the "Whigs, prigs, and pedants,"—one to British agriculture and the other to the colonies. Mr Chamberlain has now an opportunity to redress them both, and this, we believe, is what he is honestly setting out to do. It is the noblest and most patriotic task that any British statesman in modern times has put his hands to.

Mr Chamberlain's countrymen, however, have to remember that the final issue will not rest with him alone. His share of the work will doubtless be done energetically and well, as his other public work has invariably been. If the country were to give him forthwith the mandate he asks for, with a free hand to carry it out, the commercial federation of the empire, which doctrinaires sneer at as a dream, might be realised in a few years. But there is much difference of opinion to reckon with, as well as a medley of more or less organised prejudice. It is on these, even more than on the policy itself, that the final result will depend.

On the one hand, the public must be educated up to Mr Chamberlain's policy, not simply as an ideal, but as a working

arrangement between the various parts of the empire. Still more important is it that they should be educated down to the legends, sophistries, and catch-words of the free-trade party. They must be taught to distinguish between proved facts and mere assertions; between argument and false sentiment; between true history and false prophecy of the sort which the corn-law repealers indulged in so lavishly during their original crusade. Of the latter we have given a few characteristic examples in this article, and they might be multiplied indefinitely.

Against these we have set a notable example of true prophecy from our own side of the discussion. It too might be multiplied indefinitely, but we mention at present only one other. It belongs to a much later date than 1850, but also to a very interesting period in free-trade history. The author, the Duke of Rutland, has been well advised to have it reprinted, for no one reading it now for the first time could imagine that it had originally appeared in our columns twenty-two years ago.¹

It will be remembered that in 1881 the free-traders experienced the first rude shock to their infallibility. A long and acute depression in all our staple industries had awakened doubts in the most intelligent minds as to whether our fiscal policy was after all immaculate. It was found that free

imports were not free trade of the kind we had anticipated in 1846, and a general desire arose for something less one-sided than we were having palmed off on us as free trade.

This desire found expression in the so-called "fair-trade" movement of that day. The Duke of Rutland's article, already referred to, gives a very lucid outline of a "fair-trade" tariff, such as might have been easily adapted to the then conditions of our foreign trade. Its general idea was to have a double scale of duties—a higher scale for luxuries and manufactured articles and a lower one for live stock and agricultural produce. Its details will, however, be more appropriately considered when we come to deal with the tariffs of the present day. Every page of this article recalls how formidable the "fair-trade" movement was in its time, and how likely it is to be revived at the first return of trade depression. It commanded a large amount of sympathy among the leaders of the Conservative party, and Mr Balfour, in a recent debate, very effectively reminded the House of declarations he had made in favour of preferential duties in 1881.

Another member of the present Cabinet may also have lively memories of 1881, but so far he has not seen fit to refer to them. Mr Ritchie was then a sort of Highland cousin to the fair-traders. He joined in their raids on the free-trade

¹ 'Tariff Reform.' By the Duke of Rutland, K.G. Reprinted from 'Blackwood's Magazine' for October 1881. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1903.

camp, and he got a more than liberal share of the spoils; but he was too bashful to wear their tartan. Perhaps he had a presentiment of some future day when he might wish to resume his Cobden corduroys and become once more a convinced—free-trader. In many ways the situation of 1881, as graphically described by the Duke of Rutland, throws light on the curious conversions and recombinations now going on.

The House of Commons of 1881 was much more fortunate than that of to-day in its handling of fiscal questions. Insignificant as were the issues then raised compared with those now before the country, they were treated in a much more candid and straightforward fashion. So far, parliamentary criticism of Mr Chamberlain's proposals has been singularly futile and unworthy of the occasion. Only once has it been debated with becoming dignity or seriousness, and that, of course, was in the House of Lords. The House of Commons has fumbled with it as no question of such magnitude was ever fumbled with before. Over and over again it indulged in a mockery of discussion which wearied the country instead of enlightening it. The Opposition leaders had, as the Prime Minister frequently reminded them, a constitutional means of challenging the opinion of the House on the main issue. They studiously avoided that, however, and preferred Red Indian tactics. They tabled notices of motion and ran

away from them. They moved adjournments of the House in order to drag in trumped-up incidents from the antipodes. They discovered a bogus crisis in the Cabinet, and lived on it for a clear fortnight. Their whole conduct was aptly characterised by the 'Times,' when it said of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's motion for adjournment in order to discuss Sir John See's cable to the Colonial Office: "It would be difficult for any leader of the Opposition to place himself in a more feeble and ridiculous position than was occupied by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman last night."

Brushing aside these futilities in the popular Chamber, the only pronouncement of real weight which has yet come from the free-trade camp was Lord Goschen's speech in the House of Lords on the 15th June. Its genuine criticism and detection of weak points left the promiscuous pea-shooting of the House of Commons far behind. Lord Goschen is quite another sort of critic from Sir Charles Dilke and Mr Asquith. But he has also the defects of his qualities. In an affair of this kind it is possible for a man to be too heavy, and Lord Goschen often falls into that extreme. Again and again he has played the part of Jumbo among the political economists, sitting up aloft chock-full of wisdom and caution, but seldom descending into the arena to do something on his own account. His one great *coup* as a practical financier was the reduction of the interest on the national

debt; and if the City were polled on that to-morrow, it would be condemned by at least a three-fourths majority.

In political economy, as elsewhere, Jumbos generally look much more formidable at the outset than they prove to be at the finish. When they are in an ultra-conservative mood they may be hard to move; but once started, they come along like a land-slide. Those who remember the fair-trade campaign of twenty years ago will have interesting recollections of how hard put to it the Mr Goschen of those days was to discover a satisfactory Cobden Club explanation of the acute depression then felt in all our staple industries. Should he live to see another such period of depression, it will throw a still greater strain on his orthodox ingenuity.

It may be admitted that Lord Goschen did score a point or two against the scheme—not against any of its essential features, but against extraneous details. His criticism should, in fact, be more useful to Mr Chamberlain than to the Cobden Club, for it pointed out one or two strategical errors which his over-zealous supporters have rushed into. It was, for example, a premature argument to put in the foreground that wages would rise, to compensate wage-earners for the higher price of bread. That the policy, if properly applied, will provide compensations of some kind for all sacrifices it may demand is certain; but as yet no one can speak positively either as to the sacrifices or the compensa-

tions that may arise. And why should such a thing be expected before the promised inquiry has even come within sight?

As to the old age pensions, we may also take Lord Goschen's warning in good part. They are a postscript to the scheme, or rather to Mr Chamberlain's rough draft of it. They may not find favour with all its supporters, and it is quite conceivable that they may not be admitted into the authorised version. We certainly reserve our own judgment respecting them. Apart from these two points—higher wages as an offset to the dearer loaf, and old age pensions—Lord Goschen had nothing very dangerous to say. If he saw nothing but lions in the path, some of his brother peers had a little more courage. Lord Lansdowne and the Duke of Devonshire both candidly recognised the ambiguity of the existing situation and the need of thorough inquiry into it. The Foreign Secretary loyally defended Mr Chamberlain against the favourite taunt of the Radicals that he had sprung his proposal on the country as an electioneering *coup*. The question, said his lordship, "would never have been launched on the country if there had not been circumstances which seemed to make it inevitable that such a discussion should take place." "In the case of Canada," he added, "it had assumed a particularly urgent character." Later on he spoke of the possibility of Germany withdrawing the most favoured nation treatment from our own exports as

well as from those of the colonies as a "most serious situation." The inference was obvious that we might be all the better for some means of making Germany think twice before doing so.

The Duke of Devonshire naïvely admitted the dilemma in which he found himself between his free-trade principles, so-called, and the fact that there is no such thing in existence as free trade. "What a real free-trader aims at," he said, "is free interchange of all commodities between all nations. We have something very different from that. What we have got is a system of free imports on one side and imports hampered by every barrier fiscal ingenuity can devise on the other." His Grace must have advanced considerably from the standpoint of 1846 before he could make such an admission, and we can only wish that his fiscal education may proceed without interruption on the same lines. There can be little doubt as to the ultimate result. The Cobden Club profess great joy at his remaining a nominal free-trader, but free-traders who have ceased to see their way may wander far from home.

At all events, the action of the Lords compares honourably with that of the House of Commons, which has been simply a succession of false starts, without the slightest approach to definite issues. The question, in fact, never came directly before the House, and the

various attempts made on the adjournment for the Whitsun holidays and on the Finance Bill to get at it by roundabout means, landed everybody in a maze of cross-purposes. The only member who got to close quarters with it was Sir Charles Dilke, and he owed his advantage to the stock sermon which he seems to have always ready for fiscal debates. He very probably has it docketed, "My special sermon for free-trade funerals."

So far the House of Commons does not count in the discussion. On neither side has it given a definite clue to its opinions, still less to its intentions in the matter. The Opposition leaders appear to have been more bewildered than any one else. Once they screwed up their courage to giving notice of an amendment on the second reading of the Finance Bill; but at the last moment they withdrew it, and contented themselves with some guerilla work on the flanks of Mr Chaplin. The latest news of them is that they have resolved to go at once to the country. Before this article appears the fiery cross of the corn-law repealers may have been furbished up and started anew on a tour of the Three Kingdoms. It will be interesting to see if the British people of to-day are as gullible and inflammable as their fathers were when Cobden first discovered the religious possibilities of the cheap loaf.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. MLIV.

AUGUST 1903.

VOL. CLXXIV.

PERSONALIA.

POLITICAL, SOCIAL, AND VARIOUS.

BY "SIGMA."

III. THE CHURCH.

BISHOP BLOMFIELD—DR HINDS AND LORD PALMERSTON—ARCHBISHOP TAIT
—MRS TAIT—BISHOP JACKSON AND THE LINCOLNSHIRE CLERGY—
"SQUARSON" KING—PARSON DYMOKE—BISHOP SUMNER—LORD
THURLOW—BISHOP WILBERFORCE—WILLIAM WILBERFORCE—PROFESSOR
JOWETT—HIS FAVOURITE PUPILS—A DINNER-PARTY AT JOWETT'S—
LORD GOSCHEN—LORD MILNER.

MY earliest glimpse of lawn sleeves was in St James's Church, Piccadilly, where, as a small child, I remember seeing a burly, bald-headed old divine gesticulating in the pulpit to the accompaniment of a somewhat resonant discourse, which to me, of course, at that tender age merely amounted to "vox et præterea nihil"! This imposing-looking preacher was no other than Dr Blomfield, Bishop of London, a prelate of considerable vogue in his day, though at

present almost forgotten, except, perhaps, as the dedicatee of one of Cobbett's most trenchant diatribes, and name-giver to half-a-dozen of the dreariest terraces in Paddington. My acquaintance with Fulham Palace began under his successor's reign, but I shall always cherish one tradition of the Blomfield days, which, lest it be left unrecorded in the annals of the episcopal edifice, I will venture to set forth in these pages. The composition of the Bishop's domestic circle was

plentiful, but a trifle complex. He married twice, and in both unions had been blessed with progeny, while his second wife was a widow, who, besides supplementing her second husband's family, had imported an independent brood of her own. In my experience, the children of ecclesiastics do not, even under normal conditions, always exemplify the Christian unity so solemnly enjoined from the parental pulpit, and with such a blend as that which I have just denoted, it is scarcely surprising that unruffled peace was not invariably present under the Bishop's roof. On one occasion when an unequal battle was raging fast and furious among the miscellaneous offspring, the Bishop was disturbed in his study by the impetuous entrance of his lady. "What is it, my dear?" he inquired with ill-concealed testiness. "Oh, Bishop," she replied in agonised accents, "quick, quick, there's not a moment to lose! Your children are siding with my children, and are murdering our children!" I never saw the late Admiral Blomfield, or his brother, the church architect, each as peaceful-looking as an old gentleman as ever ambled along Pall Mall, without wondering what part they took in that famous fray, and my decorous recollection of their Right Reverend parent is always slightly marred by a whimsical vision of him sallying forth from his sanctum with a disordered apron, and administering indiscriminate chastisement with a 'Cruden's Concordance'!

Dr Blomfield was the only Bishop of those days who did not relinquish his mitre simultaneously with his life, excepting, by the way, poor Dr Hinds, a highly respected prelate whom a clandestine marriage at a cockney watering-place rather unnecessarily forced into premature retirement. Such, at least, was the opinion of Lord Palmerston, who never liked to see a good man "go under" on account of a feminine entanglement; but more modern prejudices were allowed to prevail, and Palmerston, sighing for the halcyon days when such *bagatelles* were accounted nothing derogatory in a pillar of the Church, had reluctantly to accept the susceptible Prelate's resignation.

But to return to Fulham and its occupants. On Dr Blomfield's retirement (to avoid misconception, let it at once be said on account of ill-health), his See was offered to Dr Tait, then Dean of Carlisle, a successful college tutor, a less successful headmaster, and by no means a pre-eminent Dean, who, it was said, would never have become a Bishop but for the sympathy felt for him in high quarters on account of a peculiarly distressing family bereavement. Yet, in spite of this not very significant record, Tait at once rose to the situation, and proved himself, not only in London but at Canterbury, an ecclesiastical ruler of the highest capacity. My experience of him was by no means official, but merely arose from my having been at a preparatory school with his son, poor Crau-

furd Tait, which led to my receiving occasional invitations to the palace for juvenile parties and cricket-matches. On these occasions the kindness and geniality of the Bishop were especially conspicuous. He had a cordial word and a pleasant smile for every one of his young guests, particularly the public school section of them, and would act as prompter at theatricals or scorer at cricket with as much zest and as little ceremony as if he were once more a schoolboy himself. There was not a touch of the forced affability or "Grand Seigneur" condescension which on such occasions so often characterises the spiritual bigwig: quite simply, and yet without the smallest loss of dignity, he entered into the mirth and gaiety of the moment, genuinely enjoying the enjoyment of those around him. Seldom, indeed, is a great personage so gifted with the faculty of setting "the young idea" at ease as was the tactful, mellow-hearted Bishop.

I remember one particularly pleasant instance. Craufurd Tait used to beg for an occasional scamper with the harriers, and had asked me, then passing the holidays a few miles off, to let him know when a certain private pack happened to have a fixture within reach. Accordingly, getting news early one morning of a meet that day within practicable distance, I "footed it" off to Fulham to inform young Tait, holding my pony in reserve for later use. To

my consternation, as the hall-door opened I was confronted by the whole Episcopal party advancing towards the chapel, the Bishop at its head! This was the last thing I had bargained for, and I was about to execute a hasty retreat when the Bishop's good-humoured voice saluted me with: "Well, my boy, I'm glad to see you; but why this early visit?" "I only came to tell Craufurd," I blurted out, "that the harriers meet at ——" With a humorous twinkle, and placing his hand reassuringly on my shoulder, the kindly old fellow interrupted: "Hadh't you better come into chapel now, and tell us about the harriers over some breakfast afterwards?" Rather ruefully I consented to go into chapel, but begged to be excused the breakfast, darting off after service with an alacrity which seemed greatly to amuse my episcopal captor.

I was relating this experience to an old country clergyman whom I became acquainted with some years ago, and he capped it with another instance of the Bishop's graceful kindness. My old friend had been in his day Fellow and Tutor of a famous Oxford College, but his University distinctions, as is too often the case, had failed to procure him ecclesiastical advancement, and when I met him he was the rather embittered incumbent of a dull College living in a neighbourhood where his ability and scholarship were very little appreciated. A year or so before I made his acquaint-

ance a new church had to be consecrated in his district, and Dr Tait, who had then become Primate, had promised to perform the ceremony, which was to be followed by a great luncheon-party of local magnates in the Archbishop's honour. At this luncheon my friend happened to sit next a rather thick-headed and exceedingly consequential Squire, who was by way of treating him somewhat cavalierly, while one or two places off was seated the Archbishop. The old clergyman, who resented being thus rated as a negligible quantity, determined to impress his "off-hand" neighbour by speaking of the Primate in a manner that implied some sort of previous acquaintance, a pretension which the Squire greeted with disdainful incredulity. "And where," he exclaimed, raising his voice with a decidedly "superior" inflexion, "were you so fortunate as to make his Grace's acquaintance?"

"At Oxford, of course," replied the clergyman, rather irascibly.

"At Oxford? Indeed!" rejoined the Squire, still more contemptuously. "Ah well, although you may remember the Archbishop, I am afraid it is hardly likely that his Grace will remember you!"

Before the affronted clergyman could retort, the Archbishop, who had overheard the remark, bent forward from his chair and said to the Squire with impressive emphasis: "On the contrary, I can assure you that any one who, as I did,

enjoyed the privilege of examining Mr — for his Fellowship, would find it exceedingly difficult to forget him." The Squire's condescension promptly shrunk into sheepishness, and the delighted clergyman held his head several inches higher for the rest of the afternoon.

My impressions of Mrs Tait were not so favourable. She struck me as possessing more than one of the less attractive characteristics of a headmaster's wife. Perhaps I was unduly prejudiced by the fact that, although I was then in the Fifth Form at Harrow, she insisted on addressing me by my name *tout court*, merely prefixed by the unflattering adjective of "little"! Her invitation, too, had the unpleasant ring of a command. "Little S., you will remain to dinner"—a behest which, conveyed to me as it was one day from an open window, at a moment when I was endeavouring to mix on equal terms with some older boys, was particularly incensing! Aflame with offended dignity, I haughtily replied that I was afraid I was engaged, and stalked off to the stables for my pony, almost to the consternation of the obsequious domestic chaplain.

Perhaps, however, my worst moment with Mrs Tait was one evening when I arrived at a juvenile party somewhat too punctually, and on being ushered into the drawing-room found the formidable Palace *châtelaine* its sole occupant. A more terrible five minutes

I have never been fated to pass. Jowett *tête-à-tête* with a freshman could not have been more appalling! In vain I ventured upon meteorological banalities: the majestic personage remained severely monosyllabic. At last, in desperation, I made a frantic resort to the *argumentum ad feminam*. Confronting me on the wall was a rather florid portrait of my hostess, from, I think, the brush of Mr Sant, R.A. "What a beautiful portrait that is!" I murmured faintly. The great lady smiled condescending assent. "*Is it meant for you?*" I fatuously proceeded, emboldened by her tacit encouragement. What crushing reply was forming itself on those august lips I cannot say; for luckily at that moment other guests were announced, and I stole off, horror-struck at my *gaucherie*, to a distant part of the room. But if Mrs Tait was a little exalted by her aggrandisement (*tête montée* was a *sobriquet* I heard applied to her by a caustic ecclesiastic) she had no doubt many excellent qualities for the wife of a diocesan, and was of real service to her husband both at Fulham and at Lambeth.

Dr Tait's successor in the See of London, Dr Jackson, was an old friend of my family when rector of St James's, Piccadilly. He was an able and dignified prelate (a "first-class" man, by the way, of Lord Canning's year) who commanded respect, if not popularity, both in his former diocese of Lincoln and in London. In Lincolnshire he suc-

ceeded an easy-going bishop of the old school, who had allowed things to drift after the fashion of his predecessors till the spiritual condition of that essentially sporting county had become decidedly chaotic. Jackson came into the diocese determined to place things on a more modern footing; but he found his work cut out for him. Many of his clergy resented interference from a chief whose seat upon a horse was decidedly open to criticism, and I remember the Bishop himself telling me with a grim smile that down to the last days of his Lincoln episcopate he felt certain that he was secretly credited with shooting foxes! One of his most famous sporting parsons was Squire King, the owner of "Apology," a mare who won the Oaks; but that, I think, took place in the more recent days of Bishop Wordsworth, when Squire King ran horses under the pseudonym of "Mr Laund," a practice to which Dr Wordsworth not unnaturally demurred, much to the parson's indignation.

Early in Dr Jackson's episcopate he and several other *laissez aller* divines were bidden to set their houses, or rather their churches, in order, and to prepare for confirmations and other ceremonials which had for years been almost a dead letter. Squire King received this mandate with mingled disgust and consternation: however, there was no help for it, and with the assistance of a brother rector, also of sporting proclivities, he proceeded to rub

up his rusty ecclesiastical acquirements in preparation for the Bishop's dreaded and, from his point of view, quite un-called-for incursion. On the eventful confirmation day the candidates were all duly assembled in the church, and Squire King, supported by his "fidus Achates," stood properly cassocked, in punctilious readiness for his diocesan, who on entering proceeded up the chancel in order to take up his post at the altar. On reaching, however, the communion-rail, and attempting to open the wicket, the Bishop found it absolutely unnegotiable, the fact being that it had not been opened for years! The situation was too much for the aggrieved rector: putting up his hand to his mouth, he said to his supporter in a resounding whisper, "*He'll have to take to the timber, Tom!*" then leisurely proceeded to tug at the offending wicket, which finally creaked open, though not before the scene had perilously verged on the comic, much to the scandal of the reforming prelate!

But, perhaps, one Parson Dymoke (either the Champion, or a member of his family) carried off the palm for clerical "inertia." Some years ago I took in to dinner the daughter of the Parson's successor, and she told me the following amazing story: Her father on going down to reconnoitre his new living was received by the parish clerk, an extremely old man, who seemed on the brink of second childhood, and from whom he had the greatest diffi-

culty in gleaning any information. After plying the parish Nestor with very little effect for some time, the new rector took his departure for the station, but he had not gone many steps when he heard a feeble cracked old voice quavering after him: "Maister, maister, there be one more thing I wornts particler to axe yer." "Well, what is it?" responded the rector. "I wornts to know whether when you comes, sir, you intends to take the baptisms or shall oi?"

The rector at once set the poor old clerk down as hopelessly daft, and replied in a half-soothing tone, "Come, come, my man; I shall take them, of course."

"As you will, sir," rejoined the old man; "I only axed, because in old Sir Enery's time *I allers did the baptisms.*"

Clergymen are not as a rule over accommodating as fellow-travellers, and my first experience of Norway was somewhat embittered by the methods of a rural dean who had come to Norway in search of health, though he was certainly the most vigorous and voracious invalid I ever beheld! It was a woeful thing to be anticipated at meals by the reverend gentleman at any "station" where the commissariat was limited. Claiming, apparently, "benefit of clergy," he invariably swept the board, watching with malign exuberance the crestfallen faces of the hungry fellow-travellers he had contrived to forestall. In addition to this invidious practice, the holy man was gifted with the

most offensive faculty of self-assertion and contradiction that I ever experienced even among members of his privileged calling, to say nothing of foisting upon us an inexhaustible flow of the stalest anecdotes, of which he not infrequently would pose as the hero. One of them was, I recollect, recounted as an illustration of the readiness of some people to take offence, and was told by him in the following form: "I occasionally like to have a look at the hounds, and one day in the hunting season, as I was seated on my cob at the cover-side, chatting with a group of sporting parishioners, one of them, a singularly conceited and at the same time empty-headed individual, began to lament that while no one around him was afflicted with a single grey hair, his whiskers were already quite grizzled, though his head had curiously not changed colour. 'Don't you know the reason, you idiot?' I said; 'you use your jaws so much and your brains so little!' Instead," he continued, "of the fellow joining in the laugh at my harmless pleasantry, would you believe it, he actually never spoke to me again!" This was all very well, but a few months later I came across "his harmless pleasantry" in some jest-book I was turning over in a dentist's waiting-room!

With reference to personal jokes I have more than once found that a man resents a joke against his property, particularly his horses, even more than one against himself. For

instance, I have never been forgiven by a country friend of mine who was extremely proud of a hunter whose knees, to my impartial eye, distinctly suggested occasional contact with mother earth. "What do you call him?" I inquired, by way of avoiding the delicate subject of the animal's merits. "Confessor," was the reply. "Confessor," I ruthlessly rejoined; "not, I hope, because he is so often on his knees?" I was not asked to prolong my visit at that country-house, nor have I ever been invited to renew it. Again, a late noble lord never quite recovered the retort of a hunting friend whom he had asked to look at some horses of his that were on view at Tattersall's. "Well, did you see my horses?" inquired the owner. "No," rejoined his friend, "but I heard them!"

But to return to my travelling companion. One of his party was an amiable and really invalided brother, utterly unlike him in appearance, thin, pale, and subdued, whom he treated with a deplorable lack of consideration. On one occasion, when, owing to the parson's overweening confidence in his own powers as an amateur Mr Cook, only one cariole was procurable among the three, the clergyman insisted on monopolising it during a hilly stage of quite a dozen miles, at the end of which his unfortunate brother came staggering in more dead than alive, while the parson drove up in his cariole, serene and rosy, and as fresh as when he started.

"I am afraid you are rather

done up," I sympathetically remarked to the unhappy brother. "That fellow will be the death of me," he gasped, looking with rueful pallor at his burly oppressor. "Oh, nonsense," laughed the latter with rollicking gusto; "do you all the good in the world, my dear chap; but as for me," he continued, suddenly lapsing into solemnity, "even a quarter of a mile over rough ground would most probably prove fatal to me. I have never had the proper use of my limbs since I caught a kind of plague at the funeral of a pauper parishioner. But," he added, unctuously upturning his beady little eyes, "it is the will of God; I do not murmur!" When I read of the death of the much-put-upon brother less than a year afterwards, I wondered how much longer his life would have been spared had he refrained from accompanying his "stricken relative" on a tour of health!

One of our party on this particular route was an easy-going, amiable American who had decided to accompany us to Bergen, and thence home. One morning, however, before it was light he entered our room and intimated his intention of not proceeding any farther. "But," we urged, "you'll have to retrace your steps at least two hundred miles, and alone." "I can't help that," he replied dismally; "I would retrace them even if it were to the North Pole, to get quit of that parson! If I journey another twenty-four hours with him, there'll be murder! It's bad enough to be bilked of one's food, but

when, in addition, he jumps down your throat at every word you say, and bosses the show as if the whole country belonged to him, darn me, if I can put up with it any longer!" And back he went. At Bergen, however, the parson met his match. He undertook to enlighten the table at dinner on the origin and ethics of national costume in the various countries of Europe. "In Switzerland," he declared, his capacious mouth stuffed with cranberry tart—"In Switzerland the national attire is nearly always black, in consequence of the austere temperament of the inhabitants." "Nonsense, sir," interrupted a wall-eyed man who sat near, laying down his spoon and fork. "Did you say 'nonsense,' sir?" rejoined the parson, with a kind of turkey-cock gobble. "I did, sir," rejoined the wall-eyed man, "and I repeat it. What you said was sheer nonsense." "I am sure my young friend here," retorted the clerical tyrant, eyeing me rather solicitously, "will agree with me that the mental characteristics of a nation have no small influence on its costume." "Rubbish, sir," contemptuously rejoined the wall-eyed man; "I am sure that these young gentlemen will agree to no such thing, and I am surprised that a person of some education, as you presumably are, should commit yourself to such an absurdity." "I think," said the parson, with an air of seraphic superiority, as we maintained a delighted silence—"I think that if there is no other course, I will go and look at the news-

papers." "I hate parsons," observed the wall-eyed man triumphantly as the door closed on his vanquished foe. "Besides, that fellow got helped first to everything, and left nothing for anybody else;" a complaint which, after three weeks' experience, we knew to be only too well founded!

The old race of parsons is not, even now, altogether extinct. I knew of one, still I believe the vicar of a remote hamlet in one of the southern counties, who would go any distance for a good dinner, but stirring from his fireside and tumbler of toddy to dispense spiritual consolation to a poor parishioner, even only a mile distant, was quite another matter. On one occasion a neighbouring resident, not much given to hospitality, sent for him to administer the Communion to his valet, a Swiss Protestant, who was lying at the point of death. It was a cold night, and though the parson had only to cross two or three fields, he ignored the summons in favour of the more pressing claims of a pipe and whisky-and-water. In the course of the night the poor Swiss died, and his master, very properly indignant, repaired the next morning to the vicarage to remonstrate with the negligent pastor. "You must pardon me for saying," he remarked, as the vicar received his indignant remonstrances with easy nonchalance, "that in my opinion you have incurred a very great responsibility in neglecting to administer the last rites of the

Church to a dying man." "Pooh! pooh!" testily retorted the man of God; "one can't be at everybody's beck and call after dinner on a winter's night. Besides," he added contemptuously, "the fellow was, after all, only a *damned Frenchman*!" Not long after this he fell out on some parish question with the lord of the manor, whose son and heir, a squireen who divided his time between field-sports and the whisky-bottle, so provoked the reverend gentleman, at a village meeting, that the latter, much to the admiration of his sporting parishioners, proceeded to tweak his opponent's nose, to the accompaniment of highly unclerical language! Retaliatory measures ensued with such energy that eventually magisterial intervention was invoked at the county town, when the reverend gentleman was bound over to keep the peace for six months, much to the disgust of the squireen, who had hoped, at least, for a heavy fine, and paraded the market-place proclaiming that though the Bench might let the parson off, there was another tribunal that would deal with him less leniently. "I'll put the Bishop on to 'im," he vociferated with a vengeful flick of his thong, very much as he might threaten to set a terrier on to a rat—"I'll put the Bishop on to 'im, that's what I'll do." But the Bishop was more unreasonable even than the magistrates, much to the triumph of the militant parson, and the feud continued with unabated bitterness till one winter's afternoon the

young squire's favourite black mare galloped up the manor house avenue with an empty saddle, her owner having started home from some neighbouring carouse with a loose rein and an unsteady hand on what proved to be his last ride. Poor fellow! both he and his vicar had come into the world a century too late. They would have made admirable studies for the pen of Henry Fielding!

But to revert to the princes of the Church. About thirty years ago I spent a week-end at Farnham, and on the Sunday morning, a little before the eleven o'clock service, encountered on the outskirts of the town a stately looking old-fashioned chariot which was slowly rumbling behind a pair of sleek horses towards the church, from the direction of the Castle. Leaning back in the chariot was a venerable figure with the episcopal cast of countenance with which one is familiar in the Georgian prints, courtly, dignified, and supremely composed. I inquired of a passer-by if he could tell me who the occupant of the carriage was, and ascertained that it was no other than "the ould Bishop Sumner, the Bishop of Winchester as was." What a world of associations the name called up! I was at once taken back half a century to the epalaustic days of King George the Fourth, and his obese charmer, the Marchioness of Conyngham, who was the founder of the fortunes of the irreproachable old prelate of whom I had just caught a fleeting glimpse!

Lady Conyngham, who, albeit a royal siren, was not indifferent to her duties as the mother of a future marquis, had been at considerable pains to discover a suitable bear-leader for her eldest son, the Earl of Mountcharles, who was about to make the indispensable "grand tour," and she finally fixed on a young clergyman, by name Sumner, of no particular family or connections, but strongly recommended on account of his excellent character and qualities. The Earl and his custodian accordingly departed on their travels; the latter having particular instructions in case of illness or any untoward occurrence to communicate at once with the Marchioness by means of a special courier. As ill luck would have it, an awkward incident occurred quite early in the tour; for during a short stay at Geneva the callow young nobleman fell desperately in love with a pretty Swiss girl, the daughter of a well-to-do resident, who, however, was wholly out of the question as father-in-law to an embryo marquis. The young clergyman exerted all his powers of persuasion, but to no purpose; affairs began to look ominous, and he accordingly secretly despatched a letter to the Marchioness, explaining the situation and asking for instructions, by special courier, who was ordered to travel night and day. The messenger arrived at Brighton in hot haste and delivered his missive, which was naturally read by the Marchioness with feelings of the direst consterna-

tion. However, she swiftly decided on her course of action, and indited a reply, which was intrusted to the courier, with instructions to speed back to Geneva as fast as he had come. In the meantime the young Earl's devotion had grown daily more ardent, and his tutor awaited the return of the courier with feverish anxiety. At last the long-looked-for answer arrived. The distracted clergyman tore open the letter and eagerly scanned the contents. The instructions were terse and terribly to the point. They contained only three words, "Marry her yourself." This was a surprise indeed, and not altogether a pleasant one; but Mr Sumner was a far-seeing young divine, and after a brief consideration of all the circumstances, present and future, he made up his mind to obey, and before the end of the week the fascinating young Swiss lady had become Mrs Sumner, and before the end of the year the accommodating bear-leader had become Canon of Windsor, with the certain prospect of a mitre!

The mention of Lady Conyng-ham recalls another clergyman, who in consummate obsequiousness even surpassed the famous Court Chaplain of Louis XIV. This worthy, who was suffering from an insufficiency of ecclesiastical loaves and fishes, contrived to gain admission to the Pavilion Chapel pulpit on some occasion when the king was in residence at Brighton in company with Lady Conyng-ham. His sermon was, needless to say, one of those jumbles

of doctrinal platitudes and profuse flattery which mostly characterised the royal preachers of that day. But familiarity is apt to breed contempt, even for adulation, and, finding the king's attention beginning to wander, the preacher made an attempt to recapture it with a sentence that is assuredly unsurpassed in the annals of clerical subservience. "When," he proceeded, upturning his eyes sanctimoniously to the chapel ceiling—"When we think of the heavenly mansions"—then suddenly pausing, he inclined his gaze to the royal pew and interposed apologetically, "or, I should say, the heavenly pavilions"! History does not record the subsequent career of this holy man; but if he failed to profit by this superlative interjection, the ingratitude of princes deserves even stronger reprehension than it has hitherto incurred.

In refreshing contrast to this incident is one recorded of Lord Thurlow in reference to another Brighton sermon. He was walking on the Steyne with the Prince of Wales when they were met by the Bishop of St Asaph, an unctuous prelate, who at once besought the royal attendance for his sermon on the following Sunday. Assent was graciously accorded, and, flushed with his success, the Bishop incautiously turned to Lord Thurlow and expressed a hope that he would also honour him with his presence. "No," growled the savage old lord, who affected religion but little, and bishops still less; "I hear enough of your damned non-

sense in the House of Lords where I can answer you, and it's not likely I'm going to listen to it in church where I can't!"

But the present day has been able to produce an example of clerical time-serving which will bear comparison with any recorded of the eighteenth century. It is narrated in one of the published letters of the late Dean Merivale, and as it has been curiously overlooked by the majority of readers, I venture to reproduce it here. The Dean relates that, although not much given to using "special" prayers in the cathedral services, he made an exception at the time when General Gordon's life was hanging on a thread, and conceiving that there could be no possible objection, took the step without consulting any of his Chapter. On the following day, however, he received an indignant protest from one of the Canons, who complained that if the fact came to Mr Gladstone's ears it might have a very prejudicial effect on the promotion of himself and his colleagues! So shocking an instance of calculating worldliness on the part of a so-called "servant of God" is probably unique! It places even Samuel Wilberforce on a pinnacle, though that versatile prelate's diary discloses a degree of mundane ambition, to say nothing of envy, hatred, and uncharitableness, which is far from edifying reading. His lordship's admirers were greatly disturbed at the manner in which the diaries were edited, or rather unedited, and one of them, the late Lord Granville

(who was riding with the Bishop when he met with his fatal accident), remonstrated with Mr Reginald Wilberforce on his injudicious way of dealing with his father's Journals. "You must pardon me," he said, "for remarking that by quoting so indiscriminately from your father's diaries, you have done his memory a very great injustice." "Oh," the Bishop's uncompunctious first-born is said to have replied, "if your lordship only knew what I have left out!" The innuendo (filial piety is not always a strong point with the offspring of spiritual celebrities) was probably well enough founded, for the Bishop was credited with many unrepeatable witticisms and anecdotes, certain of which may have found a place in his diary. He was, in truth, more a political ecclesiastic of the Talleyrand type than an English nineteenth-century Bishop; and had he been a Frenchman in the pre-Revolution days he would probably, like Talleyrand, have abjured the episcopal purple for a Minister's portfolio. His wit and eloquence were undeniable, but he had qualities which enabled him to adapt himself to any company. When I was a small boy I chanced to stay with my parents at a country house near Romsey, where Bishop Wilberforce and Dean Hook had just preceded us as guests, and I remember the following riddles were circulated as having been propounded by the Bishop to the young ladies of the house after dinner. The first he had asked in a tone of simulated solemnity

which put his fair friends entirely off the scent,—“What does the Sun in his glory say to the Rose in her bashfulness?” Every sort of poetical solution was suggested, but in vain, and at last the Bishop, suddenly changing his voice, supplied the banal answer, “You be blown!” The next riddle involved his fellow-guest, Dr Hook, and was again addressed to the young ladies,—“What articles of feminine attire do a couple of Church dignitaries now present typify?” Again the problem, after innumerable guesses, was given up, and the Bishop chucklingly solved it with the following answer, “Hook and Eye (I).” I think it was after this very visit that he proceeded to pay that memorable one to Lord Palmerston at Broadlands, in the course of which the distinguished pair bandied couplets so felicitously out of Tate and Brady! By repeating the incident I shall probably incur the charge of “chestnutting,” but as it is not so well known as many of the Wilberforce stories, I will venture to narrate it for the benefit of the uninitiated. Palmerston and the Bishop were not particularly fond of one another (indeed the Bishop’s animosity against Palmerston as a supposed “spoker of his wheel” was at times sadly unchristian!), but the tolerant old Minister could, on occasion, put up with even a virulent Churchman, provided he was witty, and the Bishop was accordingly invited to spend a week-end at the well-known Hampshire seat. On

the Sunday the weather looked threatening, and Palmerston proposed that they should drive to church. Wilberforce, however, insisted that it would not rain, and preferred to walk, while his host expressed his intention of driving. Accordingly the Bishop started on foot, and after a few minutes, sure enough, down came the rain. When it had settled into a steady downpour, Palmerston’s brougham came up, and Pam, putting his head out of the window, exclaimed, with roguish triumph—

“How blest is he who ne’er consents
By ill advice to walk.”

The Bishop, however, was equal to him, for he instantly retorted—

“Nor stands in sinners’ ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.”

Any one who saw “Soapy Sam” in the saddle could not have been greatly surprised to hear of his fatal fall. He had an essentially bad seat, and was given to ride with a loose, uneven rein which, when a horse is cantering down-hill over rough ground, naturally invites disaster. I used often to wonder that more episcopal necks were not broken when I beheld the “Black Brigade” taking their exercise in the evening “Row,” a function, alas! long since fallen into desuetude. One evening as I was walking in the Row with an old Harrow friend, R. B. Place of the Horse Artillery, Wilberforce and one or two other Bishops passed us mounted on particularly clever-look-

ing cobs, while immediately after them came a procession of Semitic financiers, also excellently horsed. "Why, the Jews and the Bishops are better mounted than any one in the Row!" I remarked. "How did they manage to pick up such good-looking hacks?" "Oh, *by hook or by crook*," replied Place, with a significant glance at the nasal conformation of one of the Hebrew Crœsuses. Place, by the way, was the gayest and most promising of "gunners," who, had he lived, would assuredly have done signal credit to his old school, to which he was devotedly attached. He died quite early in India of cholera; but so remarkable an appreciation did his commanding officer write home of him that, although he had not fallen in action, Dr Butler (who read the letter to the Sixth Form) made an exception in his case, and sanctioned the erection of a memorial to him in the school chapel. Place, though the keenest of soldiers, had also great literary gifts, and was, I believe, one of the very few capable of writing a sympathetic and discriminating memoir of Shelley, to which at the time of his death he was devoting all his leisure. To see him at a supper of "The Windsor Strollers," or chaffing old schoolfellows at Lord's, or riding awkward customers in the regimental races, one would never have suspected the existence of this deeper vein; but, in the opinion of those who were competent to

form a correct judgment, his fragmentary work revealed the highest promise, and Shelley literature is unquestionably the poorer by his premature death.

But to return to Wilberforce. Much has been said about his successful encounters with Lord Westbury; but on the whole it was generally considered that the Chancellor did not get the worst of it, while the castigation which the Bishop received from Huxley would have humbled a less arrogant man for the remainder of his life. He had, in truth, very little of the intellectual pure metal which certain of his partisans claimed for him, being far more an example of that "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" which arrest the ear but fail to convince the mind. The unerring perception of the Prince Consort soon rated Wilberforce at his proper level, and it was the prejudice against him which the Prince created in the mind of Queen Victoria that saved England the indignity, if not the scandal, of having this supple and self-seeking ecclesiastic placed at the head of the Church. Some of his defects were probably hereditary; for his father, the "obscure and plebeian Wilberforce" (as Lord Rosebery has correctly but cruelly described him), though possessing many estimable qualities, was undoubtedly something of a humbug. I shall never forget the shock with which I read in William Jerdan's Autobiography of the astonishing discovery made by Jerdan in taking over some house in

Brompton which old Wilberforce was relinquishing. Wilberforce asked Jerdan as a favour to allow him a little time for the removal of his wine, which it was inconvenient to transfer at the expiration of his tenancy. Jerdan was a little surprised that so fervent an apostle of temperance should pollute his house with any wine at all; but his surprise developed into sheer amazement when, on the cellar being emptied later on, he beheld the choicest and most varied collection of vintages it had ever been his fortune to set eyes on. This, and the disenchantment occasioned by Wilberforce's authentic last words: "I think I could eat another slice of that veal-pie," have, perhaps unreasonably, not a little impaired my veneration for the emancipator of the blacks, and the would-be reclamer of Richard Brinsley Sheridan!

The famous "Imaginary Conversations" of Walter Savage Landor would be difficult to imitate, but Mr W. H. Mallock or Mr Andrew Lang might attempt an effective "modern series," in which a conversation between Dr Samuel Wilberforce and Professor Benjamin Jowett could be made supremely attractive! Had Wilberforce lived rather longer he would probably have been found, like many another of Jowett's former persecutors, partaking of the cosmopolitan hospitality for which the heretical Professor was so famous. Somebody wittily observed that in his eagerness to

entertain lions, Jowett welcomed even those that had done their best to tear him to pieces; and once Master of Balliol, in appearance at all events, he sank any resentment he may have felt against Tait and others of his spiritual arraigners.

Much has been written about him since his death, notably by his accredited biographers, Messrs Abbot and Campbell, but I venture to think not always judiciously. His conversation and correspondence have assuredly received scant justice, and if the world had been favoured with more of his *mots* and fewer of his letters to "pet" ladies,—compositions characterised by the fervour, without the compensating quality, of William Cowper,—the Master would have been more easily recognised by his former friends and pupils. Neither have the attempts of his biographers to explain his attitude in religious matters been particularly fortunate. It was, in truth, quite as nebulous as that of Frederick Maurice, while his sermons, even in Westminster Abbey, were little more than Socratic lectures, sandwiched between a couple of collects. But whatever his faith, he was inherently a great and, on the whole, a just ruler, who devoted not only all his energies, but a large portion of his means, to promoting the welfare and fame of his college. If he had a failing, worthy of the name, it was a weakness for those born in the purple, which was in some degree accounted for by his own rather

humble origin; but this was more than redeemed by the strong and unfaltering friendship which he always displayed to genius in whatever station of life.

If Jowett had once satisfied himself that a man was worth backing there was nothing he would not do for him, not only at Oxford, but in many instances in after-life. But, then, genius or very exceptional ability was an indispensable qualification: with the mere plodder who pulled off his "first class" by the sweat of his brow, so to speak, he had little sympathy, and many a man of this calibre has felt keenly the indifference with which he was treated by the Master. Dulness or mediocrity was in his eyes scarcely atoned for by a "double first," while the exclusion of a man of real brilliance from the highest place was to him a matter of very little concern. When Lewis Nettleship was only awarded a "second class" in the Final Classical Schools, Jowett received the intelligence with the contemptuous remark, "H'm; all I can say is that Mr Nettleship was far more competent to examine the examiners than the examiners were to examine Mr Nettleship"; while Arnold Toynbee, whose health never allowed him to appear in any Honour list, he appointed Tutor of Balliol, and at the time of Toynbee's death was promoting his election to a Fellowship. Jowett's friendship for Arnold Toynbee was wholly admirable. As Lord Milner has told us in his

charming monograph, Toynbee came up to Oxford absolutely unknown, entering at Pembroke out of deference to the wishes of a former tutor who had been an alumnus of that college. Shortly after joining Pembroke, which he found by no means congenial, he competed for the Brackenbury Scholarship, which he failed to win, gaining, however, a "proxime accessit." But Jowett, always on the lookout for promising recruits, offered him rooms in the college, which Toynbee gladly accepted, supposing that his migration from Pembroke would only be a matter of form. The Master of Pembroke, however, strongly resented this kind of decoying on the part of the Master of Balliol, and he peremptorily refused Toynbee permission to migrate. Nothing daunted, Jowett suggested an appeal to the Chancellor, who, however, decided in favour of the Master of Pembroke. At this stage an ordinary man would have "thrown up the sponge," but Jowett was indomitable. He carefully examined the statutes, and found that, under the circumstances, Toynbee could take his name off the books of the University, and after the lapse of a year join any college he pleased, his terms of residence still being allowed to count. Jowett, accordingly, advised Toynbee to take this course, promising to admit him to Balliol as a guest during his year of non-membership of the University. Toynbee adopted this advice, and Jowett proved even better than his word. So

signal an act of friendship to an unknown and almost untried man was highly creditable to Jowett, whose affection and admiration for Toynbee were steadily maintained to the last. I remember dining with Jowett in the early "Eighties," Toynbee being one of the oddly assorted guests, who included Lord and Lady Bath as representing the *haute noblesse* (Lord Bath was an ex-Lord Chamberlain, and had about as much in common with Jowett as Lord Suffield has with, say, Mr John Morley!), Mr and Mrs Goschen, Lord Justice and Lady Bowen, the Bodleian Librarian and his wife, a Balliol Don, and one of those dusky potentates, *in statu pupillari*, who were nearly always represented at the Master's dinners. The evening is memorable to me from a little incident in connection with a now world-famous man, Lord Milner. As Toynbee was leaving, Mr Goschen called after him and asked if he had seen anything lately of Milner, who had been Toynbee's closest friend at Balliol. Toynbee replied that he had seen him recently, and that he was then writing for 'The Pall Mall Gazette,' having left the Bar. "Left the Bar!" observed Lord Justice Bowen with incisive suavity; "he was only there one day!" That was, I think, in 1882, and only four years later Milner (whom I think Mr Goschen at the time of Jowett's dinner had only once seen) was brought into the Treasury as the new Chancellor of the Exchequer's right-hand man, thus gaining the first step

towards the great position which he now occupies.

The circumstances connected with this appointment of Mr Goschen to the Exchequer are, I have always thought, as dramatic as any that have occurred in English politics. The principal actor was, of course, Lord Randolph Churchill, who, intoxicated with his rapid advancement, had resolved to try his strength with no less a personage than the Prime Minister himself. "L'audace, l'audace, toujours l'audace," was his maxim, and for a moment it looked as if the game were going in his favour, when he suddenly played a card which proved his ruin. That is to say, having, as he thought, reckoned with every contingency, he resigned office, making certain that he was indispensable to the Government, who would be compelled to supplicate him to return on his own terms. But just as the great Liverpool wheat-"cornerer" omitted from his exhaustive calculations one remote area, so it had never occurred to Lord Randolph that a successor to him might be found outside the ranks of the Conservative party. His resignation was accepted, but he only regarded that as a matter of form, and waited, first in surprise, then in something like consternation, for Lord Salisbury's humble petition to him to resume office. Day after day passed and nothing came—not a messenger, not a note, not a syllable of any description. What did it all mean? Could it be pos-

sible that he was a "negligible quantity," and that they were going to do without him, after all? A paragraph in 'The Times' soon enlightened him. Taking up the paper at breakfast, the announcement met his eye that Mr Goschen had been offered and accepted the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, lately resigned by Lord Randolph Churchill. "By God!" he is reported to have said, dropping the newspaper, "I had forgotten Goschen!" But for that historic oversight Lord Milner might never have had his political chance.

Jowett towards the end of his life came perilously near being a Jingo, and though at one time he dabbled in Socialism and posed as the patron of trades-unions and combinations, a certain event in which those methods ran seriously counter to his plans and convenience cured him finally of all tendencies in that direction. This was nothing less than a workman's strike during the erection of the new Balliol buildings, which were under contract to be finished by a certain date, and Jowett, relying on their punctual comple-

tion, had fixed the day, and issued invitations to all the great Balliol *alumni* for the opening ceremony. To his consternation, when the day fixed for completion was approaching, the workmen adopted the form of redress hitherto approved by the Master, and struck to a man. In a moment all his sympathy with the tyrannised employed was sent to the winds. Recanting the gospel of discontent, he vigorously preached that of obedience to obligation, and humble allegiance to the law of contract, and from that day forward regarded the British workman with even less favour than he did the average undergraduate. Take him, however, altogether, he was a truly great man, only disfigured by a futile and an extravagant veneration for the augustly born. It is pitiable to reflect that the almost inspired interpreter of Plato should have demeaned himself by penning two columns of encomium on a ducal nonentity! But such, alas! is too often the attitude of the "aristocracy of intellect" to the "aristocracy of accident."

SCOLOPAXIANA.

IF the amusements of men are as varied as their trades, they are seldom so well managed, and often as exacting. To replace one frown by another is all that a holiday does for far too many people nowadays. Something of the bitter competition as well as the hurry of business seems to have invaded the sacred hours of idleness, and the last of the Loto-phagi will soon have vanished from our midst. Though we have more leisure than we used to have, though we spend more money, and generally cherish ourselves more, nevertheless we seem sadder folk. Anxious brows and weary eyes grow commoner in the streets. Peace of soul has evidently not kept pace with solicitude for the body, and the loud laugh which speaks the vacant mind is so rarely heard that I am beginning to realise mournfully how jolly a sound it was.

Sport, by which I mean the chase of flesh, fish, or fowl, or even of good red-herring in the shape of a "drag,"—sport is the best yeast of life, the most certain specific to keep our bodies from becoming doughy and our spirits dumpish. No other form of amusement possesses quite the same power of taking a man out of that most undesirable groove, himself. It is the best business for the idler, the finest idling for the busy. How many of the former has it not saved from perdition, and to what multitudes

in the grip of a plague of thinking has its very thoughtlessness not proved the only medicine? A man who does actually nothing all his days but hunt or shoot or fish, though he may be very properly despised, can yet be no bad kind of drone, for his very loafing has in it something of the nobility of discipline both mental and physical. He is probably a sound piece of human machinery to begin with; his eye is clear and his hand steady, and he has acquired the gift of making them work in unison, than which no art or craft soever, from sculpture to lace-making, demands more. Nor can the brain of a sportsman, though it ponder over nothing but sport, be, as is commonly supposed by those who ponder over nothing but business, like that of the "fool in the forest,"

"As dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage."

It is a case of "who rules o'er freemen must himself be free." Wits whose daily occupation it is to outwit the quickest wits on earth, those of the harried game beasts of these over-hunted islands, cannot be contemptible. To them some of the rarest and most valuable of human qualities become an instinct. "Making up one's mind," for instance; to but one man in a hundred belongs the gift of countering a pressing emergency or problem with a device

or solution as sudden as itself. That adequate hundredth man will have his will against adversaries far more formidable in other respects than himself, and he is to be found more often in the ranks of sportsmen than in any other of the battalions which make up the army of life. For a day's sport is but a series of decisions, most of them instantaneous. The deer-stalker must take his shot, or the chance will fly quicker than the bullet from his rifle. The rider to hounds must mark the exit to the field whilst yet in the air above the fence which lets him into it, otherwise he will get "pounded," and forfeit his run. The fisherman's brain must send the message to his hand to strike or not to strike, gaff or not gaff, with speed as incalculable as the rush of a telegram along the wires towards the indicator in the receiving-office; the hesitation of the duration of the tick of a watch may lose him the twenty pounds of live silver flashing beneath the bubbly surface of the salmon-pool.

Then, again, who but the sportsman is so constantly tested and practised in the vital art of making what in India is called a *bandobast*, a plan for the day's operations, involving the solution of goodness knows how many problems of time and space, of cheating the wind or the sun, of following this, that, or the other road

or beat or line of country. These are small matters, but they hold the essence of the very biggest matter that occupies mankind. War, the apotheosis, or if you will the uttermost degradation of sport, considered from many points of view, is also the highest of human sciences, for it deals with the very existence of men, not only with their comfort or progress. At its stern apparition all other arts fly in terror, and watch trembling from their hiding-places the demeanour of the men on whose skill or folly depends the duration of their exile. A nation whose battles are fought by blunderers may lose much more than the lives of her soldiers. That a good sportsman has the makings of a good soldier has become such a commonplace that in the minds of most people he will make nothing else. But this is half a truth run mad. All life is a war; "there is much enemy," as one of Kipling's Indian heroes remarked, in every enterprise; the lessons which form *par excellence* the curriculum of sport are as invaluable to the banker or lawyer as to the soldier. Little traits show the airt of the wind of character. Napoleon first displayed his quality in the storming of fortresses of snow, and surely something of the austere pertinacity of his great adversary is deducible from his eternal order for breakfast—"cold meat at dawn."¹ Con-

¹ This was Wellington's invariable answer to the aide-de-camp whose duty it was to inquire of the Duke at what hour he would breakfast next day, and what he would eat. An amusing tale is told of the disgust of a lie-a-bed Belgian general who, loving French cooking, had to spend a penitential month in attendance on the Spartan Duke.

versely, were I a general, I would not intrust the leadership of a squad to a man I observed to be fussy about crossing Piccadilly Circus. The little traits which constitute a good sportsman all tend one way—to the formation of a character to be depended upon wherever swiftness, decision, and forethought are wanted in the graver sport of life.

Having thus, I hope, vindicated the dignity of sport in general, I come with an easier mind to that fascinating branch of a branch of it which will form the subject of these rambling reflections—i.e., snipe-shooting.

To the real shooting enthusiast all shooting is good, but some is better than others. Any form of sport that brings his favourite weapon into use is welcome. But everybody acknowledges that some particular bird or beast appeals particularly to his sporting instinct as an object of pursuit. It may be because of its beauty, or because of its scarcity; perhaps because there is great toil and difficulty in finding and outwitting it, or because, on the other hand, the favoured game has its residence in plain-sailing sort of ground and conditions. It may be again because of the mere physical adroitness required to hit it with a charge of shot, or *vice versa* because its flight or gait render it a prey to a possibly limited amount of skill. It may be for a hundred other reasons; but the fact remains that nearly every lover of the gun, and the sport it brings, delights to swing it on to the departing form of one or other of the

delightful beings included in the term “game” above any of the rest.

I do not at all mean to say that the pleasure in every sort of shooting is less because one has a shooting *protégé* (if that can be called a *protégé* in the destruction of which one is chiefly interested); it is only that the pursuit of the instinctively selected quarry is more. There is pleasure in every fair method of bringing game to hand with a gun, and very often even the specialist is forced to confess that he has had ecstatic moments in quite other branches of shooting that made him forget his specialism. That wild quarter of an hour at the bottom of the coombe in the covert, for instance, when H., who thought himself impervious to the delights of dropping any feathered thing less untamed than the widgeon from Siberia, took the measure of a stream of pheasants gliding still-winged but at express-train speed across the narrow slit of sky seen between the dense tree-tops above. As he dealt certain death to each of those outstretched heads darting from the dark line of foliage out against the blue of the heavens, only to throw up and drop as if they had dashed into an invisible wall, flight-shooting was forgotten for the moment. So too with J., whose forte is rabbits,—rabbits in thousands, miraculously snapped up from the hip or from any position for which their lightning scurry from hole to hole gives time. He felt far from dull yesterday, when, standing well back from the high hedge, he cracked down

the driven partridges whizzing over him like cricket-balls in a hurry—now in front, now overhead, now with a jump round behind, until his bewildered loader gave up trying to remember how many were down.

No! it can be said again, thankfully, that there is pleasure in all and every form of shooting, so that I do not expect every one to agree with me when I assert that snipe-shooting is the best of all—the zenith, the highest form of the art and pleasure derivable from the use of the shot-gun. I confess to being an enthusiast, but a little avowed enthusiasm is not a bad thing in these days of sometimes genuine and often pretended *nil admirari*. Many men are too busy acquiring the means of pleasure to have time to enjoy the pleasures themselves. Many are too much possessed with the pose of self-restraint to exhibit any of those little weaknesses which are the salt of the earth to those not ashamed to own to them. So I had better, perhaps, attempt a short justification of my particular fondness for snipe-shooting, to instil which into the reader, if he has it not already, is the object of these humble articles.

It is presumed that the reader is at least fond of shooting generally. If he is not, he had better turn these pages over at once, for I can only promise him that he will be sadly bored with their contents. If he is fond of shooting, and would be fondest of all of snipe-shooting, if he

had ever been told enough about it to make him try his hand at it, he may not be disinclined to consider the few reasons I am about to tender that seem to me best to indicate fascinations that after all are more readily felt than described. In the first place, then, the utter wildness of the snipe appeals to the true sportsman. What a mysterious little fellow he is! who can tell whence he comes and whither he so constantly goes? How sudden his silent coming in the night, his no less imperceptible flittings from the moor where yesterday a hundred of his relations screamed and zigzagged as we floundered through it. Tomorrow he may be back from his journey to heaven knows where, and every tussock of rush and grass will again shelter his neat little figure from the east wind. He is nobody's property, but owns a fine strong pair of wings that whisk him over from the *tundras* of Siberia, when his larder is frozen there, in time for a late dinner amid the warmth and worms of the temperate zone. He is the most vagrant, most irresponsible of feathered creatures, and only the mighty master, the weather, has anything to say to his goings on and those of his big cousins and travelling companions, the wild geese and the widgeon. Then how beautiful he is. From the top of his gamey little head to the soles of his delicate feet he is a perfect little gentleman to look at, thoroughbred in every line

of him. On the wing he only condescends to show you the flash of his white waistcoat, and perhaps a fleeting glance at his slim bill silhouetted against the sky. But take him in your hand if you are lucky or clever enough to hit him. His back and wings are an artistic triumph of warm browns and cool creams, that are in absolute harmony with the snowy white of his breast and the black bars that relieve his flanks. If you are a fisherman, you will be able to detect the filmy hackles that have helped you to many a fat grayling, and you will love him all the more. Even if you are nothing but an epicure, you cannot but admire the fair setting of the dainty little morsel which the everlasting moorlands have given you, and you must confess that he is worth more than a glance before you send him off to the cook. He will taste all the better on his savoury plinth of brown toast because you have seen the russet symphony that once clothed his plump and tender form.

Another attraction he has is the extreme difficulty of shooting him. No man need ever sigh for other worlds to conquer with his gun. As long as he lives he will never be complete master of the situation when snipe are on the wing. He may kill his four out of five one day, but it is a red-letter day, and he had better make the most of it. The memory of it alone may remain to sustain him through many succeeding occasions

when *Gallinago* will get up shouting cheerfully at him just ten yards too far time after time; or if for fun he allows a nearer approach, will bounce up with a squeak that says as plainly as possible, "Bo, to a goose," only to spurt off up wind, six inches from the ground, at a pace that even Schultze doesn't seem able to keep up with. He is an expert at dodging, darting, gyrating, shaving banks, nipping around corners, describing aerial figures of eight, and of all the *haute école* of "flight-manship" generally. He delights in letting you know how little you know. The wind is strong; he must, you reason, and the books tell you, breast the gale before he can master it and you. So it is obviously the correct thing to walk for him down wind, for then he will throw up on rising, and offer a fair and pleasing shot. Does he oblige you? Not he! He does, it is true, give the slightest jump into the breeze, and is off like an erratic bullet at an initial velocity of 30 yards a second. If you can take advantage of that transitory leap, you are a good snipe-shot, and books of instruction are not for you. It can be done, and in the doing of it with the incredible swiftness necessary, and its infinite variations of position, elevation, surroundings, &c., lies the whole pleasure of the sport.

Nay! not the whole pleasure. Even if Mr Snipe beats you every time, until you distrust your trusty gun, and curse the maker of the cartridges you

secretly know to be perfectly correct, until you call yourself names for having been such a fool as to bring your dog, or, being without one, blaspheme your folly in leaving him at home—even under these harrowing conditions there will still be a keen pleasure in the midst of your failure. There is the pleasure of the lonely moor, the monotonous grandeur of the sombre levels which are the snipe's chosen haunts. There is the mysterious ghostliness of the vast marshes, here and there shaking and quivering as if they didn't know for certain which to be, earth or water, and whose spell makes Bond Street seem a teeming ant-heap of another sphere, so far away and so undesirable does it appear. It seems an insult to bring your trim ejector and your smart Norfolk jacket into these solitudes, where the curlew brings up its young, and the water-rail, shyest of slinking creatures, flaps up painfully at your feet. Failing these, there is the pleasure in the failure itself. Despite your trim ejector, you cannot hit those snipe, and you won't until you get the London fog out of your eyes and the slows from the arms underneath that Norfolk jacket. But one day perhaps you will, if you are not blind or incurably stiff, suddenly find that hand and eye have entered into partnership with your gun at last. You will have acquired that undefinable sixth sense, the "knack." Crack! you have snapped him to the earth almost before he had time to scream.

Bang! A long left barrel has crumpled his brother like a rag in the air, to fall with a splash into a pool. You have scored your first right and left at snipe. You may do it again a hundred times, you will certainly fail thrice that number; but the memory of that first success, like your first time you sat firm over an ox-fence, will remain with you for ever, with its joy and the utter impossibility of remembering exactly how you did it. No matter, you *have* done it; and unless you are of more than common clay, I wager that thereafter you will be a snipe-shooter at heart, even if circumstances prevent your travelling annually to the moors and marshland. When the pheasants are soaring overhead, or the partridges are buzzing away like big brown bees, your thoughts will be with that little game bird who teased and tormented you until the art of stopping him came to you as suddenly as one of his own sudden flashes.

Finally, I must plead for our little friend an advantage that in these hard times only the lucky ones of the earth can afford to despise—his cheapness. He costs nothing to produce and nothing to keep. He is the free gift of Nature from her countless store of living creatures that she takes very good care to hide away in the fastnesses of her great nursery, the North. You cannot buy his eggs or his chicks at so much a dozen, to be coddled and incubated until they are ready to be the prey of shooters who have tended them from

their youth up. You cannot boast of the numbers you have of him in your preserves, and tell your friends in your letter of invitation how many cart-ridges they are likely to require. Let 'em bring as many as they can carry, they may have to bear home the identical number, or, on the other hand, to send a man hot-foot for more. You didn't "put so many birds down," and heaven knows how many the fates will let you take up. If you carry back a holocaust or but a solitary jack on your snipe-sticks, be grateful in either case. Your pocket is no lighter, and no one can lay to your charge the disappointment of a poor show of birds, any more than they can thank you for profusion.

At the close of many an enjoyable walk after snipe I have been thankful that these overcrowded islands still contain a few square miles of sodden useless land — useless, that is, to anything or any one but the jolly little bird and the mortal to whom it affords his favourite sport. Alas! The unreclaimed tracts are getting fewer and fewer every year. Ominous wooden pegs, the outposts of railways to follow, are being driven in where once lay four mottled eggs, the pride of their long-billed mother, who has flown for ever to seek quiet nurseries elsewhere, far from the hideous proximity of engineering mankind. Cultivation, the birth of prosperity

but the death of wild sport, is encroaching yard by yard on the moorlands that our fathers probably thought eternal. It would be useless and wrong to complain. There are more important claims than snipe-shooting on the empty acres. But it is impossible not to mourn the gradual disappearance of our beloved solitudes before the resistless advance of science and agriculture. However, the time is not yet, thank goodness, when every flock of snipe from the North, prospecting for comfortable winter quarters, will be forced to stream away from these shores, their long noses turned up in disgust at the universal alternation of machinery and cabbage-garden, where once the only sign of man was the infrequent and welcome spade of the peat-cutter. Great Britain is not yet *all* reclaimed, nor is it likely to be during our lifetime, so away with dismal thoughts into the Ewigkeit, in which a snipe will be as curious an object to our volapuk-speaking posterity as the ichthyosaurus is to us, and a book on how to shoot it prized as a quaint treatise on a forgotten sport. *Carpe diem*; let us go out shooting to-day anyhow, and if we see a railway embankment defiling the spot which last year was a certain lie for a jack, we will take shares in the company, and be off with the dividends to shoot snipe in other climes.

SCOLOPAX.

AN INVOLUNTARY OLIVE-BRANCH.

WHERE there are so many attractive walks of life, and so many forms of occupation which are alike profitable and interesting, I cannot help regarding in the light of a personal grievance the circumstance that the accident of residence in our quiet country village should have apparently forced me for several years to occupy the position of a chronic buffer between two opposing forces. It is a position that no sane person would of his own freewill elect to fill, inasmuch as it brings neither pleasure nor emolument. But the necessity of keeping the peace, and, generally speaking, the force of circumstances year after year saddled my shoulders with a responsibility which I found as hard to dislodge as Sinbad found the Old Man of the Sea; and I sometimes seemed to foresee that I was destined till the end of the chapter to play the part of buffer between those two most excellent but diametrically opposite personalities, the Major and Tommy Lowndes. Perhaps I ought to have blessed my stars that the difference between the two parties was not of the type that implies manual violence, and that in my efforts to keep the peace I was neither threatened by the fire-shovel, which the valiant Pott once wielded, nor called upon to encounter the "good, thick," and conveniently packed hair-brush, which rendered the

rival editor's carpet-bag so formidable a weapon of offence. Still, even a war of words persistently carried on, as it were in the territory of a friendly neutral Power, is, as I found to my cost, apt to wax wearisome, and even exasperating, to the non-combatant.

"One of the rudest young men I've ever met is your particular friend Lowndes, George," the Major would say; "I never can make out what you see to like in him. What he really wants is a thorough good kicking."

"Well, why don't you tell him so, Major?"

"Because, my dear boy, a man in my position must have some regard for the *convenances* of life."

"I'll tell you what it is, George,"—always a favourite prelude to Tommy's words of wisdom,—“that old Major of yours don't improve with age. He grows more pompous and dictatorial every day. People down here, and you in particular, give him his head too much. It would do him a lot of good if some one burnt his stays—you bet he wears them—or put a match to one end of his moustache. What the devil does he mean by waxing the ends till they look like porcupine quills?"

"Burn them yourself, Tommy, if you want to; it's no business of mine."

"Not so sure about that.

You seem to make a sort of private-property business of him. Anyhow, I don't run him."

"I'll tell you what you do do, though, occasionally; and that is, hurt his feelings."

"Good job, too. If some one could only hurt his con-founded self-satisfaction, it would be better still. What right has a superannuated old fogey like that to be so very superior?"

There were, of course, faults on either side,—we none of us attain to absolute perfection: the pity was that things which with the world at large passed as venial offences were magnified into mountainous sins by the two belligerent parties. In reference to our notable match at the Park, where neither man had been wholly free from blame, each assumed an aggressive attitude, directing his assaults upon the real antagonist across my defenceless body.

"The day when Lowndes had a convenient sprain, and hired a pro. to bowl for him."

This was the Major's version.

"The match in which the Major would not face the music, and young pudding got cut over on the toe," corrected Tommy.

"When I missed my innings by having to help the poor boy home, and we lost the match in consequence."

"I don't know what you thought, George; one would almost have imagined that her ladyship and her maid, and the

sawbones, and the coachman, and half-a-dozen gardeners, and seven people who had had an innings, might have done the job without the Major's help. But perhaps the Major was wanted to hold his hand, or to give the sal-volatile to the little dear. I never saw such a fuss made about a crack on the toe."

"The human foot, let me inform you, my dear Lowndes, is a very delicate and complicated piece of mechanism."

"Is that original, Major, or a quotation from Locke on the Human Understanding?" inquired Tommy ironically. "I would humbly suggest that if young Emden's big toe is such a delicate and precious article of furniture that it requires a dozen men and half a score of women to look after it, he had either better lock himself up in a glass case or cut it off and have done with it. It would look very well, wouldn't it, George, neatly corked up in a bottle and kept on the Major's mantelpiece? In years to come, when it got black, the Major would be able to say it was the only part found of a nigger he sliced up in the what-do-you-call-it campaign."

Such was the sort of sparring which went on by the space of two years whenever the two men encountered each other,—a welcome relief, possibly, to the feelings of the gladiators, but very embarrassing to the audience.

However, for the eighteen months during which Tommy, who had joined our local

yeomanry, was serving his country in South Africa, there was comparative peace and contentment at home, and the Major was a great authority in our parts on the way in which the war ought to have been carried on, and in the absence of the somewhat over-candid critic laid down the law pretty freely.

"Roberts," he would say, "was a bit too mealy-mouthed for scoundrels of the Boer type, and I am not quite sure whether 'K,' as they call him, is exactly the stamp of man I should have chosen for the job. Deuced good organiser and all that, I grant you, but not a downright good fighting man. No, no; the sort of general we want out there is one of the old school—no red-tape man, but a fellow like old Pennefather was. Poor old Pennefather, as I may have told you, George, was a sort of connection of my own, and I'll be hanged if I don't think that the fighting instinct is hereditary. However——!" and he sighed before inquiring, "Heard anything, by the way, George, about your friend Lowndes? I did offer to give him a few hints on the art of campaigning before he started, but of course, like all young fellows, he was much too self-satisfied and too cock-sure about everything to take the trouble to come round."

It was indeed true that the worthy Major had talked to me, or, to be more correct, at me, on the subject of Tommy's campaigning, and had thrown out strong hints to the effect

that if the young yeoman, prior to starting, cared to call on the retired soldier, he might gather some wrinkles on the art of combining active service with the least possible discomfort; and I had duly reported the conversation to Tommy, as I knew that it was meant to be repeated, not without some faint hope that he might accept the olive-branch thus indirectly tendered. But Tommy, obstinate to the core, had received the proposition with huge disdain.

"Rather like the old Major's hints on cricket, I should imagine," he observed; "standing behind a net and saying he could do it better himself, eh, George? Lessons in the art of being conveniently absent when the balls are flying about, or the principles of scientific commissariat personally adopted. Thank you, George; I have got plenty to do before I start, without putting on the Major as coach. Tell him, with my love, that he had better do a little practising instead of preaching. He may be a bit too old and too well-conditioned—what a stomach the old man is getting!—to chase Brother Boer, but he might go and re-learn the goose-step in a garrison. Tell him they would make him mess-president, and chief of the staff, and so forth, and he'll go like a shot!"

Not the *ipsissima verba*, or anything like them, of course, ever reached the Major's ears through my medium; but I at once salved my own conscience

and tickled the Major's vanity by inventing a polite message from Tommy to the effect that he was "awfully sorry" that his spare time before sailing was so limited as to make it impossible for him to avail himself of the Major's assistance. On the whole the worthy veteran accepted the position rather gracefully, and during Tommy's absence, which lasted for some eighteen months, not only abstained from making any disparaging remarks, but even inquired from time to time whether I had received any tidings of our "young yeoman."

But, "Oh what a tangled web," &c. If I had noted with satisfaction that our Major was beginning to regard his neighbour's proceedings through more rose-coloured spectacles, I was totally unprepared for the latest result of Tommy's supposititious act of graciousness. For when the war came to an end, and Tommy, who had gone through a fair amount of hard fighting without further mishap than a grazed shoulder, and had been specially commended by his general for a plucky bit of scouting, was reported to be on the high seas *en route* for home, I one afternoon received a note marked "Urgent" from the Major.

"DEAR G.,—Come round to my place, *if possible*, to-night, as I want to consult you about giving a fitting reception to our gallant young friend on his return from the campaign in

which he has played so worthy a part.—Yours, H. OWEN.

"P.S.—Are you not a bit of a poet? A few original lines on the arch would be very appropriate. If you won't undertake this, I must even try my 'prentice hand. I have got several ideas for a start."

As I had some preliminary acquaintance with Tommy's views on the subject of public demonstrations, it occurred to me at once that the principal character in the tableau which the Major was contemplating was more likely to be conspicuous by absence than by presence. However, I strolled round to the Major's domicile in the course of the evening, to find the occupant evidently in the agonies of composition. Having hurriedly stowed away two or three books in a convenient drawer, lighted up a pipe, and invited me to do the same, he put me into a chair, and plunged at once into the details of the proposed reception.

The samples that he was pleased to show me of sundry promising beginnings of what I may call "The Ode of Welcome" suggested the idea that the poet had drawn his inspiration from 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' and that his ideas of versification were of a somewhat crude order.

"They are only in the rough at present, George," he remarked; "but I think I can manage to work up some-

thing out of one or two of found them I venture to present them.” the most promising specimens

In the rough, therefore, as I to my readers:—

I.

“When yeoman Lowndes went off to war
 With martial order { fired,
 filled,
 Our hearts with expectation sore
 { fluttering { stilled
 { longing { tired

II.

We greet thee, Thomas, { warrior tried and leal,
 warrior true,
 Returned to peaceful climes.
 Our hearts with exultation thrill
 After most dolorous times.

III.

Hail to our yeoman! hail to thee!
 Who courtedst war's alarms;
 Our greeting warm 'tis thine to see,
 Returned to peace's charms.”

Having read the story of “Gil Blas and the Archbishop,” and convinced by a little knowledge of mankind that the feelings of an author, when personally confronted by a candid though friendly critic, are akin to those of a cooped hen who sees one of her chickens handled by an interfering biped, I should in any case have hardly ventured to suggest corrections. But I soon discovered that active interference on my part was not on the programme. For the Major, acting as his own critic—dare I say trumpeter?—kept up a running commentary as he handed me the various slips of paper.

“You see, George, why I substituted ‘yeoman’ for ‘Tommy.’ I had the sort of feeling, you know, that a Christian name abbreviated was hardly formal enough for a public occasion; and besides, people might have

thought I meant Tommy Atkins. Good word ‘leal,’ don’t you think, George? A bit stronger and more expressive than ‘true.’ And I think that line about ‘expectation sore’ hits the right nail on the head. Terribly anxious we were, weren’t we? For months together, too. Of course, when I wrote down ‘Thomas, warrior,’ &c., I had Thomas the Rhymer in my head, comes in Scott’s ballads. A good poet of his sort, Sir Walter; though, now I come to think of it, Aytoun might be a better model. Pity, isn’t it, that those Dutch names are so unsentimental, or we might have had something after the style of ‘The Burial March of Dundee.’ ‘Climes’ is a good word; goes well with ‘times,’ doesn’t it?”

So ran on the Major, and all I had to do for a good half-hour was to sit still and nod my

head at intervals like a Chinese mandarin.

But at last I ventured to ask for a little more definite information as to the coming pageant.

"And what's your programme exactly, Major?" I inquired.

"Well, what I thought was this. We'll take an open carriage of a sort down to the station—her ladyship, no doubt, will lend us her landau—then we'll have a few ferns and flowers on the platform; take the horses out of the carriage, and draw Lowndes home. It's only just over the half mile, and there'll be plenty of stout young fellows who'll lend a hand for a pint of beer. And we will have the village school marshalled behind the carriage to sing 'See the Conquering Hero comes,' or something of the sort appropriate to the occasion. They go in for that style of thing at the board school, and I will just drop a hint to the schoolmaster to teach them to sing a thing more or less in tune. Then when we come to the arch, which I am going to have erected just at the turn to his mother's house, we will call a halt, and I will either present Lowndes with an address or perhaps, better still, make an impromptu speech. I've had to do that sort of thing once or twice in my life—and things said like that on the spur of the moment come so much more naturally. However, as Lowndes is very likely not a great orator, I have jotted down on paper the substance

of what one would naturally say on such an occasion. It's hardly fair to take a man quite by surprise, you know, George; and if you are going to run up to town to meet him, it will be a real kindness to give him an idea of our programme, so that he may know what line to take in answering. So here is a rough draft of what I am likely to say. Just shove it into your pocket, and show it to Lowndes when you can get a chance."

I duly pocketed the paper before lodging my feeble protest. For I was perfectly certain in my own mind that nothing I could say or do would ever bring Tommy up to the scratch. However, I saw a gleam of hope when the Major suddenly resumed—

"Oh yes, and, by the way, I thought you two fellows and young Emden, and perhaps one or two more, would come and dine here quietly in the evening, and we would get Lowndes to tell us some campaigning yarns."

"Thanks very much, Major; that would be very jolly. But do you know, though all your other arrangements sound very nice and—eh—proper, I am not quite sure that Lowndes will care to go through it all. He is rather—rather what you may call diffident about that sort of thing."

Alas! I might as well have talked to a brick wall.

"Diffident!" snapped out the Major,—"*Diffident* be d—d! That is just where all you young fellows make a mistake, George," he went on, lapsing

into the air of didactic superiority which invariably had the same effect on Tommy Lowndes' temper as a red rag is reputed to have upon a bull's. "You should never let an opportunity pass of fostering a loyal and patriotic feeling in that state of life—that is, in that domestic circle where fortune has placed you. The return of these volunteer soldiers—not that they've done much, poor fellows, how should they, untrained as they are?—is a sort of national occasion. And if an old soldier puts himself out of his way to organise a suitable reception for our local

representative, it is his manifest duty to—eh, what shall I say?—to respond becomingly. And it is your duty, George, as being his most intimate friend, to explain to him what I—that is, his country—expects of him."

When the Major is once fairly seated upon his high horse, attempts to dislodge him are apt to provoke unpleasantness. So I thought it best to give in on all points, and shortly took my leave, having pledged myself to use my utmost exertions to induce Tommy to regard the matter of the reception from a proper point of view.

II.

I am afraid that, having from the outset regarded Tommy's refusal to be fêted as a foregone conclusion, I did not allow my own promised assistance in the transaction to weigh very heavily on my conscience.

To be sure, it was refreshing to see the Major trotting about the village from sunrise to sunset button-holing every other man he met on the way, and holding long consultations at the corner of the street with the board schoolmaster, who was evidently armed at all points to play a conspicuous part in the coming display. But it was not till I received a wire from Tommy, who had landed at Southampton, reminding me of my promise to meet him in London, that I was awakened to a due sense of my responsibility; and it was on the journey to London that for the first time I remembered to

read over the Major's rough draft of his *impromptu* speech.

"My dear Lowndes," it ran, "representing, as perhaps I may claim to represent, the military instincts of your native village, I am at this time acting as the mouthpiece of this most loyal community in welcoming you home to the scenes of your childhood, and in expressing to you our warm admiration of the spirit which prompted you at your country's call to doff the garb of peace and assume the panoply of war. That your conduct during the late trying campaign has been such as to merit the special commendation of your commanding officer is more gratifying than surprising to us who have known you so intimately, and we feel that the encomium earned by you reflects credit not only on yourself personally, but on the village where you received your

earliest training. It is, let me add, my dear Lowndes, to us a source of deep satisfaction and of heartfelt gratitude that, escaping as well the perils of shot and shell as of devastating disease, you have been permitted to return to us with what I may indeed call the *mens sana in corpore sano*. Permit me, then, my dear Lowndes, not only in my own name, but in the name of all these present and many absent friends, to extend to you a most hearty welcome. *N.B.*—Here shake hands.”

Even as I read this, stage directions and all, the wicked thought occurred to me that there was a tolerably strong scent of midnight oil hanging about the spontaneous utterance of our good Major's overflowing heart, and I found myself rather sorry for the orator if he had been at the trouble of learning his speech by heart. For I had a shrewd suspicion that, like the Roman cobbler's crow, he might shortly have occasion to remark, “*Opera et impensa periiit.*” However, it was a consolation to remember that in committing his speech to paper the Major was only following the example of some of our greatest orators, and I charitably hoped that some of his elaborate sentences would serve as stock-in-trade for future occasions.

I found my old friend Tommy looking a bit fine-drawn and very much bronzed, but apparently in excellent health and spirits. We dined together at my club, and I was so much interested in listening to his

adventures that neither the Major nor the proposed reception ever again entered my mind till the waiter brought me a telegram forwarded from my lodgings:—

“Wire immediately day and train. Essential he should come in khaki.”

“Nothing wrong, I hope, George?” inquired Tommy, judging probably from the expression of my face that the contents of the despatch were not of a very welcome nature.

“Well, no, not exactly, but,” as I determined to get the thing over and have done with it one way or the other, “it concerns you more than it does me, so I think you had better read it and this too,” and I handed him the telegram and the Major's rough draft.

“And pray what is the meaning of all this jargon?” inquired Tommy, after casting his eye over the two documents. “Give us a key to the riddle, old chap.”

Lamely enough and with many hesitations and apologies I gave Tommy a brief *résumé* of the principal acts of the drama in which he was expected to play so conspicuous a part.

“You know the Major means it most awfully kindly, Tommy.”

“Devilish kind of him it sounds to try and make a raree-show of me. Great Scot! George, you don't for a minute seriously imagine that I am going to be made an exhibition of for that old dot-and-go-one Major's benefit?”

“Well,” I repeated, “he means it kindly, and I know

that he has set his heart upon it."

"Then he can jolly well set his heart on something else. This cock won't fight anyhow."

"Couldn't you meet him half-way?" I suggested.

"It'll have to be the last half, then," was the reply, and though the words were carelessly spoken, they gave me the clue to a solution of the difficulty.

"Why not the last half, then? Why not come and dine quietly with the Major, and let him make this great oration of his in his own dining-room?"

"What's the French for compromise, eh, George?" exclaimed Tommy, laughing; and then after a momentary pause he added, "But I'm not sure that you are not right, old chap. I don't profess to be particularly in love with your precious Major, as you know. But, after all, the old boy meant it kindly, and I do not want to figure as an ungracious beast any more than I want to be exhibited as a sort of prize pig to a lot of yokels. So, if you think fit, George, you can write to the old man that I shall be very glad to avail myself of his kind invitation to dinner, but that the—hum—ha—shattered state of my nerves after scrimmaging with Brother Boer won't allow me to take part in a public ceremonial. In fact, write any rot you like, as long as you square it with the Major somehow. He can spout that balderdash of his at my head at his own table if he likes; but I'll see him somewhere first before

I'll have any brass bands and squawking children, or be upset in a ditch by a lot of beery ruffians."

On these lines the matter was finally settled after a little correspondence with the Major, to whom I broke as gently as I could the fact that a team of wild horses would not bring our unwilling Hamlet up to the scratch to play his part in a public ceremony. For all I know to the contrary the Major tore his hair, rent his clothes, and beat his breast in the orthodox fashion, but he evidently found some consolation in inditing an autograph letter rather after the florid style to Tommy, who from sheer inability to write an answer really appropriate to the occasion simply wired, "Many thanks. Shall be most happy."

A week later the dinner came off with great *éclat*. For one reason or another the affair finally resolved itself into a party of four. "Best number I know but two," as Tommy sagely remarked when the host apologised for having failed to secure a larger attendance to meet the guest of the evening. The Major's cuisine and champagne were alike admirable, and his speech came fully up to sample, having been deftly altered to suit the more private occasion, and containing a telling paragraph anent the speaker's nervousness in arising to address so distinguished an audience, the Right Honourable the Viscount Emden to wit. Tommy really comported himself admirably during the delivery, merely winking at me

from time to time, and reducing Emden to the verge of suffocation by muttering "military grandmother!" when the speaker thundered forth "military instinct." But the Major's eloquence flowed on and unchecked, and at the conclusion Emden and I essayed a feeble cheer. The compliment was briefly acknowledged by the guest in a reply apparently modelled on W. G. Grace's Canadian speeches. For, avoiding any allusion to the war, Tommy informed us that he had never eaten a better dinner in his life, and only hoped that he might never have to eat a worse.

Nor was it till late in the evening that any discordant element was introduced, by the Major suddenly launching off into a learned disquisition on the merits of golf. There had come something like a frost over the Park cricket since the disastrous termination of our memorable match, and latterly the Major, who still acted as voluntary bear-leader to young Emden, had taken it into his head that the latter would be better fitted to assume his proper position in society if he was properly initiated into the mysteries of golf. Perhaps our sagacious veteran had the feeling that, taking all the surroundings into consideration, where the pupil is naturally awkward, instruction in the art of golf is attended with less personal risk to the instructor than either shooting, cricket, or even squash rackets, in each of which the Major had attempted to give his *protégé*

lessons. And so it had come to pass that, with Lady Emden's sanction, a golf-course had been laid out in the Park, and a club partially established, and nothing was wanting to ensure the due registration of what we hoped to call the "Royal Overton Golf Club" but the completion of the pavilion, and the formal opening of the course by the Duke of Tufton, who happened to be a distant cousin to Emden, and was lord-lieutenant of our county.

"You'll join our golf club, of course, Lowndes," remarked the Major. "You can come in now as an original member for two guineas. Later on we shall have a rush upon the thing, and a big entrance fee."

"I shall be most happy to lump down my two guineas, Major, if it is any satisfaction to you, but I don't play the game."

"Never too late to learn, my dear fellow, never too late to learn. I'll very soon make a player of you."

"Hum," said Tommy doubtfully. "I was rather thinking myself that it was a bit too early to learn. It always strikes me as being an old man's game. When I have got to a stage when I can't hit things that run and fly, I shall take a turn at mowing—I mean swinging—at a stationary ball, and potting partridges on the feed."

If that inane young donkey Emden had not thought fit to explode into a loud guffaw, the Major might now have let the matter drop. But as it would clearly never do to let the boy

imagine that his preceptor had got the worst of an argument, he now assumed his most didactic manner.

"Pray do not be under any misapprehension about it, my dear Lowndes," he retorted. "When you grow a bit older and wiser you will find that the proper method of striking what you call a stationary ball is a good deal more difficult of attainment than anybody who has not tried it is apt to think. It took me four good years to get a proper swing. Golf, let me tell you, is far and away the most scientific of our outdoor games, because the elements of chance and of brute force do not come in as they do in cricket and so forth."

In an instant Tommy, a cricketer from boyhood, was up in arms, with a whole train of possible and impossible propositions.

In the first place, golf was not one of *our* outdoor games—it happened to come from Scotland, and he heartily wished it had stayed there. Moreover, any fool could play golf after a fashion, while it took a wise man to make a cricketer. Was it not a well-established fact that any decent cricketer could play a respectable game of golf with a few days' practice, while a man who had played golf all his life would be hopelessly at sea if you put a cricket-bat into his hand?

Finally came the old *argumentum ad hominem*.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Major. I will take you on at your own game, and play you

on your own course for a fiver a-side."

"Bravo, Lowndes!" exclaimed Emden, who still clung to his old Etonian idea that a former captain of his house eleven must of necessity be one of the greatest athletes of the day.

"What's your handicap?" inquired the Major, with the characteristic caution of the old golfer.

"Handicap!" exclaimed Tommy,—"handicap be hanged! I'm not going to give you any start, or take one either. It's not a weight-for-age selling race, is it?"

"Every golfer, my dear Lowndes, has his recognised handicap. It is, as you surely know, one of the most important principles of the game, as regulating the start to be given or received to ensure the equalisation of the chances of success."

"The devil it is!" exclaimed Tommy. "Well, then, I am sorry to say that the chances of success in this particular game will have to go without equalisation. I only hit at a golf-ball once in my life, and then I broke the silly stick, and had to fork out five bob for a new one. If you and I are to play, Major, we'll have to start all square, and it will be a case of devil take the hindermost,—I mean he'll have to pay up and look pleasant. So there."

For a minute or so the Major seemed to hesitate about accepting the challenge so boldly offered, although, according to his own line of argument, he apparently had a soft thing in

taking on a man who had never played golf at even terms. Five-pound notes do not grow on hedgerows in our part of the world, and I had fully expected him to accept Tommy's offer with avidity. But his hesitation seemed to imply that he either entertained a lurking suspicion that Tommy was not quite such a novice at the game as he professed to be, or that in his heart of hearts he knew that the latter was partially correct in asserting that a cricketer with a good eye is potentially a golfer of a sort. The Major's own golf, so far as my very limited capacity enabled me to judge, was of the steady and theoretical rather than the brilliant and practical type, and although he could make rings round Emden or myself, I already fancied that in Tommy Lowndes, who possessed the happy knack of playing most games indifferently well, though often in a most unorthodox style, he might find a far more formidable antagonist.

"You're not going to back out, Major, are you?" suggested Tommy, by way of bringing his adversary's courage up to the sticking-point. "I shan't out you over on the toe, you know."

"Most certainly not," retorted the Major. "But at the same time, let me tell you, Lowndes, that it is no joke to be hit by a golf-ball. In fact I have seen a man very seriously hurt by a careless player, and so I hope that we shall have none of the reckless hitting that characterises your cricket." And then, as if satisfied that he had got his own back again

with interest, he went on more calmly: "I shall be most happy to ratify a match on the terms you propose, any day you like to mention. I don't pretend to say that my game is quite what it was—but——"

"But mine is," interpolated Tommy; "it's what you call *in statu quo*; at least that's the Latin for non-existent, isn't it, Emden? Right you are, then, Major! Shall we say to-morrow week, eleven o'clock sharp. That will give me time to run up to my office for a couple of days, and then buy some sticks and things, and have a little quiet practice somewhere by the salt sea waves. You shan't have to run against an untried horse, Major, I'll promise you. Good night, and many thanks—we've had a rare good evening, and we'll have a rare good match next week."

"Who are you going to play with, Tommy?" I inquired, as we walked part of the way together to our respective homes.

"You!" was the prompt answer. "Now don't say you can't come, because you've got to come. I will run down on Friday night to Barford-on-Sea, and take some diggings, or go to the Dormy House. I'll square that all right."

"But won't you get on better by yourself with a pro.?" I suggested.

"Get on better with a fiddle-sticks! I don't want a fellow who'll try to make me stand with my legs like a pair of compasses, and my arms as stiff as a poker. No, no, George; unaided light of nature will have to win this match."

Unaided light of nature, however, refused to shine kindly on Tommy during our first day's practice, in the course of which he broke two drivers and lost three balls, the latter misfortunes being due to his inclination to "pull" and "slice" alternately, a method of progression for which the somewhat narrow course, abounding in dykes and whins, was eminently unadapted.

"Won't do," remarked the unsuccessful player decisively at the end of the day. "I guess we shall have to remodel the situation."

And he remodelled it on the following morning by paying his second visit to the professional's shop, and requesting to be armed with a weapon "which no mortal man could break."

"Is it a nubbluck ye'll be wanting?" queried the rather dour Scotsman with some irony.

"Let's have a look at her," and after weighing the weapon critically in his hand, Tommy announced that it was, *par excellence*, the best club he had yet seen.

"Real good bit of wood this, George, something solid to get hold of, not like those gimcrack things I tried yesterday. It's got a more respectable blade, too."

"Would I be putting a newheid to yon drivers?" inquired the Scotsman.

"No, I shall drive with this," was the reply.

"Hoot, mon! Who ever heard tell of a man driving fra the tee with a nubbluck?"

"I mean to, anyhow," said

the unabashed Tommy; "you can come and see if you like!"

And as it was a slack time of year, and we had the links pretty well to ourselves, the professional put down a club he was mending and followed us to the teeing-ground, where Tommy, hitting with his new toy for all he was worth, successfully carried the first bunker.

"What do you think of that?" he inquired.

"It's no just canny!" was the cautious reply, and the Scotsman walked slowly back to his den to digest the new sensation of having seen the bunker carried with a niblick.

Tommy was so immensely taken with his new weapon, that he absolutely declined to take any other club out with him, thereby dispensing with the assistance of a caddie, whom he was pleased to define as "a dirty little scoundrel who was paid a lot for putting you off your game by grinning at you."

The new departure in the way of employing unorthodox methods was so far crowned with success that Tommy distinctly improved on his earlier performances, and by the end of the third day was becoming very deadly on the putting-green. Remembering our own course at the Park was as yet in a very primitive stage of development, and that, owing to a good deal of rough ground and long grass, highly scientific play was rather at a discount, I began to think that there was some method in his madness, and that a niblick might, in his hands, prove a more useful im-

plement than it is generally supposed to be.

Not Goliath of Gath, when David advanced to the attack with a sling, was more contemptuously indignant than our good Major at the appearance of the niblick, the introduction of which he resented as a violation of the laws of the etiquette of the game.

"Haven't you got a caddie, Lowndes?" he inquired.

"Don't want one, thanks."

"Are you going to carry your own clubs, then?"

"Well, yes, I am going to carry my own club!" replied Tommy, accentuating the singular number.

"But you are not going to play through the game with that thing?"

"That's just where you're wrong, Major, because I am. There is no rule against it in my book."

The Major frowned, breathed hard, and for a moment seemed inclined to argue the point. However, he thought better of the matter, and walked off to meet his groom, who had appeared in the distance, carrying a formidable array of clubs.

"First blood for me, George," quietly remarked Tommy. "I've got a book of the rules in my pocket, and know most of it by heart. I wasn't going to have the old man inventing as he went on."

They halved the first two holes, the Major won the third, and at the fourth came the first appeal to the referee, in which capacity I was called upon to act.

"Here, I say, Major, that won't do!" Tommy exclaimed, as his adversary, having driven his ball into some water, claimed the right of lifting without a penalty.

"Casual water," ejaculated the Major; "most ordinary by-law!"

"Casual water be hanged!" retorted Tommy. "That pond has been there for the last twenty years, to my certain knowledge. I used to come and catch tiddlers in it when I was a kid."

"In a pond possibly, or even in the pond, but not in the overflow of the pond. There is a very great distinction between the two. The Nile, for instance, my dear Lowndes," continued the Major, aggravatingly didactic, "being fed by two great lakes, is subject to yearly inundations; but even those would come under the heading of casual water, as being only existent at certain times of the year. If, that is, I were to drive my ball into the actual bed of the Nile——"

"You'd have made a deuced fine drive!" interpolated Tommy, by way of supplying an apodosis. "Come, come, Major; this is golf, not a geography lesson! Let's refer it to George."

As the pond had evidently been considerably enlarged by the rains of an abnormally wet summer, I gave the Major the benefit of the doubt, and allowed him to lift. But, attempting to use his brassey on the rather rough ground, he topped his ball badly, and there was no doubt on this occasion about

its having found its way into the pond proper.

Ours was a nine-hole course, and when they were all square at the end of the first round, I was inclined to fancy Tommy's chances. Hereabouts, however, in the game, he began to have all the worst of the luck, and was especially unfortunate in the matter of two stymies, one laid by the Major being just outside of the six-inch limit, while when Tommy returned the compliment at the very next hole, his opponent was by the merest fraction of an inch entitled to have the ball lifted.

"What a rotten rule!" exclaimed Tommy. "I suppose that is where the delicate and scientific side of the game comes in. Fancy a beastly half-inch being allowed to make the difference of two holes."

"I am afraid, my dear Lowndes, that we can hardly modify the rules of the game to suit every individual player. Speaking from a personal point of view, I should have been delighted to pick up my ball for you on the last green. But after all, golf is golf, and we must play the game. That's dormy two, by the way."

At the next hole, the longest on our course, there was another incident, and again Tommy was the sufferer. Always a good fighter in an uphill game, he had made what promised to be his best drive of the day, the ball going off that astonishing niblick hard and straight at the sort of angle one associates with a good stroke from a wooden club. Unfortunately,

at the very moment of his addressing the ball, an errant donkey, which varied its time between drawing the mowing-machine over the greens and grazing the more luxuriant grass, took it into his perverse head to walk straight across the line of fire.

It would be a hard matter to decide whether Tommy or the donkey was the more annoyed by the unexpected. The latter, intercepting the ball in full flight with his bony hind-quarters, squealed loudly, kicked up his heels, and fled incontinently to seek pastures new. Tommy, as he watched his ball rebound off the donkey's stern into a patch of long grass, threw down his club, and anathematised the innocent cause of the mishap.

"D—n your donkey, Major!" he exclaimed. "He has spoilt my drive. I am not likely to make such a good one again—I——"

"I am afraid you won't get a chance till the next hole, my dear fellow," said the Major blandly. "That's what we call a rub of the green."

"Rub of the donkey, more likely!" was the angry retort. "You don't call a donkey the green, do you?"

"Well, it's a technical phrase for any unforeseen obstruction."

So explained the Major, and when Tommy appealed to me, I was obliged to give it against him.

With a face of disgust Tommy picked up his club and walked after his ball, to find it lying, some thirty yards behind the Major's, in the very centre

of a small circular patch of tough stalks of half-mown cow-grass.

"What the dickens do I do now?" inquired the aggrieved player. "I don't lose a stroke for lifting this, do I?"

"There's no question of lifting, unfortunately; the ball is in sight, and quite playable," came from the Major, and again I felt bound to uphold his decision.

"Well, of all rotten rules that ever were invented!" exclaimed Tommy.

"Summum jus summa injuria," quoted the Major. "There must be slight inequalities in every hard-and-fast set of laws, my dear Lowndes. Personally, of course, I should have no objection to your lifting; but, after all, golf is golf, and one must play the game."

"I think I've heard that remark before! Many thanks, Major, all the same. All I can say is, that if the delicate science of golf includes a donkey's backside, foot-rules, and nettle-grubbing, I should call skittles a better game. Playable, you call it — here goes, then!" and Tommy commenced a vigorous assault on the cow-grass.

It is never wise policy, I have been told, to stand by and make remarks to a heated antagonist who is trying to dig a ball out of an impossible bunker with a niblick, or any form of heavy iron. Now, however, the Major, already discounting in his own mind his fortunately won victory, took his stand about three yards off the

offending patch, and counted Tommy's strokes.

"The odd!"

"Two more!"

"Three more!"

"Four more!"

Here Tommy paused to take breath, and to vow that he would never come out golfing again without a spade or a pickaxe.

"You can give up the hole, of course," suggested the Major, by way of encouragement.

"And the match too, I suppose." Many thanks, Major. Not quite yet, though. There's a longish way to travel to the green, and you may get down into a bottomless pit for all I know to the contrary. Or that precious moke of yours, if he has got a spark of gentlemanly feeling about him, may swallow your ball, or I might play out time. Here goes again, anyhow."

"Five more!" resumed the Major.

"Six more!"

"Seven more—oh!"

For the ball, actuated by one of those fits of perversity which on occasion will seize a golf-ball, suddenly bounced out of the cow-grass at right angles, and hit the Major a tolerably sharp crack on the shin.

"Hulloa!" exclaimed Tommy, "that counts something, don't it? Sorry, Major! I hope it didn't hurt you."

"Do you mean to claim the hole, Lowndes?" inquired the Major viciously, desisting from the occupation of rubbing the injured shin.

"Oh, by Jove! Well, I hadn't thought of it, as a

matter of fact, Major. But as you've put it into my head—well, golf is golf, you know, and one must play the game,—eh, George?"

"There's nothing more to be said, then," said the Major stiffly, feeling himself thus hoist with his own petar.

"Well, I don't know so much about that. Rules may be rules, but fair play is a jewel. What do you say to this, Major? Shall we let that blessed donkey and this blessed cow-grass or bunker, or whatever you like to call it, and your valuable shin count for nothing, and start the hole fresh?"

But the Major, far too much upset in his temper to recognise the generosity of the proposal, indignantly rejected the compromise, and, picking up his own ball, strode on to the next teeing-ground, where shortly befell him the fate which commonly overtakes the short-tempered golfer. For he fozzled his drive, got into long grass, lost the hole, and the match was halved.

It had been arranged that the two players should lunch at my house, and I will own that the Major's expression of countenance—he preserved, I should add, a stolid silence—did not augur favourably for the hilarity of the meal. But being a real good fellow at heart, though subject, like the rest of us, to his little weaknesses, he thawed visibly under the influences of a well-cooked grouse and a couple of glasses of champagne, insisted on shaking hands across the table

with his late antagonist, and finally succeeded in extracting from the latter a promise to come and support the Duke at the formal opening of the Royal Overton Golf Club.

"No speeches, mind you, Major," bargained Tommy.

"Oh, certainly not—that is, not from you, my dear fellow. Perhaps I shall have to say a few words myself, and the Duke will perhaps get on to his legs; but all very short, I can promise you."

Beyond the fact that, when a fortnight later our luncheon came off, the Major's "few words" proved to be somewhat of an equivocal term,—he spoke a good twenty minutes by the clock,—there was little fault to be found with the arrangements.

The luncheon served in the new pavilion was excellent of its sort; the twenty or thirty people who partook of it were not too painfully oppressed by the solemnity of the occasion; and if the Major was rather unduly verbose, our lord lieutenant very wisely curtailed his remarks. His Grace, whose appearance was rather that of a jovial country squire than of an ex-Lord President of the Council, appeared to be not a little nervous as to the part he was to play in the formal opening ceremony.

"Would you mind telling me again exactly what I am to do, Major Owen?" I heard him inquire as we rose from the table.

"Merely drive the ball off the tee, and declare the club open, your Grace. 'The Royal

Overton Golf Club' is the exact title."

"The words are simple enough," observed his Grace; "but don't you think that perhaps you had better do the other thing yourself, Major? I have not played golf for years, and was never a good player."

"Better than most of us, I'll guarantee, your Grace," said the Major cheerily. "I'm sure you'll drive quite a good ball, and besides we are not quite so critical as they are at St Andrews. If your Grace would wait a minute, I'll bring you a selection of drivers to choose from."

"Just you come along with me, George," whispered Tommy, who had also overheard the conversation; "if my name is Lowndes, there will be ructions presently, so we will just get a good place." And he dragged me off with him.

Quite a respectable gallery of spectators had assembled when, some ten minutes later, the Duke, with the Major in close attendance, issued from the pavilion. For our luncheon-party had been recruited by Lady Emden and eight or ten fair visitors who were staying at the Park, as well as by a goodly crowd of villagers, whose presence had been urgently insisted upon by the Major.

"You'll have the chance of seeing the lord lieutenant of the county—a duke, you know, and one of the greatest men of the day—quite close, and perhaps he will talk to some of you."

In fact, according to the Major's representations, the affair seemed likely to be almost

as interesting as a funeral, and so quite thirty men in their Sunday clothes, as many women in their newest bonnets, and carrying their latest babies, and a goodly contingent of grinning lads and buxom lasses, were lining either side of the course, all on the tiptoe of expectation.

If the Duke, as he stepped on to the teeing-ground, was undeniably a fine figure of a man, it occurred to me that the creaseless frock-coat, exquisitely fitting trousers, patent-leather boots, and tall white hat, eminently suitable attire for a garden-party on a warm September day, were rather out of place on a golf-course.

"Allow me, your Grace," said the Major; and with that he stooped down, carefully teed a new ball, handed a driver to the Duke, and then, bowing to the company, made the following announcement:—

"His Grace the Lord Lieutenant will now drive the first ball off the tee, and then declare the Royal Overton Golf Club to be formally open."

As the hum of applause which greeted this proclamation subsided, his Grace the Duke firmly gathered himself together, took a mighty drive, and—missed the globe! Moreover, as he slightly overbalanced himself in the effort, his foot slipped, his hat fell off, there was an ominous sound as of the rending of those garments which commonly shroud from view the lower extremities of ducal as well as of ordinary mankind, and—for dukes are human after all—his Grace, by way of declaring our golf-

course open, made the remark which seemed most appropriate to the occasion.

"D—n!" he ejaculated, and, as Tommy irreverently remarked later on, "By Jove! the old man meant it too!"

For the first time in my life I exactly realised what the Roman historian meant when he wrote, "*Horror ingens spectantes perstrinxit.*" No English words could so exactly describe the situation. For a good half minute an awful silence was only broken by a shocked "Oh!" from Lady Emden, who was standing next to our rector, and a loud guffaw from a rustic in the background. It was then that Tommy Lowndes stepped in to the rescue, and practically redeemed the situation. For doling out to me, by way of a strong hint to follow his example, an unnecessarily hard kick on the ankle, and treating Emden on the other side in the same friendly fashion, he personally inaugurated a vigorous hand-clapping, which was taken up by the whole audience. Under cover of the applause the Duke, disregarding his hat, and resisting the natural temptation to thrust his hand under his coat-tails and examine the extent of the damage suffered by those other garments, manfully assaulted the ball for the second time. And this time his effort was so far crowned with success that, struck with great violence, it flew, not perhaps exactly in the direction it was intended to go, but, to borrow a cricket simile, somewhere between point and cover-point, humming close by

Johnnie Daws's left ear, and just over the right shoulder of Mrs Daws's newest baby. Where it landed finally I never had the curiosity to inquire. The great point was that, by what the late Mr Sutherland might have called "a merciful dispensation of Providence," nobody was killed, and the ball was no longer in evidence on the tee. Amidst a new outburst of applause the Duke now declared the Royal Overton Golf-Course to be open, and I was hurried off by Tommy Lowndes into the dressing-room of the pavilion, where we could laugh without fear of interruption.

An hour later we chanced to encounter the Major wending his way homewards, looking tired and profoundly unhappy.

"Poor old chap!" exclaimed Tommy, with new-born sympathy, "he's down on his luck, George. Let us go and cheer him up."

A moment later he was addressing his old enemy.

"Look you here, Major," he exclaimed, "don't you go and take things too much to heart. What does it matter, after all, if the Duke did miss the globe and say D—n? I've done the same myself, and so have you in your time. We had a jolly good show, however, and we are all infinitely obliged to you for the trouble you have taken."

"It is very kind of you to say so, my dear Lowndes, and indeed I saw how kind you were to start that hand-clapping. But," and he sighed, "I'm afraid it will be a bad thing for the club. Her lady-

ship seemed very much put out, and besides, there were several clergy present. I'm afraid we shall lose a lot of subscriptions."

"Not you!" asserted Tommy confidently. "And, by the way, Major, about that fiver which you really won in our match, I'm going to send you a cheque round to-night as a sort of donation, or entrance-fee, or whatever you like to call it. And, by Jove! sir, if you'll only get your Duke to come and give us a show each season, I'll make it annual."

Even the Major joined in the chorus of the shout of laughter with which Tommy wound up his oration. But something in his manner seemed to tell me that Tommy's words, though lightly spoken, had touched a softer chord in his heart than that of mere amusement, and when the two men shook hands at parting, I knew that that old hatchet had been buried for ever and for aye.

I am no longer called upon to act as "buffer." For to his cronies the Major now describes Tommy Lowndes as "quite the smartest young fellow in our part of the country." "To be sure," he adds, "he is much too modest about himself; but, after all, that is a fault on the right side, though I have it on very high authority"—the Major's information, I may remark, always does come from very high authority—"that Roberts was quite disappointed when he would not accept a commission. The boy did right well in South Africa, you know. Of course he has had some advantages in having talked over military

matters with—well, with other old soldiers besides myself."

"Sound old chap the Major when you know him," I have heard Tommy say. "Do you say he is a bit autocratic? Well, and who cares if he does seem to lay down the law occasionally? That is only mannerism. He is a rare good-hearted old boy, and that is the great point after all."

Curiously enough, too, the Duke's brief visit has had a salutary effect on the opinions of another important personage in our parish. For my old friend Johnnie Daws, who has hitherto posed as a Radical, and entertained grave doubts as to the wisdom of retaining either the rights of primogeniture or the House of Lords, would now, I think, be inclined to make an exception in favour of one at least of our hereditary legislators.

"Amazing fine old nobleman the Duke, ain't he, Master George? And what an affable and 'earty-speaking gemmel-man he is too; said his little d—n when his 'at blowed off and he bust his trousers, just the same as you or me or any one else. And that were a fine 'ard 'it as he made o' the off-side, weren't it? 'Ummed past my ear like a swarm o' bees it did. Not as I wouldn't a put out my 'and and ketched it if we'd a 'appened to be playing cricket. You never didn't ought to ketch one o' them golf-balls, ought you, Master George?"

"It's not very wise to try, Daws," I replied. "You can thank your stars it didn't *ketch* you."

WITH A CANADIAN CANOE IN CENTRAL FRANCE.

My brother and I were in France with bicycles and a Canadian canoe. The latter had been specially built for us by Bill Young, a noted canoe-wright, who lived on a lake in Manitoba. There was some delay in its delivery, because a man whom Bill Young did not like came on to the lake while Bill was out in his canoe. Bill fired at him several times, but the motion of the canoe impaired his aim. The other man fired a little, and then both men raced to the shore, knowing that whichever got there last was already dead. Bill Young, fortunately for us, arrived a few seconds before the other—but it took him nearly a week to recover from the after-effects of the incident; so that, as I have said, we were obliged to wait a little for our canoe.

When at length she arrived, she proved well worth waiting for. I have never seen a better piece of work. She had a mast and sail, lee-boards for sailing, and a locker at each end, practically water-tight. We fitted her with canvas cover, cocoanut matting, cushions, and spare paddles. My brother took her out with him and did the Loire from Blois to Saumur. He left the canoe at Saumur, and returned by train to Tours, where I joined him from Paris. His account of his adventures I do not think it necessary to record. I heard it through a mist of sunny wine, and at this

point of time I doubt if I could repeat it with the accuracy which he would desire. Speaking generally, his voyage would seem to have involved perils which must have prematurely aged a younger or less courageous man.

Now, however, we took bicycle, and rode swiftly down the bank of the smiling river, first to Luynes and thence to Langeais. And, as we rode, we gloried in the bright silvery haze, which is found, perhaps, nowhere else in the world. And whenever the scene was more than usually beautiful, and there was a little inn, we would pause and drink our fill of good white wine for 2d., chaffing our host and hostess, and rejoicing in the simple games and light-hearted gossip of the peasants, and so on our way, refreshed and thanking God. This was a land in which it seemed always after lunch; but I will not deny that between the hours of eleven and two the colours of the landscape are more vivid, the sun and air more heavenly, the greetings of the passer-by more cheery, than earlier or later in the day.

At Langeais there were the chateau and the Little Puritan, then in her prime. A year or so later, my brother reported that her smile seemed less winning, her little cap less snowy than on our first acquaintance. But he is a creature of moods, and in my memory

she will ever remain as fresh and charming as we found her at the time of which I write. From Langeais it is a perfect four-mile evening ride to Azay-le-Rideau, notable for its chateau and for a maid-of-the-inn of a distinctly less ingenuous type. At Saumur we made friends with an English youth learning the art of wine-making at a vineyard hard by. With him we roamed about the great caves in the hill, where one talks of "a thousand dozen" as if one never insulted one's wine-merchant by ordering less, and where each wine tastes better than the last. And as we rode away the very lizards seemed to laugh with us.

After this, by train, past Limoges to the south—a journey memorable for the excitement caused by our appearance at each stopping-place. The French porter is naturally a very jovial person, and we had endless fun weighing the canoe, explaining what we meant to do with her, and getting her on and off the roof of the guard's van. The whole staff of the station would turn out to talk, the passengers also would grow very much excited, and it was clear to all that, whether the thing were a coffin or—for we were mad Englishmen—a bath, this was no ordinary occurrence, but one well worth a few minutes' delay. The natives, also, working in the fields, found her a pleasant thing to watch, as her bow stuck out over the next carriage and her canvas cover flapped in the wind.

After much fruitless search for a decent river—for all those

which we examined proved too shallow, or too rapid, or too slow—we decided to make an attempt on the upper waters of the Dordogne, and finally, leaving the railway at Ussel, we sent the canoe on ahead in a country cart and bicycled leisurely after it to a village some fifteen miles off, which seemed, from what little we could learn, to be a likely place.

It was Sunday afternoon when we reached Roche-le-Peyroux, which stands on the edge of a deep ravine a little below the spot where the Diège joins the Dordogne. The village consists of a dozen small cottages straggling along the road at irregular intervals. The principal cottage belongs to the mayor, and reveals its owner's importance by the unmistakable sign of two flower-pots on the window-sill.

Presently we came to the canoe, surrounded by a group of natives in a condition of subdued amazement. Their *patois* is not an easy one for the Englishman at the best of times, and only one or two of them talked, or, apparently, understood ordinary French; but as time went on it dawned upon them what we meant to do. When they realised that we were going down the river, the villagers, knowing us to be mad, were not surprised, but very, very sorry. "It is, of course, impossible," they said. "Even supposing that the little boat could be carried down to the river, there is the Bad Place, which will shatter it in pieces." And then much vehement de-

scription of the Bad Place, just sufficiently intelligible to make one feel that the next day ought to be an interesting one.

Meanwhile the question arose, Where were we to sleep? There was only one spare bed in the village. It was in a squalid cottage near at hand. The proprietor, M. Ceppe, a little bow-legged man, was, after the mayor, the most intelligent person in the place. He showed us in with the utmost courtesy, explaining that the accommodation, though scanty, was in all respects good. The cottage consisted only of a kitchen and a bedroom, both astonishingly dirty. The kitchen had a cupboard, two tables, and four or five seats. The bedroom contained a table and one long bed running the whole length of the room, divided into three sections by partitions. The spare bed was on the right, the bed of M. and Mme. Ceppe in the middle, and the bed of the four children on the left. There were two windows a foot square, not made to open. The walls were hung with the paper patterns of clothes—for M. Ceppe, besides selling candles for ecclesiastical purposes, made the clothes of the entire village. We agreed that my brother should sleep on the kitchen-table on the canoe-cushions, while I would occupy the empty bed.

Then M. Ceppe bade us be seated, for the villagers were waiting for their Sunday dance. So we sat down, and ate the food which we had brought with us, and drank the two

bottles of beer which were all there were, while the whole village poured into the bedroom, the elders standing round the walls to look on and help with the music. Our host sat on the table and played the fiddle, explaining—quite unnecessarily—that he had taught himself. The dances were mainly *bourrées* (a kind of reel), danced with much shouting and clapping of the hands, while the bystanders beat time upon the floor with their wooden shoes. The dust rose up through the broad cracks in the floor from the cow-stable underneath.

When the fiddler grew tired, there was a great outcry for M. Salare, a well-known character in the village. He had the loudest voice that I have ever heard. It seems that he always bellowed at his work, and could be heard for miles on a calm day. After much pretended hesitation he now began to sing, and my brother and I held our ears. He sang a ballad with a well-marked air, and the people again danced furiously to it. The ballad was most interesting. In metrical construction it was rather like the Psalms. In the first line you made your remark; in the second line you made it again, backwards. Each line ended in a loud howl, in which all present joined, whether they could get the note or not. But the curious thing was that the ballad described the proceedings of the English when they occupied that very country five hundred years ago. As our host, with admirable tact, ex-

plained, it was a mere chance that they were not there still; and he added, with great good-humour, that he, for his part, should be very glad if they were. We too danced and shouted, and stood the whole company wine for the sum of one shilling, so that we became extremely popular.

When at length it began to grow dark in the stifling bedroom, we rushed out into the open air, and prepared to carry the canoe down to the river. The four most able-bodied men in the village undertook the task in turns, the mayor honouring the proceedings with his presence, and many of the villagers following in a weird procession. As we passed the cottages old women, bent double with age, tottered to their doors and, weeping, called their husbands to take their last look at *les pauvres garçons*, which made us feel more than ever as if we were attending our own funeral.

The scramble down the side of the ravine took a long time. It was extremely steep and slippery, and none but very active natives accustomed to these breakneck paths could have got the canoe down at all. At last we reached the river, passing on the way a barn which was formerly an English church. I climbed up a ladder and saw the vaulted roof. The parish church, by the way, used by the village every Sunday, was also said to be a relic of the English occupation.

Arrived at the river, we batted, to the amazement of

the people; and then, leaving the canoe under water to soak, returned laboriously the way we came.

As we talked to our host that evening we learned many surprising things about the village and its inhabitants. In the first place, they used no money. When they bought clothes or candles they paid for them in rye or barley. On our return from taking the canoe down to the river we distributed a little silver among our friends, and could see from their faces that they were quite unaccustomed to possess it. We also distributed gold-tipped cigarettes. These produce an immense effect in country districts abroad, and are a very economical and acceptable form of present. Some of the peasants, I am convinced, thought the tip was real gold, for they used to be quite dazed when we opened our cases, and quite reluctant to light their cigarette when, having been instructed, they managed to get it out of the case. If they did smoke it, they generally preserved the tip to show their children and grandchildren.

The people, we gathered, eat meat only once a year, at Easter, and then it is pork. During the rest of the year they live on rye-bread, baked in flat loaves a yard in diameter, and only to be cut with a bill-hook or small axe. They have beans like green string, of which they make soup. There is coffee and a little wine. That is all. It is not surprising that the country is unspoilt by tourists. We were

hungry all the time. This evening, however, we gnawed some bread, sipped some wine, and shortly afterwards went to bed.

We each spent rather an indifferent night. My brother fell off the kitchen-table in his sleep, and I was kept awake by the uneasiness of the dog in the bedroom, who occasionally barked very loudly. Whenever he did so M. Ceppe would tell him to be quiet in a whisper—which made me laugh.

At five o'clock in the morning we got up, had some bread and coffee, and, accompanied by MM. Ceppe and Salare, made our way down to the river. The cold was intense. We lost no time in making up our coats, watches, and money into bundles to be carried by the two men, who were anxious to see us safely past the Bad Place. Then, emptying the canoe, we pushed out into the stream.

I confess that—owing, perhaps, to the chilliness of the morning—I felt more than usually depressed. The river was really almost a torrent, pouring down over stones and boulders with such force that one could scarcely stand when one was only in up to one's knees. Sometimes the canoe touched the bottom—once she stuck, and we had to be helped from the shore; sometimes the water was so rough that we had to get out and carry her. Thus, paddling, punting, wading, carrying, and shouting, we struggled with difficulty half a mile down-stream. It was not in the least the kind of thing that we had expected; but there

was no help for it. There we were at the bottom of a precipitous ravine hundreds of feet deep, and if the canoe was to get out at all she must go by way of the river.

At last we came to the Bad Place. A great rock, as big as a hay-rick, has fallen into the river from the side of the ravine, and almost blocks the channel. On the left, however, there is a space several feet wide, and through this the stream rushes with great force. Above the rock the partly dammed-up river forms a beautiful calm pool with a deceptively smooth surface. It was at this point that my brother and I did an idiotic thing. Hitherto we had always gone ahead along the bank to reconnoitre any doubtful spot before attempting it in the canoe. But now we were beguiled by the fair face of the pool into taking our chance.

The great rock, as I said, almost blocks the channel, and the river swirls furiously round the side. Now, we supposed that the water must rebound from the rock, and that it would be safe to trust to the backwash to keep the canoe from actually striking it. But there is no backwash. The river has in course of years hollowed out the rock underneath into a great cavern, and when the water strikes it, it does not rebound, but goes under. This we did not know. We therefore let the canoe drift quietly down the pool towards the rock. Suddenly the current took her; we were

dashed violently against the rock, and in an instant all was over.

Most of us, I expect, at some time or other, have wondered what it feels like to be drowned. If we have never seen any one drowning, we mean by this that we wonder whether it is at all like what it is represented to be—whether one's whole past life passes before one's eyes like a dream; whether one spends one's last few moments in wishing one had spent more profitably the past few years. If we *have* seen people drowning, we wonder whether it feels as bad as it looks. Now, I cannot pretend to have been nearly drowned. Nor can I say what it feels like to sink, after a prolonged struggle, in calm water within sight of land. But I *can* say what it feels like to be quite convinced that one is going to be drowned, and I am happy to know, from personal experience, that the feeling is one merely of disappointment. One is simply annoyed—certainly not angry; certainly not afraid.

When our canoe crashed against the rock that lovely summer morning, I found myself instantly whirled away in a cool green mist of sparkling water. I could not get to the surface; but what did it matter?—I was very comfortable where I was. Something hit my knee, but I really could not be expected to attend to such trifles. I swam tremendously, but the mist was as green as ever. Presently I began to talk to myself. "This is most tiresome," said I; "here am I out for a holiday, enjoy-

ing myself thoroughly; everything is going on all right; and now I go and get drowned and upset all our arrangements. It is really very vexing." . . .

"But," I argued to myself, "about this swimming? Shall I stick to this paddle?"—for I found, to my surprise, that I had not forgotten my paddle when I left the canoe—"it will help me to float,—if that makes any difference,—and in any case it would be a pity to lose it; or shall I let it go and have both hands free for swimming?" I decided, on the whole, to let it go. Then there was music—or was it singing?—faint at first, but growing louder and louder in my ears, and certain pieces of poetry which I repeated seemed better pieces of poetry than I had ever considered them to be before; and suddenly it grew lighter, my feet touched something solid, and I staggered up into the air and sunlight, holding in my hand the paddle which I had determined, but had been unable, to let go.

It was in a very anxious frame of mind that I scrambled back along the bank the eighty yards or so (it was certainly not more than one hundred) that I had just traversed so confusedly. The rock was there as I had left it, but where was my brother, and where was the canoe? I shouted, and was relieved to hear my brother's voice in answer. I found him just landed, after a far narrower escape than mine. It seems that when the canoe was overwhelmed he clung to a ledge of the rock just wide enough for his fingers but no

more, in up to his neck, with the whole weight of the river beating upon him, and yawning under his feet the dark cavern into which the canoe had disappeared. He, too, I found, had felt disappointed; he, too, discussed the situation with himself from the benevolent bystander's point of view. Every second his strength was failing, and at last it appeared to him better to let go. If he had let go he would have joined the canoe in the dark cavern.

But at this moment M. Ceppe, who had been struggling after us along the bank, came, and, at the imminent risk of his life, scrambled down the roof, as it were, of the rock in his clumsy shoes, and seized my brother by the wrists. But he could not pull him up. When it is August and one has eaten no meat since Easter, one may be able to play the fiddle, but one cannot perform feats of strength. So then my brother was further troubled by the thought that, if he let go, he would also drown our genial host. After a few moments, however, which seemed years, my brother's strength returned, and with a supreme effort he got one foot up to a resting-place, and so was saved. It was high time.

It remained to rescue the canoe. But this we could not do, for the weight of the river kept her down, and she remained lurking in the cavern like a sullen fish. We therefore rested, dried our clothes, ate our chocolate, and smoked steadily. After a while, as we

were talking, either the current shifted or the canoe grew tired of sulking, for of her own accord she came up out of the cavern, and we seized her and drew her out upon the bank. She was split from end to end. Thanks, however, to our lookers and other precautions, we had lost, I think, only one pipe. We had brought with us putty and copper nails, and soon set to work to mend her. But there are better ways of spending a baking hot noontide than in hammering one's fingers with a stone. Sometimes we stopped to put our heads into the river. My hat, a wide-brimmed felt, had gone on down past Bergerac to the sea, so that for the rest of that day and until we returned to the land of shops I wore on my head a thin white football jersey with the sleeves tied round my neck. This, being frequently wetted, dripped down the back, and so kept cool the spine.

When, finally, the repairs were finished, we did what we ought to have done before—we reconnoitred the river lower down. Its aspect was terrible, and I did not feel justified in encouraging my brother to attempt it. If we had failed again, it would have made him still more cross, and already he was inclined to show his irritation in his speech. So we gave it up, and when our friends the villagers heard our decision they were very glad. When we made them a present of the canoe they were still more glad, for, they said, they had long been in need of a ferry-

boat. Considering that none of them would have been safe in a coal-barge, I am not sure that we ought to have done this.

Then the two men left us to go home, forcing their way up through the dense undergrowth which covered the walls of the ravine. It was now afternoon, and we had nothing else to do than enjoy the surpassing loveliness of the spot and wish that to the music of the river there might have been added the songs of birds. But there were no birds here, nor elsewhere on our journey. So we lay and smoked, and watched the sunlight striking through the branches and gleaming on the water, and marvelled at the greenness of the foliage and the infinite variety of the grasses and the flowers. Then we bathed in the deep still pool above the rock, and spread ourselves out to dry on the warm sand. And as the sun sank there came down from the sides of the ravine to drink snakes in abundance, and got between us and our clothes, so that we were terrified and fled. For the village people had warned us that, of all the snakes in their country, only two kinds were poisonous, and, so far as we might judge, these were the two kinds.

So we bade farewell to our canoe with regret, and toiled up the track made by the others till we reached the upper world and in time came to the village. In our cottage were many of our acquaintances, and I would gladly have drunk with them if I had not fallen asleep

the moment I sat down. An hour later I was awakened to assist—that is all I can call it—at the most trying meal that I remember. My brother and I sat at the kitchen-table, with the eyes of our host and hostess fixed on us. There was soup, made by boiling the stringy beans for the twentieth time; there was, of course, the disc of bread; and finally there was a sausage.

That sausage simply cannot be described. The thought of it still makes me shudder in the night. Originally, no doubt, it had been pork; but then the pork was killed at Easter and this was August. Mixed with other dreadful ingredients, it had been treasured up as if it were wedding-cake, and now was brought forth and in all its horror lay before us. As a judge of sausages, I say deliberately that, while it lasted, this was the worst sausage in the world. With my kind entertainers watching to see me enjoy my supper, what could I do but taste it? One taste was enough! I returned it stealthily to my plate, and worked my empty mouth with an air of the greatest satisfaction. That was the end of my supper, for though I made a great display of eating bread and shovelling beans about my plate, I could think of nothing else but how to get rid of that appalling sausage without arousing suspicion and perhaps giving mortal offence. At last I succeeded in getting it out of doors.

When this painful incident was over, three tramps came

in and demanded drink. One of them was a woman, and all three were already in an excited, quarrelsome condition. My brother and I listened drowsily to their wrangling for a while, and then went out for a walk, hoping to find them gone on our return, for we were longing to get to sleep. During the whole of this walk my brother reviled me in a very loud and disgusting fashion, as is his wont when he is tired. When we got back to the cottage the tramps were quarrelling more noisily than ever, so we sat down and dozed by the fire till they should go away. . . .

Suddenly there was a great tumult in the room, and we awoke to find our host engaged in a fierce struggle with the two men. We naturally jumped up and took part, and before long succeeded in thrusting them out of the house. One of them as he retired received a very savage kick on the ankle from M. Ceppe. Hastily we locked and barred the door. Then we discovered that the woman had remained in the kitchen. Forthwith began a desperate onslaught on the door from the two men outside. The women shrieked continuously, and we stood by the door and hoped that it would not give way.

The noise was indescribable—the thundering blows on the door, the bellowing of the infuriated drunkards, the dismal yelping of the ladies. In the midst of it all our host stepped into the bedroom and took down his gun. My brother

flung himself upon him and tried to disarm him. He explained that he did not wish to kill the men, but only to mutilate them. He would leave them outside all night, and in the morning would take out a summons and have them fined. One *must*, he said, insist on quiet in one's own house. We reasoned with him, and finally it was arranged that we should hold a parley with the besiegers. This was done, and the men agreed to retire a certain distance from the door while we let the woman out. So we released our captive and re-fastened the door. Then our three visitors sat down on a low wall and said what they thought of us. We were too tired to reply, and left that duty to Mme. Ceppe. It was performed more admirably than one could have thought possible. I had never heard real sarcasm before. Then my brother very courageously went out and talked privately to the two men, who were still very angry. He congratulated them on their conduct, and their country on numbering them among its citizens, and having shaken hands with them and expressed his gladness at having met them, at length persuaded them to go away.

Thus ended a trying day. I got my boots off and slept in the right-hand bed. My brother tried the kitchen-table again, fell off, tried a table outside the door, could not sleep because of the cold, and finally flung himself also on my bed, and thrust me down between the bedding and the wall.

Whenever I slept I dreamt that I was drowning.

Next morning M. Ceppe had a magnificent idea, and after breakfast — a chunk of the bread and some very curious coffee—he delicately suggested it. It was that we should have a wash. It was not, he said, a thing he cared about himself, but he had a sort of feeling that *we* might; and as we had seen no water since our arrival, except the river, we agreed to try it. He disappeared, and presently returned with a tin basin about the size of a soap-dish. It contained water, of a kind. He put it on the bedroom table, and, rubbing his hands, as a dog wags his tail, with delight, said: "There, now you have a good wash. I'll stand at the door and see that no one comes in!" Considering that there was barely enough water to wet our hands, and that our accommodation was of the primitive nature which I have indicated, this precaution seemed rather superfluous.

But for the hunger, the dirt, and the hardness of the seats, we should, I think, have been very sorry indeed when, next day, the time came to say good-bye to these friendly peasants, and especially to the dear old

people who, when we started for the river, "*knew* that they would never see us again." In reply to our inquiry what we could do to repay their kindness, MM. Ceppe and Salare assured us that some English razors were all that they required to make their happiness in this life complete. The razors were duly forwarded on our return home, and this is how they thanked us:—

"ROCHE LE PRATROUX *le 20 8br. 1896*

"MONSIEUR cest avec palaisir que je recoit le rasoires dons vous nous faite cadot je je les ai recut sans frais et il ne nous reste qua bien a vous remercier car nous avons etait complètement satisfait de la peine dans lexpoire de vous revoir pour la vie votre devouer Cerviteure.

"L. CEPPE
et SALARE.

"Jaie etait voire a lendroit ou vous croyais avoir laisser le livre mais je ne lai pas trouver le cano et toujours a Vrailebenette."

That letter, hardly legible, written in bad French, with nearly every word wrongly spelt, from one man who could hardly speak French at all and another who could neither speak French, nor read, nor write, is one of my pleasantest souvenirs of our expedition in Central France.

HUBERT WALTER.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE BLACK HOLE.

BY G. W. FORREST, C.I.E.

EIGHTEEN years after the siege of Calcutta¹ John Zephaniah Holwell, who had so gallantly defended the fort after the dastardly flight of the Governor, published "A Genuine Narrative of the Deplorable Deaths of the English Gentlemen and Others who were suffocated in the Black Hole in Fort William, at Calcutta, in the kingdom of Bengal, in the night succeeding the 10th day of June 1756. In a Letter to a Friend." The friend was W. Davis, Esq., and the letter was written "from on board the *Syren* sloop, the 28th of February 1757." In a short preface Holwell informs the reader that "the narrative has been freely communicated to several, and amongst them to persons of the first distinction; who thought it might gratify public expectation, more especially if it appeared in the same natural and undignified dress in which they had seen it."

Nothing in De Foe's 'History of the Plague' is more lifelike nor more appalling than Holwell's natural and matter-of-fact narrative of what took place in the Black Hole. It was from Holwell that Orme took his account of the horrors of that night, and Macaulay borrowed from Orme. Holwell writes: "Can it gain belief, that this scene of misery proved

entertainment to the brutal wretches without. But so it was; and they took care to keep us supplied with water, that they might have the satisfaction of seeing us fight for it, as they phrased it, and held up lights to the bars, that they might lose no part of the human diversion." Orme says: "This scene, instead of producing compassion on the guards without, only excited their mirth; and they held up lights to the bars, in order to have the diabolical satisfaction of viewing the deplorable contentions of the sufferers within." Macaulay reduces Holwell's statement to the following: "The gaolers in the meantime held lights to the bars, and shouted with laughter at the frantic struggles of the victims."

Two other survivors of the tragedy have left notices of what occurred that night. The last four pages of the 'Account of John Cooke, Esq., who was in the Black Hole, June 1756,' refer to events after the surrender; and there is a very brief mention of the tragedy in 'The Journal of Captain Mill, who was in the Black Hole, from the 7th of June to the 1st of July 1756.' The last half-page of Mr Grey, jun.'s, 'Account of the Siege of Calcutta' refers to the catastrophe; and Mr William Lindsay,

¹ "The Siege of Calcutta," 'Maga,' December 1902.

in his letter to Orme, dated Fulta, July 1756, mentions it. William Tooke also refers to it. We have a further account of the tragedy by Watts and others from hearsay; and Captain Alexander Grant, adjutant-general of the forces engaged in the defence of Calcutta, briefly notices it. From these contemporary narratives we propose to tell again a story of wrath, revenge, cruelty, and suffering which in its most terrible features has no parallel in the world's history.

Immediately after the few troops who had survived the siege of Calcutta had surrendered prisoners of war, the Company's Factory was filled with the enemy, who began to plunder it.

"We were rifled of our watches, buckles, buttons, &c.," says Cooke, "but no further violence offered to our person. The Bales of broad cloth, chests of coral, Plate and Treasure laying in the apartments of the gentlemen who resided in the factory were broke open, and the enemy were wholly taken up in plundering till the Subah entered the Fort, which was a little after five in the afternoon carried in a kind of Litter; his younger brother accompanied him in another. Surajah Dowlah seemed astonished to find so small a garrison, and immediately enquired for Mr Drake, with whom he appeared much incensed."

But Mr Drake, fearing with good reason the vengeance of Suraja Dowlah, was at the time sailing down the Hughley. Orme, in his 'Narrative of the Loss of Calcutta, composed at Madras, 1756,' says: "The Nabob entered the fort in the afternoon and admired the building, adding that the

English must be fools to oblige him to drive them out of so fine a city. He ordered Mr Holwell, who had been put in irons, to be freed from them, and that the English in general who were become his prisoners should be treated with humanity." Cooke states that Holwell was brought before the Nawab "with his hands bound, and upon complaining of that usage the Nabob gave orders for loosing his hands, and assured him, upon the faith of a soldier, that not a hair of our heads should be touched." Cooke's statement is confirmed by Holwell, who writes: "The Suba and his troops were in possession of the fort before six in the evening. I had in all three interviews with him: the last in durbar before seven, when he repeated his assurances to me, *on the word of a soldier*, that no harm should come to us; and I believe his orders were only general, that we should for that night be secured." After mentioning the promises of Suraja Dowlah that the prisoners should not be molested, Cooke adds: "The Nawab then held a kind of durbar in the open area, sitting in his litter, where Kissendas (who had been kept a prisoner by us during the siege) was sent for and publicly presented with a *surpaw* or honorary dress." Orme, in his history, also mentions the important fact that the Nawab "immediately ordered Omichund and Kissendas to be brought before him, and received them with civil-

ity." Drake, in his 'Narrative of the Succession of Suraja Dowlah and of the Siege of Calcutta,' mentions that "Mr Holwell was conducted to him with his hands bound. Omichund and Kissendas were released and permitted to pay their respects to the Nawab, and it is reported that the former's houses were, during the siege, guarded and protected by the enemy's force from plunder." Orme further relates that Suraja Dowlah

"having bid some officers go and take possession of the Company's treasury, he proceeded to the principal apartment of the factory, where he sat in state and received the compliments of his Court and Attendants in magnificent expressions of his prowess and good fortune. Soon after he sent for Mr Holwell, to whom he expressed much resentment at the presumption of the English in daring to defend the fort, and much dissatisfaction at the smallness of the sum found in the Treasury, which did not exceed 50,000 rupees. Mr Holwell had two other conferences with him on the subject before seven o'clock, when the Nabob dismissed him with repeated assurances, on the word of a soldier, that he should suffer no harm."

The reception of Kissendas and Omichund with honour by Suraja Dowlah tends to confirm the suspicion felt at the time that the true nature of the visit of Kissendas to Calcutta was to embroil the English with Ali-verdi Khan, and it clearly proves that they must have rendered him a signal secret service. The Nawab, says John Cooke, after ordering the Armenians and Portuguese to be set at liberty, between six and seven left the fort, and Monickchund, the Governor of

Hughley, was put in charge of it. After the departure of the Nawab his troops searched every part of the Factory to prevent treachery, "and in the dusk of the evening the Mussalmen sang a thanksgiving to Allah for the success they had met with." Hitherto the prisoners had fared extremely well, as Cooke states, "and had been left unmolested in person so long," that they even entertained hopes "not only of getting our liberty," but of being suffered to re-establish their affairs and carry on their business upon the terms the Nawab had indicated when he captured Kasimbazar on his way to Calcutta. "But these hopes and expectations were very soon changed into as great a reverse as human creatures ever felt." When Holwell returned to his unfortunate companions, darkness had begun swiftly to fall, and they were ordered by their guard to collect in one body and sit down quietly under "the arched veranda, or piazza," to the south of the eastern or main gateway. The piazza was of arched masonry, and along the inner pillars ran a small parapet wall, forming with the curtain (or outer wall) of the fort a long chamber known as "the barracks." A wooden platform for the soldiers to sleep on was fastened along the curtain wall, but owing to the pillars being low, in order to protect the soldiers from the sun and rain, little light or air entered the barracks from the parade which it faced. Standing on the parade and looking towards the east, on the right of the inner gate, one saw the

court of guard, and adjoining it the long narrow barrack stretching to the south-eastern bastion, and in front of them the piazza, with its double row of arches. A small portion of the barracks abutting this bastion had been converted into a cell, "where our soldiers," says Cooke, "were usually confined in the stocks." And it had been always called by them the Black Hole. James Mill the historian, who never wearies of fouling the fair fame of his countrymen, writes: "The atrocities of English imprisonment at home, not then exposed to detestation by the labour of Howard, too naturally reconciled Englishmen abroad to the use of dungeons—of *Black Holes*. What had they to do with a *black hole*? Had no *black hole* existed (as none ought to exist anywhere, least of all in the sultry and unwholesome climate of Bengal), those who perished in the Black Hole of Calcutta would have experienced a different fate." The Black Hole was not a dungeon. It was an ordinary cell, to be found in every garrison, where two or three drunken soldiers could be confined till they recovered their carouse.¹ Cooke states it was "about 18 feet long and 14 wide, with only two holes, barricaded with iron bars, to let in air, which opened into a low piazza." Holwell describes it as "a cube of about eighteen feet, shut up to the eastward and southward by dead walls, and by a wall and door to the north, open only to the westward by two win-

dows." Besides the guard at the barracks, "another was placed at the foot of the stairs at the south end of this verandah, leading into the south-east bastion, to prevent any of us escaping that way. On the parade (where you will remember the two twenty-four pounders stood) were also drawn up in a line four or five hundred gun-men with lighted matches."

As the prisoners sat under the arches of the veranda, they saw a red glare in the sky. Various were the conjectures at its appearance. Then flames were seen dancing up in the dark night, and the sinister crackling of fire was heard. The Factory was burning to the right and left of them—"to the right the Armoury and Laboratory, to the left the Carpenter's yard"; and "as the fire advanced with rapidity on both sides, it was the prevailing opinion that they intended suffocating us between two fires." The fearful meaning seemed to be confirmed by the appearance of some officers and men with lighted torches in their hands, who went into all the apartments under the easterly curtains—to the right of the miserable assembly. They intended to fire them, to carry out more swiftly and certainly their dark resolve. "On this we presently came to a resolution of rushing on the guard, seizing their scimitars, and attacking the troops upon the parade rather than be thus tamely roasted to

¹ The Black Hole was the official designation down to 1868, when it was formally abolished (*vide* Army Ord. and Reg., 1868).

death." At the request of some of his companions Holwell advanced to see if they were really setting fire to the apartments, and discovered that their worst fears were not well founded. They were only searching for a place in which to confine the prisoners. At this moment the brave Holwell had an opportunity to escape, and there occurred an act of genuine chivalry which places the name of Leach, the Company's smith, and clerk of the parish, high in the splendid calendar of England's heroes. To him Holwell had in many instances been a friend.

"This man had made his escape when the Moors entered the fort, and returned just as it was dark, to tell me he had provided a boat, and would ensure my escape, if I would follow him through a passage few were acquainted with, and by which he had entered. (This might easily have been accomplished, as the guard put over us took but slight notice of us.) I thanked him in the best terms I was able; but told him it was a step I could not prevail on myself to take, as I should thereby very ill repay the attachment the gentlemen and the garrison had shown me; and that I was resolved to share their fate, be it what it would; but pressed him to secure his own escape without loss of time, to which he gallantly replied, that 'then he was resolved to share mine, and would not leave me.'"

Holwell had scarce time to answer Leach when he saw part of the guard drawn up on the parade advance towards

them. They were accompanied by the officers who had been viewing the room, and "they ordered us all to rise and go into the barracks to the left of the court of guard." The prisoners went more readily, as they were pleased "with the prospect of passing a comfortable night on the platform." Short-lived was their joy. No sooner had they entered the barracks than the guard advanced "to the inner arches and parapet wall" and ordered them to go into the Black Hole. A body of men with clubs and drawn scimitars from the court of guard enforced the command by pressing upon them.

"This stroke was so sudden, so unexpected, and the throng and pressure so great upon us next the door of the Black Hole prison, that there was no resisting it; but like one agitated wave impelling another, we were obliged to give way and enter; the rest followed like a torrent, few amongst us, the soldiers excepted, having the least idea of the dimensions or nature of a place we had never seen: for if we had, we should at all events have rushed upon the guard and been, as the lesser evil, by our own choice cut to pieces."

The door was immediately locked. It was eight o'clock "on a close sultry night in Bengal." "The number of souls," says Cooke, "thrust into this dungeon were near 150. Among which was one woman: and twelve of the wounded officers."¹ The in-

¹ Holwell states the number to be "a hundred and forty-six wretches exhausted by constant fatigue and action." Captain Grant writes, "Prisoners to the number of about 200 Europeans, Portuguese, and Armenians were at night shut up in ye Black Hole." Captain James Mill states, "But most of those that remained in the fort were put in the Black Hole, to the number of 144 men, women, and children."

stant the miserable survivors of the siege cast their eyes round and saw the size and situation of the room, they knew that they had escaped the shot and the sword only to perish by a more cruel death—suffocation. “Many unsuccessful attempts were made to force the door; for having nothing but our hands to work with, and the door opening forward, all endeavours were vain and fruitless.” The baffled victims began to rave and utter curses. Holwell commanded silence, and speaking to them

“in the most pathetic and moving terms which occurred, I begged and intreated, that as they had paid a ready obedience to me in the day, they would now for their own sakes, and the sakes of those who were dear to them, and were interested in the preservation of their lives, regard the advice I had to give them. I assured them, the return of day would give us air and liberty; urged to them that the only chance we had left for sustaining this misfortune, and surviving the night, was the preserving a calm mind and quiet resignation to our fate; intreating them to curb, as much as possible, every agitation of mind and body, as raving and giving a loose to their passions could answer no purpose, but that of hastening their destruction.”

The ferment subsided. Holwell, who had been amongst the first to enter the cell, had got possession of the window nearest the door, “and took Messrs Coles and Scot into the window with me, they being both wounded (the first, I believe, mortally).” Amongst the guards posted at the window Holwell observed an old native officer “who seemed to carry some compassion for us in his

countenance.” He called him and begged him to get the prisoners separated into two chambers. For this service he promised him a thousand rupees in the morning. In a few minutes he returned and said it was impossible. “I then thought I had been deficient in my offer, and promised him two thousand. He withdrew a second time, but returned soon, and (with, I believe, much real pity and concern) told me it was not practicable: that it could not be done but by the Suba’s orders, and no one dared awake him.” By “Suba” the man on duty must have meant the Governor, for Suraja Dowlah, according to Cooke, had left the Fort.

The heat and stench rapidly grew intolerable. Every one fell into a profuse perspiration. “This consequently brought on a raging thirst, which still increased in proportion as the body was drained of its moisture.” Various expedients were thought of to give more room and air. It was moved to put off their clothes. In a few minutes every man was stripped except Holwell, “Mr Court, and the two wounded young gentlemen by me.” Every hat was put in motion. Then it was proposed that all should sit down on their hams.

“As they were truly in the situation of drowning wretches, no wonder they caught at everything that bore a flattering appearance of saving them. This expedient was several times put in practice, and at each time many of the poor creatures whose natural strength was less than others, or had been more exhausted, and could not

immediately recover their legs, as others did, when the word was given to rise, fell to rise no more; for they were instantly trod to death, or suffocated. When the whole body sat down, they were so closely wedged together, that they were obliged to use many efforts before they could put themselves in motion to get up again."

Before an hour passed away every man's thirst grew intolerable and respiration difficult. Another attempt was made to force the door, but in vain. Then the captives heaped insults on the guard, to provoke them to fire on them. Kindly death relieved some of them. Some went mad. "Water! Water!" became the general cry. The old native officer, taking pity on them, ordered some to be brought — "little dreaming, I believe," says Holwell, "of its fatal effects." The water appeared. There was, however, no means of conveying it into the prison "but by hats forced through the bar." Holwell, Coles, and Scot at the window brought it in as quickly as possible. But "though we brought full hats within the bars, there ensued such violent struggles and frequent contests to get at it that before it reached the lips of any one there would be scarcely a small teacupful left in them. These supplies, like sprinkling water on fire, only served to feed and raise the flame." Those at the back of the cell cried and raved and implored, "calling on me by the tender considerations of friendship and affection." Several quitted the other window, "the only chance they had for life," to force their way to

the water. "The strength and force upon the window grew greater and greater. Many forcing their passage from the further part of the room, pressed down those in their way who had less strength, and trampled them to death." Holwell's friend Baillie and several others lay dead at his feet, "and were now trampled upon by every corporal or common soldier, who, by the help of more robust constitutions, had forced their way to the window, and held fast by the bars over me, till at last I became so pressed and wedged up, I was deprived of all motion." Holwell begged them, "as the last instance of their regard," that they would relax their pressure and allow him to have the window or to die in quiet. "They gave way, and with much difficulty I forced a passage into the centre of the prison, where the throng was less by the many dead (then, I believe, amounting to one-third) and the number who flocked to the windows; for by this time they had water also at the other window." He strode over the dead bodies to the platform, and seated himself opposite the second window. "Here my poor friend Mr Eyre came staggering over the dead to me, and, with his usual coolness and good-nature, asked me how I did; but fell and expired before I had time to make him a reply." But Holwell's thirst and the difficulty of breathing greatly increasing, he determined to push his way to the window opposite

him,—“and by an effort of double the strength I ever before possessed, gained the third rank of it, with one hand seized a bar, and by that means gained a second, though I think there were at least six or seven ranks between me and the window.” The difficulty of breathing ceased, but the thirst grew intolerable. He called aloud for “*Water, for God’s sake!*” They thought he was among the dead. But as soon as they heard his voice, these poor creatures, who had fought for every drop of water, “had still the respect and tenderness for me to cry out, ‘*Give him water! Give him water!*’” And never did Englishmen bear themselves more nobly than this. “Nor would one of those at the window attempt to touch it till I had drunk.” The water, however, afforded Holwell no relief. It only increased his thirst. “So I determined to drink no more, but patiently wait the event; and kept my mouth moist from time to time by sucking the perspiration off my shirt-sleeves, and catching the drops as they fell like heavy rain from my head and face: you can hardly imagine how unhappy I was if any of them escaped my mouth.” Then was brought about an incident with a touch of grim humour.

“Whilst I was at this second window I was observed by one of my miserable companions on the right of me, in the expedient of allaying my thirst by sucking my shirt-sleeves. He took the hint, and robbed me from time to time of a considerable part of my store; though after I

detected him, I had ever the address to begin on that sleeve first, when I thought my reservoirs were sufficiently replenished; and our mouths and noses often met in the contest. The plunderer I found afterwards was a worthy young gentleman in the service, Mr Lushington, one of the few who escaped from death, and has since paid me the compliment of assuring me he believed he owed his life to the many comfortable draughts he had from the sleeves.”

Before he hit upon this expedient Holwell in an ungovernable fit of thirst had adopted a more horrible one, “but it was so intensely bitter there was no enduring a second taste, whereas no Bristol water could be more soft or pleasant than what arose from perspiration.”

It was now half-past eleven. A large number of the poor wretches living were wild with delirium: some were beyond all control. “Few retained any calmness but the ranks next the windows.” “Air! Air!” was the general cry. Fresh torrents of abuse were poured on the guard. Every foul epithet was applied to their sovereign to rouse them to fire—“every man that could, rushing tumultuously towards the windows with eager hopes of meeting the first shot.” Then there arose a general prayer to heaven that the flames would consume them. “But these failing, they whose strength and spirits were quite exhausted, laid themselves down and expired quietly upon their fellows.” Those who had any energy left made a last effort to reach the windows. A few succeeded in scrambling over the backs and heads of those in the first ranks and got hold of the bars, from

which there was no removing them. Many sank beneath the pressure and were suffocated. Holwell sustained the weight "of a heavy man, with his knees in my back and the pressure of his whole body on my head. A Dutch serjeant, who had taken his seat upon my left shoulder, and a Topaz [a black Christian soldier] bearing on my right; all which nothing could have enabled me long to support, but the props and pressure equally sustaining me all around. The two latter I frequently dislodged, by shifting my hold on the bars, and driving my knuckles into their ribs; but my friend above stuck fast, and as he held by two bars, was immovable."

An hour slowly crept away. Then, seeing no hope of relief, Holwell thought it better to "leave God and die." He remembered he had a small clasp penknife in his pocket. He determined to open his arteries. "I had got it out when heaven interposed, and restored me fresh spirits and resolution, with an act of abhorrence of the act of cowardice I was just going to commit." It was now two o'clock. And Holwell was quite exhausted in vainly attempting to shake off the human load. He must quit the window or sink where he was. He determined to quit the window and meet death calmly.

"In the ranks behind me was an officer of one of the ships, whose name was Carey, who had behaved with much bravery during the siege (his wife, a fine woman, though country born, would not quit him,

but accompanied him into the prison, and was one who survived). This poor wretch had been long raving for water and air. I told him I was determined to give up life, and recommended his gaining my station. On my quitting he made a fruitless attempt to get my place, but the Dutch serjeant who sat on my shoulder supplanted him."

Carey thanked Holwell, and said he too was prepared to give up life. With the utmost labour they forced their way from the window. Then the brave sailor laid himself down to die. "And his death, I believe, was very sudden; for he was a short, full, sanguine man. His strength was great; and I imagine, had he not retired with me, I should never have been able to have found my way." Holwell, finding a stupor coming on, also laid himself down "by that gallant old man the Reverend Mr Jervas Bellamay, who lay dead with his son the lieutenant hand in hand near the southernmost wall of the prison." He had lain there some little time when athwart his delirious brain there came the dread that he should be trampled upon when dead, "as I myself had done to others." With a supreme effort he raised himself, and gained the platform a second time, when he soon became senseless. "The last trace of sensibility that I have been able to recollect, after my lying down, was my sash being uneasy about my waist, which I untied and threw from me."

Three more hours wore away in misery. When the dawn came the miserable wretches

at the windows again implored the guard to release them. But they asked in vain. Then it occurred to one of them to make a search for Holwell, as he might have sufficient influence to obtain their removal from the cell. After a search they discovered him by his shirt under the dead upon the platform. Seeing some signs of life, they carried him to the window :—

“But as life was equally dear to every man (and the stench arising from the dead bodies was grown intolerable), no one would give up his station near the window, so they were obliged to carry me back again. But soon Captain Mills (now captain of the Company's yacht), who was in possession of a seat in the window, had the humanity to offer to resign it. I was again brought by the same gentleman and placed in the window.”

Shortly after there came a gleam of hope. A native officer sent by Suraja Dowlah arrived. The Nawab had heard of the havoc death had made among the prisoners, and he had despatched him to inquire if the chief was alive. “They showed me to him; told him I had appearance of life remaining, and believed I might recover if the door was opened very soon. This answer being returned to the Suba, an order came immediately for our release, it being then near six in the morning.” The door was thrown open, but it was some time before the survivors could leave that small cell. “The little strength remaining amongst the most robust who survived, made it a difficult task to remove the dead piled

up against the door; so that I believe it was more than twenty minutes before we obtained a passage out for one at a time.” About twenty-three came out alive. The rest, one hundred and twenty-three persons, “mostly gentlemen and men of hopes,” perished through suffocation.

Holwell on reaching the open air found himself “in a high putrid fever,” and not being able to stand, threw himself on the grass, wet with the rain of the monsoon, without the veranda. A message reached him that he must immediately go to the Suba. Supported under each arm by a stalwart sepoy, he limped along till he came into the Nawab's presence. Suraja Dowlah, seeing his condition, ordered a large folio volume, which lay on a heap of plunder, to be brought for him to sit on. “I endeavoured two or three times to speak, but my tongue was dry and without motion. He ordered me water. As soon as I got speech I began to recount the dismal catastrophe of my miserable companions.” Orme, in his Narrative, written in 1756, states that Holwell “complained loudly to the Nabob of the inhuman barbarities which had been inflicted on his countrymen the preceding night, and added that it was inconsistent with the character of a soldier, as the Nabob was, to see him, a soldier too, in irons for no other cause than having done his duty. The Nabob disavowed any knowledge of the horrors of the preceding night, and seemed, as much as a man naturally cruel

could be, affected with what had passed." Holwell, however, affirms that Suraja Dowlah stopped him short with telling him he was well informed of great treasure being buried or secreted in the fort, and that Holwell was privy to it, and that if he expected favour he must discover it.

"I urged everything I could to convince him there was no truth in the information; or that if anything had been done, it was without my knowledge. I reminded him of his repeated assurances to me the day before; but he resumed the subject of the treasure, and all I said seemed to gain no credit with him. I was ordered prisoner under Mhir Muddin, General of the Household troops."

Holwell proceeds to relate that he was taken to the camp of the General's quarters "within the outward ditch something short of Omychund's garden (which you know is about three miles from the fort), and with me Messieurs Court, Walcot, and Burdet. The rest who survived the fatal night gained their liberty, except Mrs Carey, who was too young and handsome. The dead bodies were promiscuously thrown into the ditch of our unfinished ravelin, and covered with the earth."

The majority of the survivors at once left the fort and proceeded towards the ships, "which were still in sight"; but when "they reached Govindpore, in the southern part of the Company's bounds, they were informed that guards were stationed to prevent any persons from passing to the vessels, on which most of them took shelter in deserted huts,

where some of the natives, who had served the English in different employments, came and administered to their immediate wants. Two or three, however, ventured, and got to the vessels before sunset." And so it was a hundred years later in the dark days of the Mutiny. Many a native who had served the English came at the risk of his life and administered to the wants of his old master. William Lindsay states that "Cooke and Lushington set out and arrived on board of the ships the same night, we then laying above Buggee Buggee. We had a very warm fire upon us as we passed Tanna's fort, and several of the ships received damage as they passed Buggee Buggee." Holwell and his three companions were conveyed in a bullock-cart to the camp, "and soon loaded with fetters." They were stowed all four in a sepoy's small tent. All night it rained severely. "Dismal as this was, it appeared a paradise compared with our lodging the preceding night. Here I became covered from head to foot with large painful boils, the first symptom of my recovery, for until these appeared my fever did not leave me." The following morning, June 22, they were marched to the town in their fetters under the scorching beams of an intensely hot sun, "and lodged at the Dock-head in the open small veranda fronting the river." "Here the other gentlemen broke out likewise in boils all over their bodies (a happy circumstance, which, as I afterwards learned, at-

tended every one who came out of the Black Hole).” On the afternoon of the 24th they were put on board a large boat to carry them to Murshedabad.

“Our bedstead and bedding were a platform of loose unequal bamboos laid on the bottom timbers; so that when they had been negligent in bailing, we frequently waked with half of us in the water. We had hardly any cloaths to our bodies, and nothing but a bit of mat, and a bit or two of old gunny-bag, which we begged at the Dock-head to defend us from the sun, rain, and dews. Our food only rice, and the water alongside, which you know is neither very clean nor very palatable in the rains: but there was enough of it without scrambling.”

On reaching the fort at Hughley Holwell wrote a letter to the native Governor (“by means of a pencil and blank leaf of a volume of Archbishop Tillotson’s sermons given us by one of our guard, part of his plunder”) informing him of their miserable plight. The Governor “had the humanity” to send three several boats “with fresh provisions, liquor, cloaks, and money” after them, none of which reached them. “But whatever is, is right! Our rice and water were more salutary and proper for us.” The river grew too shallow for the large boat, and on the last day of June they were transferred to a small open fishing craft with two of their guard. “Here we had a bed of bamboos, something softer, I think, than those of the great boat; that is, they were something smoother, but we were so distressed for room that we could not stir without our fetters bruising our own or one another’s

boils.” The monsoon having burst, they were exposed to one regular succession of heavy rain or intense sunshine with nothing to protect them. “But then don’t let me forget our blessings, for by the good-nature of one of our guard, Sheike Bodul, we saw and then latterly got a few plantains, onions, parched rice with *Taggree* (Molasses), and the bitter green called *Carella*; all of which were to us luxurious indulgences, and made the rice go down deliciously.”

On the morning of the 7th of July they came in sight of the French factory at Kasimbazar. Holwell persuaded the friendly guard to put in there, and sent a letter to Mr Law, the chief, who came down to the river-side to see them. “He gave the Sheike a genteel present for his civilities, and offered him a considerable reward and security, if he would permit us to land for an hour’s refreshment; but he replied, his head would pay for the indulgence. After Mr Law had given us a supply of cloaths, linen, provisions and liquors, and cash, we left his factory with grateful hearts and compliments.” About four that afternoon they landed at Murshedabad, and were led like felons through the streets, “a spectacle to the inhabitants of this populous city,” to an open stable not far from the Nawab’s palace. Here they were kept in close confinement. Two days later Suraja Dowlah returned to his capital, and the prisoners were removed to an open bungalow belonging to a native officer, Bundoo Sing,

who had commanded their guard when they left Calcutta. They were treated with much kindness and respect by him, "who generally passed some time or other of the day with us, and feasted us with hopes of soon being released." On the 15th of July the prisoners were taken to the Nawab's palace in the city in order to have an interview with him "and know our fate." But Suraja Dowlah could not see them that day, and they were marched to their former lodgings, "the stables, to be at hand, and had the mortification of passing another night there." Next morning a female attendant on the Dowager Princess (grandmother to Suraja Dowlah) visited their chief custodian and had a long talk with him. Overhearing a part of the conversation and finding it was favourable to them, the prisoners elicited from their friendly jailer the whole story. At a feast the preceding night the Begum had solicited their liberty, and the Suba had promised he would release them on the morrow. Great was their joy. But even yet misfortune had not tired of persecuting them. At noon their friend Bundoo Sing, the native officer, told them that an order was prepared "and ready to pass the seal" for sending them back in irons to Monickchund, the Governor of Calcutta. They gave up all hope of liberty. They knew they would never get alive out of the hands "of that rapacious harpy, who is a genuine Hindoo in the very worst acceptation of the word." But men in this

state of mind, says Holwell, are generally pretty easy; it is hope which gives anxiety. "We dined and laid ourselves down to sleep; and for my own part I never enjoyed a sounder afternoon's nap." Towards five the native officer awoke them with the news that the Nawab would presently pass by on his way to the palace. Rousing themselves, they begged the guard to keep the view clear for them. "When the Suba came in sight we made him the usual salaam; and when he came abreast of us, he ordered his litter to stop, and us to be called to him." The wretched prisoners, laden with fetters, advanced, and Holwell made a short speech, setting forth their sufferings, and petitioning for their liberty.

"He gave no reply, but ordered a Sootapurdar and Chubdara immediately to cut our irons off, and to conduct us wherever we chose to go, and to take care we received no trouble nor insult; and having repeated this order distinctly, directed his retinue to go on. As soon as our legs were free we took boat and proceeded to the Tanksall (the Dutch Mint near Murshedabad), where we were received and entertained with real joy and humanity."

So ends Holwell's story. His tale of horror called forth the execrations of the civilised world, and even after the lapse of one hundred and fifty years it excites emotions which make it difficult to reason calmly. As the event, however, can never sink into insignificance or oblivion, it is proper that the contemporary evidence should be subjected to a strict and fair

scrutiny, in order to enable us to form an impartial opinion of the actors and their motives. It is almost a hopeless task to arrive at a final judgment as to the motives which have prompted actions. We can only discuss authentic testimonies. William Lindsay states: "At first they used the gentlemen very well, but some of the soldiers getting drunk, they were all ordered into the Black Hole." According to Orme, "The indiscretion of one or two drunken men served for a pretext to the Nabob's officers to commit the most despicable act of cruelty that has for many years, if ever, been the lot of British subjects." Stewart, in his 'History of Bengal,' a work of considerable research, printed in 1813, however writes: "The prisoners were at once ordered to draw up in the verandah, but the officer commanding the guard, not thinking they would be sufficiently secured there, inquired where was the prison of the fort; and one of the chambers before mentioned, which was used as the Black hole, to confine disorderly soldiers, being pointed out to him, he, without examining the extent of the apartment, forced them all into it." This statement is, in a measure, supported by Holwell, who mentions that few amongst the prisoners themselves had "the least idea of the dimensions or nature of a place they had never seen," and it is therefore highly probable that the native officer who had entered the fort for the first time had no idea of the extent of the apartment. On the other hand,

if the prisoners had been confined in the Black Hole merely by the order of a native officer, "the old Jemmautdaar" would not have told Howell, "with, I believe, much real pity and concern," that the prisoners could not be released but "by the Suba's orders." Stewart adds: "For the credit of human nature we would fain believe the assertions of the native historians, who say the Nawab knew nothing of this transaction; and that the conduct of the officer who confined them proceeded entirely from stupidity, and not from malevolence and cruelty." The most favourable construction we can put upon their conduct is that the number of deaths was due to crass stupidity and physiological ignorance; but the fact remains, as Holwell states, "that this scene of misery proved entertainment to the brutal wretches without."

The rhetoric of Macaulay has created a widespread belief that the cruelty and baseness of Suraja Dowlah was the main cause of the tragedy. Macaulay describes him seated, "on the eve of the battle of Plassey, gloomily in his tent, haunted, as a Greek poet would have said, by the furies of those who had cursed him with their last breath in the Black Hole." The evidence of the survivors, however, indicates that Suraja Dowlah was not answerable for the confinement of the prisoners in the Black Hole. Orme, no favourable critic of Suraja Dowlah, states that on entering the fort "he ordered Mr Holwell, who had been

put in irons, to be freed from them, and that the English in general who were become his prisoners should be treated with humanity." Holwell affirms: "I believe his orders were only general—that we should for that night be secured." Cooke further states: "Between six and seven Surajah Dowlah left the fort, the charge whereof was given to the Moneekchund as Governor." Macaulay writes: "The day broke. The Nabob had slept off his debauch, and permitted the door to be opened." There is no authority for the statement that the Nawab had a debauch. He must, at any rate, have quickly slept it off, for Cooke states that he left the fort at 7 P.M. and was back at 6 A.M. On his arrival he was told of the tragedy that had occurred, and at once sent a messenger to inquire if the chief was dead. As soon as the messenger returned he ordered the prisoners to be released. When Holwell complained to him of the inhuman barbarities which his countrymen had suffered, the Nawab, Orme states, "disavowed any knowledge of the horrors of the preceding night, and seemed, as much as a man naturally cruel could be, affected with what had passed." If we consider his surroundings and his education, it is highly probable that Suraja Dowlah was prone to cruelty, the common vice of despots. If, however, we judge him by his conduct to the prisoners after the capture of Calcutta, no monarch appears less disposed

to persecution nor less inclined to avenge himself. Orme informs us that the Nawab immediately ordered Holwell to be freed from his chains, "but was persuaded by his officers that it was necessary such a man should not be set at liberty." If the chief was released and went on board the ships, all hope of finding the treasure was gone. Suraja Dowlah, acting on the advice of his officers, "ordered Mr Holwell and two other gentlemen of the Company's servants," says Orme in his Narrative, written at the time, "to be carried to Muxadabad, *but to be well treated.*" Orme also affirms that "the orders of Surajah Dowlah were perverted in regard to the captivity and the release of Mr Holwell by that spirit of revenge which had been roused in his officers for the great loss sustained by the Moors in their attacks on the English." When Suraja Dowlah returned to Hughley he made an inquiry for Holwell and his two companions "when he released Watts and Collett and the prisoners he had taken at Kassimbazar," and he expressed "some resentment at Mhir Mhuddon for having so hastily sent us up to Muxadabad." On arriving at his capital the prisoners were, Orme tells us, "released by the repeated and peremptory order of the Nabob, as soon as he was acquainted that his first order had not been obeyed." On the very morning of their release the Nawab's Prime Minister and some others had, according to

Holwell, taken no small pains to convince the Suba

"that, notwithstanding my losses at Allynagore,¹ I was still possessed of enough to pay a considerable sum for my freedom; and advised the sending of me to *Moneckchund*, who would be better able to trace out the remainder of my effects. To this, I was afterwards informed, the Suba replied: 'It may be; if he has anything left, let him keep it: his sufferings have been great; he shall have his liberty.' Whether this was the result of his own sentiments, or the consequence of his promise the night before to the old Begum, I cannot say; but we believe we owe our freedom partly to both."

It was not Suraja Dowlah who was at the time pronounced to be the original author of the tragedy of the Black Hole. Holwell gives us a clue to the man who was considered to be the arch-conspirator. He mainly attributes the severity with which he was treated to the instigations of Omichund, "in resentment for my not releasing him out of prison as soon as I had command of the fort; a circumstance which, in the heat and hurry of action, never once occurred to me or I had certainly done it, because I thought his imprisonment unjust." Holwell proceeds to add: "But that the hard treatment I met with may truly be attributed in a great measure to his suggestions and insinuations, I am well assured from the whole of his subsequent conduct; and this further confirmed me, in the three gentlemen selected to

be my companions, against each of whom he had conceived particular resentment, and *you know Omechund can never forgive.*" It was, indeed, a common belief at the time that the English owed their sufferings to the intrigue and resentment of Omichund; and when after the battle of Plassey the money sent to Calcutta as compensation was about to be distributed, a vigorous protest was raised (we find from certain letters in the old records) to any restitution being made to Omichund "in common with the other Gentoo merchants, because it is well known he was the chief instigator of the massacre of the Black Hole." In truth, the depths of Omichund's knavery are unfathomable. It is impossible to say which of his treasons were single treasons and which double treasons. When living under the protection of the English he kept up a treasonable correspondence with the Nawab. When Calcutta was taken, Suraja Dowlah treated him with marked honour: he accompanied the Nawab to Murshedabad, and obtained from him the repayment of the 400,000 rupees which had been taken away from his house during the plunder of the city. When Calcutta was retaken by the English, Omichund, by his conduct in the negotiations, "effaced," says Orme, "the impression of former imputations." He was employed and

¹ Orme writes: "To perpetuate the memory of his victory he ordered the name of Calcutta to be changed to Alinagore, signifying The Port of God." It means the city of Ali (the saint).

consulted by them without reserve on all occasions. He was the first to engage in the plot against his patron, Suraja Dowlah. "His tricks and artifices prevented Suraja Dowlah," Orme says, "from believing the representations of his most trusted servants." Omichund then threatened to betray the treaty with Meer Jaffier, which must have resulted in the murder of the Company's servants at Kassimbazar. For forming a judgment on the conduct of Clive and the Committee with regard to the famous fictitious treaty, it must always now be remembered that they were dealing with a man who was accused of confining the English prisoners in the Black Hole, and they knew "Omichund can never forgive." Clive, who had always defended his character, and seemed to give no credence to the early accusations against him, when undoubted proof of his treachery was laid before

him, called him "the greatest villain on earth."

Omichund and his Hindu friends wished, no doubt, to inflict an indignity on the English for the indignities they had suffered; but it is improbable that they had any idea it would lead to such a dismal and awful catastrophe. The story of the Black Hole is as horrible as it is piteous. The sufferings of the captives were so bitter, the cruelty of the guard was so great, that we like to remember the countervailing fact which softens the tragedy—it was not a predetermined act of murder. Educated native writers have argued of late years that the story has been grossly exaggerated by European historians in order to cast a stone on the honour of their race. Our desire, therefore, has been to relate honestly ascertained facts, with only such indications of opinion as may be suggested in the evidence.

CHILDREN OF TEMPEST.¹

A TALE OF THE OUTER ISLES.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE BLOOD OF THE MERRY DANCERS.

THE water was the water of a quarry-hole in this black creek of Mingulay, but with the scum of storms on it: no clean sea-foam, fresh spit of tempest, but a sickly yellow spume that saltly stank, streaking the surface on every side of the yawl, curdling like turned cream behind boulders, crusting with green decay the sides of the enormous rock in whose bowels it was prisoned. Dark John, at their entrance, lifted his face suddenly and sniffed. "My end, my hope, my loss, and my losing!" said he; "here is the sea-sap, the juice of the Long Isle ribs, and it at its simmering,"—but then a loathing followed quick on his first gusto for seaweeds, and he grued. Enchantment held the place for him; it had an air familiar and alarming; he was come, he felt, on something he had known once long ago and quite forgotten. The stagnant air, the stillness, the drifting of the boat, the cliffs, stupendous over him and threatening, the smells of the rejected rags of tides, all stung him in the memory as acquaintances old and ominous. "O king! let us get out of it," he cried, and suddenly stood to his feet and

pushed the oar down under water far above the loom, trying to check their entrance in a deep that had no bottom. Col took a foot-spar and rapped him on the knuckles. "Let her go!" he commanded, "or on my father's bones I'll throw you over." And John, grieving, strove again at the sweeps, but with abhorrence of the pool and of the walls confining it.

Of all the sea-birds gossiping on the high white ledges none seemed at any time to break the surface of that eerie water: it might be poisoned, by the way that they avoided it, and yet, rowing the boat to the inner end, Col and his companion could not but wonder at the life that tenanted the creek. Black-deep at the entrance, it shoaled sufficiently to make the bottom visible, though at no place could the oar fathom it, and looking over the side they could see the floor and its inhabitants—thickets of wrack, dark brown with waving leaves, and rank green undergrowth, and berried with fruit that must ripe and rot for God's purpose though beyond man's use or speculation, and glades of sand with crab and star-fish

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pondering in them, waiting for what to them was destiny. In the depths, too, they saw themselves, white-faced, across the gunnel; far below them, space, and the flying of cloud and sea-bird—another world as voiceless as the grave, but living in expectation.

Now that he was come to the place whose secret he had coveted so long, a melancholy fell on Col, made up of weariness and hunger, of apprehensions, too, that everything was but a dream, himself and his desires, and even this, the promise of fulfilment. Him, too, the creek of Carnan almost frightened, when he looked at the close arcades and caves recessed from either side of it. In them the water lapped like something living, something gluttonous; out of dark ravines that had the tide-mark green high up on them to where the dung of sea-fowl whitened on the rock, came the sob of the inner water.

The night was coming on, sooner here in the shades of the surrounding rock than elsewhere, a premature unnatural dusk, that stilled the birds of Carnan at an hour when in the outer sea they were still white-bellied in the sun, and joyous. There was a hum of wind above the hill, and evidence of a storm outside was in the rolling of the water, that never broke in waves, but swelled with a glassy surface as if it had been oil. A yellow dusk, in which the sea-fowl screamed, appeared to float like a vapour into the place, and Col came suddenly to himself, and, bending to the oar, dragged

madly for the long gallery. "Amn't I the fool to be lingering here, and maybe these fellows at our heels?" he said, remembering all at once that the secret of the *ulaidh's* hiding-place was not his alone.

If the creek was dark, darker was the gallery, the last ribbon of the sea recessed in Carnan Hill. It ran in a cleft that they pushed through with their oars against the rocks, which fell precipitous beside them, green with the slime of birds or with the weeds of the more adventurous tides. Col lifted his voice and cried into the way winding before them. Mactalla answered him—Mactalla, son of Earth, the old laughter, the old scorner, who was there the very first, and will be there the last, and remembers and understands. Col's challenge to the heart of the hill came back with a chuckling sound as of mockery. The tide was flowing, though in the gallery there was no apparent current. Bats flew in its crannies and the birds were far above; but otherwise life was gone, and the sky narrowed over them till they came at last to the end of the passage, where it broadened in a round inky pool that seemed the draining of the rock that rose dizzily on every hand. In the little bit of heaven they could see, a star for a moment burned, and then was hidden. All the rumour of the storm was somehow in this funnel of the hill; the wind sucked in it as it were in a gullet that swallowed every gale.

They stood in the boat and looked above them. "A kiln,"

said the old man; "just a kiln," and stretched his hand to pluck a shred of sea-weed growing with the barnacles on the rock. Col scanned the whole interior in one eager glance that covered everything to be seen in the dusk.

"Now we're here, old hero!" said he, "where's this blood of the Merry Dancers?"

Dark John searched the rock. "When the Merry Dancers light the north sky in winter-time," said he, "it is, as the old folk say, the strife of hosts who are there in a great enchantment. Their blood falls on the rock—that is *fuil nan sluagh*; that is the blood of the multitude. Look you, Corodale, for a red stain so long as daylight will let you. It must be—By the Book, Corodale, there it is!" He pointed to a red patch of mould or lichen, high on the rock before them, touched by the last wandering gleam of daylight, that but revealed it and went away. They could see that a ledge was below it. The situation was such an one as Col had sometimes seen in dreams.

"*Fuil nan sluagh*," he said, with his heart thundering. "Faith! now I mind of hearing the saying from my father when I was a boy. The very words were in his mouth when Father Ludovick was anointing him for the grave." He spoke in a whisper; his eyes pierced the dusk of the gallery, his head thrown back, calculating what height the ledge was from them and how it might be reached. At first it seemed a place that the goat or eagle

only could mount to, so high it was and inaccessible. The rock might have been split with an axe, the riven sides of it appeared to fall so smooth and so precipitous to the very water; but that at some points soil had gathered on bosses and ledges, and was grown upon by rough herbage, ivy, and willow. But before the last of the light was gone and the chamber they floated in was wrapped in a more sombre dusk, he made out some terraces that, rising one above another on the right, wound round the funnel of the hill, until in every probability they reached the ledge below the lichen stain. It was thus, if anyway, the treasure must have been conveyed to its hiding-place.

He had such a gust of greed to see the gold come over him that he could not wait for daylight, though an ascent now was dangerous: in a fury he tore off his coat and waistcoat, pulled off his boots, and ordered his companion to keep the boat where she was till he had mounted. Dark John fastened the yawl with a pin in a cranny of the rock, crouched with his head in his hands, and began lamenting. He watched Col's preparations, and felt like one that was about to be deserted. Fear of the dark came over him, and of this crevice holding all the venom of the sea, his enemy; the tang of tide-waste rotting on the walls, the blackness of the depths, the hum of the wind in the funnel overhead, made all to him like

an ocean cave where seamen's ghosts roved constantly.

"Corodale!" he cried hurriedly, "I have on me a penny; come, I am your fellow-man, I will toss you head or harp who bides in the boat and who goes climbing. On my word, if it was climbing for a week, I would sooner do it than remain with myself and my thinking here."

He got no answer, for Col, in a transport, already crept along the first of the terraces, the boat and his companion forgotten, but one thing singing in his veins. At first he found his climbing easy; but half-way to his goal the rock became more difficult, and was almost wholly dark, with a darkness that hid the boat below, and now it showed the sky above him only as a grey patch. With every foot of his progress his eagerness rose too; he felt that if the very mount had a soul that conspired against him he could master it. Startled in their sleep, birds rose from shelves beside him screaming, and some of them flapped across his face; he moved in an intuition more than by any judgment, crawling, clutching, slipping, rising from terrace to terrace, hanging sometimes by his hands above the abyss, in a passage that with a few hours' patience might have been made in ease and safety. But patience was gone from Col, in whose blood was boiling the fever of avarice. It was pitch-dark when he reached the ledge below the lichen stain. He knew he must be there, because it

was the conclusion of the terracing.

A narrow ledge, by all appearance, from the water, it proved to be a broad platform when he reached it. The rock hung in a cornice over it, and on its breadth was a coarse grass and the litter of gulls. He climbed into it with hardly a breath left in his body, and lay for a little on his breast, panting with his labours.

From the depths he had left suddenly rose a cry — long, solemn, and craving—the expression of a grieving and abandoned soul, more searching than the boom of the wind, that up in this ledge of fortune was inconceivably loud, incredibly vociferous. He listened, startled when its echo died along the gallery and in the caves; the sea-birds silenced, the very wind that boomed above him lulled, or seemed to lull, a moment. Again it rose, that wailing cry, the cry of the soul of the sea imprisoned; a voice with no words, but infinitely sad, like women's voices crying cattle in on winter dusks on windy ebb-tide machars. Strange and yet familiar; he had heard something of the kind before, when Dark John plumbed the depths of Barra Sound and rose to the surface for the last time. Again he felt some fear of this old reprobate, who somehow had become so profound a part of his life. Well, this was the last of it, he thought; with the treasure secure, there was no longer need for intrigue with Dark John. Lying as he was, with his breast to the floor of

the platform, he felt in the dark all over it. With his toes overhanging the edge he could reach its backmost wall. So far as he could discover this way, there was nothing on the ledge. He crawled on his knees, and blindly felt all round it.

Nothing!

The blood went to his head, its blows beat dull in his temples; the sweat soaked through his palms in a cold moisture.

Nothing! He must try again—this emptiness was a delusion: again his hands went over the floor and the wall behind it, finding only the soil, the crinkled lichen.

He had been deceived; there was no treasure here; an overmastering anger whelmed him. Climbing the face of the rock, his mind had been filled with the most glorious fancies. He had not felt fatigue; he had no more thought of danger than if he walked the flat sea-sand; wine could not have more exalted him, and this was what it came to!

He sat on the ledge, stunned at first, then in a tumult of fury at these untoward circumstances that were all bound up in some way with the old rogue wailing there below. No ease of mind had been for him since he dragged its prey from the sea, to be his spur to schemes that somehow seemed to end in foolishness and mockery. It was *trom lighe*—it was Incubus he had lifted from the Barra Sound; there was something after all in the ancient proverb. The wail of his companion rose up again appealing; a horror of the creature for the moment

drowned his vast chagrin at finding he was deceived and that there was no treasure.

The old man, left in the yawl below when Col ascended, sat listening for a while to the sound of his master climbing on the terraces. So long as he had that evidence of companionship he could master some of his fears; but in a little the man who climbed was high among the winds and out of hearing: the night, enormous and inimical, a tangible thing that clung, was round the yawl. He sat in the heart of tempest, in the core of the rock, where—as he fancied—winds were bred: though the yawl in her sheltered chasm had no movement, she was in the realm of night and storm and dream, unconscious of creation. For nearly a year, since he had tasted the bitterness of Barra Sound, he had felt himself the ocean's instrument, a slave of the sea he hated. To him it was not a lifeless element with wavering purposes, but a stupendous spirit moving abroad in a watery garment, scourging ships, striding the isles, hunting the souls of men, and here was he surely come into its cavern. The soul of the sea must be somewhere—in all the fearful coasts was anywhere more likely than in Mingulay and this black cleft in Carnan Hill? The dulse he plucked from the side of the rock had at last no savour for his palate; his taste was gone, but the other senses of him sharpened, so that in the blackness he could see the sky like smoke above him and hear the thrash

of wings and smell the crawling depths. All trembling, he lifted up his voice and cried on Corodale. No human answer came to him; Col was in another world. Again and again he cried, his wail almost gave him comfort, but oh! the horror of its echo. He could stay where he was no longer, and leaving the boat, began to climb upon the terraces, crying as he went.

He came on the ledge when Col's chagrin was at its blackest, his cry rising close and suddenly and appalling under the eave of the rock. Col, lying on the ledge, heart-broken, heard his incubus, that comes in sleep and flies with the dawn on the window. 'Twas the man, he knew, and yet it was not; 'twas the ravished sea that cried in the old man's semblance, and he could not answer. Dark John, with his breast on the ledge, put out his hand and touched his master on the shoulder, felt along his neck, and drew his fingers lightly over his face. Col's flesh revolted at the touch; the odour

and damp of the sea-cave were there. He started up, and with an oath thrust out his hand at his disturber. The consequence left him horror-stricken. For Dark John fell!

He fell with Corodale's name on his lips. He fell from terrace to terrace; he fell, as it seemed, eternally, for no sound came from below to tell of the end of his falling.

Col bent over the ledge and cried; no answer came to his question.

He cried again. Mactalla, the old scorner, chuckled in the rocks, the wind hummed overhead, the sea-birds clanged, but he got no answer. He dared not venture to descend in the darkness, for the hope that nerved his climbing was now gone. He cried again—coaxing, craving, threatening—and strained his ears for an answer. There came up, on a flaw of wind, a whiff of wrack, fresh bared by the turn of the tide in the gallery, and a wailing faint and distant immeasurably: that was all.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

The deed was so quickly done, and so simple was his share in it, that Col found it was not difficult to convince himself it was an accident. Murder was never in his thoughts, nor had he put himself in any way to that stress of mind or body that surely went to murder. It was dark; he had not dreamt the old man was so precarious upon the ledge; he had just pushed lightly with his hand,

meaning to ward off his loathsome pawings; this lamentable catastrophe would never have happened to a man awake in mind and alert in body.

Then, again,—he contemplated, with his wits in more control,—doubtless the old fellow was no more than bruised, a broken rib at the worst, his falling checked in a measure by the terraces and the knobs of rock that bossed

the cliff: with any luck at all he was lying half-way down as comfortably as Col himself lay. There came into his mind sometimes another picture—of his victim huddled as the last agony left him, swaying at the bottom of the pool among its weedy thickets, the star-fish and the crab indifferent to his presence; and that was a vision he thrust from him hastily each time that it took form. What thoughts he had had of fear and bitterness for Dark John were vanished miraculously; it gave him pleasure to think how carefully to-morrow he would take the old man home.

To-morrow! And home too! Home to Corodale, not a penny the better for this ridiculous adventure, and the knowledge that he had set out upon it common to all the Isles! The cursed thing was that he had shown his hand: it would be known that he had made this mad rush for Mingulay with the old man, in an enterprise whose shamefulness was obvious now to himself. It was that, at last, troubled him more than reflection on the old man, dead or injured.

Outside this funnel of Carnan hill how the gale was blowing! Above him the wind was risen from its hum to a hooting, as if Pan played a giant pipe with Mingulay hollows for his instrument. Cold currents swept over the face of the rock; the tide, that had risen soundlessly, went back with chokings and retchings, sucked gluttonously by the sea. Then came rain—at first a drizzle, by-and-by in torrents, that

soaked the litter of the ledge and drenched himself to the skin with icy water. It did him a service, too, for he was thirsty—his mouth as dry as a mill's hopper with the first fright of the accident. Greedily he scooped water, foul as it was, from the hollows of the ledge, and drank it from his palms. A great weariness burdened every part of him; the fancy seized him that it was the rock was living and that he himself was dead; the huge inscrutable night compressed him, and all his life came marshalling before him—its incidents, its ambitions, its failures—none of them due to his will or his devising. For a dozen years, since he came under the influence of the Sergeant's stories, and all his greeds uprose in him, he had worn the face of virtue and generosity, and all the time, below the shell of appearance, there was a man so different! If his father had not been a fool and had not spent in a fool's enterprises the fortune that had come to him, Col told himself he might have been a noble man. Heaven knew it was not for love of hypocrisy he was a hypocrite, for any passion for wealth he was so parsimonious. Had luck been with him, and Dark John's story that the treasure was in Mingulay been true, he would, in a day, have sloughed the ancient sinner and come out clean and estimable.

But Dark John's information was wrong. No doubt he had himself been deceived, and the inn-keeper, with the true secret perhaps, was already in posses-

sion. Could it have been for any other reason the sloop had shown herself so indifferent to Mingulay, and sailed the other side of Barra? Eriskay—the Weaver's Stack—somewhere there was the fifty-year fortune.

With the storm possessing Carnan even to its hollows and its very roots, he lay the night long, waiting for the morning. In lulls of wind he sometimes tried the depths again for his own comfort, crying down the name of his companion, but always vainly. The night seemed the last of nights, wherein sun and day are dreams only and never had reality. When at last a dun sky revealed itself over him, he was almost at the stage of an indifference. All will, all interest in things, were gone, washed out of him by the rain that poured the night long; and his hunger, one time frantic, was turned to pain, that almost revolted at the thought of eating again. Before the light was well in the funnel of the rock, and while there was still danger in descending, he prepared to leave, and it was then a thing happened that almost seemed the trick of a mischievous fate.

As he was going over the edge of the shelf that had so cruelly disappointed him, his hand on it for the last time, his fingers touched a coin. It lay among the litter of the gulls. His movements through the night had brought it to the surface, and when he rubbed it clean and found it a piece of French gold, a vexation

swept through him that was more intense than any he had felt before, for there was the single evidence that after all Dark John was right, and this had been the hiding-place for the Arkaig *ulaidh*.

He stopped long enough to turn over every patch of grass and search every crack that was visible, and left only when it was plain that a bare floor and a bare back wall were before him. Then he quitted the ledge with reluctance, as if he thought he was the victim of enchantment, and that by-and-by, if he only waited, he would see the stuff that was now invisible. What a fool he had been to think old Dermosary or Father Ludovick would leave twenty thousand pounds tarnishing uselessly here for the sake of a sentiment!

So much did his vexation master him at this new discovery, that his anxiety about Dark John and the pangs of his hunger were forgotten for a while. The day was still but beginning, and the pool below invisible, till he came half-way down. What struck him oddly at first was that the old man was not to be seen: he had compelled his mind to think so much on him as waiting below, grumbling, that this was unbelievable. Clutching a willow-root, and bending over to look to the bottom of the cleft, he could scarcely convince himself that Dark John was not there. The thought that he was drowned after all filled Col again with horror: he had for some moments the agony of a

second murder. He trembled in every limb; the willow-shrub he held shook in the cleft of rock it grew from, and, losing his hold, he fell to the next terrace with a shock that sickened him.

When he sat up, new pains wrenched his body, and his right arm, he found, was useless. And yet he made a discovery then that gladdened him. It was that the yawl, as well as the old man, was missing. He had no thought of it till his eyes fell on the peg to which Dark John had fastened the boat, and when he saw it tethered nothing he gave a cry of astonishment. Across the pool, and deep into the gallery that led to it, he could see quite clearly; the water lay blackly in the wan dawn light, at ebb, with green slime showing on the walls for feet below high-water mark. Dark John was gone, and had taken the boat with him!

Col crept to the lowest terrace, racked in body, but for a while more eased in mind, for at least he was not guilty of manslaughter. Limpets scabbled the rock at the water-edge; he loosened them with a knife, and gouged them out with his thumb, eating them without much relish, pondering the while what Dark John's object was, and whether, if it was in a natural anger he went, he would have a speedy remorse and return. He counted much on the old man's fealty to him, so that for a little he was not greatly troubled by the thought of the difficulties of escape, though these were plainly manifest to him. There

was but the one way out of the place for any living creature wanting wings—through the gallery and its quarter-mile of gloomy water of a depth unfathomed. It was some time before it came to him that, fine swimmer as he was, this was not the swimming, even at his best, that he would willingly set out on, and with his injuries it was utterly beyond him.

For hours Col lay expectant, his eye on the mouth of the gallery, from which he could not let himself believe the yawl at any moment was not certain to return. Every circumstance sustained his hope: the terrors of the deep would not permit Dark John to venture alone on the open sea, that was still tempestuous, from the shelter of the creek, where he was trapped by his fears as surely as his master. And, besides, he dared not, even if he could, make round for the habitable parts of Mingulay or the neighbour isles without Col, who had been seen to leave Dalvoolin with him.

These thoughts for hours were comforting, but nothing happened to confirm them. Once for a little, when the tide was at its first flowing, there was a sound in the gallery that filled Col with the jubilation of relief—the lap of water on clinker planks, the soft thud of timber, as if the yawl laboured to return in the narrow passage. He cried the name of his companion, but never got an answer, and the hopeful rumour ceased, leaving a stillness more ominous than before.

The sun came out at midday.

It glared from the eye of the hill on him—ardent, unnatural, small, and swift in passage. Not long it stayed, but stirred the thousand birds on the upper cliff into wild discordance, their multitude, their indifference to himself, amazing and disturbing Col. Their liberty to quit so easily the pit that prisoned himself spurred him even in his pains to try the upper ledges again, to seek if he had not overlooked some exit there. He crawled from terrace to terrace; but his broken body would not bear the exercise, and he was bound at last to return to the water-edge, and there thirst of the most anguishing kind assailed him, with no means of assuaging it; the brine of the shell-fish seemed to cake on his palate.

Night poured on Carnan and filled the cup of it with blackness. He slept till morning feverishly, hearing in nightmares Dark John's cries, far off and bitterly craving, now the accent of humanity, now the veritable voice of the sea; hearing, too, and that in moments half-awake, the lapping of the water on the boards of the yawl that had abandoned him. Hunger and thirst made the day that followed desperate. Black blanks came in among the hours of light; time was no more for him, nor hope, till one night there floated in on the high tide, among the scum of the stormy seas round Mingulay, the yawl herself, as black as death in the light of a moon that set the pool on fire. Her

jib flapped as when he had left her to climb for fortune; the figure of Dark John sat propped against the mast.

Col raised himself on his arm and tried to cry, but his voice refused obedience. The boat floated in the middle of the pool without any help from wind or oar, the figure on her motionless. She was scarcely her own length from him, and swung her bow a moment, as if she meant to leave again and come no nearer. With one wild rallying of his senses he plunged into the water and swam for some tortured strokes till his hand was on her gunnel. There was a terror in the look of her; no innocent kindly boat was here, his agent of deliverance; it seemed some deadly craft of fever-wanderings, that sails unnatural seas.

And then the moon gave up her secret! For a second he saw Dark John's face turned round to look at him, the jaw fallen, the eyeballs withered, a body below it broken on the thwart where it had fallen from the cliff, the limbs spread out unnaturally. The boat, adrift from her tether, had lingered in the gallery all these tides, and now—God over all!—'twas Death come back for him!

The yawl heeled over with his weight; the body fell on his shoulders; the tide was sucking his feet, and he sank with his burden, with *trom lighe*—incubus—spoil of the sea he had robbed at Michaelmas—to the dark, expectant, patient depths.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—CONCLUSION.

For days the islands lay in the very throat of storm, the Minch and Atlantic trying their best to break them, the Sounds continually white and furious or wrapped in fogs. Boats were lost on Barra Head; a ship from the sunny side of the world came in with all her folk on Eriskay, and they died on a Sunday on gaunt Rhu Breabadair, doubtless thinking of their orchards and their flowers. Boisdale presbytery sat in the shelter of Our Lady Star as snug as a nut in the noisy forest, full of happiness (except when thinking of the seamen on the tossing spar), and nothing knowing of the tragedies that lay beyond the channels.

When Anna was at her baking, Ludovick would come out to stand on the rock of Stella Maris and drink tempest, or tramp along the machar sand, surrendered in his mind to the ancient mother, and getting a gaiety of spirit so no other way available. Together they sat at night hearkening to the thousand ghosts of Ossian over Hecla and Benmore; his very sermons borrowed something from the season, and shook the chapel rafters. "Och! dear, now, isn't he fine, fine?" said the Boisdale people, and went home, themselves uplifted.

Came news from the other side of Uist that Col was unusually long from home; his horse was found in Dalvoolin, and some one had seen

him set out on the yawl with Dark John, who was missing too, but this was not alarming: Col's business might have sent him into Barra or Benbecula, and the storm might readily have kept him there. To Ludovick sometimes came an apprehension that he was ashamed of, involving, as it did, a doubt of Col's last shred of honour: he never mentioned it to his sister, and yet it was on his tongue-tip often, when she was on the subject of her strange adventure at Creggans Inn. That he never blamed her for so easily relinquishing her secret did not much surprise her—that, indeed, was like him,—but she thought it curious that he never seemed to contemplate punishment for the wretches who had been responsible. He had had only a word—more sorrowful than angry—for Dark John when that old rogue came ashore from the sloop with her: for the inn-keeper of Benbecula he had an odd pity that was half amusement.

"Let them go!" said he; "their punishment is in other hands," and hushed the islanders, who were furious for justice. It was a policy that pleased Anna, who was, herself, the very soul of forgiveness, perhaps because it was by her tribulations Duncan was to be restored. For he was coming back—she never let herself doubt it; coming back the more quickly when he

should know how she had suffered, and was now the possessor of no unlucky fortune. When Ludovick was abroad, rain-battered, shouting poetry on the sand, rejoicing in the tempest, she was praying for better weather as she bustled about her household offices, because these stormy seas cut Uist off entirely from the world where her hopes were, and her thoughts.

"Boreas," would she say to Ludovick, "have done, in pity, with thy gales!"

"What!" he would answer slyly; "for the sake of the drying of clothes?"

"Oh, I have other reasons, your reverence," she told him boldly; and he would smile, knowing them very well.

One night the storm blew as if its final breath was in it, and at daybreak it was the calm that wakened Anna, accustomed so long to sleep through the sounding of wind and sea. The Isles sparkled in sunshine, the sea laughed to its rim; in her bosom gushed a sense of wellbeing that presaged, as she felt, some speedy happiness.

It came, next day, with the sloop's return.

Not from the *Happy Return* had she looked for it—that vessel now ill-reputed more than ever; it amazed her indeed that it should so soon come back to a harbour where its influence had been so evil.

She and Ludovick stood at the porch and watched the sloop drop anchor. Her skipper came ashore alone, passed through the crowd of folk who jeered and threatened him, and

boldly marched up to the presbytery.

"I'm here, Master Ludovick," said he, "and in all my life I have never run a better cargo."

"I hope it is one more willing than your last," said the priest.

"Willing enough, I'll assure you, and I'm here to make a bargain for it. I'm asking no more, Master Ludovick and Herself, than your forgiveness."

Ludovick put his hand on his shoulder. "Dan, Dan," said he, "you're a foolish fellow, the cat's-paw for a ruffian."

"By my faith! and I have got rid of him, then, and I'm in that droll state I cannot tell the name of my own ship's owner. But that is a small affair beside the other news that I have for you. Put your eye, Miss Anna, on the *Happy Return*, and tell me if you see a passenger."

Anna's heart leaped; his words could have but one meaning. "Not — not Mr Duncan?" she said, all red, and then quite pale for fear.

"Nobody else if Dan MacNeil has the use of his eyes and all his other faculties. Two or three splendid dances have I lost this week in Arisaig, that I might be the one to take him back. I'm not a bit complaining, though I'm the boy for the dancing; if it was twenty-and-three, and twenty to it, I would have come with yon fellow to Boisdale gaily. I made but the single pact with him—that he should let me have the chance to come the first ashore and tell you. It was the only way I thought I ever could make

the face of me welcome again in Boisdale."

"Indeed," cried Anna, glad and trembling, "you are welcome," and took the skipper's hand.

Boisdale was merry that night: the piper fellow on Kinavreck played so lustily he almost burst the bag of his noble instrument, and there was dancing in the townships, such as Jib-boom delighted in—the dancing that may stop for supper but never for sleep.

"What do you say, my dear, to Tir-nan-oig?" asked Duncan. They fled from the sound of the revellers and together launched the *Ron*. She sat in his arm and heard his heart beat at her ear and felt his breath in her hair, and over him there came the birchen odour. A half-moon swung like a halbert-head among the stars; the Sound was filled with gold. Along the shores the little waves went lapping softly; burns tinkled down the sands. For long they sailed in silence, indulgent of their illusion that this indeed was Tir-nan-oig, where comes no grief nor ageing. They rounded Orosay, and heard the whooper swan in his sleep; the night was generous of its memories, that came to them often again when they saw their children sail in the bay of Corodale.

"Oh!" she said at last, "how I wearied!"

"And I!" said Duncan. "The lad I tutored must have thought me crazy, walking my room till morning, thinking, thinking, and every separate thought a different grief. I

had made up my mind that as you did not write to me you were determined to forget; and so I came to find out for myself."

"Oh!" she cried, and drew away from him; "was that your trust in me? I never doubted for a moment."

He drew her to his side again and looked into her eyes, deep orbs that held the moon. "Not once?" he asked her softly.

"Only once, and briefly, when your brother came," she admitted. "Could you blame me?"

"I had in him, I'm sure, a firm defender," said Duncan.

"Indeed you had," she answered, remembering only all Col's crafty sentences, that seemed genuine to her innocence. "Poor Col! I fear I vexed him. I think he sometimes fancied, like yourself, that I was willing to forget."

"Forget! How lucky, maybe, was he then," said Duncan. "But you did not."

She nestled in his arms. "I did not, dear," said she. "Were we not together once in Tir-nan-oig? Who comes back from Tir-nan-oig?"

The *Ron*—oh happy galley! surely no other boat in all the world bore freight more precious than these two hearts—swam through the liquid gold; jewels from the deep came beaded on her sides, and broke profuse and glowing at her bow. Out to their doors came the elder folk of Boisdale, and looked on what had once been so familiar. "Herself is satisfied," said they, sharing her

happiness. They heard her sing. Her voice came over the water from Orosay's lee, a sound enchanting — Bride's voice that hushes the children and wrings the hearts of men.

Father Ludovick left the revelry of his people and drew aside Jib-boom. "What have you done with your master?" he asked him.

"Master! I never had one; my name's MacNeil. But there was a fellow yonder sometimes paid me wages," said the skipper. "For him you may well be inquiring; he is gone for good, and a widow's at grass over yonder in Creggans."

"What! Not dead?" cried Ludovick.

"Not that I know of; but I'll swear there's a halter somewhere ready for him. I took him to the mainland, and there in a hurry he left me when he saw this gentleman of Corodale."

"What did you find in Mingulay?" asked the priest.

"We never went," said the skipper, "for I have been there before. When Himself went ashore, 'Now let us slant for Mingulay,' says the Sergeant, 'for I have an object.' 'You need not trouble to go so far,' I told him. 'There has not been a coin of the Arkaig *ulaidh* on Mingulay for a dozen of years;' and I told him on my

oath what there's not another in all the islands knows except myself — unless — unless — it might be Father Ludovick."

"I have known it," said the priest, "since old Corodale, who stole it, went to his death in an agony for the sin. And you are the other man who aided him? I always thought it might be you, but never asked."

"I was that same," confessed Jib-boom, "my shame to say it! And all I got, and all I asked for it, was the skippering of his sloop."

"In his crime, then, was but the one grace—that he never mentioned your name, but took the blame entirely on himself."

Behind them the sound of the pipes went blithely; out on the Sound the sails of the *Ron* were black against the gold of the moon. Ludovick saw the lovers, so happy because they did not know. Old Corodale — old rogue!—he had hoped to make amends for his sin by giving the Church a minister with the surplus of his thievings. The Church was saved that ill bequest; but what of Col's inheritance of the paternal avarice?

"I have a fear," said Ludovick to himself. "Father and son—father and son; both of them fools of the fifty-year fortune. To-morrow I'll go to Mingulay."

FAIRY GREY.

EVERY angler knows my river: is it not, indeed, famous in song and story? Its salmon are many and great, and mathematicians will tell you, with awe, of the cost per foot of its dimpled sinuous face. For me it has other, even deeper, charms. There is a heathery eminence, reached by a steep broken track through the fir-trees, and from this the eye may command its course for several miles. Seen thus, it becomes an epitome of many rivers. Directly below, almost beneath one's feet, lies the deep sullen pool (the Hell Pot of the angling diaries), darkened by sheer cliffs, and visible only through the drooping ever-green branches of the firs. If there be any who care to share my fancies and to look with me on my river as upon a living thing, feminine in its vagaries, I would say that just here she is suffering from a fit of temporary depression, so real to her that she refuses to reflect the fleecy clouds which move in any numbers in the pale sky above her head, choosing rather the images of rocks and of desponding fir-trees. But this is a mere mood. She sees the absurdity of it herself, and in a moment or two more she braces herself to cast it from her. At the tail of the pool there is a foss, and beyond, great boulders, many submerged, but others, green with dripping moss, standing full

in her course flatly disputing her passage. She sweeps by haughtily enough, but the stress is greater than she reckons upon. Witness her emotion, in her dishevelled streams and the whiteness of her broken foam. But it is all an affair of moments. Sweet green levels await her, where the sandpipers fly low on the shingle, and the lazy Highland cattle, in black and ruddy gold, browse contentedly almost in line with her breast.

Now, in a breath, my Lady is her sunny self again, and she ripples on, coquetting with the swallows, and dimpling into a thousand smiles at a glance from the sun. She is happy now and at peace, but from this heathery vantage-ground the eye pierces her futurity. There are many troubles in store for her. A great tree, uprooted by a storm, has fallen across her channel. She meets it with indignant leaps and tosses, easily surmounting it, but flecks of foam mark her temper. The smallest spray dipping downwards mars her serenity, and she breaks into angry little swirls. I turn away thoughtfully. The gift of prophecy, welcome enough at Newmarket or Ascot, has its sadder side. Who would care to hint to this bright wayward being of the awful ravine which lies ahead, waiting to hurl her, in lashed and moaning frag-

ments, through a maze of torturing rocks?

I was barely a boy when I first fell in love with her. In ordinary cases when you fall in love, you remain in your fallen state, happy it may be, but calm. But she, by reason of her eternal youth, and her constantly changing charms, renews the original thrill at every chance meeting. She varies with the weather, and the sun, and the seasons, never permitting domesticity to drift into monotony. For myself, my affection was pure enough, as such things go, but I see now it was never altogether free from a mercenary taint. She brought with her no small dowry. In right conditions, you could count on a fish in the run below the foss, and every stream was rich in promises rarely altogether unfulfilled.

It may be (I am nothing unless candid) that these carnalities moved me chiefly at first, and that her spiritual side remained to be disclosed later. But it surely forced itself upon me at last. Why else do I so often steal to my eyrie here—on good fishing days, too—to watch her winding like a glistening snake, her folds here and there lost in greenery, or like a silver chain cast down carelessly on a Lilliputian landscape, — imperfect similes both, for she has nothing of venom nor of metallic hardness about her. Certain it is that I come here, often with a book (which I never by any chance read, for the sun seems to suppress print

as it does artificial fire); and “nearer to heaven by this fair height of hill,” as somebody has said, and with the fir summits at my feet, I watch my Lady, as, all unconscious of observation, she saunters to the sea.

I have bought a prism glass, perhaps with a vague thought of wringing some of Nature’s secrets from her. If so, it has helped me little. It is a great possession, bringing the nearer curve of the river so near that I seem almost able to touch the water with my hand. But when, magician-like, I bring it to my side, I see that it is still river and rock and shingle merely. The spirit I once so longed to capture, which made its presence known in the whisper of a leaf or the murmur of a rill in a dimly seen recess, still evades me—evades me, I fear, more persistently as I grow older. Once upon a time it seemed to come very near, hovering just above my head like a bird frightened to alight. But although the intimations of its presence, always faint, grow fainter, I never lose my early faith. The defect is in myself. Endymion on Latmos must be gifted with starry eyes; prism glasses will serve him not at all.

Still, I would not decry this achievement of science. Far away, at the farther side of the river, a steep cliff almost overhangs the stream. It is bare, save for a tiny larch, which has found precarious foothold in a crevice. At this distance, the

tree is little more than a dim blur on the face of the rock. The glass shows me every indentation on the stone, every fibre and spray of the tiny growth. As I look, a willow-wren alights on the trembling boughs. What charm tempts it to leave the safe harbourage of the lower woods, to seek this perilous resting-place? All is blackness and desolation around, and the slender branch dips with its weight nearer the raging torrent below. I think I understand the feeling a little. It must be a very young bird. As it comes nearer to the tip of the bough, with delicate flutterings and darting of bill, a bond of sympathy arises between us. I congratulate myself upon the thought that grown-up creatures would not understand either of us.

The prism glass has other uses. When I look up the stream I can make out far away the chimneys of the little hotel, almost hidden by the trees. The stretch of water here for a mile or more is of little use for angling, consisting, as it does for the most part, of shallow flats. It is known as the hotel water, and people come to the hotel, I am told, lured by the great name that the river bears. There is one decent stream at the end of the lower reach; but the more tempting casts trench on the boundary of the great proprietor, and are duly guarded by his myrmidons.

Of these myrmidons, Malcolm Macgregor, a true Highlander, red of beard and stern of

visage, is the chief. He has a surpassing contempt for the "hotel folk," but, indeed, for whom of Sassenach blood has he not a surpassing contempt? Even I, who pay him his wages week by week, pay him not as a master pays his man. Rather do I come as a vassal bringing tribute to his lord. Yet, proud as he may be, compelling deference, the Macgregor is no hard man when you get to the heart of him. Approached in a right spirit, I know of none who can more readily unbend. But he brooks no interference with his rights.

Often from my eyrie I see poor devils sally from the inn, and at length, weary of flailing their hopeless flats, they draw near to the proscribed limit and cast hungry glances beyond. But this is a law-abiding country, and they turn sadly away. Sometimes ladies join this legion of the damned, but they have greater resource, and soon abandon despair for luncheon and flirtation. One, however, seems different from the rest: she throws a pretty line, and is fully intent on her work. Unchilled by a steady succession of blanks, she often comes to the water-side. When weary of dreaming I sometimes turn to the little alert form, topped by a Tam o' Shanter, and find food for contemplation in the varying expressions of her small piquant face as she casts or recovers her line. The power of the glass gives a sense of familiarity which seems to me unfair. But reflection sets me at rest. After

all, a girl, scientifically considered, is merely an object of natural history. Her claims to thoughtful observation are at least equal to those of a heron or an otter. I see at once that my scruples are trivial. She is a mere accessory to the scenery.

By degrees a spirit of comradeship arises between us. The fact that she is oblivious of it makes it none the less real: indeed, I think, her unconsciousness gives an ease to our intimacy which it would otherwise lack. With this considerable tract of country between us, she has no need of reticence. The least things that move her—the stir of a distant bird, the sight of a flower, the turning of a stone beneath her foot—all come out in her face in the prettiest way imaginable. Ordinary countenances are masks, stamped at stated intervals with well-considered emotions. Here I have wonder, admiration, naughtiness, dismay, following one another with the rapidity and the sweet spontaneity of the ripples on the face of my Sovereign Lady herself.

It always seems to me a little disrespectful to a bird or a flower not to know its name. To know genera and species is not enough: I crave a single term to cognominate and so distinguish each living organism from its fellows. That my river-side friend is human and a girl does not satisfy me; I want to mark her off in my own mind from humanity and

all other girls. So I call her “Fairy Grey,” after a salmon-fly I once invented.

There is a large mossy rock in the river, flat as a dining-table, to be reached by a succession of little leaps from smaller stepping-stones. Through these the tide swirls rather ominously. The rock gives good standing-room for a cast to the opposite bank, where a tempting stream curls and rushes in the shade of the hollow. Fairy has not yet ventured to this rock, but to-day I see her turning wistful glances to so obvious a coign of vantage. She will win it too, if I have read her aright. It is not an easy thing, for a slip on the jagged stones will send her into three or four feet of rather fast water, but she gains it at last successfully. Now, my little lady: a cast, light as thistle-down, just where the water breaks by the big stone. If a salmon resides in your dispiriting length at all, you’ll find him there. How you’ll land him, if you *do* hook him, is a matter for after-consideration. Right: a lovely cast, straight, delicate, true to an inch. I question if I could have bettered it myself. But pause not, even for the praise of Sir Hubert Stanley. Try about two feet lower. There, he comes: the very torrent lifts with his mighty coming. He missed it, however. Never mind. Give him a full five minutes. Light your pipe, and bide, as Macgregor would say.

Fairy has no pipe, not even a cigarette. But she possesses

her soul in patience for the allotted time. A superficial observer might think her stoical, even callous; but the set of the upper lip and the grip on the rod bear witness to tremulous emotions held bravely in check. Now—gently—without undue haste. Lightly below the stone. Good. He has it: a mighty mass of silver tears the flood apart. The upheaved water bursts into foam as he turns and dives. This time he plainly means business. And the little wrist has turned on him smartly, sending the hook home. The line zip-zips through the water, and the reel screams. I see Fairy's face for a moment. Oh that I could engrave those features in imperishable brass! fix that expression of agonised bliss, so that for all after-time thoughtless generations might know why earth's choicest spirits must perforce go a-fishing. But I may not stay. Now, listen, Fairy. Don't move wildly. There is not the least hurry. He is bound to go down to the Hell Pot, but you've line enough for that. Keep at the low side of that oak-tree; the water is only two or three feet deep: then you'll get on terms with him from that flat shelf of rock. Bravo, little one!—you have taken the only course possible: taken it pluckily, too, for the stream was well up to your waist. Now you are all right. Let him rest awhile. Remember, he has to bear the whole strain of that beautiful arch

which your rod is describing. When he moves again he will probably go over the foss; but don't let that worry you. It is not so bad as it looks, and you can follow him all the way. Check him if he tries to go up. Yes; I know these moments: they are hard to bear. But, courage! With that bend upon him he is not having all the fun to himself at the bottom of the pot. Put on all the weight that you think your trace will reasonably stand. . . .

Ha! he tires of it at length: I thought he would. Jove! What a rush! The Wild Irish Express isn't in it. I don't altogether wonder that the blood drops from your pretty cheeks, even from your lips, leaving you pallid as a white rose. But it's all perfectly right; he's going over the foss, just as I told you. No matter, the water is fairly clear beyond. If your tacklestands this strain, you will kill him, to a dead certainty, in the easy reaches below. . . . I think you may now rest those weary little hands: he is getting more amenable to reason. Bring him into that reedy pool, where so many of his forefathers have died before him. Steady! don't hurry him. Now, quick with the gaff. You have a gaff, of course. But I beg your pardon, so thorough a little work-woman would hardly be without one. And, now you bring it to the front, I see what a thoroughly workmanlike little instrument it is.

My vision grows blurred here. Something is wrong with the glass, so I wipe it on

my sleeve. Now, I see a man running: Macgregor, plainly, with that tawny beard of his flowing in the breeze. I had no idea that his dignity would admit of so extreme a pace. I turn to Fairy, who has just got her fish on the bank, where he flattens the herbage by the beat of his mighty sides. Oh, my dear, my dear! It never occurred to me, and I'll swear it never occurred to you. We are trespassing; poaching; we are caught red-handed, killing salmon on the holy waters of the Great Panjandrum himself.

Impelled by some unknown force, the glass fixes itself upon Macgregor's face. It is stern with an awful sternness. Hate, scorn, outraged majesty, a whole legion of dire passions, are concentrated in that stony glare, as he turns to the shuddering malefactor at his feet. He speaks, and from the movement of his lips I infer the bitter irony of his words. Now he takes the rod, gaff, and fish, and soon the mournful procession wends its way through the little glen in the direction of the lodge behind the fir-trees. My heart bleeds for Fairy, arrested, disarmed, borne away to interview the grim proprietor himself.

But I may not rest inactive. Here at least is no place for tears. I see that, somehow or other, my ineffective personality must intervene, but the difficulties appal me. I reach the end of the glen just as the sad little *cortège* bears down upon me. Intuitively I know that my name and status are

being set forth, and my spirit sinks. From the depths of my misery I steal a glance at Fairy. Sorely stricken as she may be, I note that she is still unquelled. I observe, too, that although distance may lend enchantment, propinquity has definite advantages of its own. Now Macgregor is addressing me. Armed at every point with truth and justice, he scorns prolixity: his indictment is a model of terse finality. In common civility I raise my cap to the lady; yet even this must be done with a side-glance at Macgregor, lest unawares it should prejudice the sacred cause. Again I steal a glance at Fairy. I would give worlds to be permitted even the ghost of a propitiatory smile. But, with Macgregor's steely eye upon me, I see the impossibility at once. No: Justice, Truth, Logic range themselves in impenetrable array against my poor little comrade, and I fall back helplessly.

But stay: I have already said that Fairy herself is as yet unquelled: she may still have weapons in her armoury to oppose the redoubted Three. She has. She begins to cry: at least, not to cry exactly, but her sweet lips quiver ominously, and her eyes grow like drowning violets. "It was the first salmon I ever caught," she pleads, "and I have tried so hard!" These manifestations do not seem much on paper to set against Justice, Truth, and Logic, but they have served in times gone by, and they bring one coward strag-

gler back to her standard on the instant. After all, what are these mere abstract phrases—what is Macgregor himself—against Fairy? I will recall Flodden, and assert myself. Hang Macgregor! In my new-born zeal I would order him to take the lady's fish for her to her hotel, but I feel that here courage would lapse into foolhardiness.

In the end, I temporise with Macgregor and Truth and Justice. I commend him for his devotion to duty, but I point out to him, in an aside, that we have no legal power to arrest. I point out further that so flagrant a case requires my own personal attention. He is not altogether convinced, but I am grateful to him, inasmuch as he goes away. Fin-

ally, I take the lady's fish for her to the hotel, myself.

In my private judgment this tale ends here. Fairy, however, says that it does not. She desires me, most unreasonably as I think, to add a mass of purely private detail, which she contends, curiously enough, is the only interesting part of the whole business. Yet as I, with my truer masculine perception, see clearly that this would only weary, and even irritate, the intelligent reader, and further, as Fairy has just gone out with Macgregor to try one of the lower pools, I seize the opportunity to slip this manuscript into the post-bag, with all its imperfections on its head.

H. KNIGHT HORSFIELD.

THE PINJIH RHINO.

THE rhinoceros with which this article deals was said to have a blue horn, and, as I will tell later on in the story of Kanda Daud, a marvellous cure was ascribed to the efficacy of the dye won from it. It was one of the large one-horned species, and its footprints proved it to be an exceptionally big one of its kind. It was well known throughout a wide district: it was a *Kramat* the Malays said; that is to say, it was credited with supernatural powers, and was supposed to be protected against all dangers by a guardian spirit. Every animal that attaches itself to one locality and establishes a reputation for daring or cunning, and that is fortunate enough to escape a few ill-directed bullets, comes in a few years to be considered *Kramat*, and is in many cases imagined to be a reincarnation of a deceased celebrity. Animals under the protection of another world will generally treat the human inhabitants of the district honoured by their presence with a benign consideration bordering on condescension. A *Kramat* elephant will walk by the rice-fields leaving the crops untouched, and a child might drive away a *Kramat* tiger that strolled too near the cattle-folds. But this brute had killed three men, one of them entirely without provocation, and had wounded others. He would turn aside for no one, so it was said; on

the contrary, if met in the jungle, he would either stand his ground and then slowly advance in the direction from which he had been disturbed, or he would charge forthwith. For some twenty years, since the date of the episode of Kanda Daud alluded to above, he had been a terror in the Pinjih valley (from which he took his name among European shikaris of "the Pinjih rhino"), and wood-cutters and searchers for rotan and gutta would not venture near his haunts unless in large parties. So old a veteran had of course his scars to show, and he was popularly reported to carry a hundred bullets in his body. (I may say that I only found two of them; but as he fell in a marsh, where the bullets could only be found by groping in the water by the decomposed remains, it is probable that many were lost.)

Many years ago the headman of the district had organised a party of five picked Malays, who met the rhinoceros and fired fifty shots at him. "It was no child's play," the old man said, turning fiercely on one of an audience who had criticised the shooting. "If a bullet felled the brute he picked himself up at once, and if a shot missed he charged forthwith: a hundred men might have fired more shots, but they could not have done more to kill him." And he added with a scowl, "The end of the matter is, that

you can't kill an animal that won't die."

Thereafter the Malays left him in peace; but from about 1890 onwards most of the Europeans in Kinta made more or less determined efforts to bring him to account, and on several occasions men came up to him but were unable to shoot effectively. Once the district magistrate managed to get on terms with him, but was charged so often and so determinedly in very thick scrub that he had to beat a retreat, and leave the rhinoceros master of the field. In the dull record of failures there was, however, one light spot. The attendant spirit of *Kramat* animals has power to deceive the hunter by altering the appearance of the hunted animal or by giving its shape to one of the hunters or their attendants, and on one occasion a gallant officer in the N—— regiment fell its victim. Leaving his pad elephant in the jungle with a Malay in charge, he proceeded one day to set off on foot to look for fresh tracks. He walked for hours, until suddenly his tracker stopped him and silently pointed out the outline of a huge animal in front of them. M. took a steady aim and fired: a scream from a sorely stricken elephant and a yell from a terrified Malay were his answer. He had walked in a circle and had fired at his own elephant. As the smoke cleared he caught a glimpse of the elephant before it disappeared in the jungle, and had a full view of the Malay bellowing on the ground. The wretched man

had been quietly smoking his cigarette on the elephant's neck, and now, lying where he fell, was only in doubt whether a bullet-wound or a broken neck was the cause of his death. Both elephant and man recovered, the Malay the quicker of the two, for the elephant, though the wound healed, was never fit for work again; but both had a lucky escape, for the bullet, which hit the elephant high on the shoulder, had gone perilously near the man's leg. It will be some time before M. hears the last of the shot; but the chaff of the clubs does not carry the bite of the smiles of the Malays, who give the credit of the whole occurrence to "Old *Kramat*" and his guardian spirit.

Such briefly was the history of the animal, and Malias was by no means keen on tackling him. Malias was a local Malay who drew a regular salary from me, and who wandered round the country seeking for, and as far as possible verifying, news of game. He was not particularly bright, and, like all Malays, was inclined to be lazy: on fresh tracks, however, he was as keen as possible, and he would follow up a wounded tiger without his pulse giving a stroke above its normal beat. Chance brought us an ally: this was an old man named Pa' Senik, a foreigner from one of the northern unprotected states. He was of another type to Malias, who was a mere villager; for Pa' Senik's youth had been spent at the court of a petty raja, and had been

such as might be expected from his surroundings, full of conspiracy and intrigue, love and lust, fair fight and cold-blooded murder. At last he had fallen upon bad days, for another raja ruled in the place of the man he had served, and he had had to fly for his life. He came to Perak, where he was shrewdly suspected of complicity in a well-planned dacoity, and then settled down quietly in the Pinjih valley, where until his eyesight failed him he had made a living by shooting deer. He was now old and poor, but despite his age was keen to go after the rhinoceros, and, knowing its haunts and wallows, assured us that he could bring me up with it. But this was no ordinary quest, he said; if without preliminary preparations we went in search of tracks, we were foredoomed to the failure that had attended all previous efforts. We must first "ask" for the rhinoceros from the *Jin Tanah* or Earth Spirits, who have power over the forest and all its inhabitants, and to whom the attendant spirits of *Kramat* animals are vassals. Pa' Senik proposed to make a feast and invoke the spirits, and to ask them to give us the rhinoceros and to accept compensation. We should not have to pay much, he said, for the spirit, if it accepted the offer, would probably ask for something to eat,—a fowl perhaps, or some eggs, and a lime or two. Of course, if the spirits proved obdurate, nothing could be done, and we must not think of any act of defiance; but, if

made with skill and address, our application would, he thought, be favourably considered. The exchange value of a rhinoceros in the spirit world would seem to be extremely moderate, and I gave the old man a dollar (all he asked for) with which to prepare the feast preliminary to the invocation, and arranged to go to his house to witness the ceremony.

The following Saturday was the day agreed upon, and a few miles by railway to the next station and a walk of a couple of miles took me to his village, where a house had been set aside for me. After dinner I was invited into the adjoining house, where Pa' Senik had made his preparations. Like Gaul and all Malay houses, it was divided into three parts: the front room or verandah, absolutely public; the middle room, where the men eat and sleep, reserved for intimates; and the kitchen, where the unmarried women sleep, absolutely private. The ceremony was to take place in the centre room, and here I was introduced to Che Mat, a brother *pawang* or wizard, whom Pa' Senik had called in to assist him. After a few minutes' conversation the proceedings began, and while they sat down and faced one another over a brass bowl containing burning charcoal, I made myself as comfortable as I could upon the floor within a few feet of them, and round us such men and women and children as had obtained admission ranged themselves in a semicircle. Various bowls of water, in which floated leaves and flowers,

were set about the floor, and twigs and sprays of leaves and blossoms were fixed to the posts and walls. Each bowl and leaf and flower had its definite significance, and to each were spells and charms attached. Pa' Senik then took up an *arbab*, a three-stringed instrument, in shape somewhat like a banjo but played with a bow, and one that seems to require a lot of tuning, for much tautening of pegs and twanging of gut was necessary before the player found the pitch he desired. After a tentative essay or two he struck up a monotonous chant, to a tune a degree more monotonous. Much of his music was improvised, to meet the special conditions of the present instance; but the greater portion of it was part of his traditional craft. It was lengthy and full of repetitions; but the gist of it was that here was a white man, one of the rulers of the country, who came to ask the assistance of the spirits; and here were Malias, Che Mat, and Pa' Senik, the servants and followers of the white man, and they too craved the assistance of the spirits; and in the forest was the rhinoceros whom they desired to take, and whom they now besought the spirits to give them. What answer would the spirits give us, and by what means could we ensure their assistance in the enterprise? Such, in a few words, was the meaning of an invocation that lasted twenty minutes. The chant ended, Pa' Senik laid aside his bow, and asked one of the company to recite from the

Koran. A man at once began to intone some verses, while the whole audience joined in the usual responses and replies, and the protection of the Islam religion was thus called in upon proceedings utterly at variance with the teaching of Mohammed. When this was over, a tray containing rice and various kinds of curry was brought up to Che Mat, who had hitherto remained silent and motionless in pose of entire abstraction. He now roused himself, and throwing some gum benjamin into the censer over which he faced Pa' Senik, moved the tray in and out of the thick smoke until it was thoroughly fumigated. Then he took a saucer of rice from an attendant and passed it in a similar manner through the smoke, and after placing a lighted candle on the edge of the saucer, put it on a tray suspended from the roof between the two men. Finally a plate of parched rice was purified from the mortal taint by smoke, and then, also with a lighted candle on its rim, carried out of the house by Che Mat, and hung on a tree. This marked the conclusion of the opening stage of the proceedings. The rice on the tray between the two men was of a peculiar kind, considered a delicacy, which is used in sweetmeats, and was intended to attract the attention of the spirits we desired to invoke. The parched rice outside the house was for any of the thousand and one wandering demons who might appear, and who, unless thus provided for, might mar the proceedings. The

curry and rice was for the audience, most of whom at once followed it to a corner of the room and devoted an undivided attention to it.

After an interval both men stripped to the waist, and Pa' Senik took up his instrument, and to the same drear chant reiterated the purpose for which we met. Che Mat in the meantime, undoing the handkerchief that Malays bind round their heads, let a mass of long hair fall down upon his shoulders, and carefully combed it out and anointed it with cocoanut-oil. He then bound his handkerchief round the long glistening hair, and rolled it scarf-wise round his head. When this was done he brought forward more saucers of rice, and held them in the smoke of the censer, and passed his hands, his head, his breast, his knees, and his back through the pungent incense, ending by moving the censer three times round himself. He bowed to the four cardinal points, took some of the rice in his hand, and, muttering a spell over it, blew upon it in the professional manner known as *jampi*. Another candle was lit, and Pa' Senik again began to play his instrument. Suddenly Che Mat broke in upon the monotonous music of the *arbab*, clapped his hands wildly above his head, shook his hair free from the handkerchief that bound it round his forehead, and with a quick twist of his neck swung his long locks in a sweeping circle round his head. The suddenness of the interruption was startling. Round whirled the

black glistening mane, followed by the gaze of every eye in the room, and as it completed the circle another short jerk of the muscles of the neck sent it again madly flying round his head. Again and again, and more quickly each succeeding time, was the stream made to revolve round him, until at last all that was to be seen of the man seated on the floor was his short bare body, with an occasional glimpse of white compressed features, surmounted by a black, rushing, whirling halo that filled and fanned the room. For some minutes this extraordinary muscular effort continued, until suddenly Che Mat fell forward in a state of collapse. There was perfect silence for a few moments, while all the spectators held their breath, and then Pa' Senik, picking up some rice, threw it over the supine figure and asked him who he was. There was no answer, and Pa' Senik was forced to have recourse to his *arbab*. After a considerable interval Che Mat announced that he was Pran Ali, meaning thereby that he was possessed by a spirit of that name. In answer to questions put by Pa' Senik, the Spirit Pran Ali expressed himself as friendly to us, and a natural enemy of the earth spirits and the guardian spirits, but declared that he was unable to help us in the quest of the rhinoceros: deer were the animals over which he had power, not rhinoceros. If it had been a deer now——

Pran Ali could help us no further, and thereupon left, and

Che Mat was no longer possessed of him. There was another interval of singing and playing by Pa' Senik, who called on various spirits to come to our assistance, and repeated innumerable charms to prevent the rhinoceros from hearing or scenting us as we approached it, to prevent it from charging, or from recovering from any wound that might be inflicted upon it. "If all the dead return to life and walk this world again, then and not till then may this animal turn upon us; if the bottommost of the three layers of stone that support the earth reappear upon the surface, then and not till then may this animal front us." But to repeat one-tenth of the incantations and invocations would fill pages of 'Maga' and would interest but very few. Che Mat stopped the long tale by again evincing signs of another demoniacal possession. Again his attitude of abstraction fell from him, and his weird hair-swinging held the room. After the pause that followed his collapse he inquired what we wanted of him, and when Pa' Senik offered him a bowl of parched rice, he at once seized it and swallowed a handful of the contents; when a plantain was produced, he gulped it skin and all, and then announced that he was Sang Kala Raja Megang Rimba, one of the guardian spirits. Pa' Senik thereupon humbly inquired whether we might be allowed to follow the rhinoceros (which, by the way, was throughout the evening spoken of as a buffalo), and the spirit's

immediate reply was a downright refusal, saying that on no account would he lose the animal. This caused a sensation amongst the audience, and there was much shaking of heads, but Pa' Senik was not to be beaten. He began with cajolery, and when that had no effect tried what is vulgarly known as bounce. Who was this spirit that he should take this defiant attitude? To this the spirit answered that he was a thousand years old: Pa' Senik declared that he was a thousand years older. "Ten thousand years old," replied the spirit. "Ten thousand years older," retorted Pa' Senik, who thereupon challenged his adversary to a contest as to which was the stronger. When the challenge was accepted, Pa' Senik seized a handful of parched rice and threw it full in the face of his adversary, and then leant forward glaring at him over the smouldering censer. His opponent immediately seized a huge bowl of rice and raised it in the act to hurl; but when his arm reached the topmost point above his shoulder from which it would turn to throw, he suddenly stiffened, and the whole of his body became rigid. For a few seconds he sat there living and motionless as a statue of Discobolus, and then the bowl dropped from his nerveless fingers and fell crashing to the floor. Sang Kala Raja Megang Rimba was beaten in contest. He cast himself forth, and Che Mat was thrown into a third frenzy, becoming possessed of a spirit named Awang Mahat.

Unfortunately Awang Mahat belongs to that unhappy class, whether in this world or the other, of creatures who mean well: his intentions are excellent, but he is powerless for good or evil, and the consideration he meets with is therefore such as might be expected. Little was asked of him, and he could tell us less: beyond saying that if our quarry were wounded near water it would come to life again (a pleasing prospect, as we had to seek it in swamp and marsh), he could not help us. He remained but a few minutes, and then craved leave to depart. When he left Che Mat was nearly fainting, and to allow him to recover there was a long interval of playing and singing by Pa' Senik. Che Mat's wife, herself no unskilled disciple in witchcraft, in the meantime occupied herself in attending to her husband, breathing upon him, rubbing, kneading, and massaging him. When attention was called and the proceedings resumed, Che Mat fell into a fourth frenzy, more violent than any that had preceded it. He had undergone his previous attacks in silence, but this time he gave vent to scream after scream, short sharp yells of pain. When the succeeding exhaustion had somewhat passed, he declared that he was the Jin Kepala Gunong Api—the Jin of the Volcano's Summit—one of the *Jin Tanah*, the Earth Spirits, whom we had to fear in this enterprise. He was most violent at first, but soon

became more friendly, and finally asked what we would give him if he allowed us to "take" the rhinoceros. Various gifts were suggested, but rejected as valueless in the Spirit World, until finally the offer of an egg, some parched rice, and the rice I have mentioned as a delicacy, was accepted. This Pa' Senik was careful to explain to me the next morning was not in this case to be considered as representing the exchange value of the rhinoceros; it was tendered and accepted only in the sense of a propitiatory offering. All that was vouchsafed was that, as far as the Earth Spirits were concerned, we were at liberty to follow the rhinoceros; whether we succeeded or not was another thing, and to that the Jin would not commit himself. But we were given an omen, and told that if we met a tiger's tracks crossing those of the rhinoceros, we were to return at once and not to make another attempt; when we made our offering at the entrance of the forest, certain signs in the flame of a candle would tell us the disposition of the guardian spirit; and, thirdly, we were to be guided by our dreams that night. The Jin then threw Che Mat into a final frenzy and left. This ended the night's work.

We were astir early the next morning, and Malias eagerly asked me what I had dreamt. Alas! no omens were to be gathered from my dreamless sleep; nor had any one else been favoured, except my little Tamil "boy," who had been

very much frightened by what he had peeped in to see over-night, and who plaintively said, in tones that showed he wished it were true, that he had dreamt of being back at my house. Pa' Senik was ready with his offering, and after breakfast he, Malias, and I set off for a walk in the jungle. There was no *khabar*, for, as I have said, no one would go to look for this animal's tracks; but a day would be well spent in learning as much as possible of the lie of the country. At the "gateway of the forest," then, Pa' Senik made his offering. Splitting into four the end of a bamboo, and deftly weaving a jungle-creeper through the split ends, he improvised a censer, which a couple of green leaves and a handful of earth made fire-proof. Some dry leaves and a dead twig or two made a fire, upon which he sprinkled incense. The stipulated offering was passed through the smoke, and then carefully placed on an open spot. Now came the question: What was the augury? Pa' Senik lit a candle, and placed it on the edge of the censer, and, after due invocation, stepped back and keenly watched the flames. In doing this one has to stay beside the lighted candle, calling upon the spirits to attend until one feels one's skin move, then step back and watch the flame: if it flickers it betokens the arrival of the spirits; if, after breaking and wavering, it burns true, straight, and upright—success; extinction is failure; if it blows to the right or toward you, hope; to the left

or away from you, the chances are against you. In the wind-protected corner Pa' Senik had chosen, the candle burnt true and bright, and as we started hope ran high. We had a long day's walk through the jungle, but to find fresh tracks was too much to expect. Old tracks, however, and abandoned wallows, gave proof of "*Old Kramat's*" existence; and the next morning I returned to my quarters well satisfied at having got through the opening stages of the campaign.

Though no result was seen that day, Pa' Senik's offering had not been without its effect, for not many days later a Malay came hot-foot in search of Malias, and told him that he had that morning seen the fresh tracks of the rhinoceros crossing a native path some twelve miles away. Pa' Senik was sent for, kit and provisions packed, coolies collected and despatched, and that night we all slept in our informant's house. It stood in a small clearing in the depths of the jungle. To the right and left two precipitous limestone hills rose sheer out of the level plain, their bases but a few hundred yards away, and their summits nearly twice as many hundred feet above us. Between them flowed a clear stream, and on the edge of this the house was built. As the sun set numbers of jungle-fowl crowed and called on every side as they came down to drink, and a party of black gibbons made the echoes ring with their ear-piercing whoops. The wild goat-antelope lived on these limestone hills, our host Hus-

sein informed us, — one could hear them bleat at night, and they often came down from the precipitous heights to feed round his clearing, but they were very rarely seen.

We went to sleep early, and the next morning I woke my men at half-past four. A tiger had roared close to the house during the night, and this made Pa' Senik rather apprehensive of the omen regarding the tiger tracks crossing the rhinoceros tracks. We made a good breakfast, and while the first jungle-cock was shrilling his clear challenge and the gibbons went whooping through the tree-tops in search of food, we started to make a wide cast through the jungle to find fresh tracks of the rhinoceros. Without doubt the heart of the Jin had been softened, for we had not gone more than two or three miles before we came on tracks made early the previous evening.

Pa' Senik had explained to me overnight that his "work" of the evening I have described would remain effectual for a month, and that an offering each time we entered the jungle anew was all that was now required. He was provided with his censer and propitiatory gift, and in half an hour we were ready to proceed. Malias and I then went on alone, instructing Pa' Senik, Hussein, and another local Malay, to follow us slowly, and to keep, as far as they could judge, a quarter of a mile behind us. We followed a well-beaten track through the jungle, and it seemed from the manner in which the animal

had walked steadily on, without stopping to feed on the way, that he was making for another part of the country, and that many miles lay between him and us. We were therefore taken entirely by surprise when, before we had gone more than half a mile, a turn in the path brought us suddenly upon him. He was lying at full length in a wallow; but I was unable to make use of the disadvantage at which we held him, for as I threw up my 10-bore a hanging creeper caught the barrels, and I had to lower the rifle and disengage it before I could bring it fairly to my shoulder. By this time the rhinoceros had lurched out of the pool, and I only had time for a hasty shot at his shoulder, hitting him, as I subsequently discovered, too high up and too far forward. The dense smoke of the black powder prevented me from getting a second shot before the animal disappeared in the heavy jungle. An examination of the tracks explained the suddenness of the encounter, for they showed that the rhinoceros had stayed the whole night long in the wallow, and the footprints proved that it really was "Old *Kramat*" that we had met. This Malias was at first inclined to doubt, for we had seen the animal plainly, and his horn was not the cubit's length of cerulean blue that every one knew "Old *Kramat*" carried, but only a short, black, shapeless stump; nor had he in the least degree acted up to his reputation for pugnacity.

The only fact in favour of the theory that it was he whom we had met was that there was not a sign of blood. This rather disconcerted the Malays; but I had before followed a wounded rhinoceros for three miles without finding a drop of blood (until the Malays had openly grumbled at my following an animal that had obviously been missed), and when I did come up with it had found it on the point of death—dying, I believe, from internal hemorrhage. We made but a short pause by the wallow to examine the tracks, and then pushed on. At once we were covered from head to foot, and our rifles from stock to muzzle, with the wet clay that hung to the bushes through which the rhinoceros had made his way. Slimy branches dripping with mire slapped our faces, and oozy drops of mud fell upon our necks and clotted in our hair. Then before we had worked more than a hundred yards of our way along the track a mass of white glittering clay caught my eye, and as I squatted on my heels Malias reached forward to make an excited tug at my coat. What we saw was on slightly higher ground than that on which we stood, and appeared to be at least seven feet high: it was perfectly motionless. An "ant-hill" whispered Malias, for it was covered with the same substance as that with which we were smeared. An ant-hill of course, I thought, and the rhinoceros has rubbed against it in passing. And so I nodded and prepared to move forward,

but as I did so the mass moved and disappeared behind the brown pile of a real ant-hill. "Allah! that was he," groaned Malias. But before I could express my feelings the animal reappeared on the other side of the covering heap, and walked slowly away from us. Though his back was well exposed, a careful aim at the base of the spine produced no effect, and (the smoke hung round terribly) I had no time for a second shot; nor perhaps would I have risked it, for I felt sure that this time at all events he would charge. However, the rhinoceros went straight away, nor did we see him again for many hours. For perhaps a mile we followed him through big jungle, where, though rotans, creepers, and lianes obstructed the path, the forest-trees afforded a shelter from the sun. But then the rhinoceros turned aside into a clearing where two seasons before the Malays or the aboriginal Sakeis had felled the forest to grow a crop of hill-rice. The scrub that had grown up since they had reaped their harvest and abandoned the place was some ten feet high, and here the difficulty of making one's way was increased a hundredfold, and moreover we were exposed to the full force of the tropical sun. Bowing and bending to avoid the interlacing creepers, twisting and turning to free our rifles from the branches that, despite our efforts, caught their projecting muzzles, we had of course to move in perfect silence. The sun struck fair on our rounded backs, and we were

surrounded by myriads of flies. They flew into our eyes, imprisoned themselves in our ears, or crawled clog-footed over our glistening faces. We pushed on extremely slowly, for, though we had no desire to come up with the rhinoceros in this horrible tangle, where we had but little chance of self-defence, there was no alternative but to stick to the tracks. We could not say what line the animal intended to take, and to make a detour was therefore out of the question. The only thing to do was to give it time to move on, and to trust to meeting it in more favourable country. At first the tracks showed that it could not decide whether to go straight away or whether to refuse to leave the advantage the thick scrub gave, or thirdly whether to wait in the path and fight. This, of course, necessitated extreme caution, but at last after some two or three hours we emerged from the scrub and re-entered the big jungle. Soon afterwards we saw a few scanty drops of blood, and Malias was much reassured thereby. Then the rhinoceros took a definite line across country, and at about one o'clock we came to a small stream that it had crossed. Here we waited for Pa' Senik and the men who carried my tiffin and their own mid-day meal, and after a cigarette we pushed on once more. Before we had gone another mile a snort and rush showed that we had come up with "Old *Kramat*" again. His behaviour was most extraordinary; from a distance per-

haps of some fifty yards away he charged headlong towards us, passing within fifteen or twenty yards of our position, and then stopped when he had gone fifty yards behind us. Here he paused a few seconds, and then with a snort charged back again at an acute angle to the last direction he had taken. He again passed close enough for us to catch a glimpse of him and to see the bushes moving, but not close enough for one to aim with any certainty. Again he stopped, paused, and then with a snort came back on another line that passed us no nearer than the others. What his intention was I cannot say; whether it was that he could not discover our exact position, or whether his wounds had knocked the inclination for real fighting out of him, I do not know; but I am inclined to believe that he did not want to fight, and think that it was what tacticians term a demonstration. He made five such rushes, but no time did he come close enough for me to take more than a snap-shot, and this, thinking that I should require my cartridges for close quarters, I refused to accept.

At last, however, Malias pointed out a stationary black object some twenty-five or thirty yards away. I could see that it was the rhinoceros, but could not make out what part of him it was. Nevertheless, thinking that I might not get a better opportunity, I fired, and in another wild rush it disappeared. Again we followed, and after another mile came up with him

for the fourth time, when after a series of similar demonstrations he gave me a clear shot at twenty-five yards at the base of his spine. He went straight away, but the blood showed that both this bullet and the one before had taken effect, and when we came on a place where the poor brute had lain down, we made certain of him. Though we followed the tracks until four o'clock we failed, however, to come up with him again. It was now within two hours of sundown, and as we had only a rough idea of where we were, it was necessary to think of getting back home. We therefore waited for the other men to come up to us, and then discussed the position: the house from which we had started that morning was many miles behind us, and it was out of the question to think of returning there. Where was the nearest house? On this question there was a divided opinion, and one of the debaters climbed a tree to prove his case, and descending admitted like a man that he was wrong. From the tree he could see a grove of *durian* trees, and towards this spot we made our way, for we knew that from the grove a native track would lead to the nearest village. Before we left the tracks we marked a tree or two, so as to be able to start the next morning where we now left off, and then made our way toward the *durian* trees. When we arrived there we found that we were within two or three miles of Pa' Senik's house, which we reached within

another hour. The actual distance we had followed the rhinoceros from sunrise to nearly sunset was not more than fifteen miles (from point to point it was perhaps seven), but these miles had been covered step by step: carrying the weight of a heavy rifle, under a tropical sun, bent double to evade the thorns that clutched at everything, stepping delicately to avoid the dead leaves that crackled under foot, and with every nerve on the alert, we did not estimate the distance by miles.

When we arrived at Pa' Senik's house I found that some cartridges had fallen from my worn-out old belt, and that I only had four cartridges with me. It was therefore necessary to go to my house to get more, and Malias and I set off at once: two miles took us to the railway-line, and then seven more miles of skipping and tripping over railway sleepers in the dark took us home, and put the finish to a day's work that lasted from five o'clock in the morning to eight in the evening.

The next morning the first down train stopped to let us get off at the nearest point to Pa' Senik's house, and at nine o'clock we were at the spot where we had left the tracks the evening before. I was disgusted with myself with having bungled my first shot, and having made such tinkering efforts at the other three, and was determined, if possible, to reserve my bullets for a better opportunity. We found that the rhinoceros had lain down

and slept the night not far from where we had left him: he had eaten but very little, and had not wallowed. He had now of course many hours' start of us, and we had to make such speed as we could in order to overtake him, and yet to exercise extreme caution that we might not stumble upon him and be charged unawares. We had to move in perfect silence or we should not come up with him, and at the same time we had to keep our eyes on the tracks step by step. The difficulty of following the tracks even of a rhinoceros is extraordinary. One would imagine that an animal weighing perhaps two tons, and whose footprints are nearly twelve inches across, would be easy to follow; but time after time we had to stop, retrace our steps, or make a cast through the jungle. On hard dry ground covered with leaves, only the barest impression was left: we had often to lift the leaves to look for the mark of a toe-nail dinting perhaps the undermost leaf to the ground. Often, too, the tracks appeared to go straight on, and it might not be for some time that we found that we were on old tracks and must turn back. Traces of blood were extremely scanty, and it was only from time to time that one or the other of us would silently point to a single drop of clotted blood on a leaf or twig. The difficulty, too, and the physical exertion of moving in silence through the jungle must be undergone to be fully realised—one hand perhaps disengaging a thorny

creeper from the shoulder, the other hand holds a heavy rifle, and with one foot suspended in the air to avoid some crackling leaf, every muscle of the body is necessary to maintain one's equilibrium. Moving thus in silence, we saw in the jungle animals that would otherwise have been alarmed long before we came in sight. Mouse-deer repeatedly allowed us to approach within a few feet of them; twice we got among a sounder of sleeping pig before they woke; and once an agitated tapir dashed across the track only a few yards away from me. A danger, however, there is of this silence. Malias and I had followed a wrong track for a few yards before we discovered our mistake: retracing our footsteps, we saw that beside the path lay a green puff-adder coiled and ready to strike, and that each of us had unwittingly set his foot down within six inches of its head.

It was slowly thus that we made our way, and it was past one o'clock on an intensely hot day that we came up with the rhinoceros again. I then saw him some forty yards away standing broadside on to us. His head was hidden by foliage, and it was impossible to say at which end of the formless mass it was. I made the inevitable mistake, and a careful aim at the spot where I imagined the heart to be only hit him far back in the quarters. As on the preceding day he rushed away on receiving the bullet, and the country in which the tracks took us was extremely dangerous. This was another

clearing made for the cultivation of hill-rice, such as that we had passed through the day before, but this was younger, and therefore worse. That of yesterday was some two years old, and through it one could see a few yards: this was only seven months old, and an object a foot away was invisible. Of course, I repeat, no sane man would seek an encounter with any dangerous animal in either place. But the younger growth is worth describing: it is a mass of tangled vegetation, for here the giant *lalang* grass, that grows some six feet high, fights for its life with the horrible creepers that bind and choke it, and with the scrub bushes that send their roots down into the earth to undermine it. Here, like wrestlers, they strain and pull, and the victory is to the one that can endure the longest. The loser dies, and giant grass, creepers, and scrub fight interlocked at death-grips.

Through this almost impenetrable thicket the rhinoceros made his way, and, to use a homely simile, his track looked like a double cutting on a railway-line. It was necessary therefore to give him time to quit such desperate country, for in a patch of such wide extent a detour was out of the question. We therefore sat down for half an hour and then followed on; but soon we found that what appeared to be a double cutting had developed into something more like a tunnel, through which it was necessary to make our way on hands and knees. It was impossible to see more than a foot

in any direction, impossible to stand, and, except with one hand on the ground, impossible to fire. I therefore again gave the order to retreat, and for another half-hour we waited on the edge of the thicket. Then we heard an uproar among some monkeys on the far side of the scrub. "They are chattering at the rhinoceros," I said.

"Let us see," said Malias. And on we went again. Happily the tracks led straight on through the scrub, and as there was none of the twisting and turning we had met the day before, we were emboldened by the calls we had heard from the monkeys, and pushed on, in hopes that the rhinoceros was now in more open country. Suddenly a few heat-drops, generated from a steaming ground and a blazing sky, fell pattering round and on us. Malias at once seized my coat and looked on every side with perturbation. "*Hujan panas*," he whispered, for "hot rain" is the sign of a bloody death.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "it is a sign that the rhinoceros will die to-day."

"That is not certain," he retorted; "it may be the rhinoceros that will die, and perhaps it may not." And then he added, very slowly and sententiously, "It is the Malay custom to be very careful when this happens."

His nerve seemed shaken for the moment, and I acquiesced, and more carefully than ever we crept along on hands and knees. The heat in the open scrub was terrific.

The tangled vegetation we were crawling through afforded our spines and necks no protection from the sun, and the air was bound a prisoner by the giant grass and bushes that throttled one another. Waves of heat were rising from the sweltering ground in quivering lines, and more than half we breathed there was steam; this filled the throat, but, though they hammered against our ribs, could not fill the lungs. The perspiration dripped from every pore of the body, but the mouth and tongue were clogged with drought, and salt with the moisture from our lips. And worse than anything else was the drumming of the nearly bursting blood-vessels behind our ears and temples. Time after time I was deceived into thinking that I heard the rhinoceros move.

At last we reached the edge of the forest in safety, and threw ourselves down in utter exhaustion. We lay there gasping until the other men came up with us, and then found that the help we had expected from them had failed us. They produced sandwiches, cigarettes, my small flask of neat whisky, but for some extraordinary reason had forgotten the bottle of cold tea. I could not touch the whisky, and without something to drink it was impossible to eat or smoke. The only thing to do was to go on. On, on, and on therefore, we pushed, without finding a drop of water to alleviate our thirst, and to enable us to touch the

mockery of refreshment we carried. There was not a sign of the big beast that led the way except the three round dents that marked his toes, and occasionally in softer ground the impression of his sole. At last, at four o'clock, as we were thinking of giving up for the day, we came on a path that Malias recognised as one leading to the village of Pinjih. We therefore waited for the other men, and, after marking the place, made our way to the village. There we arrived at sunset, and a house was quickly put at our disposal. Then after a swim in the river, rice, grilled chicken, chillies, and salt fish—all that the village could offer—were ready for us.

Malias was openly despondent. Had not every one failed in this quest, and how was it that bullets that would kill an elephant dead on the spot failed even to knock this animal over? The Jin was playing with us; we were safe from his displeasure perhaps, but it did not seem that he had any intention of allowing us to kill the rhinoceros. Though Pa' Senik was more cheerful, his prognostications were even worse. The animal, he said, was making for a hill called Changkat Larang, and if it once reached that spot its wounds would immediately be healed. We had left the tracks within three miles of the hill, and our only chance was to come up with it the next day before it reached this hill of healing. Both were so downhearted that I reminded them of the portent of the "hot rain,"

and suggested that the rhinoceros had returned to die by the stream and the village from which he had taken his name for so many years. But without avail: both shook their heads in doubt, and I went to sleep, to hope for better luck the next day.

By sunrise the next morning we had finished our meal of rice and chicken, and set off to pick up the tracks of the day before. We were soon on the ground, and then proceeded in the same order as on the two previous days. Soon we came on the spot where "Old *Kramat*" had spent the night. He had fed heavily on lush grass and young shrubs, and had wallowed for some hours. This was bad, very bad indeed, for the night before he had barely eaten a few mouthfuls, and had not wallowed at all; and now it seemed as though he were better and stronger after the second day than he had been after the first. Pa' Senik, who was close behind, came up, shook his old head, and intimated that he had told us overnight that if the rhinoceros reached Changkat Larang his wounds would heal; the hill was now not far off, and then—— I cut him short, and, picking up the tracks, pressed on. In a few minutes a rush some seventy yards ahead of us showed that our quarry was again afoot. This was worse than ever. Hitherto, every time that we had come up with him we had managed to catch a glimpse of him; but now he would not let us come within sight of him, and I felt

inclined to give up hope. To-day was my last chance, for I had to be back in office the next morning; the brute was stronger and better than he had been the day before, and now he refused to allow us to come to close quarters. And, climax of despair, he was heading straight for Changkat Larang. One ray of hope remained. The rush we had heard seemed but a short one; seemed, I say, for even so huge a brute as an elephant, after its first startled rush, can settle down in so silent a walk that a man may be pardoned for imagining it to be standing still, whereas it is really rapidly putting a lot of ground between it and its pursuer. Praying, therefore, that the rhinoceros might really have remained stationary after the rush we had heard, I moved as rapidly and as noiselessly as possible round to the right, in the hope of cutting him off, and after a detour of a few hundred yards had the extraordinary good luck of finding myself close behind him. The wind was in my favour, and I was able to get within some twenty-five yards. He was looking down the path he had come, and I had made an exact semicircle in my detour, and was diametrically behind him. I had misjudged him when I had thought a few minutes before that he would not allow me to come to close quarters, for now his every attitude meant fighting. Hustled and harried for the last two days, poor brute! he could stand it no longer, and was now determined to run no farther.

Malias, crouching close on my heels, urged me in a whisper to shoot at the leg, and aim to break the bone. But I hoped for a better chance than that, and squatted down to await developments. Then a slant of our wind must have reached the rhinoceros, for he very slowly began to slew round. The huge hideous head lifted high in the air and swung slowly over the shoulder, the dumpy squat horn showed black, the short hairy ears pricked forward, and a little gleam showed in the small yellow eyes; the nostrils were wrinkled high, and the upper lip curled right back over the gums, as he sought to seek the source of the tainted air. Pain and wrath were pictured in every ungainly action and hideous feature. High in the air he held his head as he turned round, high above us as we squatted close to the ground, and his neck was fairly exposed to a shot, but I waited to let him show yet more. Then, how slowly it was I cannot say, but very slowly it seemed, his shoulder swung round, and at last I was afforded a quartering shot at the heart and lungs. I fired, and knew that he was mine. A short rush of some thirty yards, and he fell in an open grassy glade, never to rise and never again to see Changkat Larang—"the hill of healing." Though he could not rise, the poor brute was not dead; and as he moved his head lizard-like from side to side in his efforts to raise his ponderous body, he seemed more like a prehistoric animal

than one of our times. The head of a lizard it was exactly, and the body of an elephant was joined on to it. Another shot killed it. Toil and trouble were all forgotten, and when Pa' Senik and the two other men came up all was congratulation, until we began to discuss the question of the easiest way to get the trophies home. We had not been out more than an hour, and so I said that Malias and I would go back to the village of Pinjih and get elephants to carry the head and feet, while I sent the other three men to the house where we had spent the first night three days before, to fetch my servants, my kit, and my camera. It was with the greatest difficulty that I induced Malias to leave the body.

"Some one must stay and look after it," he said.

"But it's dead now," I objected.

"Yes," he said with firm conviction; "but it was dead after Kanda Daud shot it, and it came to life again and nearly killed him." And he then asked to be allowed to stay behind, to shoot it again if it showed any symptoms of returning vitality.

It was with some trouble that he was finally persuaded to come away; but not even then would he move until he had hacked one of the hind-feet nearly off.

"If he does go, he will go lame," he said.

By noon I had collected three elephants, and on the arrival of the men with my camera and impedimenta, we returned

to take some snap-shots (which were not a success) and to cut off and pack the head and feet of the rhinoceros. It was slow work, and it was not until nearly sunset that I got back to my house.

Between two upright posts at his shoulder and his forefeet I made out the animal's height to be 5 feet 5½ inches. I am certain, however, that the measurement did not do him justice: he fell in a cramped position, and it was impossible to stretch him out. It is the best way of measuring dead game, but of course a poor one at that: one can imagine the difference between measuring a horse lying down and a horse standing up. When I caught my second glimpse of the animal, he appeared to be nearly 7 feet high. That his height exceeded mine I am convinced. I worked at skinning the head and the feet until midnight; but it was not until four o'clock in the afternoon of the next day that I got even the preliminary cleaning done. The horn was disappointingly small, the more so because it had been said to be extraordinarily fine. A short shapeless lump, only some 7 or 8 inches high, it is hideous in itself, but gives the necessary finish to "Old Kramat's" features.

Nothing now remains to be told except the story of Kanda Daud.

Years ago, before the white men came into the country (1875), Kanda Daud was a young man, and one season felled a patch of forest in the Pinjih valley to make a planta-

tion of hill padi. The crop was nearing the harvest, and he was sitting at night with his gun to keep away the pigs and deer, when this rhinoceros came out of the jungle and fed close up to his house. He fired, and heard the brute rush away and fall at the forest's edge. The next morning he went with a youngster to hack off its horn, when the animal threw off the semblance of death and rushed at him. He fell; and the rhinoceros did not gore him with its horn, as is the custom of the African animal, but bit him with its enormous razor-edged teeth. The boy ran away, and in a few minutes returned with some ten men, whose approach frightened the brute. Kanda Daud appeared to be dead when they picked him up and took him to his house. Though the wretched man had been bitten in almost every part of his body, he recovered, and as he limped beside me to see the dead body of his old enemy he showed the cicatrices of his wounds. The calf and the fleshy part of the thigh of the left leg had atrophied; they had been bitten away; and the ball of his toe reached the ground in a painful hobble. On his ribs and under one arm were great drawn lines of hideous white, such as one associates with the idea of a scald. The muscles of an arm had disappeared, and there only remained a bone. It was marvellous that he had recovered; but when I told him so he replied that the rhinoceros carried the antidote for the wounds

he inflicted, for when he was picked up and taken home his hands and arms were found to be stained with an indigo blue. This was the dye of the rhinoceros horn, which he had seized with both hands in his efforts to free himself from the brute as it held him on the ground. His hands and arms had been carefully washed, and the stained water was the only medicine that he was given. Part he drank, and with part his wounds were washed. It was indeed a marvellous recovery. And the poor old man talked excitedly, as he limped along, of the result he expected from getting more of this remedy: perhaps with a further supply a skilled *pawang* might make the flesh grow on his withered limbs. Didn't we think so? A very little had served to heal his wounds, surely an unlimited supply would bring

a perfect cure. For more than twenty years the old man had been waiting for this event, and at last the day had come. Bitter was his disappointment and pitiable to see when he reached the carcass, for no amount of rubbing and washing would yield a sign of the desired blue from that black stumpy horn. The Malays stood back and whispered in little groups. All felt sorry for him, but it was difficult to know what to do. Finally I touched him on the shoulder.

"The rhinoceros is very old, Kanda Daud," I said, "and now in his old age the blue stain he carried has disappeared."

He stood up and looked at me in silence for a moment. "And I am very old too," he said; and then he added as he turned away, "and now I shall never recover."

GEORGE MAXWELL.

FISCAL POLICIES IN 1903.

THE question Mr Chamberlain has raised is, Shall we or shall we not have a fiscal policy adapted to the times and circumstances in which we live? A fiscal policy worthy of the name embraces a great deal more than food taxes and preferential duties. These are not the only or the chief items in the administration of the national *fiscus* or treasury. Fiscal science as it used to be understood in the days before misleading phrases like *laissez faire* were imported from France covered the whole range of public finance. It concerned itself not merely with the levying of taxes, but with the ability of the taxpayers to pay them. It considered not only how they could be best levied, but whether or not they were being earned.

From a fiscal point of view there are great differences in taxes. They may differ widely in character as well as in amount. They may press lightly or heavily on those who pay them. They may be equitable or inequitable. They may or may not discriminate justly between various classes of taxpayers. They may or may not be fairly adjusted to the resources of the taxpayers. They may have a tendency to benefit the producing powers of the country or to injure them. They may indirectly develop its trade or may hamper it. From the point of view of the State there may

also be great diversity among taxes. It may make a good return for them or a bad one. It may spend them beneficially or otherwise. It may study to make them subservient to the national interests as a whole, as is done in Germany, or it may have traditional scruples about interfering with private enterprise, as our own rulers have had since *laissez faire* came into fashion.

Laissez faire, as taught by its original professors, is utterly incompatible with a scientific fiscal policy. The latter implies systematic co-operation between all the productive forces of the country. It assumes that there are common aims and interests uniting Government and people. The orthodox free-trade assumption is precisely the reverse. It regards the Government as head constable of the nation and nothing more—somebody to keep order, while the people are to do everything else for themselves. A doctrine like this is the logical negation of a fiscal policy, and in fact of all national policy. A free-trade Government which acts up to its principles cannot lift a finger for the agricultural or commercial interests of the country. However much in need of help or encouragement they may be, it cannot consistently go beyond giving them good advice. They must be left absolutely and completely to what the philosophical Radicals of half a cen-

tury ago mouthingly extolled as "individual initiative."

But a Government strictly limited to preserving order and a community dependent entirely on individual initiative cannot, we repeat, have a fiscal policy. There can be no relation between the two but the levying and the paying of taxes. All taxes levied under such semi-hostile conditions will naturally be grudged. They will be regarded by the taxpayers as levies and nothing else. There will be no thought of obtaining a remunerative return for them. The bogey State, like the bogey landlord, takes so much money and keeps it. So thinks the political free-trader, who, by natural affinity, is often a "passive resister" and a political dissenter as well. With his cheap loaf and his morbid conscience he places himself outside the pale of fiscal policy. For him such a thing is meaningless. It does not exist for him except as a Tory bugbear.

But there was a time in our history when we had a fiscal policy, and made good use of it. Founded by Cromwell, it grew and flourished until the advent of the ten-pound householders in 1832. They swept away the last vestige of it when they repealed the Navigation Laws in 1849. Let no free-trader jump to the conclusion that we would have maintained the Navigation Laws of that day as they were: much less, that we would vote for restoring them. To a large extent they had outlived their usefulness, and were hampering the growth of new interests

more important than themselves. But it was certainly a grave mistake to sweep them clean away. If many of their rules were obsolete, their fundamental principle was still sound and true. It was indispensable to a fiscal policy under which Government and people could work together for national ends. Has not this fact been borne in on us of late years by repeated exposures of the helplessness of the Government in matters of trade and shipping?

Only last year the City of London was terrorised for months by the attempts of an American financier to monopolise the shipping trade of the North Atlantic. He created a Shipping Ring of the most cynical and impudent kind, not only in his own ports but in British ports as well. We can easily imagine how Cromwell, or Sir Robert Walpole, or William Pitt would have dealt with such an interloper. But what happened? The City and the House of Commons allowed themselves to be scared out of sense and dignity alike. They worried the Government into begging this American trust-monger to leave our captured steamers on the British register, and let us have them back in the event of war! Even then they would not rest until the Board of Trade had gone to the Cunard Company and coaxed it with an annuity of £150,000 a-year, for twenty years, into pledging itself never to give up its British nationality!

This singular agreement, originally entered into over a year ago, has within the past

few days given the public a second surprise. The directors of the Cunard Company have summoned an extraordinary meeting of shareholders to authorise certain changes in the articles of association which have been found requisite to the fulfilment of the above pledge. The proposed veto on foreigners is of the most sweeping and comprehensive kind; but for an annuity of £150,000 a-year the Government had to get as imposing a *quid pro quo* as could be devised. Foreigners are to be absolutely disqualified to hold shares in the company, or to sit on the Board, or to fill any of its principal offices. In order to make sure of their exclusion, the Government itself is to become a shareholder, and a £20 share is to be specially created for its use. The whole arrangement is the perfection of oddity, but we may not stop to criticise it from that point of view. The moral to be first drawn from it is that the merest rudiment of a navigation law would have obviated any necessity for such transactions.

These and other humiliations befell us because we had no longer a fiscal policy worthy of the name—because the Government and the shipping class had ceased to act together, and to have any common interest. Such humiliations would have been impossible in the days of the Navigation Laws, and a partial restoration of these laws will possibly be the price we shall have to pay for insurance against their recurrence. It was highly significant that nothing

of the kind happened last year to the Germans. Mr Pierpont Morgan is generally understood to have had the worst of it in his deal with them. Why? Because the German Government had a fiscal policy equal to the occasion. It placed all subsidised mail-steamers in Germany out of the reach of foreign purchasers. Instead of being able to buy them, Mr Morgan had to pay a handsome price for their neutrality. Now, instead of controlling them they control him, and according to the latest disclosures they are making it rather uncomfortable for him.

In every country with highly developed industries State intervention frequently becomes imperative in the public interest. Whether it be a *laissez faire* country like our own, or a country like Germany with a definite fiscal policy, this necessity arises all the same. The only difference between the two cases is that the intervention of a Government with a definite fiscal policy is likely to be effective, while that of a *laissez faire* Government is almost certain to be either a bungle or a makeshift. In other words, a State which distinctly recognises its duty to the various industries by which its people live will be likely to perform such duty much more successfully than a State which disclaims the duty in theory but dares not ignore it in practice. A *laissez faire* Government has to be inefficient, because it is illogical. It cannot do its work well, because it has to be incon-

sistent and to work under protest. This dilemma is of frequent occurrence in British administration.

Whatever may have been the faults of the Navigation Laws and the tariffs of 1815 to 1842, they had the redeeming quality of constituting a fiscal policy which imposed mutual obligations on the State and the people. Undoubtedly we have prospered greatly since these obligations were cancelled; but countries in which they still exist have prospered even more, as will shortly appear when we come to compare the progress of the four leading industrial States of the world — Great Britain, France, Germany, and the United States. Not only do we show the smallest rate of growth in the past thirty years, but in many cases our lagging behind is clearly traceable to imperfect performance by the State of its commercial and industrial functions. A Government which allows millions of acres of arable land to fall out of cultivation commits a sin against its people which no cheapening of the loaf can atone for. A Government which subjects its manufacturing classes to oppressive taxation on one hand and unfair foreign competition on the other will find the doctrine of *laissez faire* a poor excuse for the ruin it is sure to bring on them in the end. Even a bad fiscal policy might have been better for it than none at all.

Just now there are only four or five definite fiscal policies in operation throughout the world, and not one of them belongs

to the British Empire as such. The strongest of them all is that of the United States: less powerful, but more scientific and intelligent, is that of the German Empire: the third, which is self-defensive rather than aggressive, prevails in France and Russia: the fourth, in which the labour interest predominates, is that of our own colonies. These fiscal policies are one and all of them living realities. They are not made up of musty phrases derived from economic text-books, or of legends and traditions two generations old. They are things of to-day and to-morrow, which living men believe in and work for as if they believed in them. Whether they be right or wrong according to theoretical standards matters little to their supporters, who take them as a whole and judge them by actual results. They treat them as an important part of the experimental science of self-government. They do not measure them by the prophecies and anticipations of sixty years ago, but by their own experience from day to day. Whether we like them or not, we have to recognise the existence and activity of these fiscal policies. They are powers to be reckoned with in both politics and international trade. They will compel us by-and-by to realise that we as a nation, apart from our colonies, have no corresponding fiscal policy.

Great Britain stands alone among commercial States in having no national principles.

Free trade so called is not a principle but a negation. It means simply the open door all round: an ideal condition of society which has never existed, and is to-day farther out of sight than it ever was before. Unless the British people are to remain content with a mere negation, which in the present state of Europe and America is inconceivable, they must have a definite fiscal policy like their competitors. The maxim, "We trade with those who trade with us," has become so universal outside of the United Kingdom that the greatest pedant of the Cobden Club cannot persist much longer in shutting his eyes to it. Business men are certainly opening their eyes to it, and trying to see the business side of it.

We stand at present on sheer negation of a fiscal policy. The term free-trade implies that much, and both free-traders and protectionists will admit the fact. Sooner or later we must adopt a positive fiscal policy, and it will have to be adjusted more or less to those already existing. Our first step, therefore, in the way of inquiry should obviously be to study these existing policies. Their history, their principles, and their operations are all before us. The American and German systems are particularly deserving of study. They, more than any other cause or influence, have helped to produce the present economic situation of the world—so hopeful for them, so threatening for us. It is surely worth while to consider how they have done it.

The fiscal policy of Germany we have spoken of as the most scientific of all, consequently it has the first call on our attention. Another reason may be found for giving it priority which should interest us still more than its scientific merits. It has the peculiar distinction—one vaguely perceived hitherto—of being in many points a reproduction of the fiscal system which we discarded in 1846. The German imperial tariff of to-day has a close family resemblance to the British tariff of the Huskisson period, say from 1822 to 1830. The German navigation laws of to-day are a revival of those we finally cast aside in 1849 as antiquated and out of date. We owed ours to Cromwell, the Bismarck of his age, and the Germans owe theirs to Bismarck, the Cromwell of his age. The practical results of both are before the world. Cromwell's policy raised the English navy from insignificance to the supremacy of the seas. Bismarck's has in the lifetime of a single generation created for the German Empire a navy out of nothing, and has carried the German flag round the world in keenest rivalry with our own.

Who could have thought thirty, or even twenty, years ago that the finest and fastest steamers on the Atlantic would be the work of German ship-builders? that the lion's share of the passenger trade between Europe and America would be German? that in the Indian Ocean and the Pacific German steamers would be cutting

seriously into every branch of our colonial trade? that in our chief colonial ports they would be preferred, and with good reason, to our own mail-steamers? Any Canadian, Australian, South African, or other British colonist who is much of a traveller by sea will confirm these observations. They are equally well known to British tourists and globe-trotters. John Bull on his travels has of late become painfully conscious of them. In his patriotic moods they cause him no small concern, and the doctrines of the Cobden Club are nowhere spoken of less respectfully than in the smoking-rooms of ocean steamers when the question of British *versus* German shipping comes under discussion.

It will not be disputed that the Germans of the present generation have proved the possibility of building up in an incredibly short time a great commercial navy, a powerful fighting navy, and a large foreign trade. These three facts are palpable and undeniable. It is no less clear that their advent has been associated with a fiscal policy as vigorous as themselves. What share that policy had in their creation is a very intricate question. No one, least of all the German members of the Cobden Club, will have the hardihood to deny it any share whatever. Neither need we go quite as far as the other extremists do who would give it the whole credit. All practical judges, apart from politicians and doctrinaires, will agree that it has been a potent

factor in the case. The German Emperor undoubtedly thinks so, for he never misses an opportunity of avowing it. The German Parliament thinks so, or it would not have voted money so lavishly for mail subsidies, and conferred so many privileges on domestic shipping. The German people think so, or amid all their commercial and political troubles they would not have adhered so firmly to the naval programme, which is for all of them the highest symbol of their restored Empire.

Far from underrating their fiscal policy, educated Germans are in greater danger of exaggerating its influence on their recent history. Many of them would assert broadly that it had been the true restorer of the Empire,—that it originated the Zollverein, which was the pioneer of federation, as federation was the stepping-stone to imperial unity. The highest political as well as economic issues were involved in the Zollverein, and next to the Germans themselves we British are the people who ought to consider most carefully the history of that remarkable movement. Its founder, Frederick List, was a political economist in the broadest sense, and the programme he put before his countrymen in 1822 covered the whole course of events up to the crowning of the Emperor William at Versailles in 1871. It was not completed even then, and some of its fundamental lines are still in course of development. It was from

List that the Germans first learned the national value of "efficient transport facilities by river, canal, and railway, under united management." It was he who first advocated "the creation of a German fleet and the adoption of a universal German flag; the founding of German colonies abroad; national supervision of emigration; efficient German foreign consulates; regular lines of German steamships; and the negotiation of favourable commercial treaties with the United States, Holland, and other countries."

Another of List's special contributions to the fiscal policy of Germany was a call to systematic and unrelenting rivalry of England. The conqueror of Napoleon was in his eyes the future danger to Europe, especially to the smaller States. He accordingly adjured them to combine against her commercially and politically. In his 'National System of Political Economy' he wrote many years ago—

"With the fall of the French Empire the object of the great alliance ceased. From that time forth the Continental Powers were menaced neither by the revolutionary tendencies nor by the lust of conquest of France. England's predominance in manufactures, navigation, commerce, colonial possessions, and naval power had, on the other hand, enormously increased during the conflicts against the Revolution and against the French conquest. It now became the interest of the Continental Powers to ally themselves with France against [England's] commercial and naval predominance. Solely from fear of the skin of the dead lion, the Continental Powers did not heed sufficiently the living leopard which had hitherto fought in their ranks."

Such were the sentiments which presided over the birth of the Zollverein, and in due time passed on from the Zollverein to the reconstructed Empire. They have throughout dominated the fiscal policy of the Empire under all its Chancellors and all its Emperors, with one brief exception. They animate more or less every educated German of the present day. Among university professors they rise at times to sheer frenzy. They instigated the anti-English mania that swept over Germany in the early days of the Boer war. To fight England with her own weapons—ships, colonies, and commerce—is the fond dream of every patriotic German. And it gives additional zest to the struggle that England should have thrown aside her natural weapons just when Germany was getting ready to pick them up.

List avowedly framed his political economy to suit the needs of Germany, as Adam Smith had adapted his 'Wealth of Nations' to British circumstances. He spoke of free trade as "bottomless cosmopolitanism," and staked against it his "national" system. How energetically and successfully his ideas would be carried out by his immediate successors even he, sanguine as he was, can have had little conception. The German fleet under a universal German flag, German colonies and foreign consulates, regular lines of mail-steamers, efficient transport facilities by river, canal, and railway—all have sprung into existence with a

rapidity unrivalled. What is more wonderful still, the once poor and perforce thrifty Fatherland has found the means to pay for all these commercial luxuries. Instead of impoverishing her, as it was predicted they would, and as according to Cobden Club precepts they ought to have done, they have enriched her.

No country in Europe has in the past generation made such financial strides as Germany: none has advanced so much industrially. And how has it been done? Not by free trade or on the *laissez faire* principle. Not by "her system of secondary and technical education," as Mr Asquith told the National Liberal Federation for their comfort, when they held a mass meeting in the Caxton Hall in order to give a lead to their leaders in the House of Commons. Technical education would not have carried the Germans far in their invasion of British markets had there not been stronger forces behind it. The strongest of them all has been the fiscal policy which Government and people have strenuously carried out since the restoration of the Empire. Technical education may have done much for them, but it could not in a few years have covered the country with railways, canals, docks, ship-building yards, and factories. It could not have conjured up fleets like those of the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg American Company. Neither could it have summoned from the vasty deep new towns and cities, nor let loose a flood of

new-born wealth among fifty odd millions of people.

In describing at some length the fiscal policy of the German Empire, the writer has been influenced by two ideas—one the practical and historical interest of the subject, the other a conviction that Germany was to be an important factor in the impending fiscal discussion. The latter belief has been more rapidly and fully justified than he had any suspicion of at the time of writing. It appears from the Parliamentary Paper (Commercial, No. 5, 1903) issued by the Foreign Office on the 13th July that what many people choose to consider the premature action of Mr Chamberlain was in fact precipitated by a characteristic move at Berlin. The fiscal difficulty between Germany and Canada was still dragging along when the German Foreign Office gave it a sharp fillip. On the 15th April—exactly a month before Mr Chamberlain's first speech at Birmingham—Baron von Richthofen informed our Minister at Berlin, with Teutonic bluntness, that if Canada were not quickly brought to terms, the mother country herself might have to suffer for it.

His Excellency has since protested that this was not intended as a threat; but it stands on diplomatic record, and the words bear their own meaning. Literally interpreted, they gave us to understand that "the Bundesrath would in due time be empowered to grant most favoured nation treatment to Great Britain and Ireland as

well as to the British colonies and possessions." Then came the "but," with a very slightly veiled threat in it. "The Imperial Government think, however, that they should not conceal the fact that it appears doubtful, especially having regard to the opposition to be expected in the Reichstag, whether this intention can be realised if Germany is differentiated against in important parts of the British Empire." Almost in so many words the British Government were told that if Canada stood out, the whole British Empire might be fiscally black-listed in Germany, and excluded from most favoured nation treatment.

The most striking, though not the most obvious, moral of an incident like this is that any commercial State of first or even second rank should have allowed itself to drift into a position where it could be so addressed with impunity. There can no longer be a doubt that we had so drifted. Not only has Mr Chamberlain himself affirmed it, but he has been expressly indorsed by the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary. All three of them have abundantly recognised the helplessness of the situation which the German Foreign Office thus cynically threatened to take advantage of. The fact itself was but too evident that we had no fiscal policy nor diplomatic weapon of any kind to meet such attacks. Not only had we thrown open our ports to the foreigner without any *quid pro quo* or the slightest

guarantee against abuse, but we had deliberately tied our hands and the hands of our self-governing colonies, so that we should be defenceless in any future dispute with other countries as to tariffs.

It will be observed that the treaties of commerce which Canada very properly rebelled against were negotiated forty years ago, when fiscal altruism was in its most acute and quixotic stage. That with Germany dates from 1865, and the one with Belgium from 1862. Self-government had been granted to our principal colonies a few years before, and one of the pedantic conditions attached to it was that no colony should impose differential duties on any of its imports. While this Cobden Club veto continued in force, local produce could not cross the border from one colony into another without paying the same duty as foreign produce. In fact, it often had to pay considerably more, as for instance when South Australian wines, worth perhaps three shillings per gallon, had to be charged the same duty per gallon in Victoria and New South Wales as French Burgundy, fetching five or ten times the price. Not till this *bêtise* had been in operation for a quarter of a century did the colonies get rid of it.

Another Cobden Club phariseism was perpetrated in the treaty of 1865. It actually restricted the power of the mother country and the colonies to grant each other fiscal privileges of any kind. Whatever concession of that sort they

might make to each other could be forthwith claimed by Germany under "the most favoured nation" clause. When Lord Salisbury discovered this self-denying ordinance he expressed a very energetic opinion regarding it. Writing to Sir F. Lascelles, the British Minister at Berlin, in 1898, he said, "Not under any circumstances could her Majesty's Government renew the provisions of Article vii. of the Treaty of 1865, which granted to Germany the same treatment in respect of imports and exports in the British colonies as were accorded to the United Kingdom."

If Canada's action in moving the Imperial Government to denounce the commercial treaty with Germany of 1865 had had no other result, it would deserve our warmest gratitude for having brought to light and helped to sever one of the many fiscal shackles which we gratuitously assumed in the heyday of our rabid free-trade philanthropy. We have also to thank the German Government for having given us an opportune object-lesson in the use which foreign Governments might make of these uncalled-for and unwarranted concessions. Baron Von Richthofen had ample ground for the taunt thrown at us in his despatch of June 27, 1903, that "Great Britain had declared on the most diverse occasions that her colonies formed independent territories for customs purposes, and were independent as regards their decisions respecting the regulation of their relations with foreign countries."

Article vii. of the Anglo-German treaty of 1865, which so shocked Lord Salisbury when he came to examine it closely thirty years after, expressly authorised Germany to treat our self-governing colonies as independent States. Bismarck and his successors were quick to see the possible consequences of our free trade and free colony infatuation of half a century ago. They realised that it was a germ of disintegration which might at no distant date end in the breaking up of the British Empire. Their present representative, Baron von Richthofen, now admits that throughout the life of the treaty of 1865 they regarded Canada and all our other self-governing States as practically independent in their foreign relations. To such a perilous length had our policy of fiscal and colonial negation carried us in our period of free-trade euthanasia! In presence of revelations like those recently made at Berlin, it is inconceivable that any Englishman, be he Liberal or Conservative, should not start back in alarm at sight of the national peril we have been drifting toward. But some so-called statesmen are not to be shaken out of their hidebound self-complacence.

Mr Asquith appears to have been definitely selected by the Liberal Federation free-traders as their protagonist in the coming campaign. He seems also to have chosen Germany as his peculiar stalking-ground. But his reputation as a special pleader will not last long if he does not get up the rest of his

brief better than he has done the German part of it. In the full confidence of superficial and precarious knowledge he challenged comparison between British progress under a free-trade *régime* and that of Germany under its "national" tariff as above explained. He is not the first free-trade champion who has thus nobly dared. Sir Charles Dilke anticipated him in it in the famous Whitsuntide speech which Mr Asquith and the rest of the party leaders did not honour with their presence. But Sir Charles spoke as usual with judicious and becoming vagueness. He simply denied that our foreign trade was on the decline, and left his hearers to find out the evidence for themselves. Mr Asquith ventured into particulars, and fortified them by an appeal to official authority.

According to Mr Asquith at Caxton Hall, "The allegations constantly made by Mr Chamberlain and others, that our foreign trade was dwindling and decadent, were disproved in a memorandum drawn up by one of the ablest of our civil servants, Sir A. Bateman." He started with such a misleading description of the document in question that it will not be surprising if his conclusions are also considerably out. Its exact title is "Memorandum on the comparative Statistics of Population, Industry, and Commerce of the United Kingdom and some leading Foreign Countries." Its object is not, as Mr Asquith suggested to the

National Liberal Federation, to show whether or not our foreign trade was "dwindling and decadent," but to compare our industrial and commercial progress with that of our principal competitors—namely, France, Germany, and the United States. It was issued fully a year ago (May 1902) in continuation of a similar memorandum prepared by Sir A. Bateman in January 1897. To statisticians it is a well-known paper, and certainly deserves all the praise bestowed on it by Mr Asquith, but it was news to us that it could bear such an interpretation as Mr Asquith has put on it.

From the samples of it we are about to give, our readers may judge for themselves how far it justifies his offhand assertion that "as to the present position of Germany, there had been no substantial displacement to our detriment." What a clumsy phrase! but we presume the National Liberal Federation found some meaning in it, for they appear to have cheered it enthusiastically. When Mr Asquith was on the consolatory tack he might have brought in the United States as well as Germany, and assured his friends that there also "there had been no substantial displacement to our detriment."

What Sir A. Bateman's memorandum does show, to the complete satisfaction of impartial readers, is that both Germany and the United States are rapidly overhauling us in our principal industries. Even France is in some of them more progressive than we are;

and in none do we show any survival of the long lead we enjoyed for so many years without challenge or question. Sir A. Bateman extends his comparison over three separate periods of five years each—1870-74, 1890-94, and 1896-1900. He combines with these a thirty-year period—1871 to 1900—which covers the whole life of the new German Empire. His first table relating to population credits the United Kingdom with an increase of 10 millions between 1871 and 1900, against $15\frac{1}{2}$ millions for Germany, and no less than 37 millions for the United States.

A series of interesting tables next shows the comparative producing powers of the four countries. Being all mineral producers, their output of coal and iron furnishes a very good measure of progress. Mr Asquith, if he has studied the return as diligently as he led his audience to suppose, will doubtless remember that as regards coal the respective increases during the thirty years were: United Kingdom, 74·2 per cent; France, 107·6 per cent; Germany, 203·1 per cent; and the United States, 383·3 per cent. Our output of coal has been growing, therefore, at only a third of the German rate, and less than a fifth of the American rate! Our long-established supremacy as coal-producers would seem therefore to be nearly over. It has, in fact, departed from us since the Bateman memorandum was published, and the

United States has taken our place at the head of the world's coal-producers.

In coal consumption the same tale has to be repeated. Between 1883 and 1900, a period of seventeen years, the respective rates of increase under this head were: United Kingdom, 24·6 per cent; France, 48·4 per cent; Germany, 102·0 per cent; and the United States, 129·3 per cent. Here, again, the tables have been completely turned on us by the Americans, while the Germans have good reason to hope that they may repeat the operation shortly. In 1883 the United Kingdom stood first with a coal consumption of 134 million tons, the United States second with 102·5 millions, Germany third with 49 millions, and France last, with 21 millions. In 1900 the United States had taken first place with 235 million tons, while the United Kingdom made a rather poor second with 167 millions. Germany had shot up from 49 millions to 99 millions; and even France had risen to the substantial total of 46 millions. The American increase in the thirty years (132·5 million tons) was almost identical with the total British consumption in 1883.

As a measure of industrial activity iron ranks even higher than coal. Here, too, we are losing ground at an alarming rate. The four principal iron-producing countries of the world have, in the past thirty years, increased their output of pig-iron as follows: United Kingdom, 39·1 per cent;

France, 108·3 per cent; Germany, 311·1 per cent; and the United States, 422·7 per cent. The German iron-makers have, it will be seen, advanced eight times as rapidly, and the Americans ten times as rapidly, as ours have. This is not a case of our foreign competitors starting from a much lower level than ours, and in that way scoring a proportionately higher percentage. Their growth during the thirty years has been absolutely, as well as relatively, greater than ours. The German gain was 5·6 million tons, and the American 9·3 million tons, against our 2·5 million tons.

The coal and iron outputs of the four countries may be open to the objection that the mineral deposits of Germany and the United States were opened up much later than ours, and consequently admit of more rapid development. In the case of the United States, they are also much more extensive than ours ever were. But no such qualification applies to the export trade of the four countries. It is so varied that the exports which clash are small compared with those which do not. Nevertheless the comparison is still unfavourable for us. The respective rates of increase in the quinquennial period 1896-1900, against the period 1880-84, are as under:—

	Per cent.
United Kingdom . . .	6·4
France . . .	8·7
Germany . . .	23·1
United States . . .	42·8

Again, Germany's increase is nearly four times as great as ours, and that of the United States nearly seven times as great. Our manufactured exports during those fifteen years were virtually stationary. Sir Alfred Bateman admits as much, though it must have cost him a strain on his official optimism. In his own words: "Taking the two years 1883 and 1884, the average value of our exports of manufactured goods was 212 million £, while the average of the period 1896-1900 (excluding ships, in order to make the figures comparative) was 210 million £, the totals being practically identical." While we stood still, Germany, in those fifteen years, added to her manufactured exports an average of 34 millions a-year, and the United States an average of 40 millions a-year. On which the head of the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade thus moralises: "The fact of a large expansion in the cases of Germany and the United States, *taken in conjunction with a stationary condition of affairs as regards the United Kingdom, is not so satisfactory as could be wished.*"

Translated by Mr Asquith, the champion special pleader of the free-trade party, into language that can be appreciated by the National Liberal Federation, the above despondent passage becomes a triumphant disproof of the allegations of Mr Chamberlain and others that our foreign trade is "dwindling and decadent." What "Mr

Chamberlain and others" have actually alleged is that not merely in our foreign trade, but in our shipping and in most of our staple industries, active competitors, working on an entirely different system to ours, are stealing a march on us. How they have managed to do it we have not yet found out, but, with the exception of the complacent Mr Asquith and the sacrosanct Cobdenites, all of us are anxious to do so. One thing most of us are sure of, that it has not been through any magical power in the cheap loaf or the open door.

Once more we quote from "one of the ablest of our civil servants," as Mr Asquith very justly characterises Sir A. Bateman. At the conclusion of his memorandum he says:—

"We are still ahead of either country [Germany and the United States] in our power of manufacture for export, but beginning from a lower level, each country is travelling upward more rapidly than we are, who occupied a higher eminence. [A favourite excuse of late with Professor Bryce, who would seem to have been also studying the Bateman memorandum, though with a less dangerous imagination than Mr Asquith's.] If peace is maintained, both Germany and the United States are certain to increase the rate of their upward movement. Their competition with us in neutral markets, and even in our home markets, will probably, unless we ourselves are active, *become increasingly serious*. Every year they will add to their acquired capital and skill, and they will have larger and larger additions to their population to draw upon. It is necessary therefore more than ever *that the change of conditions should be recognised, and we can scarcely expect to maintain our past undoubted pre-eminence, at any rate without strenu-*

ous effort and careful and energetic improvement in method. The problem how best this can be done is of vital interest to all classes of the industrial and commercial community alike, though the assistance which the State can give in the matter must necessarily be of a limited character."

Doubtless Mr Asquith had read the above passage in the Bateman memorandum before he comforted his friends of the National Liberal Federation with the assurance of "one of the ablest of our civil servants" that our foreign trade was neither "dwindling nor decadent." But it puzzles us how even the most lop-sided of special pleaders could have missed Sir A. Bateman's real meaning so completely as he professes to have done. In effect, the above extract says that our industrial position may not be so very bad yet, but it is threatened with serious danger in the near future. If the National Liberal Federation, when they understand its real meaning, as distinguished from the Asquith gloss, can still find comfort in it, and confirmation of their faith in *laissez faire*, then we fear that the world will have no alternative but to move on without them. After all, it will not be the first time they have been left behind.

Before leaving Sir A. Bateman and his memorandum we would ask our readers to take note of the very significant half-sentence with which it concludes—"though the assistance which the State can give in the matter must necessarily be of a limited character." Sir

A. Bateman, though possibly as stern a free-trader as Mr Asquith himself, evidently sees here a good opening for State intervention. He knows that the protected traders and manufacturers of Germany and the United States have zealous allies in their respective Governments. He is also aware that the fiscal policy they live under not only permits but encourages both executive and legislative co-operation with private enterprises. It saddens him mayhap to think that the British trader and manufacturer, above all the British farmer, have so little help of that sort to hope for. Under a *régime* of *laissez faire*, where the foreign loaf is considered first, last, and all the time, what room is there for Government support of our national industries, however important they may be, or whatever perils may threaten them? In the unconsciously ironical words of Sir A. Bateman, "the assistance which the State can give in such matters must necessarily be of a limited character." Let us never forget that in the Cobden hierarchy the State is simply head constable.

We have not quite done yet with Mr Asquith. He talked to the General Committee of the National Liberal Federation as if it were impossible to give them too much flamboyant assertion. He is a master of the sort of bluff which they best appreciate. He tickled their ears bravely when he told them that "it

was not by an appeal to tradition or authority but by argument, by free, full, and unfettered discussion of economic facts of the present day, that he hoped and believed free trade would retain its hold on the judgment and confidence of the people of this country." Outside of the National Liberal Federation the universal belief is that free trade has already lost its hold on the judgment and confidence of the British people; but let that pass for the present. Even if Mr Asquith were sure of the judgment and confidence of "the people," which he is far from being, that would be but a small part of what is needed. It is not at home that irresistible arguments in favour of free trade are required, but among the foreign Governments who, in the words of the Prime Minister, are building up high tariff walls against our trade.

Mr Asquith is always careful to avoid this part of the question, which, unfortunately for him, happens to be the main part and the most important one. It matters little what we may think of free trade among ourselves. The trouble is what those foreign politicians think of it, with whom we have to negotiate commercial treaties. The Prime Minister being a man of affairs, and not, like Mr Asquith, a special pleader for a political clique, generally looks at the practical side of things, which Mr Asquith so studiously avoids. He speaks

as a Minister who has to fight hostile tariffs with empty hands—"without a shot in the locker," as some one aptly put it. Mr Balfour, in his speech at the Constitutional Club on the presentation of an address to his well-abused colleague, used a happy phrase, which put the practical issue in a nutshell. "What I desire," he said, "if it could be carried out, is *freedom of negotiation for the purpose of increasing freedom of trade*; and by freedom of trade I mean free intercourse between this country and other countries in the commodities produced in each, uninterfered with by hostile tariffs."

Surely no one, not even a champion orator of the National Liberal Federation, can disagree with Mr Balfour's object. It is exactly what all Unionists want, and what Mr Asquith's own party profess to aim at. The only possible difference of opinion will be as to how the object is to be realised. Mr Balfour has with characteristic courage said that he would try the effect of retaliatory duties. But at that suggestion the political dissenter in Mr Asquith feels shocked. Striking another Chadband attitude, he exclaims, "What! take down from its dusty shelf in the political museum the old blunderbuss of retaliation! Ridiculous!" To which the Prime Minister, when he has a private opportunity, will probably reply, Bunkum! For any politician who has held office during the past twenty years, especially if

he has had anything to do with the negotiation of commercial treaties, to talk about "the old blunderbuss of retaliatory duties," is to raise a broad laugh against ourselves among foreign Governments.

The ex-Ministers—Mr Asquith, Sir Henry Fowler, and Lord Tweedmouth—who played it thus low down about retaliatory duties, knew well that so long as we disdain the use of them we may as well give up trying to negotiate commercial treaties with foreign countries or imposing any check on hostile tariffs. If concessions are to be obtained from foreign Governments by Mr Asquith's patent recipe of "free, full, and unfettered discussion of economic facts of the present day," why have they been so seldom got before? Why have the Ministries with which Mr Asquith was personally associated been so singularly unfortunate with regard to them? What, for instance, did they ever obtain from the French Government, with all their opportunities and advantages? Mr Asquith probably knows by heart his friend Mr Morley's 'Life of Richard Cobden.' Does he remember what Cobden's experience was of "free, full, and unfettered discussion of economic facts" at Paris in 1860? His biographer gives us a glimpse of it in passages like the following:—

"Suddenly to break down this high wall of exclusion was absolutely impossible. To tell the great ironmasters, the cotton-spinners, the woollen manufacturers, that they

were to take a step from monopoly to free competition, would be to shake the very throne. A duty in their favour of no more than 10 per cent would have seemed a mockery to men who had been accustomed to command their own prices. The Emperor dared not open the battle with a lower protection than 30 per cent. It was for the English Government to have this brought down to as near 10 per cent as they could."

Mr Cobden, having no better weapons at his command than Mr Asquith's "free, full, and unfettered discussion of economic facts of the present day," did not make a great impression on the French ironmasters. Not many important duties could be beaten down much below the initial 30 per cent; but disappointing as the original concessions were, they were far more liberal than could ever be obtained again at subsequent renewals of the treaty. Mr Asquith should remember what a hard task it was to get the renewal of 1882 on any reasonable terms. The French Government stood out for a general conversion of the *ad valorem* into specific duties, the effect of which would have been to raise them considerably. Though Mr Chamberlain was then at the head of the Board of Trade, and enjoyed the advantage of having Mr Asquith for a colleague, the negotiations dragged so painfully that the Conservative Opposition of the day more than once stirred up the Government on the subject.

One of these occasions (12th August 1881) is particularly interesting now from the fact of Mr Ritchie having taken a

prominent part in it as well as Mr Chamberlain. Then, however, they were on opposite sides from those they occupy to-day. Mr Ritchie moved that

"an humble address be presented to the Crown, praying her Majesty to withhold her consent from any commercial treaty with France which proposes to substitute specific duties for *ad valorem* duties, to the disadvantage of any article of British manufacture, or in any way to raise the present rate of duties payable on such articles, and which does not leave her Majesty's Government full power to deal with the question of bounties, or which would bind her Majesty absolutely to its provisions for a longer period than twelve months."

Even with the gallant help of Mr Ritchie, "free, full, and unfettered discussion of the economic facts of the present day" was completely thrown away on the French Government of 1881. The Gladstone-Chamberlain-Asquith Cabinet had to accept whatever they could get, which was very little. At next renewal in 1892 we fared still worse, for in the interval M. Meline and his cotton-masters had come to the front. He was much more difficult to handle than any of his predecessors had been. The Board of Trade had to turn over the negotiations to a special committee, the secretary of which was Mr A. E. Bateman, now Sir A. Bateman, "one of the ablest of our civil servants." This Committee reported to the Board in the most doleful terms as to the difficulty of the negotiations and the poor prospect they

held out of satisfactory results. Their final judgment on the new tariff, after it had got through the Chamber of Deputies, was that the rates of duty "had materially increased in many instances, and the classifications of articles have been made still more complicated, with the view of protecting every interest in France except that of the consumer."

Mr Asquith, we believe, returned to office before the negotiations for the treaty of 1892 were completed. He had Lord Rosebery at the Foreign Office to back him up, as well as his friend Mr Bateman at the Board of Trade. Why did he miss such a splendid opportunity of practising on the French protectionists his recipe for "free, full, and unfettered discussion of economic facts of the present day"? It was surely rather wasting it to bottle it up for years, and then dose the National Liberal Federation with it—a body which, though phenomenally narrow-minded, has never, so far as we know, done Mr Asquith any particular harm.

If the alternative recipe so scornfully referred to by Mr Asquith—the "old blunderbuss of retaliation"—had been taken down from the shelf and exhibited in Paris both in 1881 and 1891, it might probably have shocked the National Liberal Federation, but the effect on M. Meline might have been wholesome. If every manufacturing district in the United Kingdom were polled on the subject, the old blunderbuss

would have a huge majority over "free, full, and unfettered" debating society discussion *à la* Asquith. This much we may be sure of, that if we are to have any more tariff negotiation at all with foreign countries, it will have to be on the lines laid down by Mr Balfour rather than on those of the special pleader of the National Liberal Federation.

We might even go further, and question how far Mr Asquith's contempt for retaliatory duties is shared by his own friends. Some of them—Sir Edward Grey, for example—take a serious and business-like view of retaliation. Sir Edward, in addressing the National Liberal Club, about the same time that Mr Asquith was haranguing the National Liberal Federation, said he could imagine a case "in which a country might mete out to us treatment so unfair that it would be impossible to sit down under it." Then we presume the old blunderbuss would have to be brought into use, regardless of Mr Asquith's contempt for it.

On the retaliation question Sir George Trevelyan developed another "line of cleavage," to use one of the latest gems of slang invented by Mr Chamberlain's opponents. In a speech at Welcombe near Stratford-on-Avon, he foresaw a danger almost as great as the food tax itself of "a sustained attempt being made to arouse a national feeling in England against Germany." "It was an awful peril," he thought,

“when home politics were made to depend on the fostering of ill-will against foreign Governments and foreign peoples.” The “old blunderbuss of retaliatory duties” which Mr Asquith makes fun of gives cold shivers to Sir George Trevelyan. And so it is all the way through this branch of the free-trade attack. What one section of free-trade leaders ridicule as Chinese firecrackers terrifies another section as the precursor of tariff wars.

From the day of Lord Melbourne's discordant Cabinet, Liberal leaders have always found it difficult to agree beforehand on a uniform statement of what they were thinking or doing, and the infirmity seems to grow upon them. They are evidently a long way apart who oppose retaliatory duties on so many mutually destructive grounds: first, that they are a relic of feudalism; second, that they might create a terrible future for us,—that they would explode harmlessly like an old blunderbuss, and that they might kindle a world-wide war of tariffs,—that foreign Powers would only laugh at them, and that they would expose us to the “awful peril” of ill-will from foreign Governments and foreign peoples. Which set of contradictory predictions is more unlikely than the other need not trouble us much, seeing that neither of them has much chance of being fulfilled. It will be more instructive for us to observe the marked effect which the first suggestion of a change in our

hitherto long-suffering attitude toward high tariffs abroad has already had on the principal high tariff States. It was almost laughable how promptly the Germans lowered their tone after Mr Chamberlain's open espousal of the cause of Canada. Nor has the hint been lost on our nearer neighbours across the Channel. In France it has been taken more politely than by the Germans, but both incidents point in the same direction.

Immediately after the visit of President Loubet to London, it was announced that, on the suggestion of M. Deloncle, President of the Foreign Commerce group of the Chamber of Deputies, an important committee had been formed for the purpose of “strengthening the industrial bonds already existing between Great Britain and France.” A similar committee has been organised at Marseilles, and within the past few days a joint deputation has been over here trying to start a kindred movement in London. Needless to say, we welcome this and every similar sign of returning friendship on the part of our genial neighbours. But we may be pardoned if the first impression they produce on us is cynical amusement at their having happened so inopportunely for the free-trade oracles who were preparing us for a very different order of events. Clever Frenchmen have neither laughed at the thought of British retaliation nor have they raved against it and threatened immediate re-

prisals. They have done a wiser thing than either of these in promptly initiating a movement "for strengthening the industrial bonds already existing between Great Britain and France." How differently they talked when they knew that whatever provocation they gave us our only retort would be "free, full, and unfettered discussion of economic facts of the present day"!

Though Mr Chamberlain's new departure continues to be the absorbing topic of the day, and many new speeches have been added to an already overwhelming holocaust, it cannot be said that much illumination has proceeded from any of them. Mr Chamberlain himself has spoken but once—namely, at the complimentary lunch given him by the Constitutional Club,—an occasion not of his own seeking or in any way under his control. The rest of the month he has been muzzled; and by arrangement with his colleagues will, it is said, continue to be so until the close of the session. Thereafter he will be a free man, and will, with as little delay as possible, open a single-handed campaign in the North. But even in his muzzled state he so far holds the field without difficulty against crowds of self-contradictory critics. The official Opposition in the House of Commons have not yet discovered an opening for a general attack which may be delivered with less danger to themselves than to him. Liberal free-traders, Unionist free-

traders, and all other sections of free-traders are still searching in vain for a common ground of action. Their divided and subdivided forces storm in vain against the still strong man who in solitary self-confidence defies them.

The anti-Chamberlain forces may be numerous as well as heterogeneous, but they continue to be a desultory and disorganised mob. They do not even attempt a general muster, nor can they make up their minds for a united advance. Every section of the promiscuous multitude takes its own course. Every hostile orator tries to strike out a line of his own. Sir William Harcourt is so careful of his individual responsibility that he speaks only at his own door or through the neutral columns of 'The Times,' &c., and avoids the slightest risk of getting mixed up with any of the rival leaders of the party. Gathering around him at Malwood the Liberal clubs of the district, he liberates his soul to them in the heaviest of Harcourtian sarcasm. What more, he demands, could the colonies want, or what greater boon could be bestowed on them than "the gift of self-government which had been made to them by the Liberal party"? It matters nothing to Sir William that the colonies, like *Oliver Twist*, do now and then have the courage to ask for more, and that their petitions command a large amount of sympathy at home. With him everybody is wrong who does not recognise the all-sufficiency

of self-government as invented and applied by the Liberal party.

The Malwood speech was to a large extent autobiographical. Drawing his arguments from a source of which he enjoys an absolute monopoly, namely, his personal experience, Sir William described his public life as a continuous pæan of national prosperity. "When he was Home Secretary he had occasion to see the great, the rapid, the happy progress the country made under the system of free trade." After that "he had been connected with the finances of the country," and he knew how much more every penny of the income-tax yielded now compared with what it did when Sir Robert Peel began his fiscal reforms. Let them, he exclaimed, not believe that the system was a false one which had "given the nation such resources." The most bigoted free-traders do not as a rule claim more for free trade than that it has been the chief cause of the prosperity of the past fifty years. To Sir William Harcourt that is a trifling and inadequate view of the case. He gives free trade all the credit not only for our recent progress but for our "resources." Our coal and iron, our railways and steamships—everything in short that we are or that we have—he ascribes to free trade. Once in a way it is wholesome to meet with such a thorough-going and irrational enthusiast.

Down at Malwood Sir William Harcourt lives in the best of all possible worlds,

which he forbids any one to alter for him in the slightest degree. Already it has excited the envy of a German ambassador, who once said to him, "What strikes me most is the comfort and well-to-do appearance of your people." Sir William is at all events a manlier and more logical champion of free trade than Lord Rosebery and his hysterical retinue. The latter shriek against food taxes—or "stomach taxes," as they prefer to call them in their more tearful moods—because of the millions of our fellow-citizens who, they say, live continually "on the verge of starvation." Sir William's strong sense must have seen at once what a sorry recommendation of free trade that would be if it were true, and what a mean sophistry it was being untrue. He objected to food taxes, not on behalf of the hungry people who could not pay them, but for the sake of the supremely comfortable people who, under the beneficent *régime* of the Liberal party, had forgotten that there were such things as food taxes in the world.

Lord Rosebery's own position in the controversy has become as grotesque as Sir William Harcourt's, though in a different way. The two ex-chiefs of Liberalism have rushed to opposite extremes—one into hard-headed sarcasm, and the other into soft-headed sentimentality. Sir William Harcourt defends free trade because it has made everybody so comfortable, especially the happy people who

are privileged to live in the neighbourhood of Malwood. Lord Rosebery pleads tearfully for free trade because of the large proportion of the British people whom it has reduced to such a condition of semi-pauperism that adding an eighth of a penny to the price of the quartern loaf might swamp them altogether. Whichever argument has most truth in it, or perhaps we should say least fallacy, there can be no question as to which indicates greater self-respect.

Even the Roseberyites appear to be growing rather tired of their cheap loaf cry, which 'The Times' told them when they first raised it "is an appeal to ignorance and prejudice, of which every honest man, and every man of ordinary intelligence, ought to be heartily ashamed." There have been significant signs lately of a desire to shift their attack to less miserable ground. The cheap loaf is to be shelved, for a time at least, and one or two of the larger aspects of the question—hitherto studiously kept out of sight—are to be honoured with a side-glance. A fortnight ago it was magnanimously admitted by Lord Rosebery's peculiar organ that "evidence of the serious inroads which Continental manufacturers are making in our home market is, however, not hard to find." It had, in fact, just stumbled on an interesting novelty in that line—the annual report of the British Iron Trade Association, which showed that "while our

exports of iron and steel to Germany fell (in 1901-2) from 204,584 tons to 141,613 tons, Germany sent us (in 1902) 763,015 tons, as compared with 424,109 tons in 1891."

The British Iron Trade Association explain these opposite movements of Anglo-German trade in a way which should interest Mr Asquith as well as Lord Rosebery. Germany, they say, "is rapidly approaching the level of British iron and steel exports." It will no doubt be further satisfactory to Mr Asquith to learn that "Germany has achieved this position very largely as a result of the great increase that has taken place in her exports to the United Kingdom in each of the last three years." In other words, our open market, or "dumping ground," is doing for Germany what it did years ago for the United States—giving her as fast as we possibly can the whip-hand of our own iron and steel industries. How far this interesting process will have to be carried before Mr Asquith condescends to be convinced that there is in it any "substantial displacement to our detriment" it might be hard to say; but our iron and steel manufacturers seem to have already got about all the evidence they require on the subject. The issue once more lies between practical men and parliamentary theorists.

On a general retrospect of the past month we may say with confidence and satisfaction that the discussion perceptibly broadens. But it has

still much more to grow before it reaches the full breadth and magnitude of the occasion. On neither side does there seem to be as yet a very vivid realisation of the far-reaching consequences involved. The issue, whatever it may be, will influence the future of the British Empire far more than any of us can foresee. It may portend not only fiscal but political reorganisation. For aught we know, we may be face to face with a turning-point in our national history. But who cares for history nowadays, or will take the trouble to give even a glance at the teachings of past experience?

It is amazing how little reference there has been on either side of this momentous discussion to its historical bearings. In some quarters it has been treated as a political manœuvre of Mr Chamberlain, to be outmanœuvred in the usual way. Instead of economic principles, we have had snap-shot statistics and cheap-loaf hysterics. But all the same, the issue awaits us—Are we or are we not to provide ourselves with a business-like fiscal policy?—and will have to be faced. Late in the day a business note has been struck, and in a somewhat unexpected quarter. The Duke of Devonshire, in his speech at the annual meeting of the British Empire League, supplied a factor which has been rather lacking in the original utterances of Mr Chamberlain. He informed the colonists that if there were to be any changes such as Mr Chamberlain advo-

cated in the internal relations of the Empire, it must be not altogether a matter of sentiment; there must be business in it as well, and the mother country must be allowed to take care of herself as well as of the colonies.

Most of us heartily share the Duke's conviction that the colonists "will not resent it if we tell them plainly and clearly that if we should be induced to assent to any considerable changes in our fiscal and commercial arrangements which we think conducive to our interests, we shall do it in our own interest, and not simply as a means of conciliating their goodwill." In other words, we are not to repeat on the colonies the self-abnegation we have so long practised toward foreign nations. Business is to be business all round. His Grace brings us back to the elementary fact that a treaty is neither more nor less than a bargain. He is ready to bargain on fair terms with the colonies, and presumably with foreign nations as well. The important inference to be drawn from his speech to the British Empire League indicates that the "cleavage" between him and Mr Chamberlain, from which the free-traders hoped so much, may not be very great after all. If they can agree, as evidently they do, on the principle of bargaining with the colonies and with foreign nations, that would be the main point settled. For efficacious bar-

gaining implies the use of preferential, and even of retaliatory, duties. Only grant us these, and we shall have the primitive weapons of a fiscal policy.

The Duke of Devonshire, and in fact all Mr Chamberlain's colleagues, have already committed themselves, in their Sugar Convention Bill, to fiscal prohibition, which goes much further than preferential or retaliatory duties. If the greater includes the less, they must be preferentialists as well as prohibitionists. But the root of the matter is, Are they

to be business-like in their fiscal administration generally? Are they prepared to ask Parliament to arm them with legal powers to negotiate tariff treaties on equal terms with other Governments, whether foreign or colonial? Are they ready to put in practice, everywhere and always, the Duke of Devonshire's idea of conducting our fiscal and commercial arrangements in our own interest, without further pretence of loving our neighbour better than ourselves? That is what fiscal policy means in real life.

[The first article dealing with this question appeared in 'Maga' for July, entitled "A Self-Sustaining Empire." The next of this series will be on "The Food Question." It will compare the foreign and domestic food-supplies of 1840 with those of to-day; show how they are affected by foreign and domestic influences, including taxation; and consider how they may be made subservient to the development of the Empire.—*ED. B. M.*]

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. MLV.

SEPTEMBER 1903.

VOL. CLXXIV.

PERSONALIA.

POLITICAL, SOCIAL, AND VARIOUS.

BY "SIGMA."

IV. ART AND LETTERS.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE PAINTERS AND CHARLES AUGUSTUS HOWELL—A CURIOUS DINNER-PARTY—LEONARD ROWE VALPY—A LUNCHEON AT HOWELL'S—MR. SWINBURNE—HIS CONTEMPT FOR TENNYSON—HIS ETON DAYS AND ADVENTURE WITH DR GOODFORD—HIS NOVEL—EDWARD BURNE JONES—HIS INDIGNATION AGAINST DU MAURIER—OSCAR WILDE AS A WIT AND PLAYWRIGHT—D. G. ROSSETTI—J. T. NETTLESHIP—"THE LOST LEADER"—BROWNING—SIR EDGAR BOEHM—THACKERAY AND TROLLOPE—TOM ROBERTSON—H. J. BYRON AND SIR F. BURNAND—PATTY OLIVER—"TOMMY" HOLMES—PALGRAVE SIMPSON AND "THE GODS"—ALFRED WIGAN—AIMÉE DÉSCLEE—WILLIAM TERRISS—A REMARKABLE DREAM.

FORTY years ago the pre-Raphaelite painters were practically unknown outside their own small and very select circle; but the adoration of a clique, however gratifying, provides but little in the way of bread and butter, and it was a happy inspiration on the part of "Gabriel" Rossetti and "Ned" Burne Jones when they appointed an informal

agent for the disposal of their eccentric wares in the person of a certain seductive Anglo-Portuguese gentleman, by name Charles Augustus Howell, at that time the secretary and factotum of Mr Ruskin. Howell was the most astonishing compound of charm and chicanery that I have ever encountered in the flesh or read of in fiction. When

I first knew him the charm only was *en evidence*, though one had an instinctive feeling that the accompanying quality was not very far below the surface. I never clearly understood what his earlier record had been; but he talked vaguely of kinship with a Scotch baronet, and when finding it convenient to quote a professional status, would describe himself as a civil engineer. The first intimation I had of his connection with that abstruse vocation was while travelling with him one day in the vicinity of Clapham Junction, when, the railway carriage beginning to jolt unpleasantly, he promptly put his head out of the window and vociferated for the guard. The train was brought to a standstill, and the guard hurried up breathless, evidently expecting to be greeted with news of a murder, or at least a murderous assault. He was therefore not unnaturally a trifle nettled when Howell haughtily bade him look to the couplings, which he declared were causing a vibration that might seriously imperil the integrity of his spine!

Howell's Bohemian aspect and half-foreign accent scarcely tended to strengthen the guard's belief in his *bona fides*, and he muttered menacingly that "if people played these sort of pranks over here they might find themselves run in." "Fellow," retorted Howell with withering scorn, "I'd have you know that I am a civil engineer, and if you don't put

your damned couplings to rights I shall lodge a complaint against you at Clapham Junction." He then began to fumble in his pockets for a card-case; but the guard evidently thought it was for a poniard, and with a scared countenance and profuse apologies hastened back to his van. In later days the civil engineer rôle was resorted to with even greater effect, for his finances being in low water Howell hit upon the masterly expedient of taking rickety houses at nominal rents in neighbourhoods where he had good reason for supposing that the District Railway would find it necessary to acquire land, and when informed that his tenements were required for the purposes of the line, managed to extract phenomenally high terms on the ground that to be disturbed would be fatal to his occupation of civil engineer!

How I came to know him was in this wise. Old George Cruikshank the artist had fallen on evil days, and Ruskin, who was a great admirer of his work, with characteristic generosity determined to get up a testimonial fund for him. He accordingly set his secretary Howell to canvass for subscriptions among all who were interested in Cruikshank and his work. Of these my father happening to be one, Howell duly called upon him, and after successfully pleading the particular cause he had in hand, managed adroitly by a side-wind to arouse my father's interest in the works of his

gifted friends "Gabriel" Rossetti and "Ned" Jones. In less than a week Howell, Burne Jones, and a third guest almost as remarkable, Leonard Rowe Valpy (of whom more anon), were dining with my father, who so strongly caught the pre-Raphaelite fever that but for his unexpected death a few weeks later he would assuredly have become an important purchaser from the studios of both artists.

The first time I saw Howell was about a year after my father's death, when he came to dine at my mother's to meet Mr Valpy, an æsthetic solicitor, there being also present a decorous old gentleman, the brother-in-law of a bishop, who was one of our trustees. I shall never forget Howell's appearance. We had a house for the summer a few miles out of town, and Howell, who then lived at Brixton in order to be near Ruskin at Denmark Hill, had to make a cross-country railway journey, which landed him quite an hour late for dinner. The bald-headed trustee was growing ominously brusque, and the æsthetic lawyer more and more dejected, when the door opened and a swarthy-faced, black-haired individual sidled in, caressing a terribly rumpled dress-shirt front and radiating a propitiatory smile. "I am so sorry," he drawled melodiously, "to be so shockingly late; but the fact is, I was so absorbed in reading Algernon Swinburne's 'Poems and Ballads' that I unconsciously consumed my railway-ticket and

got into difficulties with the collector, who declined to accept my word of honour. I must apologise too," he added gracefully, "for the condition of my shirt; but in stooping to search for my ticket—before I discovered that I had consumed it—I am afraid the front got rather tumbled, and, moreover, I had the misfortune to lose a couple of my studs, but——" Here the bald-headed trustee gave a menacing grunt, and the lawyer murmured something about a weak digestion, so to my intense regret Howell's apology was cut short, and we went in to dinner. After my mother and sisters had withdrawn, Howell treated the trustee and the lawyer to various erotic passages from Swinburne, which they in vain tried to cough down—the trustee in deference to his Episcopal connection, and the lawyer to certain Calvinistic tendencies which struggled fiercely with his appreciation of the "sensuous." After vainly attempting to suppress these fervid quotations, the two elders suggested an adjournment to the garden, and, in passing out, the trustee, drawing me aside, inquired who that extraordinary foreigner was, expressing an unfriendly suspicion that he never had any railway ticket at all! Shortly afterwards, however, Howell had his reprisals, for, linking his arm confidentially in mine, he vouchsafed that in his opinion trustees and all "blokes" of that description ought not to be allowed about after office

hours; that they were the deadly enemies of literature and art, and it was owing to them that so many artists died of want; and he wondered so sensible a man as my father had had anything to do with them. "Now Volpy," he continued, with a glance at the Low Church solicitor, "is a different sort. Although he is a damned lawyer, my dear boy, he has a soul for art, and I'm going to take him to see Gabriel, and put him in the way of securing some of his best things before the public gets on to them, you know." A project which he carried out to some purpose, Valpy eventually becoming one of the largest buyers of Rossetti's pictures in London, if not in the kingdom.

Later in the evening, when we had re-entered the house, Howell threw off an epigram at the lawyer's expense which proclaimed him as no contemptible wit. Mr Valpy, who was much given to emotional admiration, was sighing deeply in the course of some music which peculiarly appealed to him. "A doleful chap, that fellow Volpy," whispered Howell; "he reminds me of a tear in a dress-coat!" The night wore on, and first the trustee, then the lawyer, and finally my family retired, but Howell showed no inclination to retreat. On he sat, discoursing with infinite drollery (he pretended that he saw the bald head of his enemy the trustee bobbing among some gooseberry-bushes in amorous converse with a

kitchen-maid!), and indolently twisting up innumerable cigarettes, till at last it dawned upon him that it was well on into Sunday morning, and he was without any visible means of returning to his Brixton domicile. "Never mind," he chortled cheerfully, "Arthur Hughes lives somewhere on the road to London. He never goes to bed. I'll go and look him up and finish the night there." And off he strolled in the direction of town, intoning stanzas from "Our Lady of Pain" with a sonorous energy that would infallibly have lodged him in the local police-station had he chanced to fall in with a guardian of the peace.

A day or so afterwards I received a note from Howell asking me to lunch with him to meet "the poet," as he invariably styled Mr Swinburne, an invitation which I readily enough accepted. It was a memorable occasion. Howell's abode was externally commonplace enough,—a little semi-detached villa approached by a strip of garden, but inside it presented a very different aspect, the rooms being profusely adorned with Rossetti pictures and Burne Jones drawings, some of them extremely beautiful, varied with the rarest oriental china. Mr Swinburne did not arrive till lunch was over, and, before entering the house, was engaged in a prolonged difference with his cabman, who eventually snatched up his reins and drove rapidly off as if glad to get away. "The poet's got

the best of it as usual," drawled Howell (who had been gleefully watching the scene). "He lives at the British Hotel in Cockspur Street, and never goes anywhere except in hansom, which, whatever the distance, he invariably remunerates with one shilling! Consequently when, as to-day, it's a case of two miles beyond the radius, there's the devil's own row; but in the matter of imprecation the poet is more than a match for cabby, who, after five minutes of it, gallops off as though he had been rated by Beelzebub himself!" Here, looking, it must be owned, singularly innocent of anathema, Mr Swinburne entered, and being fortunately in one of his characteristic veins, provided me with the most interesting hour of my existence.

Unlike many of his craft, Mr Swinburne, who had just read Miss Rossetti's 'Goblin Market, and other Poems,' recently published, showed the most generous enthusiasm for the work of his fellow-poet, and, after paying her a signal tribute, he asked Howell if he happened to have the volume in the house. Fortunately this proved to be the case, and Mr Swinburne taking up the book, rapidly turned over the pages, evidently in search of some favourite poem. In vain I tried to conjecture what his choice was going to be. The volume, as readers of Miss Rossetti are aware, concludes with a series of devotional pieces which, having regard to the complexion of Mr Swinburne's own poems at that

time, would, I thought, be the last to attract him, strongly at any rate. But I was mistaken. His quest stopped almost at the end of the book, and without more ado he straightway proceeded to read aloud that singularly beautiful but profoundly devotional paraphrase of a portion of Solomon's Song beginning with "Passing away saith the world, passing away." The particular metre and impressive monotony of rhyme (every line in the piece is rhymed to the opening one) seemed peculiarly to lend themselves to Mr Swinburne's measured lilt of intonation, and I then realised for the first time the almost magical effect which Tennyson's similar method of reading was wont to exercise over his hearers. When Mr Swinburne had finished, he put the book down with a vehement gesture, but only for an instant. After a moment's pause he took it up again, and a second time read the poem aloud with even greater expression than before. "By God!" he said, as he closed the book, "that's one of the finest things ever written!" He then proceeded to touch on a variety of subjects, all with the greatest fervour and vehemence. At that time he appeared to have a sovereign disdain for Tennyson, whose poetry he attacked wholesale with almost frenzied bitterness, quoting, I remember, with peculiar gusto Bulwer Lytton's diatribe against him in 'The New Timon.' With the courage of extreme youth (I was not eighteen) I actually ventured

to interpose a plea for one favourite, at least. "Surely, Mr Swinburne," I faltered, "you will except 'Maud'?" "Well, sir," he courteously replied, "I think you are right; I ought to have excepted 'Maud,' for it certainly does contain some fine things."

Next he dashed off to Byron and Shelley, the former of whom at that time he appeared to prefer. In connection with Shelley's Eton days, after mentioning that he was himself an Eton boy, he asked me where I had been at school; and when I told him at Harrow, he at once declared that he wished he had been at Harrow, as it was Byron's school! But this pronouncement was evidently not entirely prompted by a partiality for Lord Byron, for a few moments later he narrated an experience which was quite enough to prejudice him against his own school, apart from any sentimental considerations. He then told us that at the end of his first "half" at Eton his father, Admiral Swinburne, came down to take him home for the holidays. "My father," Swinburne dolorously explained, "had never been at a public school, and had no knowledge whatever of its manners and customs. In fact, it was quite superfluous his coming down to escort me home, a parental attention which is never paid to any public school boy. However, like most naval officers, he was a trifle arbitrary, and, whether customary or not, he was resolved to come. In getting into the

train for Paddington, as bad luck would have it, we chanced to enter a carriage in the corner of which, reading 'The Times,' was snugly ensconced Dr Goodford, the then headmaster of Eton. 'Isn't that Dr Goodford?' whispered my father to me, peering curiously in the direction of the headmaster. 'I believe it is,' I stammered reluctantly. 'Believe it is!' rejoined my father caustically; 'you must surely know your own headmaster!' Then clearing his throat and raising his voice, to my consternation he bent forward and airily accosted the awful presence behind 'The Times' with, 'Dr Goodford, I believe, sir.' The doctor, incensed at being interrupted by a perfect stranger, glared at my father round the sheet of the paper, and said testily, 'Yes, sir; at your service.' 'Well, sir,' rejoined my father, jerking a finger in my direction, 'my boy here has just finished his first term at Eton, and I should very much like to know what account you can give me of him.' Now," continued Mr Swinburne with almost tragical solemnity, "as a matter of fact, Dr Goodford had never set eyes on me, and probably did not even know of my existence; but enraged, I suppose, at my father's rather unconventional interruption, which he no doubt considered a slight on his dignity, he glanced down at me with a scarlet face and said deliberately, 'Your boy, sir—your boy is *one of the very worst in the school!*' and then en-

trenched himself once more behind 'The Times.' My father looked volumes, but said nothing till we got out at Paddington. Then the storm burst. In vain I protested that Dr Goodford knew nothing whatever about me, and had only said what he had out of pure vexation at being disturbed. 'Do you think,' said my father, 'that I am going to take your word before that of your headmaster?' And I was sentenced to deprivation of all pleasures and privileges for the duration of the Christmas holidays!"

I remember that on this occasion Mr Swinburne was very loud in his praise of a certain novel by Mrs Norton, called 'Old Sir Douglas,' which, I am bound to confess with all humility, proved to me rather disappointing. I fancy it is now entirely forgotten. The poet was then writing a novel himself, which unfortunately has never seen the light; but, according to Howell, it was highly dramatic, and interspersed with several striking lyrics, one of which he (Howell) insisted on intoning the same afternoon in the train on our way to London. The first two lines, which are all I can remember of it, were certainly gruesome enough, and discomfited not a little the other essentially matter-of-fact occupants of the railway carriage. They ran, I think, as follows:—

"Some die singing, some die swinging,
Some die high on tree."

And they suggested a hero of

the Macheath or Jack Sheppard type, which seemed scarcely characteristic of their classical creator.

Shortly afterwards I was taken by Howell to Mr Burne Jones's house in Kensington Square, a visit which I associate less with æsthetic art than with the reddest Republicanism, which the painter gave forth with almost feminine fervency, striking me as the mildest-mannered man that ever preached democracy! When in recent years he accepted a baronetcy, I wondered how he reconciled it with those Kensington Square invectives against all titular distinctions; but he is not the first man who has discarded the "red cap" for the "red hand," laying the responsibility of his *volte-face* on the shoulders of his family! Burne Jones in those days was not considered to be by any means on the same artistic level as Rossetti, though at present opinion is all the other way. I venture, however, to predict that half a century hence Posterity will restore Rossetti to the higher place. Burne Jones enjoyed for a time an advantage denied to Rossetti: he exhibited his works at the Old Water-Colour Society, with which he remained connected till, I think, 1869, when an untoward incident occurred which terminated his relations with the Society. His principal exhibit at the Summer Exhibition was a very poetical drawing called "Phyllis and Demophoon," in which both the figures were nude, but without conveying the faintest sugges-

tion of indelicacy. Unfortunately, however, an important patron of the Society, one Mr Leaf, a prosperous silk merchant, chose to regard the picture as an outrage on propriety, and brought such pressure to bear on the Council that they requested Mr Burne Jones to import into the picture a certain amount of raiment. This the painter indignantly refused to do, and the result was that before the public admission-day he withdrew himself and his drawing from the Society. It was a deplorable incident by which all concerned were the losers, except the puritanical silk-dealer, who, as might have been expected, immediately gained the *sobriquet* of "Fig-Leaf!"

Burne Jones, although in the main the gentlest of creatures, was at times capable of almost virulent sarcasm. I remember meeting him at dinner at the period when Du Maurier was beginning his campaign in 'Punch' against Oscar Wilde and the æsthetes, a crusade which seemed to commend itself to most of those present, Hamilton Aidé, who was a great friend of Du Maurier, being particularly emphatic in his approval. Burne Jones, who had been listening with his face half averted, darted round in his chair as Aidé complacently delivered his final sentence, and, white with long-pent indignation, hissed out, "You may say what you like, but there is more wit in Wilde's little finger than in the whole of Du Maurier's wretched little body!" Then, having spent

his ire, he relapsed into moody silence, resting his head on his hand with an attitude of forlorn disgust! We were perhaps unjust to Wilde, but Burne Jones assuredly underrated Du Maurier, whose keen pictorial satire will probably long survive Wilde's artificial literary sallies. I had no acquaintance with Wilde, and cannot, therefore, form a judgment as to his conversational wit; but I have never been able to discover any specimen that could be described as of the first order. Perhaps the best thing he ever said was to a certain rather humdrum bard when the latter was complaining of the neglect with which his poems were treated by the critics. "There seems to be a conspiracy of silence against me. What would you advise me to do?" he inquired of Wilde. "Join it," was the unconsoling reply. But the generality of Wilde's *mots* (when not assimilated) were rather showy than really excellent, like Sheridan's or Lamb's. His description of the Jews, for instance, as people "who spoke through their own noses and made you pay through yours," though serviceable enough for the moment, has not the quality that survives. Compare it to Sheridan's *mot* to Lord Lauderdale, when the latter, a matter-of-fact Scotchman, was attempting to repeat some jest from Brooks's: "Don't, Lauderdale, don't; a joke in your mouth is no laughing matter!" Or Lamb's retort to the silly dame who, after boring him excruciatingly, complained that for all

the attention he paid to what she said she might be speaking to the lady on his other side. "So-o you—you m-might, ma-ad-am, for it a-all g-g-goes in at one ear, and and ou-ou-out at the other!"

With all his ability, Wilde was a copious though very covert plagiarist, recalling Horace Smith's definition of originality—"undetected imitation!" Thirty years ago his plays would not have had a chance, but as Disraeli educated his party, so Wilde educated his public, and at the time of his downfall he had so successfully impressed it with the merits of his work that he might have filled almost every theatre in London, had he only been provided with a sufficiency of material. But it is highly improbable that his vogue would have lasted. Inversion and distortion, however ingenious or even brilliant, do not convince in the long-run; and the general public, whose taste is *au fond* wholesome and healthy, would ere long have become satiated with highly-seasoned kickshaws, and reverted to plainer and more satisfying fare.

To return to the pre-Raphaelite coterie. My introduction to Burne Jones was quickly followed by one to Rossetti, whose personality impressed me then and thereafter far more than that of his brother painter. It is almost impossible to describe the curious effect of suddenly finding oneself within his famous house in Cheyne Walk, afterwards so remorselessly desecrated by that ecce-

siastical mountebank, Prebendary Haweis. With one step you seemed to place the outer world at an incalculable distance. The dim light, the profound stillness, the almost enchanted solemnity which pervaded even the entrance-hall, suggested rather some mediæval palazzo than a suburban abode within a mile of Victorian London. The man himself was equally aloof from the age. With his sombre, olive-shaded face, his sad, reverie-haunted eyes, his dark, unordered attire, and his indefinable distinction of demeanour (in spite of an almost stunted stature), he suggested some figure from the pages of Petrarch or Ariosto. Then again, the singular beauty of his voice added another touch of enchantment, as, standing before a great picture of Lilith, he recited his own descriptive lines, revealing himself in the dual attributes of painter and poet. At that time his remarkable book of poems had not been published, and only his most intimate friends were aware of his great poetical gifts. In fact, one poem only, "The Blessed Damosel," had seen the light, and that in the scarcely known publication called 'The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine,' to which Burne Jones, William Morris, and one or two others of the fraternity had also contributed. The only relief to the almost eerie gloom of Rossetti's house was his matchless collection of oriental "blue," a large portion of which was, I think, afterwards acquired by Mr Leonard Valpy, whom I have already

referred to as an extensive purchaser of Rossetti pictures. As we passed from dusky chamber to chamber, the mediæval figure leading, and only breaking the tranced silence with an occasional tone of profound melancholy, one began to wonder whether one was still in the vital world, or in some haunted domain of ruined love and shattered hopes ! In truth, the shadow of his girl-wife's tragic death seemed to hang more or less darkly over Rossetti to the end of his life. Friends he had and companions, but his closest comrade was Sorrow, hallowed, indeed, and beautified, but inseparable from him to the grave.

I have more than once referred to Mr L. R. Valpy as a friend of Howell and Rossetti, and an extensive purchaser of the latter's works. Mr Valpy was by profession a Lincoln's Inn Fields family lawyer of good position and repute ; but though a strenuous worker in his vocation, his heart was divided between two curiously antagonistic predilections—the "austere" and the "sensuous," his religious tendencies being sternly Calvinistic, and his artistic sympathies chiefly identified with the school of Rossetti and Burne Jones. This singular contrast of proclivities led not infrequently to scenes and situations of a distinctly comical nature. Many a time have I met in his dining-room, hung with a superb line of Rossetti's red-chalk studies, a solemn assemblage of Exeter Hall lawyers and Low Church clergymen,

who looked upon their host's cherished drawings either as autotype reproductions or the work of some inspired madman ! Two instances of this Philistinism I particularly remember. The hero of one of them was an eminent commercial solicitor, who, after inspecting some newly acquired treasure contemptuously for half a minute, turned on his heel with the comment that "faces of that kind were usually symptomatic of scrofula !" The other offender, a gormandising clergyman, was even more flagrant. Uplifting his eyes from his empty plate during a change of courses, he happened to catch sight for the first time of three new purchases from Rossetti's studio. "Queer-looking affairs those, Valpy," he remarked with a pitying sneer ; "where did you pick them up ?" "They are the work of one Rossetti," replied Valpy with simmering irony. "Rossetti, Rossetti ? Never heard of him," rejoined the appalling guest. Then glancing at an idealised study of his hostess, which formed the centre of the three drawings, he added, "And who, may I ask, is that ill-looking woman over the mantelpiece ?" "That, sir," replied Valpy with what Dizzy used to call "a superb groan"—"that, sir, is my wife !" Yet, strange to say, Valpy persisted to the last in entertaining these uncongenial guests, who never failed to drive him nearly frantic with their outrageous comments. Occasionally, however,

in his bachelor days he would invite one or two artists, and perhaps myself or some other more sympathetic friend, to what he called a quiet dinner, but which really was almost Spartan in its provender. I suppose he imagined that artists were too ethereal to care for the succulent fare which he set before parsons and lawyers, a theory wherein he was, of course, grievously mistaken. I well recollect dining with him once to meet Rossetti and Samuel Palmer, when the *menu* actually consisted of nothing more luxurious than thin pea-soup, cold boiled beef (as the waiters say, "low in out"), and a "roly-poly" pudding! Samuel Palmer rose superior to this fare, and was cheery and charming throughout the evening; but it was otherwise with poor Rossetti, who, without being a *gourmand*, was constitutionally unable to appreciate plain diet. His normal melancholy deepened into positive gloom, and I cannot recollect his uttering a syllable during the whole of dinner, at which he sat like one of the figures at the banquet in Holman Hunt's picture of Isabella and the Pot of Basil. Valpy seemed quite unconscious of offence, and to see him persistently plying Rossetti with "roly-poly," which the poet-painter as persistently refused in ever more deeply accentuated tones of weary dejection, was inexpressibly comic.

On a similar occasion I remember meeting poor Fred

Walker, then at the height of his fame, yet far more modest and unpretending than many a man who has never risen above mediocrity. His talk was more about fishing than art, though I remember he expressed his despair at the way in which his illustrations had been reproduced in the 'Cornhill Magazine.' Valpy had the good judgment to buy Walker's exquisite May Tree drawing, perhaps the most perfect of all his water-colours, acquiring it for only a tithe of the sum which it would now command.

Howell (to whom I will now return) was not long in revealing symptoms of those manners and customs which finally placed him beyond the pale even of the tolerant pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. His ethics of finance, as bearing on the functions of an agent, were, to say the least of it, eccentric, while his borrowings grew almost as persistent as those of Harold Skimpole! After stubborn resistance, though at that time ill able to afford it, I on one occasion succumbed to his plausible supplications and lent him fifty pounds. Unfortunately, my banking account happened to be at the Western Branch of the Bank of England, a fact which Howell, on glancing at the cheque, instantly endeavoured to turn to his advantage! "Hullo, my dear chap!" he trolled out with his seductive *souperçon* of a foreign accent, "I had no idea you were such a coinly cove! Bank of England! By Jove! and you make all this fuss about lending a fellow a paltry fifty-pound

note!" In vain I explained that you might be a customer of the Bank of England with next to nothing in the shape of a balance. With an incredulous leer he pocketed the cheque, and retired with his tongue in his cheek, intoning, "By George! a fellow must be a coiny bird to bank with the Bank of England!" This unfortunate misconception of my monetary resources, coupled with a normal deficiency in his own, resulted in my not seeing my fifty sovereigns again for two or three years. At last, after incessant applications, followed by voluminous threats of legal proceedings, Howell alighted one day at my chambers from a hansom, and stalked in with the air of a deeply injured man.

"I've brought your coin," he almost moaned as he deposited the notes and specie on my table (I had resolutely refused to accept a cheque!); "but, upon my soul! I have never heard such a fuss made about a beggarly fifty pounds in all my life, and that from a cove who banks with the Bank of England!" I made some exculpatory reply, but Howell proceeded still more moodily: "And only to think of you, of all chaps, refusing a fellow's cheque! Hang it! I don't mind being dunned; but want of confidence, by George, that cuts me to the heart!" Again I attempted to clear myself. "Oh, never mind, never mind," he proceeded magnanimously; "only if you had invalid parents to maintain in Portugal——" then glancing at the clock, he

suddenly interjected, "But I can't stay any longer. I haven't had a mouthful since breakfast, and as for that cabman, he's been tooling me about ever since ten!" then, with an ingratiatory smile, sidling up to the table, he coaxingly added, "I wonder if you'd lend me a quid for my cab fare? I'll send it you back to-morrow, of course, but this fifty pounds of yours has regularly cleaned me out." And before I could utter a word of protest, his itching palm had clutched one of my hardly recovered sovereigns, and he was off like an eel in the direction of his much-enduring Jehu! I never saw Howell again, nor (needless to say) my sovereign! The next I heard of him was that he had started a manufactory of Rossetti "facsimiles" (I am afraid his victims gave them a harsher name), and had been dropped by his former patrons, though I believe Rossetti chivalrously refused to abandon him long after every one else had done so.

I was destined, however, to undergo a *mauvais quart d'heure* by reason of Howell's "facsimiles" later on. Years before, when he was in the odour of respectability, and still the accredited agent of the pre-Raphaelite group, I had purchased from him, on behalf of my mother, certain Rossetti drawings, as to the authenticity of which I had never entertained a doubt. One day, however, early in the period of Howell's decadence, a new acquaintance, who happened to call on my mother, greatly

admiring these Rossetti drawings, inquired how it was that she had been able to acquire them, as none were ever in the market. "Oh," answered my mother, "they were bought from a friend and sort of agent of Rossetti's, a certain Mr Howell." "Howell!" exclaimed the caller with pious horror; "then I am afraid you'll find they are none of them genuine!" My mother, who had never heard of Howell's new enterprise, though she had long ceased to see him for other reasons, immediately wrote off to me in the greatest consternation, asking what was to be done. I assured her that I had myself no doubt of the genuineness of the drawings, but that she had better, *ex abundante cautela*, go to the fountain-head, and write to Rossetti himself about them. This she promptly did; but my horror may be imagined when Rossetti replied that from her description he failed to identify a single one of them! In desperation I wrote back that there was only one thing to be done, and that was to ask Rossetti to examine the drawings himself, though owing to his ill-health, which had then become habitual, I greatly doubted whether he would consent to do it. However, he very kindly sent his secretary to my mother's house for the drawings, which were returned the next day with a note from Rossetti to the effect that they were all his undoubted work, though he had failed to recognise them from my mother's description.

Howell curiously did not long

survive Rossetti, dying, I understood, in one of the houses he had so astutely acquired near the District Railway, with the very respectable savings of over £4000; in fact, almost, as he would have termed it, "a coiny cove," though he had considerably impaired the "coinness" of other people! Perhaps one of his former literary intimates will one day present him, adequately illuminated, to posterity! Mr Watts-Dunton tried his hand on him in his novel 'Aylwin,' but, somehow, with no great effect. Possibly the genius who created "Tito Melema" was alone capable of doing him justice.

About this time I first met the late John Trivett Nettleship, the gifted animal-painter, one of a famous quartette of brothers, the sons of a country solicitor, whose profession John Nettleship originally followed. Those who only knew him as a lord of Bohemia will be surprised to learn that in the late "'Sixties," when he was still in the law, he was one of the most sprucely-attired gentlemen in the precincts of Lincoln's Inn, though always marked by a leonine pose of the head, which in later years gave him an air of signal distinction. He then presided, I believe, over the conveyancing department in an important London office, and had the reputation of being a thoroughly capable lawyer. At heart, however, he had little in common with parchment and red-tape, and after a preliminary excursion into literature, which took the form of a remarkable volume of essays on the poetry of Robert

Browning, then far less "understood of the people" than is the case at present, he finally shook himself free from the law and boldly cast in his lot with art. Though still under thirty, he was comparatively old to make a start as an artist, and this fact probably accounts for a certain deficiency in *technique* that was more or less perceptible in his work even to the end of his career. But in point of mere conception he unquestionably surpassed every animal-painter of his or perhaps of any other time, being gifted with an unfailing keenness of sympathy and instinct, which are not always to be found in the more finished work of Landseer and Rivière. It was not, however, with animals that Nettleship's imagination found the widest scope, — his black-and-white and pencil studies, inspired by mythical and purely fanciful subjects, being in many instances quite as remarkable as the creations of William Blake. He was, in truth, a poet in everything but verbal expression, which, nevertheless, in his prose writings and correspondence was always conspicuous for its poignant felicity. There is, I think, no doubt that his essays on Browning's poetry contributed considerably to a better appreciation of the poet, which the latter never failed to recognise. I have frequently consulted him as to the interpretation to be placed on certain of Browning's obscure passages, and never without gaining enlightenment, though occasionally he would read more into a line or phrase than was intended

by the author. I remember once appealing to him as to the identity of "The Lost Leader," who, after careful consideration, I felt convinced could be no other than Wordsworth, though most of the Browning students of that day scouted the idea as utterly unworthy of the writer. Nettleship, however, agreed with me; but my indignant friends declined to accept so distasteful a confirmation, even from him. I accordingly asked him to get an authoritative decision from Browning himself. This he did, with the result that Browning admitted that "The Lost Leader" was intended to represent Wordsworth, though, he added, he had since regretted it. I confess I do not quite see why. After allowing for a little poetic exaggeration, the lines only record the actual, if awkward, fact that Wordsworth, after professing virtual Republicanism, executed a political *volte-face* and became a Tory placeman at the nomination of the greatest of territorial autocrats. To tell the truth, Mr Browning had himself after middle age considerably toned down the political opinions and predilections of his youth, and when I chanced to meet him on more than one occasion in the 'Seventies and early 'Eighties, he was by no means given to making the least of his intimacy with members of the nobility, whose names and titles came floating across the dinner-table with quite unnecessary articulateness. "The pity of it!" Such intellectual monarchs as Browning and Jowett, flushed

with elation at the honour of dining at a peer's table, or mingling in the crowd at a peeress's crush! It was all very well for them to attempt to justify themselves by contending that their patrician hosts were such particularly good company. Had Lord Tomnoddy been plain, uncoroneted Tom Snooks, his unintellectuality would have roused in each of them inextinguishable scorn. It was not the head, but the head-gear—the halo-invested coronet—that constituted the charm; and so, I suppose, it will be to the end of time, or at all events till the abolition of titles.

One of the courtliest men in art circles was the late Sir Edgar Boehm, whose studio I had occasion to visit more than once in connection with the medallion of a relative which he had been commissioned to execute. At that time he had just finished his noble effigy of Dean Stanley, close to which was placed another of the Prince Imperial, the very one which the Dean had been so anxious to import into the Abbey. "A curious thing happened with reference to that effigy," remarked Sir Edgar. "Stanley, as you know, had been very anxious that it should be placed in Westminster Abbey, but the opposition to his proposal was so strong that eventually, though with not too good a grace, he gave way and abandoned his project. Well," continued Sir Edgar, "not long before his death he came to see this effigy, and after gazing at it intently for some moments,

he muttered to himself abstractedly, 'I was wrong about that'—the only intimation I believe he ever gave that he had changed his mind!" Carlyle, it will be remembered, took a very active part in opposing the Dean's proposal, which I suppose prompted his famous deathbed adjuration: "Save me from that body-snatcher!"

I never was fortunate enough to see Mr Thackeray, but I remember well the profound impression that was created by the news of his sudden death, though I think his work is more appreciated now than it was then. On the whole, he has received from posterity his due, and perhaps rather more, for with the exception of 'Vanity Fair' and 'Esmond,' none of his novels can claim to be of the highest order. 'The Newcomes,' though full of exquisite passages and adorned with one ineffably beautiful piece of characterisation, Colonel Newcome, is poorly constructed, and far too prodigal of "preachiness," faults which are even more conspicuous in 'Pendennis.' It may seem heresy to say so, but I venture to think that Trollope's 'Barchester Towers' and 'Framley Parsonage' are, as "society novels," superior to both 'Pendennis' and 'The Newcomes,' though of course very inferior in the matter of style. It has always struck me that after 'Vanity Fair' and 'Esmond,' Thackeray's finest piece of work is "The Chronicle of the Drum," surely one of the most remarkable combinations of satire and

pathos ever penned in rhyme. I can never read that stanza commencing with

"The glorious days of September
Saw many aristocrats fall,"

without an icy shudder, though I am as familiar with it as I am with "The May Queen." Thackeray would have written a superb history of the French Revolution, which I make bold to say he understood infinitely better than Carlyle, who had neither knowledge of nor insight into the French character and temperament.

It is difficult to form a personal estimate of Thackeray. He was evidently a man of moods—one day all sunshine and geniality, the next sardonic and in a sense cantankerous. But, on the whole, the sunshine predominated, and the record of his beautiful sayings and doings puts the converse characteristics (which at times were all too conspicuous) well into the shade. To him must be credited the most chivalrous utterance that, I suppose, ever emanated from a man of letters. Dickens, who never liked him, told a friend that he could see nothing to admire in one of Thackeray's novels, then being serially produced; and the friend, who knew both the great authors, with friendship's traditional "damned good-naturedness," reported the opinion to Thackeray. It must have rankled deeply, but all the comment Thackeray made was, "I am afraid I cannot return the compliment, for there is not a page that Mr. Dickens has

written which I have not read with the greatest delight and admiration." I heard this from Mr. Justin M'Carthy, who knew Thackeray slightly, and was engaged to dine with him on the evening of the day on which he died. Mr. M'Carthy considered that Thackeray created quite erroneous impressions of himself by often indulging in irony in the presence of people who were incapable of understanding it. One curious instance which he gave was this. Thackeray had been dining at the "Garriek," and was talking in the smoking-room after dinner with various club acquaintances. One of them happening to have left his cigar-case at home, Thackeray, though disliking the man, who was a notorious tuft-hunter, good-naturedly offered him one of his cigars. The man accepted the cigar, but not finding it to his liking, had the bad taste to say to Thackeray, "I say, Thackeray, you won't mind my saying I don't think much of this cigar." Thackeray, no doubt irritated at the man's ungraciousness, and bearing in mind his tuft-hunting predilections, quietly responded, "You ought to, my good fellow, for it was given me by a lord." Instead, however, of detecting the irony, the dolt immediately attributed the remark to snobbishness on Thackeray's part, and to the end of his days went about declaring "that Thackeray had boasted that he had been given a cigar by a lord"!

With the exception of Mr. M'Carthy, I have only met

two men who knew Thackeray, one of whom certainly deserves immortality, though unfortunately I am unable to record his name, having forgotten it in the march of time. I met this individual at dinner nearly thirty years ago, when in my first "Thackeray" enthusiasm. He was a grey-headed, square-jawed "diner-out," apparently of about sixty-eight or seventy, with an assertive *nisi prius* manner, and one of those rasping voices that seem to dominate the dinner-table. After dinner, on the departure of an intervening lady, I found myself compelled to "close-up" to this objectionable fellow-guest. As it happened, a minute or two previously I had heard him allude to the Charterhouse as his former public school. "Why," thought I, "this old gentleman was most probably at the Charterhouse with Thackeray; suppose I break the ice by inquiring." Accordingly, after an uncomfortable moment in which he seemed to be considering whether I was worth talking to or not, I timidly ventured to remark that I had heard him alluding to the Charterhouse, and wondered if by any chance he was there with Thackeray. "Thackeray, sir; what Thackeray?" he answered, with a contemptuous stare. "I mean the great Thackeray," I rejoined, rather astonished. "What!" he rejoined; "the fellow who wrote books? Oh yes, he was my fag, and a snivelling little beggar I thought him; often have I given him a sound kick for a false quantity in his Latin

verses. I thought nothing of him, sir—nothing, I can assure you!" "Ah, but," I exclaimed, "you have changed your opinion since, of course?" "Not at all," he growled, "not at all; why should I?" "Why, on account of his books," I retorted, fairly staggered. "Never read a syllable of them, I give you my word!" he growled with magnificent complacency; then, turning his back with a gesture of infinite disdain, he proceeded to tackle his neighbour on the other side. When I told this to Mr M'Carthy, he felicitously observed, "What wouldn't Thackeray have given to have known that man!"

The other acquaintance of Thackeray whom I happened to come across was the late Sir Russell Reynolds, the eminent physician. He mentioned that he met Thackeray at dinner when Miss Thackeray's exquisite 'Story of Elizabeth' had just appeared, and he told Thackeray how much he admired it. "I am very glad," said Thackeray; "but I can form no opinion of its merits as I have not read it." "Not read it?" exclaimed Dr Reynolds in great surprise. "No," said Thackeray; "I dared not. I love her too much."

I do not think that Thackeray was ever quite satisfied with mere literary success; at all events, he was extremely anxious to blend with it a considerable degree of social prestige. To be appointed Secretary of Legation at Washington, or to belong to the "Travellers' Club, would, I believe, have

given him almost as much gratification as he ever derived from any success of authorship. But neither aspiration was destined to be fulfilled. He was certainly unqualified for the secretaryship, nor, even if the "Travelers'" Club had honoured itself by electing him, would he have found himself in congenial company. But the members of that select community were, no doubt, chary of admitting a "chiel among them" with such a consummate faculty for "taking notes," which Thackeray had certainly not been guiltless of doing at other clubs to which he belonged—witness the immortal Foker, who was unquestionably suggested by Mr Archedeckne. Although no admirer of the late Mr Edmund Yates and his methods, I must confess that I cannot see such an immensity of difference between ridiculing a fellow-member under another name in a novel, and portraying him by his own in a newspaper. Thackeray's portrait of Mr Archedeckne in 'Pendennis' was as unmistakable as Yates's sketch of Thackeray in 'The Man about Town' (the name, I think, of Yates's journal); but the fact was that Thackeray, as a great man, felt himself free to do what in Yates as a small man was an unwarrantable presumption, especially when his object of attack was Mr Thackeray himself! The Garrick Club quarrel was, in truth, not creditable to any one concerned. Yates behaved offensively, and Thackeray with a lack of consistency, while Dickens, in his eager espousal

of Yates, revealed an "animus" against his great rival which was very far from edifying.

I have alluded to Anthony Trollope in his capacity of a novelist; and, though he is now completely out of fashion, I venture to think that the day will come when his star will reappear in the literary firmament, though perhaps not for many years yet. Scant justice has, surely, been done to the fidelity with which he drew an infinite variety of types. His dukes, his dandies, his hunting-men, his squires, his civil servants, his barristers, his solicitors, and, above all, his clergy, are absolutely true to the life—though it must be admitted that, of all these characters, the civil servant is the only one with which he was intimately acquainted. He was once asked by a friend of mine, the wife of a Church dignitary, whence he derived his material for his wonderful novel 'Barchester Towers,' and, to her amazement, he solemnly assured her that when he wrote it he was not acquainted with a single cathedral dignitary! Take, again, Mr Sowerby, the spendthrift county M.P. in 'Framley Parsonage'; the characterisation is astonishingly accurate, yet at the time, I doubt if Trollope had ever spoken to a county member of Parliament! I know of only one parallel example of unerring instinct, and that was the dramatist Tom Robertson. A friend of mine, a retired army officer, knew Robertson in his provincial-management days, and he and

some of his brother officers, when stationed at Chatham, used, out of sheer compassion for poor Robertson, to take now and then the front row of the usually empty stalls, an attention which Robertson always gratefully acknowledged. Later on, when Robertson took to play-writing and "struck oil" with his charming comedies, nearly all dealing with fashionable society as it was in that day, my friend, mindful of his antecedents, asked him how he had managed to write the plays, adding that he presumed Robertson must have lately found his way into really first-rate society. "My dear sir," Robertson replied, "you may not perhaps believe me, but I never stayed in a great house except once, and that was for a single night to arrange some theatricals, when I dined in the house-keeper's room!" The unerring instinct, however, was there, and an uninitiated spectator would have supposed that the author had been mixing in good society all his life. I was lucky enough to be present at the opening night, if not of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, at all events of Robertson's first play, "Society," being taken there by a school-fellow with whom I was staying in the Christmas holidays. The stalls were, I remember, priced at five shillings, and the balcony stalls at three! The comedy was preceded by a burletta called, I think, "Pandora's Box," in which Lady Bancroft and her sister, Miss Blanche Wilton, ap-

peared; while in the comedy "Society" John Hare was, I believe, first introduced to a London, or at all events to a West End, audience in the character of "Lord Ptarmigan,"—a henpecked, soporific peer, whose part mainly consisted in the mumbling of an occasional protest, and in falling asleep propped up on a couple of chairs! But Hare contrived to invest it with such delicate and original humour, that from that night his success was assured. All the acting was, I remember, fastidiously finished and refined, the acme of high-comedy impersonation, and, to paraphrase the famous definition of the first 'Pall Mall Gazette,' London discovered that at last there was a theatre where it could see refined pieces "played by ladies and gentlemen for ladies and gentlemen." But, alas! poor Robertson was permitted to enjoy only the briefest taste of this long-deferred prosperity. Just as his name was on every one's lips, and the money he had all his life needed so sorely beginning steadily to stream in, Fate, with one of its cruel strokes of irony, laid him low with a terrible disease to which he rapidly succumbed. It is the fashion nowadays to decry his work; but if slight, it was surely of a higher type than such dramas as "The Second Mrs Tanqueray" and "The Gay Lord Quex," which depict only the worst and most depraved side of Society.

Another theatrical feature of that day was the healthy laugh-

compelling burlesque which Mr Byron and the present Sir Frank Burnand were peculiarly felicitous in composing. Burnand's "Black-eyed Susan," with Miss Patty Oliver in the part of "Susan," had for those days the phenomenal run of over a year, and well was it justified. The rhymes, the puns, the "go," even the "gag," were all superlative of their kind; while the acting was inimitable, especially that of "Susan's" mother and "Captain Crosstree." The latter's song, commencing "Captain Crosstree is my name," was encored nightly, often six times; and I knew one staid old gentleman, with a grown-up family, who spent sixty nights of that particular twelvemonth in the contemplation of Miss Oliver and her gifted troupe! Almost an equal treat, though of a different kind, was this delightful actress's impersonation of "Meg" in "Meg's Diversion," her simple, tender pathos drawing tears from almost every eye in the house.

Miss Oliver was, I think, one of the actresses who occasionally consented to play with "The Windsor Strollers," whose greatest vogue was in the later "'Sixties" and the early "'Seventies." Its constitution was curious,—several guardsmen, one or two extraneous officers, and a few civilians, of whom the celebrated "Tommy" Holmes and Palgrave Simpson were the most notable. "Tommy" Holmes died not long ago at a fabulous age, gay and vigorous almost to the last. He must have been nearly

eighty when I saw him at a supper of the "Strollers," but he still followed the hounds, astonishing the Leicestershire field by appearing in a sort of Astley Circus costume on a long-tailed white quadruped, which also strongly suggested the arena!

Palgrave Simpson's connection with "The Windsor Strollers" was not altogether satisfactory to himself. One of those extremely vain individuals who take even the most good-natured banter seriously, his *amour propre* encountered more than one rude shock from his dramatic *confrères*. But for his most crucial experience of this kind he was indebted to one of the audience on the occasion of a performance in which he took a leading part at the Windsor Theatre. The piece was rather a stagey melodrama, in which Simpson had cast himself for the principal character, one that lent itself to a good deal of "emotional" acting. Palgrave Simpson, who was never one of the "restrained" school of players, in his anxiety to make the hit of the evening, persistently over-accentuated his part, finally prolonging the crowning moment with interminable gasps and gurgles, in the midst of which he made a sort of hand-and-knee progress across the stage. At that moment one of the "gods," unable to stand this inarticulate prelude any longer, shouted encouragingly from the gallery, "Come! spit it out, old man!" In an instant Palgrave Simpson sprang to his feet, and rushing to the footlights, shrilled out

in a paroxysm of fury, "Unless that man is removed, I shall decline to take any further part in the play." The scene that ensued may be imagined: the man refused to leave and Simpson to act; eventually, however, he was sufficiently mollified to finish his part; but the ordeal of that night, and of another not less agonising, when in the green-room he found himself confronted with the following inscription chalked on a black-board: "Palgrave Simpson cannot act a damn!" rendered the "Strollers" too trying an association to enlist much of his talent.

Of all the English actors I have seen during the last forty years, I think Alfred Wigan was artistically the most perfect. He seemed to have the indefinable quality possessed by Aimée Désclée: the power, so to speak, of silently insinuating himself into the recesses of the heart. The most perfect representations of pathos I have ever witnessed on the stage were that of Wigan as the old father in the little one-act piece, "The First Night," and of Aimée Désclée as "Frou Frou." I think it is no disparagement to Madame Bernhardt to affirm that Mdlle. Désclée struck a note which she has never quite reached. It is true, when I saw the performance of "Frou Frou," Mdlle. Désclée (though the audience was unaware of it) was actually dying, a circumstance which, no doubt, lent additional poignancy to the death-scene in the drama; but her voice, her form, her face, all possessed an intan-

gible, almost spiritual, charm, to which no actress that I have ever seen has quite attained. The secret, perhaps, partly lay in her simple mode of life. A daughter of the people, she never cared to dwell amid the glittering Paris world, but even in the heyday of her fame would cross the Seine every night to the unpretentious *quartier* where she was born, eventually bequeathing to its poor all the money she had amassed by her matchless art.

"Frou Frou" interpreted by a latter-day English actress does not sound convincing, but admirers of Miss Winifred Emery who missed seeing her in an English version some years ago at the Comedy Theatre have much to regret. She revealed a capacity for delicate pathos which surprised even those most familiar with her powers, and gave promise of a really great career in serious drama. The Fates, however, have ordained that she shall cultivate the comic Muse, thus sacrificing a quality which is now more than ever needed on the English stage.

The faculty of arousing tears is rather rare among our actors and actresses, but in certain pieces Mrs Kendal and poor William Terriss could unman the most mundane and matter-of-fact audience. Terriss's most signal triumph in this respect was achieved a few weeks before his tragic death, when his superb impersonation of "William" in Douglas Jerrold's "Black-eyed Susan," nightly melted the entire house to tears.

It was not that he was a superlative actor, for he had many defects, but, somehow, he stepped into this particular part as if he had been made for it (he started life in the navy), and his handsome, manly face, his cheery voice, and genial, sailor-like simplicity, carried all before them. Those who came to scoff remained to cry, and I remember seeing a "smart" young lady who had boasted to me that nothing on the stage ever could or would move her to tears, leave the theatre a veritable Niobe! Apropos of Terriss's death, a friend of mine, a lady, saw the whole scene enacted in a dream a day or two before the murder, though she had never seen Terriss either on or off the stage. All the surroundings

were exactly those of the tragedy: the passage, the flaring light, the man advancing in the cloak, and the second man suddenly stepping forward and stabbing him. She told her family of the dream when she came down to breakfast, so deeply had it impressed her, and a morning or two afterwards, on taking up the paper, she read the account of Terriss's murder. The only parallel that I know to this dream was that of the Cornish gentleman who saw in a similar way, with the minutest details, the assassination of Spencer Perceval a day or two before it occurred, though he had never set eyes on Mr Perceval, nor on any portrait of him, but merely knew him by repute as the Prime Minister of the day.

THREE WEEKS' CAPTIVITY WITH THE MOORISH REBELS.

BY WALTER B. HARRIS.

AFTER nine months of futile inactivity on the part of all concerned, the Moorish rebellion dragged on its weary course. Like everything else in that country of procrastination, its duration seemed interminable. The Sultan and his Government, as well as the Pretender, seemed disinclined to bring affairs to an issue. Instead of sending expeditionary forces to crush the rising, the Viziers spent their time in buying large quantities of munitions of war from Europe. True that what in that country is called an army was stationed at Fez, leaving the capital now and again to wage war on various tribes, and as often as not to return with nothing accomplished, and not seldom defeated. Meanwhile the Pretender, who had taken the small town of Taza in October of last year, wandered aimlessly about the Riff country, where his authority was acknowledged. Aided by the population of these districts, the most warlike perhaps of all Morocco, he met with several small successes, and even Oujda, an important town near the Algerian frontier, went over to his side.¹

But this desultory warfare really availed little to either party, though both the Sultan and the Pretender were not

slow to spread reports, in official letters and otherwise, of a succession of hard-fought engagements and brilliant victories. Alternately they took each other's camps, sometimes without a shot being fired—and the truth was that both armies were in terror of each other, and neither of them loyal to the chiefs under which they served. There must be many men in Hiyaina and Ghiata who have fought in a dozen engagements of sorts, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, and remain to-day undecided whether to acknowledge Mulai Abdul Aziz or the so-called Mulai Mohammed.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the sudden influx of money, raised in Europe in the form of loans, has enriched not a few. I do not mean the lenders, for they take their six per cent and are satisfied; but the unwonted filling of the treasury coffers, emptied by the young Sultan's extravagances, has given opportunities to his Viziers and courtiers not to be neglected. The period of the sales of automobiles and suchlike useless objects—for nothing could be more useless in a country without roads—finished more or less with the commencement of the rebellion, but a new and still more prosperous

¹ Oujda and Taza have since this was written reverted to the Sultan.

period opened out. Rifles, field-guns, millions of cartridges—arms and ammunition of every shape and form—were poured into the country. High commissions were paid to the responsible people at Court, who did not hesitate to advise his Majesty to purchase everything recommended by the European caterers, and every one had a finger in the treasury pie. The throne was in danger. No one knew what the new order of things might be, and every one made their hay while the sun shone—and it has been shining for nine months, and shines still, to judge by accumulation of goods awaiting transport to Fez that lie in the custom-houses on the coast.

The beginning of June saw the rebellion in much the same state as it had been for several months. The long delays and general inactivity had, however, added not a little to the Pretender's reputation in the north, and the mountain tribes, which extend from Fez to Tetuan, inhabiting a rough hilly country, were becoming daily more disaffected to the Government. They had no reason to rebel, for their taxes are seldom if ever collected, and they acknowledge little more than a nominal allegiance to the Sultan at any time. But they are a wild, turbulent people, never happy unless in a thoroughly disturbed state, which gives them opportunities for the practice of their national sport of cattle-thieving. Already, without counting the consequences, they had attacked the walled town of

Tetuan and been defeated; had looted some 1500 head of cattle of the surrounding district, and engaged in other nefarious expeditions, on one of which they robbed and destroyed a large farm belonging to an Englishman in the neighbourhood of Tangier. For these and many other offences they remained unpunished, and it was this long period of immunity from punishment that led them from one excess to another. From the day that, close to Tangier, they had cruelly put out the eyes of the chief soldier of the Basha of the town, it was evident that, unless suppressed, their conduct would become more and more lawless. But the Government took no measures to put a stop to this daily increasing spirit of unrest. In January fighting took place—and the troops had to be called out—within a mile or so of Tangier, and though no absolute outrages on Europeans occurred, a large number of cattle, &c., the property of Europeans, were carried off. Curiously enough, throughout the whole period of the rebellion there has been little or no actual anti-Christian feeling. Even the wildest of the mountain tribes have recognised that what was taking place was an affair between Moslems, and agreed that as long as the European nations lent no assistance to one side or the other, and refrained from interfering, they would not in their turn molest Christians and Jews. And so it has been that while the entire North of Morocco has been in a state

of rebellion, practically little inconvenience has been suffered by Europeans.

Such, briefly, was the general state of things when, on June 16, I was captured by the mountain rebels. There was one man, however, who, if not actually implicated in my capture, had to do with my retention, of whom a few words are necessary before narrating any personal experiences. This man was the well-known bandit Mulai Ahmed Raisuli Shereef. Sprung from one of the oldest and most influential Shereefian families of Tetuan, Raisuli took early to a career of brigandage and highway robbery. While yet a very young man he was captured, and for several years underwent a term of incarceration at Mogador, where the prison is well known as one of the worst and most insanitary in Morocco. Released eventually through the influence of his relations and other Tetuan notables, Raisuli returned to the Tangier district, and it was not long before he had once more adopted his former profession of highway robber. He took up his abode some twenty miles from Tangier, in the Gharbiya district, where, assisted by a band of mountaineers, he held the surrounding country in terror. He levied blackmail on individuals and villages, and if not paid, resorted to force. He did not hesitate to kill and rob; and though on most occasions a sort of boasted generosity marked his actions, he was not above taking private revenge in a cruel form, and quite lately

murdered in cold blood the principal men of a village with whom he had a quarrel.

Nothing could afford Raisuli better opportunities for carrying on his business than the outbreak of the present rebellion. The Moorish Government's attention was centred on the scene of the revolt, and troops were not available for the maintenance of order in the outlying districts. Raisuli seized the opportunity, robbed cattle wholesale, returning them to their owners for money, and even went so far as to openly attack the little walled town of Arzeila, which was only saved from being pillaged—and its inhabitants possibly massacred—by the hurried despatch of soldiers. This force, augmented by a certain number of irregular cavalry from Fez, forced Raisuli to abandon the Gharbiya and to return to Zinat, his native village, some two hours' ride from Tangier. Here for a time he remained inactive, engaging only in petty cattle-robberies, and afraid to work on a larger scale owing to the presence of Government troops, who had followed him from the Gharbiya, and were camped some five miles from Zinat, almost within sight of Raisuli's abode.

The troops remained inactive during some three weeks, and Raisuli began to feel that, after all, no danger threatened him. He grew careless, dismissed many of his followers, and as the feast of the Mulud (June 8-15) came on, the rest of his band, with the exception of perhaps half-a-dozen, sought their respective homes, in order

to keep the holiday with their families.

But the troops were watching their opportunity. News was secretly brought to them from Zinat regarding the movements of Raisuli and his band, and learning on June 15 that the village was almost deserted, not more than fourteen or fifteen men remaining there, they decided to attack the following morning at dawn. The attack took place a little before daylight on Tuesday, June 16. As a surprise it failed, for the villagers had time to leave their houses and take up a position in the rocks which lie behind the village. The cavalry, numbering some 200, galloped up the steep tracks that lead from the plain to the little groups of houses, ransacked the place, burned the thatch roofs, fired an enormous amount of ammunition, killed one man and lost one killed, and retired. It was a poor affair in the way of a fight, and though some six or seven of the soldiery and an equal number of horses are said eventually to have succumbed to their wounds, the casualties should have been much greater. The truth is, the Moors are poor fighters. They shoot away a vast amount of ammunition and do very little harm. They make a great noise and very little havoc.

The Moorish cavalry is more renowned for its looting than for its bravery, and while a certain portion of it was attacking Zinat, the rest wandered far afield in search of booty, and drove back as many

cattle as they could lay their hands on belonging to neighbouring villages, the inhabitants of which had never even been accused of being partisans of Raisuli. In fact, it was these villages that really suffered loss, for the Zinat cattle had some time previously been removed to the mountains for safety.

The smoke of the burning houses gave the signal to the neighbouring tribes, numbers of whom swarmed down to Zinat, partly out of curiosity, partly in wrath that their cattle had been driven away. Fourteen men had defended the village at dawn; at two in the afternoon, when I arrived there a prisoner, there were probably some 2000, and by the following morning that number must have doubled.

Such, briefly, were the events which occurred in the district up to the day when I had the misfortune to be captured by the rebel mountaineers.

I left my house during the morning, accompanied by a groom, himself a native of Zinat. We were both mounted, and cantered away in the direction of the engagement, of which rumours had already reached me. My groom was anxious to inquire after the members of his family, and I myself was interested to find out what had really taken place. We found the country practically deserted. The alarm had been given, and the inhabitants of the scattered villages which dot the undulating country had fled with as much of their belongings as

they could transport to the Anjera mountains. Everywhere the ripe crops waved in the bright sunlight, a picture of peace and plenty; but the country wore a strange unnatural appearance, for there was not a sign of a human being, or of a single head of cattle. The flocks of goats and sheep which graze over the hillsides had all disappeared, and we pursued our way through a deserted land. Passing through one or two empty villages, we emerged on the plain that lies to the south of Zinat, and made our way across it, avoiding too near an approach to the place.

Suddenly, in quick succession, rang out the sound of eight or ten shots, and I could hear the bullets whiz past above our heads. Turning our horses' heads, we cantered away; but as the firing was not repeated, soon drew rein, and turned to see what was occurring. The hill of Zinat lay a little over a mile away, with its rocky slopes and wooded gardens. On an eminence between the village and us stood a group of mountaineers, perhaps half a mile distant, who had removed their cloaks and turbans, and were waving them as a signal for us to stop. It was evident that they desired to speak to me, and as the firing had ceased, I took it for granted that I had been shot at under a misapprehension. However, I decided not to approach the group of men until they had sent messengers across to me, and within a few minutes I saw two of their number leave the hill and

hurry forward in my direction. On their arrival I entered into conversation with these men, who were known by sight to me, and who were fully aware to whom they were speaking. They stated that they were all glad I had come, as it would enable the Anjera tribe, of whom they were members, to send a message into the native authorities in Tangier. They were afraid of despatching one of their tribesmen on this errand, as they feared he might be caught and imprisoned. They wished to know whether the engagement that had taken place in the morning had been for the purpose of capturing Raisuli, or whether it meant that the mountain tribes were to be attacked. If the former was intended, they desired that I should find out from the native officials what authority the soldiers had to loot and pillage the cattle of innocent villagers. They stated that if these cattle were restored and a statement made that the action of the troops was solely against Raisuli, all the mountain tribes would return again to their hills and not interfere in the matter. If, on the contrary, the Government troops intended waging war upon the tribes, then they were prepared to defend themselves.

I have not unseldom acted in such cases previously, and the demands of the mountaineers seemed reasonable enough. I promised to take their message to Tangier and to send them an answer. As I was on the point of departing another messenger arrived, begging me to proceed

to the little hill where their headmen were, and to receive from them direct the message they wished delivered to the authorities at Tangier. Suspecting no treachery, I, accompanied by the three tribesmen and my groom, set out for the eminence where the head tribesmen were said to be. To reach this spot we were obliged to cross a small river-bed, thick with oleander-bushes, all in full bloom. Pushing my way through the shrubs, which grew so densely that my horse had some difficulty in passing, I emerged into the stream to find myself surrounded by some forty or fifty wild-looking mountaineers, many of whom had their rifles pointed blank at me. Escape was out of the question, resistance still more so, so with the best grace possible—and I felt by no means comfortable—I treated the affair as a sort of joke, and rode on toward the hill surrounded by the mountaineers, many of them unknown to me by sight.

I had fallen easily into their trap, and I was not slow to realise my position. I knew that I was probably in considerable danger, but I was determined not to let them see that I knew it; and so I chatted carelessly with my captors,—who did not make me dismount, but walked by my side with their rifles at full cock,—and under their guidance I turned my horse's head toward Zinat.

Arrived at the hill of Zinat, I was told to dismount, and, surrounded by a crowd of tribesmen, I seated myself under a tree. As to the behaviour of these mountaineers

I have nothing to complain of. They made no secret of the fact that I was their prisoner, but they were polite, and showed none of the rough brutality that I was to discover later on. To most of them I was known by sight, and to some even personally, and to this no doubt I owe the fact that I returned eventually from my captivity; for, wild and savage as these mountain tribes are, they have certain instincts of honour which they respect.

Meanwhile Raisuli, who was at his village half a mile distant, had been informed of my capture, and he sent a few of his followers to escort me in safety to his presence.

A rough track led from the grove of trees along the slopes of the Zinat hill to Raisuli's village. In a garden under the shade of an overhanging rock I found the famous bandit seated, surrounded by the headmen of several of the neighbouring tribes. He received me pleasantly enough, for in the days before he took to highway robbery as a profession I had known him tolerably well, and this past acquaintance stood me in good stead.

Raisuli is still a young man, and of handsome appearance, his features showing none of the ferocity of which at times he is capable. He was dressed in the ordinary costume of the Moorish mountaineer, a short brown cloak, reaching only to the knees, covering his white linen garments. His legs were bare except for the yellow slippers of the country. On his head he wore a turban of dark-blue cloth. After a short

conversation, during which he related to me what had occurred in the morning's engagement, he led me to his house, or rather to what remained of it; for the greater part had been burned by the troops, and the ruins were still smouldering.

Up to this point I had nothing to complain of in the behaviour of the tribesmen; but the news of my capture had spread quickly in the district, and a large crowd had collected to see the "Christian prisoner," and I soon became the object of a hostile demonstration which was anything but pleasant. The crowd hurled insults — fortunately nothing more solid — at me, and whistled and howled, and it was as much as Raisuli and his followers could do to hurry me in safety to his dwelling. Many of the mountaineers were desirous of taking summary vengeance upon me for the devastation which the troops had caused in the neighbourhood; but Raisuli's influence, and the rifles of his men, were sufficient to protect me, though it was with no little feeling of relief that I was pushed through a small doorway and found myself in a dark room. It seemed for a moment as if the crowd outside would have their way and drag me out again; but Raisuli's men, aided by a few personal friends of my own, held the doorway on the outside, and persuaded the uproarious mountaineers to desist.

It was some little time before my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, for the room contained only one small window near the roof, which admitted

little more than a ray of light. When at length I could see clearly, I discovered that I was not alone, for extended on the floor lay the corpse of a man who had been shot in the morning's engagement. As is the custom of the Moorish troops, the head had been roughly hacked off and carried away as a trophy, and, not satisfied with this barbarity, they had stripped the body naked, and shockingly mutilated it. A deep pool of blood surrounded the corpse, which formed a horrible picture as it lay with its arms and legs extended — headless and mutilated. However, I was not to enjoy its company long, for presently men arrived, washed the body, and sewed it into its winding-sheet, rinsed down the floor, and carried their gruesome burden away to burial. They could not, however, remove all signs of death, for there still remained upon the walls the stains where the soldiers had wiped their gory fingers after decapitating their victim.

But my thoughts were too much occupied to pay very much attention to my unpleasant surroundings, and during the hour or two that I was left alone I had time carefully to review the awkward situation in which I found myself. That I was in very considerable danger I knew well enough. Rebellion was rife in the land, and the mountain tribes were thoroughly out of hand. Even their own chiefs had little authority over them, and many of these were not present at Zinat, though I learned from my guards that

some were expected that night, amongst whom I numbered several personal and influential friends. But even with their assistance, on which I rightly judged I might rely, my life was certainly in danger. On the other hand, I had much in my favour. The language of these tribesmen was almost as familiar to me as my own tongue. I knew their characters and their habits well; and to many I was personally well known. I confess I was at a loss as to what they intended to do with me, or how I could be of any use to them; but I hoped that a ransom in money would be demanded, in which case I felt sure that my captivity would not be of long duration. But brigandage is unknown in Morocco, and I doubt if there has ever been a case of a European "held up" for a pecuniary ransom. It was not until the evening, when I had a long conversation with Raisuli, that I obtained any inkling of the purpose for which I was to be used.

Raisuli explained to me that, unless the Pretender succeeded in obtaining the throne, his own career was finished. He had no hopes of pardon from the Moorish Government, and should the Sultan succeed in enforcing his authority again, there was little chance of his escaping eventual capture and punishment. The morning's attack of the troops had been unsuccessful, as far as his capture was concerned; and he added that he knew well enough that as long as I remained in his hands the attack would not be renewed.

Should, however, the troops attempt it, Raisuli made no secret of his intention of putting me to death. His sole object now was to cause as much humiliation to the Sultan and his Government as possible, and in no way could he give them more trouble than by allowing me to be killed by the tribesmen. If, however, no attack was renewed, he promised to do all he could to protect me.

This certainly did not sound hopeful for any near release; but I counted on the assistance of the influential members of the Anjera tribe, who were to arrive the same night.

We supped off dry black bread, of the thickness and consistency of shoe-leather, washed down with water none too clean,—and this was my diet during the nine days that I spent at Zinat. It was not from any desire on the part of the rebels to add voluntarily to my hardships; but their villages had been burned, their cattle driven away, and no other provisions were procurable.

It must have been at about midnight that the Anjera contingent turned up, and I was much relieved to hear the commotion of their arrival, and a little later to see the welcome faces of their headmen, with all of whom I was on friendly terms. I knew then that, although my captivity might be of long duration, the danger of not returning at all was greatly diminished.

The following morning I received a letter from Sir Arthur Nicolson, the British Minister, who had received the news—

or rather a rumour—of my capture the evening before. Although I was not permitted to see the messenger,—a Riffi from Tangier,—no difficulties were put in the way of my communicating with the British Legation, and I was able to write and inform the Minister of the details of the predicament in which I found myself. His Excellency's first act was to inform the Moorish officials that no movement of troops must take place during my captivity, for such, it was recognised, would prevent once and for all any successful negotiations. To this the native authorities agreed, as they also did to the British Minister's counsel that the negotiations should be left entirely in his hands, and that the native Government should make no attempts to interfere on my behalf. This wise action of Sir Arthur Nicolson—whose management throughout showed extreme tact—no doubt greatly facilitated the subsequent negotiations, for the tribesmen expressed much satisfaction when they heard that they could treat with the British Legation direct, without the interference of their own officials. Meanwhile Sir Arthur Nicolson had obtained the valuable assistance of H.H. Mulai Ahmed, Shereef of Wazan, whose religious prestige extends far and wide over the Moorish tribes, and whose influence as a descendant of the Prophet Mohammed is acknowledged all through Morocco.

My groom, a youth of sixteen, who was captured at the same time as myself, was set

at liberty immediately after our arrival at Zinat, of which place he was a native. He could be of no possible use to Raisuli or the mountaineers, and accordingly was free to depart. He remained three days there, however, and was allowed to come and see me whenever he, or I, wished; but, as he could be of no service to me in my predicament, I advised him to return to my house at Tangier. His parents' dwelling had been burned to the ground in the general destruction of the village; but his father and mother and their family of little children had been able to escape to the mountains, though they had lost most of their belongings. He waited three days on the chance of their returning; but hearing that they had decided to remain in the mountains until all danger was past, he took my advice and returned to my house at Tangier.

For nine days I remained at Zinat—days of discomfort and anxiety; discomfort from dirt and from the food—or rather the want of food. I was never able to take my clothes off or to wash. I was smothered in vermin. The room in which I was confined was small, and was always crowded by the tribesmen, who came and went at all times. They slept anyhow and at any time, so that there was no rest by day or night,—and all the time I was aware that I was in great danger, for no authority existed over the 3000 or 4000 mountaineers who had collected at Zinat. The men who previously had been able to keep

order amongst their particular tribes were now scarcely listened to, for the younger tribesmen were thoroughly out of hand. The spirit of unrest which, as the rebellion increased, had been spreading northward, had seized upon them. They knew no restraint; would listen to no advice. They attended the tribal meetings, and drowned the voices of the older men in their demands for action. They desired to attack the Government troops at once, and were with difficulty restrained from doing so.

The only time that I left my quarters for more than a few minutes at a time was on one occasion, three days after my arrival, when I was taken down to a gully below the village, to be shown the corpse of a Moorish soldier who had been killed during the engagement. In revenge for the beheading of the Zinat man, the tribesmen had mutilated the soldier's body. It was a ghastly sight. The summer heat had caused the corpse to swell and discolour. An apple had been stuck in the man's mouth, and both his eyes had been gouged out. The naked body was shockingly mutilated, and the finger-tips had been cut off, to be worn, the tribesmen told me, as charms by their women. The hands were pegged to the ground by sticks about a yard in length, driven through the palms, to which little flags had been attached. A wreath of wild flowers was twined round the man's head, and the village dogs had

already gnawed away a portion of the flesh of one of the legs. I was humorously informed that this was probably what I should look like during the course of the next few days.

Negotiations under the existing circumstances were naturally difficult and protracted. The first demand which the tribes had made for my release was the withdrawal of all the Englishmen employed at the Moorish Court; but I had little difficulty in persuading them that this idea was preposterous, and would never be acceded to. After various discussions and meetings, at some of which I was present, the representatives of the tribes determined to demand the release of all rebel tribal prisoners in the hands of the Moorish Government. His Majesty's Minister refused to consider their request for the liberation of over fifty prisoners, and in this I quite agreed with him, and eventually the number was settled at sixteen, some of whom were in the prison at Tangier, and some in that of Laraiche, a port some forty miles down the Atlantic coast of Morocco. The mountaineers indignantly refused to consider any pecuniary ransom, stating that such was contrary to their ideas of honour.

It was by no means without delays and obstacles, which it took all Sir Arthur Nicolson's and the Shereef of Wazan's ingenuity and tact to overcome, that these negotiations were carried on. Meanwhile I remained at Zinat, uncomfortable and anxious. During the latter

part of this period a new danger had arisen: a Khalifa, or deputy, of the Pretender's had appeared some fifty miles away, and commenced active correspondence with the mountain tribes collected at Zinat. The receipt of these documents, with their religious quotations and exhortations to rebellion, added fire to the tribesmen's excitement, and it seemed extremely probable that they would send me off a prisoner to the fanatical Khalifa—in which case my eventual return would have been very doubtful. Another proposal was to take me to some of the less accessible tribes and there conceal me, allowing no knowledge of my whereabouts to be known—in which case the tribesmen considered that they would be able to obtain far more advantageous terms for my reappearance and delivery. Happily neither course was pursued, owing to the presence at Zinat of a strong contingent of the Anjera tribe, who had promised to befriend me. I had not used my time in vain, for I had never lost an opportunity of bringing these Anjera men over to my side. To most, if not all, of them I was personally known, and, when the first excitement of their fanatical unrest had worn off, they became reasonable and friendly. My appeals to them ended in a little *coup d'état*, which came off with every success. In the middle of the night the Anjera tribe, probably 1000 strong, surrounded Raisuli's house and village, and demanded that I should be handed over to their

keeping. Failing this, they threatened to arrest or shoot Raisuli. Within half an hour I was hustled out of the room in which I had been imprisoned, placed on the back of a mule, and carried away into the mountains.

It was a great relief to get away from Zinat; for although I felt that my captivity might yet be of long duration in the Anjera mountains, I knew that I was amongst men whom I could look upon as friends, and who would anyhow respect my life. They promised me that, whatever happened, I should not leave Anjera soil,—though at the same time they informed me that they had given their word to the other tribes not to set me at liberty until the native prisoners were released.

For six hours we proceeded by rocky gorges and along riverbeds, through thick brushwood and over corn-fields, till at sunrise Sheikh Duas's village was reached, perched high on a mountain-peak in the centre of the Anjera country. It was a ride I shall never forget. In silence the hundreds of armed men who accompanied me strode along in the darkness, for there was no moon, though the stars gave an uncertain glimmer that sufficed to show the track. I was tired and weak. The protracted anxiety, the scanty food, the dirt and discomfort, the absence of all facilities for washing and of bedding of any kind, had worn me out; and, added to this, I had been obliged during the entire period to remain always on the alert, and to change my

manner with every change in that of my captors, and to pretend rather to enjoy than otherwise a situation which, to say the least of it, was trying. It was the relief from this strain of anxiety that allowed me, tired as I was, to enjoy that night-ride from Zinat to Beni Attab, the village of Sheikh Duas.

At sunrise we arrived there, and dismounting from my mule, I rested under an olive-tree, while the Sheikh himself foraged for some breakfast for me. In a few minutes he appeared from his house with a big bowl of fresh milk and a basket of green figs. If ever, reader, you want to know the real worth of fresh milk and figs, you must eat nothing for the nine previous days but flabby cakes of half-cooked black bread, and drink nothing but water. Then your opinion on milk and figs will be worth hearing.

The Sheikh's house consisted of a square low building built round a paved courtyard. The walls of the house were of whitewashed masonry and the roof of heavy overhanging thatch, that formed a little verandah round the courtyard. There were five or six rooms opening into this court, one of which, freshly cleaned up and prepared, was put at my disposal. The Sheikh's women-kind busied themselves over these simple preparations, and it was not long before I was taken to the room that I was to inhabit for the next twelve days, and clean and comfortable it was. I was now possessed of a mattress and a blanket, and Sheikh Duas brought me a

whole outfit of Moorish mountain clothes, spotlessly clean and fresh.

The luxury of that bath in one of the little streams that flow through the gardens near! the luxury of the clean white linen! An hour later the barber's razor was at play on my head, and I issued from his hands to all intents and purposes a Moorish mountaineer. Then a long dreamless sleep, and on waking more milk and more figs, and the cheery company of my mountain friends and the relief from the constant strain of anxiety,—yes, the day I reached Sheikh Duas's village was a red-letter day indeed!

I remained twelve days in Anjera, and throughout that period I never suffered an indignity or an insult. The best of everything procurable was given me—cream-cheese and porridge of millet, and milk. I was practically at liberty to go where I pleased, though always accompanied by a guard of men, whose pleasant manner and kindness made one forget that they were there to prevent my escape. Together we explored the surrounding mountains, or sat during the heat of the day in the cool shade of the fruit-trees of their little gardens.

No more charming situation than that of Beni Attab could be imagined. Perched on the very summit of a mountain, the ground slopes away directly from the Sheikh's house to the valley far beneath. Groves of wild olive and cork trees, many of them magnificent specimens, surround the village, and little streams of water run in

every direction. Though the month was July, the air was fresh and cool at this altitude, a great change after the fly-laden heat of Zinat and the plains. Away beyond the valley rose still higher mountains, their lower slopes dotted with villages, the upper portions of bare limestone rock. To the north the summit of "Apes Hill" was visible, while in the opposite direction was the long rugged range of the mountains of Beni Hassan, extending far away to the south of Tetuan.

Often we would stroll down to a little village that lay below the Sheikh's house, half hidden in a grove of wild olive-trees, and there spend the afternoon. Many of Sheikh Duas's followers lived there, for the Sheikh is head of a band of men who at times are not above wholesale cattle-lifting. Under a wide trellis, shaded from the hot summer sun by vines, we would sit and drink the sweet mint-flavoured green tea of the country, while our host, a splendid type of young mountaineer, would play the two-stringed *gimbri* and sing in the dreamy scarcely audible voice that these mountaineers affect. A young dancing-girl of Tetuan, in her dress of blue and silver, her hair tied back with coloured handkerchiefs, her eyes half-closed, and her hands extended, passed to and fro before us in the slow ungraceful movements of a Moorish dance.

Meanwhile the negotiations proceeded, and the young Shereef of Wazan spared himself no trouble in furthering the efforts of the British Minister to obtain my release. No

sun was too hot for him to travel, no journey too tiring for him to undertake. Delays always occur in Morocco, and a long wait was occasioned by the necessity for Sir Arthur Nicolson applying to the Sultan for the release of the necessary prisoners. The couriers, on foot, covered the distance to Fez and back, some 350 miles, in six days, and on their arrival the British Minister chartered a special steamer to proceed to Larache to bring up the prisoners. Not a day, not an hour was wasted; for it was known that the Pretender's deputy was travelling north, and at any moment a revival of fanaticism and excitement might mean my being sent off as a hostage to the rebel camp, whence my chances of ever getting away would be small indeed. The negotiations were rendered more difficult by the fact that I was now some twenty-seven miles from Tangier—a full day's ride in these roadless districts.

On July 4 a large tribal meeting was held to decide my fate, and considerable opposition was offered to my being released, though it was known that the sixteen prisoners were all in Tangier, held in readiness to be handed over. Fortunately the Shereef of Wazan, realising how important it was that I should get away as soon as possible, left Tangier that morning, and arrived at Beni Attab before the tribal meeting had terminated. His influence, added to that of Anjera friends, carried the day, and the next morning I was *en route* to Tangier.

About a hundred tribesmen accompanied us, the friendly chiefs of Anjera amongst them, and these had taken the precaution of bringing with them a strong band of followers, in case of meeting with armed opposition on the way. We passed the night at a spot about twelve miles from the town, at the village of Ain Ansar, the Shereef still with us, as he decided not to leave me until my release was an accomplished fact.

Even here an attempt was made to prevent my being restored to liberty, a large body of armed men from a neighbouring tribe arriving in the middle of the night with the intention of recapturing me. Fortunately they found themselves outnumbered, and were driven off,—but not until fighting was imminent, and rifles were cocked.

The following morning, July 6, mounted messengers were sent to the British Legation to hold the prisoners in readiness to be released. The spot chosen was a ruined fort within a few hundred yards of my own house, which lies in a solitary position some three miles to the east of Tangier. On our arrival at the fort we rested, while a message was sent to the British Minister to set the prisoners at liberty and have them escorted to the arranged spot. It was not long before they arrived, sixteen miserable-looking individuals, pale and weak with the sufferings that always accompany imprisonment in Morocco. While two of the men were certainly of

ill repute, being notorious highwaymen, the remainder were innocent of all crime, and had, most of them, been seized and hurled into jail by marauding parties of Moorish cavalry, who, as a rule, take as prisoners every male they come across on their expeditions, without the slightest regard to guilt or innocence. The prisoners were accompanied by Lord Cranley, Mr Wyldbore-Smith, Mr Kirby - Green, and Mr Carleton, who represented the British Legation, but no formal exchange took place. The moment of their arrival I was free to depart, though my adieus to my many friends amongst the 200 or 300 mountaineers took me some little time to get through.

Then, accompanied by the natives of the neighbouring villages, who had turned out in force to give me a welcome, I rode to my house.

An hour later the Shereef and I proceeded to Tangier, in order that his Highness might have the satisfaction of personally conducting me to the Legation, and handing me over to the British Minister. On approaching the town we were met by a large crowd of Moors and Spaniards, who vociferously cheered Mulai Ahmed, and, surrounding our horses, conducted us with much noise and evidence of goodwill through the market-place as far as the gates of the British Legation. There I was able personally to thank the two men to whom I owed my liberty, Sir Arthur Nicolson and the Shereef of Wazan.

THE WOOING OF NIGEL SEATON.

BY WYMOND CAREY.

I.

MISS LENA SOMERTON, in the hall of a flat in Ashley Mansions, was fingering the string of pearls on her finely shaped throat as she studied a note which had been left by a footman just ten minutes before she had put her latch-key into the lock. A curious light played in her violet eyes, an enigmatic smile stole over her astonishingly baby face. Then she dismissed her maid with her cloak and walked into the library.

"Well, what sort of time?" The Managing Director of the Paris and Oceana Co., Limited, lifted a grey worn face from his papers to rest his eyes affectionately on the slender figure in white satin at his elbow.

"Oh! so-so, papa. Nigel Seaton made a smashing speech; he gave them 'gyp,' as the office-boy says, but the debate became so dull that we all went on to the Empire. The new Spanish dancer, however, was even more boringly decorous than the talking shop, so I came home."

"Vincent Mackarness," observed Mr Somerton, thumping a schedule to make it fold, "has been here again on the old errand."

Lena's fingers closed on the note in her hand. "Poor dear old thing!" she remarked. "I am sorry."

Her father wheeled his chair round. "I thought you were in love with him," he said slowly.

"So I was, or thought I was—a year ago, but it was only with his K.C.M.G."

"H'm! h'm! Well, I don't understand your game, my dear."

"Then you had better not take a hand in it, papa. You don't like revoking, and a woman apparently does."

She took from the mantelpiece a photograph of the gentleman in question, Sir Vincent Mackarness, K.C.M.G., famed as the creator and administrator of Erewhon, the disciplined face of a calm, strong man, every line of which testified to yeoman service to the Empire.

"He will be a G.C.B. some day," she remarked, putting the photograph down with a faint sigh that might have meant anything.

"Yes," was the dry answer, "there's a G.C.B. for some one in the telegrams from Erewhon to-night."

Lena looked at her father for a brief second, then she opened and re-read the note in her hand.

"How long are you going to let Nigel Seaton play with you?" Mr Somerton plumped out boldly.

The curious light shone brightly in the mysterious eyes. "He interests me," she answered, with her slow smile,—"interests me enormously. Nigel Seaton is young, he has a certain future, and he belongs to the only world worth belonging to. Poor Vincent has only a past and a present, and he belongs to the middle class of the city and finance, to which you and I belong, papa. It is a pity."

"They will never allow you to marry Nigel Seaton," Mr Somerton pronounced, "never."

"You think not?" Lena's tone was that of a speculative philosopher discussing an unconvincing but fascinating theory of the Transcendental Absolute.

Her father laughed bitterly. "Their pet lamb, the hope of a great party, the spoilt darling of an aristocracy, to marry the daughter of a ruined financier—really, Lena!"

"Pet lambs sometimes cut their throats rather than be shorn." Her tone was cooler than ever.

"There's no shearing and no 'musts' for the flock to which Seaton belongs, as a good many men and some young women have found out to their cost."

"I wonder."

"Well, my dear, I am not going to offer a hand in the making of this option, but my advice is, take Vincent Mackarness. He's as straight as a die, and he simply worships you."

The girl was smiling as if both pleased and sorry. It

was surprising how the mystery of that smile grew in the attractive suggestion of a hidden power completely controlled. "Yes," she said, "Vincent is straight,—I know only one man straighter——"

"Then take Vincent before the smash comes."

"There's going to be a smash—a real smash?"

"Yes, a real one and no mistake. We shall reconstruct, of course, after the usual proceedings. We can hold out two months despite the auditors." He smiled wearily, for it was not the auditors' report but the doctor's which cut the deep lines about his mouth. "And for more reasons than one I should like my little girl to be sheltered behind the cuirass of a K.C.M.G."

"So nice for the K.C.M.G., so good for the G.C.B. to come." Lena's voice had a new note in it, an emotion surprising to the superficial observer. Then she suddenly stooped and kissed her father. "You will perhaps be alone on Sunday the fourteenth, papa," she said; "you won't mind?"

Her father looked up questioningly.

"Listen," she said, and read aloud:

"170 CADOGAN SQUARE.

"DEAR MISS SOMERTON,—Will you help me to entertain the First Lord of the Treasury, Sir Vincent Mackarness, and Mr Nigel Seaton from Friday to Monday next at my cottage at Henley? I do hope you will be able to come.—Very truly yours,

"CECILIA WHITMORE."

"Hullo!" Mr Somerton jumped up in a great flurry. "By Jove! one of Lady Whitmore's political week-ends,—Lady Whitmore—the almighty Whitmore—the boss of the machine. What have you been doing, Lena?"

The girl's calmness was a striking contrast to her father's somewhat vulgar excitement. "I think I shall go," she observed, revealing as she closed her lips a determination not to

be read elsewhere in the infantine simplicity of her marvellously young face.

"Of course you'll go. Lady Whitmore, good Lord! Lady Whitmore!" He pulled out a telegram from a drawer and read it carefully. Then he replaced it in its hiding-place. "There's something in the wind," he added, half to himself.

"Sleep well, papa. I think there is."

II.

The invitation referred to was the outcome of an early supper-party for four at 170 Cadogan Square, a house described by the profane as "The Early Door to the Theatre in Downing Street," but more correctly entered in the Directories as the residence of Sir George Whitmore, G.C.B. Sir George, the public firmly believed, was President of the Board of Trade because his ignorance of commerce would prevent him from interfering with the permanent officials; but the real reason, of course, was that he had the good luck to be the husband of Lady Whitmore, who was thirty-two, and more beautiful than when she had married her husband. What was perhaps more important, she was the niece of the present First Lord of the Treasury, the sister of the Commander-in-Chief, and the daughter of the Lord Privy Seal; while of her male cousins you may read in the Foreign and Colonial Office Lists, and they were appointed on the

equitable principle of calling the new world beyond the seas into existence to redress the balance so grievously upset by "the old gang" in the old. Every one who was anything went to Lady Whitmore's "drives" (i.e., when she "received"), and it meant nothing more than a card, a halfpenny stamp, two fingers from your hostess, and a crush at the buffet; but an invitation to lunch meant you were worth looking at; to dinner, that you deserved watching; while a command to be present at supper (unless you had the *entrée* by right of a kinsman's blood) proclaimed that you had "arrived on the upper platform," or had got in "on the ground-floor," accordingly as you chose to describe it. The fact itself was indisputable. On this particular occasion the four at supper were the hostess, Sir George (by special invitation of his wife), the city editor of 'The Daily Outrage' (tolerated because he was so useful where "other people's money"

was concerned), and Mr Fitzroy Gilmour, C.V.O., the private secretary (unpaid) to the First Lord of the Treasury.

Immediately after supper Sir George was sent away, ostensibly to hear an expert explanation of a new Act dealing with Company Promoters, really because things were to be discussed not fit for a Cabinet Minister's sensitive ears.

"George can tell me nothing of Erewhon," Lady Whitmore observed. "He says he doesn't know any more than the man in the street."

Fitzroy Gilmour lit a cigarette. "He's paid four thousand a-year to say that in public," he answered; "it's the protest of the old diplomacy against the new. But he might have told you that even the cablegrams in the halfpenny papers show we are getting into the deuce of a mess."

Lady Whitmore leaned back, so that her splendid dark hair and cream-pale face were out like the cameo of an antique on the rich red cushion.

"There's only one man," Gilmour remarked, after a pleased scrutiny of the pose, "who can mop up the mess, only one—Vincent Mackarness."

"When is he going out?"

"He is not going out."

"Not?" A rose-tint stole into Lady Whitmore's cheeks, the diamond pendant on her breast fluttered. Gilmour knew the storm-signal and liked it, as every connoisseur did.

"No," he replied, "there are good reasons. The majority was down to twenty-four today: Mackarness has a constit-

uency rotted by our ministerial socialism; secondly, the beast won't go; and thirdly, we can't have two by-elections just now. Nigel Seaton, whose seat is even shakier, is going to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds."

"Nigel?" Gilmour had intended Lady Whitmore to sit up, and she sat up.

"Yes, Nigel. He has been cutting up very nasty of late——"

"To raise his price," put in the lady, in a scornful parenthesis.

"He gave us a rare dressing to-night before dinner," Gilmour proceeded placidly. "Sir George said it reminded him of the Chancellor"—he smiled—"in his palmiest Radical days. We are to have another drubbing, it seems, on Friday, and the Chief is getting quite peevish. It's damnably disloyal and ungrateful——"

"Fitzroy!"

"I'm only quoting the Chief. Anyway, Nigel is going for the Hundreds, and that will count two on a division."

"It's preposterous." Lady Whitmore moved towards the writing-table.

"Nigel, by the way, has been dabbling in the Paris and Oceana,—Somerton's bubble, you know,—and I see there's a petition for an Official Receiver on foot. So we shall lose our future leader, and the best the party will get this side of the Revolution."

Lady Whitmore suddenly wheeled and sat down by Gilmour on the chesterfield. "Don't mind my feelings, Fitz," she said coaxingly;

"own up — there's a woman in it."

Gilmour inspected her carefully. "Yes," he answered, with the prettiest touch of incredulous scorn; "there's another woman in it. Lena Somerton is her name."

"Lena Somerton!" Lady Whitmore's skirt was kicked back angrily as she sprang to her feet. "*That* pink-and-white baby, the daughter of *that* man!"

"She's not quite such a bib-and-tucker nursery-flapper as — the 'daily breads' think," he added hastily. "It's my belief she has Vincent Mackarness in tow, and Nigel——" He stopped, for his hostess's face was a study too enthralling to be spoilt by further speech.

"Go on!" she commanded.

"So we can't send Mackarness out, and our pet lamb is bleating for the Hundreds, and the majority is down to twenty-four, and God knows what will happen in Erewhon."

"Is Nigel at the House now?"

"I haven't an idea. He went off unpaired after giving us what for, and he was last seen at the Empire with the Somerton girl and her gang. I daresay you would find him at 4B Ashley Mansions" — an answer which showed that the Intelligence Department preferred inference to information, which is a failing of all clever Intelligence Departments.

Fitzroy filled a whisky-and-soda and drank it thoughtfully. "I wish I knew what

her game was," he remarked, stroking his chin; "it's a deuced pretty one, and the player has played before."

"We must find out."

Gilmour began to whistle softly, "Gentle shepherd, tell me where," while he smiled at the large photo of Nigel which adorned the writing-table. Lady Whitmore admired her faultless pink shoulders in the mirror absently until the clock aroused her by striking half-past eleven. Then she brushed the Private Secretary unceremoniously aside. A scrawl, and a hastier ring at the bell, followed. "Take this at once to Ashley Mansions," she ordered the footman; "there is no answer."

Fitzroy had dropped his cigarette in dismay when he heard the command, for he feared, not without reason, the drastic methods employed sometimes at Cadogan Square on erring sheep; but his face beamed when the nature of the message had been explained. "It is a challenge, not an invitation," he purred. "I hope the little girl will take it up."

"I hope so." Lady Whitmore's eyes, too, glowed with the joy of battle. A true fighter, she preferred opponents who smote with the naked spear on her shield; and she secretly admired, as the old hands in all arenas do, the novice who has the pluck to stand up to the unquestioned veteran of a hundred victories.

"Dear lady," Fitzroy murmured, taking her hand, "it

is amazing to think Nigel should have the taste to prefer——”

“Fitz, don’t be silly. Go and see what George is doing, and if that Fleet Street tout is persuading him to buy any

more Erewhon Prefs., you can tell him to go to the——”

“4B Ashley Mansions they call it in Capel Court, I believe,” Gilmour interrupted discreetly, “and ’pon my word I think they are right.”

III.

It was Sunday afternoon, and Lady Whitmore sat alone on the lawn of “The Cottage” at Henley in anything but a Christian temper. Nor did the reason lie in ‘The Monthly Monitor,’ although it contained an article signed by “Diplomatist,” in which the critical situation in Erewhon was attributed to a Ministry now the victim of reactionary prejudices, now the tool of unscrupulous financiers, while it neglected the obvious and pressing claims of the one man who could save the great province—Sir Vincent Mackarness. No, it was that she, Lady Whitmore, had never been so treated before in her own house—that her guests seemed to unite, break up, and unite again like so many puppets pulled by invisible wires; and the puller was a middle-class young woman with a baby face and violet eyes, whose only merit was freedom from one of the worst vices of the middle class, overdressing. For Lena Somerton’s clothes were beyond the criticism of Dover Street or the Rue de la Paix.

Sir George fidgeted out of the house. “What is the matter with you?” his wife asked irritably. “You can’t sit ten minutes in one place.”

“Why hasn’t ‘The Observer’ come?” he demanded.

“Do the Government get their news from ‘The Observer’?” was the sarcastic reply.

“Who knows?” he answered carelessly—“who knows what may not be divined by the intelligent anticipator of events?”

Lady Whitmore flashed one penetrating look at the cynical face of her husband, but Sir George had discovered he had no matches and had fidgeted back to the house. So his wife stared blankly at the sunlit river. Behind the rhododendrons down there the herbageous border was fringed with the suggestion of a white-lace petticoat, an open-work ankle, and a brown shoe, and (by standing up) she could see the collar of a blue serge coat and the crown of a Panama hat. That—her foot beat on the grass—that was Lena Somerton and Nigel Seaton.

Yet presently from the terrace Lena’s voice woke her from a petulant doze. “I have never punted a First Lord of the Treasury before. Supposing I upset you?”

And there replied the bland measured voice which in the heat of a furious party scrimmage invariably goaded an

Opposition to madness. "My dear young lady, it will not be the first head of a Government whom one of your sex has turned out."

Lady Whitmore imitated the ill-mannered Radicals under similar provocation. "Old ass!" she muttered, flinging 'The Monitor' at "The Markiss," her Scotch terrier, who was just scratching himself to sleep under the cedar.

"Was that meant for me?"

Nigel Seaton had dropped into the vacant chair. He was a tall young man of perhaps three-and-thirty, whose good looks were spoiled by the power of brain and force of will in his fine forehead and firm mouth. Even more apparent was the unconscious air which is the privilege of a happy few in the *monde* in which he had been born—the few who are born to a great place in a great empire, and prove in due course their greatness simply by filling it.

Lady Whitmore shrugged her shoulders. "So you have got tired of the rhododendrons?" she asked pleasantly.

"The rhododendrons?" Nigel was puzzled. "Oh! I see. I must warn Mackarness against serge and a Panama, it gives him away too easily."

"It was Vincent Mackarness?" Lady Whitmore smiled. "Then I think you might have come and told me."

"Surely you were dictating my wiggling to the Chief, and I didn't choose to aggravate it by disturbing the *tête-à-tête*."

The lady leaned back.

"What's all this gossiping nonsense about the Chiltern Hundreds, Nigel?" she asked lazily.

"It isn't nonsense. It will be in 'The Daily Outrage' on Tuesday."

"You really mean it? Pray why?"

"The usual explanation. The debtor attributed his bankruptcy to his expenses exceeding his income, and to unfortunate speculations on the Stock Exchange."

"I told you not to touch the Paris and Oceana."

"You are not the only person who gave me that advice, and I wish I had taken both yours and hers." Something in the tone caused Lady Whitmore to look at him carefully. She had only heard that tone once before, and it had meant a week's trouble.

"Seriously, Nigel, how long are you going to turn that girl's head?"

"Which? there are so many credited with designs on the hope of the party."

"Don't be theatrical; you are not posing for the Women's Council of the Hyacinth Sisterhood. I mean Lena Somerton."

"I am not sure she would have me if I asked her, but—I mean to try."

"Nigel!" This was not anger, but entreaty, almost agony in the low whisper.

"Cis," he remonstrated softly, "be reasonable." There were only two men other than relatives who dared to call Lady Whitmore even in private by that intimate name. One was Nigel Seaton, and the other does not matter here.

"I intend to be," he answered quietly.

"I ask you," he said, feeling slowly for the words, "because the time has come when you must release me from my promise. God knows I would not turn my back on the past without—without being compelled to. But I must—I must."

Lady Whitmore stared at the river. Then she rose. "No," she said with sharp decision; "I refuse to release you."

"Ah—listen——"

"No, I will not listen. For your sake I married a man whom I did not love; for your sake I have intrigued, yes, and stooped more than once. Oh! I did not ask for gratitude—I did it for the party, for the Empire, for you. I knew the time must come when I must surrender you to another woman, and I was ready even for that, because your career is my life; but I will not surrender you when it means wrecking your future, losing you for the party and the Empire,—I will not surrender you to Lena Somerton."

"You do not know her," he said quickly.

"She does not know me either." The menace was as biting as the pride. "You must choose between me and her, Nigel, and choose at your peril."

"Cissy, listen. For all that you have done, and been, God knows what I feel. But there is no hope of success in life, in politics, in states, when life is founded on a lie. I have been living a lie. It can't go on—it can't, and, thank God!

I see why at last. I have done with it now and for ever."

"Pray spare me your sophistries. Keep them for the woman who inspires them—keep them for Lena Somerton."

"I am not ashamed to confess it is she who has opened my eyes."

Lady Whitmore's dark eyes blazed. "You poor dupe!" she said; "you poor dupe!"

He began to move away. With Lady Whitmore, the action said, he at least could not wrangle.

"Nigel," she pleaded suddenly, "don't abandon us—me. It is you who can save the party for all the great things that you dream of, and they are great, my dear, great and good."

"That is why I must begin a new life."

She drew back her hand sharply. "You persist," she said—"you will marry her in defiance of——"

"Yes," he answered, stung to anger for the first time; "if she will marry me I will marry her."

"So be it," was the quick, proud reply. "We understand each other. But do not imagine that the party or I will forget your wanton disloyalty and desertion, and you will go your own way at——"

The butler was actually running across the lawn. "Mr Gilmour," he panted out, "has come down on his motor car and would see your ladyship at once."

His mistress swept off to the drawing-room, where her appearance, as of Bellona's self, froze into amazed silence the

Private Secretary, pacing up and down like a wounded beast in a cage.

"What is wrong, Fitzroy?" she demanded, and she had to repeat the question twice.

"Where is the Chief? I must find the Chief at once."

"There is something wrong in Erewhon?"

"Wrong?" Fitzroy laughed with mocking pain. "Wrong? wrong? those damned Erewhoners have taken the law into their own hands and made a filibustering raid over the

border, and if we're not at war with all Europe in a week I'm—oh! the Chief, where's the Chief? Ah!"

He had caught sight of the great man on the lawn, and he rushed from the room. Lady Whitmore, left alone, stretched out her arms with a bitter cry, then she dropped on to the sofa, and Lena Somerton, swiftly passing along the verandah, with a scared face saw her lying there, her imperial head buried in her arms, sobbing for the Empire and herself.

IV.

The Prime Minister and Sir George left at once, but Gilmour was permitted to stay. After dinner Lady Whitmore had her coffee on the verandah on the west side, which meant that only those who had an audience could see her. Fitzroy of course enjoyed the privilege at half-past nine, by which time he had recovered his equanimity.

"A nice mess you have made of it," was the lady's greeting—"a nice mess."

"Yes; it's a real tilt over of the apple-cart. The only consolation is that the other lot would have done worse."

"You'll have an opportunity of judging what the other lot can do before the week is out."

Fitzroy put his cup down. The coffee to-night, like the dinner, was not up to the Whitmore mark. Perhaps the *chef* was a shareholder in the Erewhon Exploration Company.

"Lena Somerton's desperately in love with Nigel," he

remarked, as if to make conversation.

"Fiddlesticks! She only wants to marry him."

"It comes to the same thing in the end, doesn't it? I talked to her for an hour before dinner, and that's how I read it."

"She is bamboozling you, as she has bamboozled——"

"We call it social pressure now, it's so much prettier. Anyway, she has socially pressed Vincent——"

"Mackarness?" Lady Whitmore clutched at the straw of hope.

"He means to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds to-morrow."

"Then," she inferred triumphantly, "he is going out, after all."

"Anything but. He is chucking politics for American finance, a fat place in a trust or a syndicate, or some other invention of a Republican devil. That will count two on a division; and there's Nigel's seat to follow, and this Erewhon business, and the financial

scandal—— Oh! we're in for a sweet time."

Lady Whitmore made no reply.

"That baby-faced child," pursued the imperturbable Fitzroy, "has roped Mackarness into the syndicate to prevent him going out to Erewhon——"

"Does she mean," she interrupted, "to marry him as well as Nigel, whom she told you she loves?"

"They say," he replied, "divorce is very easy in some of the American states, and she clearly has a taste for syndicating her capital. Well, well, her game is as clear as a pike-staff now. Gadzooks! if she only belonged to the party! She's a genius."

"A genius! An adventuress!"

"They're the same thing," he retorted. "An adventuress begins with a job and ends in a genius."

"Oh! if you are going to be smart I shall go to bed."

Fitzroy smoked in silence, then he drank a glass of Benedictine as if his nerves required a strong stimulus. "We're done," he began, "and the Empire's done, if Mackarness won't go out. And," his voice dropped, "I don't trust Somerton. He adores, and no wonder, that little girl of his, and to help her to marry the man of her choice he will play the nastiest card up his sleeve——"

"The Somerton girl no doubt relies on that?"

"No," he answered with strong conviction,—"no, I am sure not. She keeps clear of

the cards up papa's sleeve, because they always dirty the hands of the player."

A long pause.

"Well, what can we do?" Lady Whitmore asked in sullen despair.

"We might," he said thoughtfully—"we might give her *carte blanche* as regards Nigel."

"Fitzroy!" The coffee-table went over with a crash as the lady sprang up.

"Of course it's out of the question. By the way, I'm off to-morrow at six, so I'll say good night."

When half-way through the drawing-room he was called back, as he had hoped.

"Do you really think," Lady Whitmore asked, "if that woman had——"

"I was only joking," he answered soothingly. "We can't hoist the white flag now, even for the sake of the Empire and the party. And the adventuress would probably marry Mackarness and leave us to stew in the juice of our own cooking. At the same time, I confess it would be very interesting as a matter of pure curiosity to know how she'd take the suggestion. Good night, Lady Whitmore."

He left his hostess gazing out into the fragrant June night. As he passed through the hall a glimpse of Lena Somerton's white skirt on the lawn arrested his attention. "That woman" was engaged in earnest conversation with Nigel Seaton, whereat Gilmour smiled, and he was still smiling when, in company with Sir Vincent Mackarness, he mounted his motor car at six next morning.

V.

At eleven the same day Lady Whitmore sent for Lena, and waved her into a chair. "I will be perfectly frank," she began, "for I am about to ask you as a great favour to help me to persuade Sir Vincent Mackarness to go out to Erewhon."

"Sir Vincent is his own master, Lady Whitmore."

"Perhaps. But you know the situation, Miss Somerton. I simply ask you to help the party and the Empire in a great crisis."

"I do not belong to the party," Lena replied; "but I would willingly pawn the clothes off my back to help the Empire."

Lady Whitmore was surprised, and she studied the girl's face, so young and calm, with intense interest. Then she deliberately laid all her cards face upwards on the table. "You alone," she said with impressive emphasis,—"you alone can persuade Sir Vincent, and he alone can save the Empire. If you were to do this, there is nothing—nothing—you might not ask from me in return."

Lena waited a full minute, while her hostess wondered with which of the aces at her command she would take the trick.

"Why," Lena asked quietly, "should I, a woman, interfere in the affairs of the party, which I suppose are those of the Empire, even if I were to accept your offer to make a bargain?" The colour rose in Lady Whitmore's cheeks at the

rebuff. "But," Lena went on, "surely you know it is unnecessary. Sir Vincent has promised to start for Erewhon to-night."

Lady Whitmore gasped. Words failed her. The bitterness of it, the unspeakable bitterness of it! To be outplayed and then crushed! Most bitter of all, this great stroke had been arranged behind her back, and it had been left to this baby-faced child to tell her.

Lena was sitting quite still, and her invincible calm rallied Lady Whitmore's dazed senses. "Sir Vincent," she began, "gives up, then, his American appointment?"

Lena's voice and face softened. "Yes," she said; "he is sacrificing ten thousand a-year for the Empire."

Lady Whitmore made a daring move. "I have no right to ask," she said, "but I have heard—may I congratulate you, Miss Somerton?"

"I fear not,"—Lena was speaking with suppressed feeling. "Sir Vincent goes out to Erewhon because I refused to marry him."

Lady Whitmore was past being surprised now. In a strange fascination she watched Lena as she rose, stood hesitating, moved away, and moved back again. "I have a favour to ask," the girl said almost in a whisper. Ah! it was coming after all!

"I shall not see you again," Lena began; "may I then beg you to use all your influence to prevent Mr Seaton taking the Chiltern Hundreds?"

"Miss Somerton!"

"If," said Lena, "for a woman's sake Mr Seaton accepts the place that has been offered him in a speculative company, as he wants to do because he is in debt and has determined to earn his living, he will ruin his character and wreck his career. God forbid that a daughter should say one word against her parents, but I cannot forget my father was once poor and a rising politician. He went on to the Stock Exchange for a woman's sake, my mother, and she was a Jewish pawnbroker in Petticoat Lane. I would save Mr Seaton from what my father has been compelled to become. Will you not help to save him too?"

"And you ask me this?"

"Because I love him, and because—you love him too."

The two women faced each other. "Yes," said Lady Whitmore calmly, "I love him."

"Last night he asked me to marry him, and I refused."

"And yet you say you love him?" Lady Whitmore was genuinely puzzled; for this unfathomable middle-class had such queer ideas about duty and love and honour.

"I refused because I love him. If I marry him—I, the daughter of a bankrupt married to a man in debt—for my sake he enters on that cursed world of Stock Exchange finance. His friends, his world, will set their machine against him, and I know what that means. Worse, much worse—he makes himself a disloyal deserter of that great party which he was born to regenerate and lead.

I, thank God! can save him from that by refusing to be his wife; but it is only you, Lady Whitmore, who can save him for the Empire."

"I? How?" The incredulity was sincere.

"You have his bond for money lent. You have his promise. Destroy that bond, burn those letters, tell him the past is wiped out and there only exists the future. Send him to Erewhon with Vincent Mackarness, and in three months the party will be prouder of him than they have ever been. And he—he will be grateful to the woman who has saved him."

"And you?"

"Promise me this and I leave England to-night never to return, unless you give me leave."

"And Nigel?" Lady Whitmore's voice trembled. "Will he obey?"

"Yes, yes. You have it in your power as a woman, the greatest woman in England, to make Nigel"—she lingered with a touching pathos on the name—"obey."

"You call me the greatest woman in England?" For the third time Lady Whitmore was sincerely incredulous.

"Yes," Lena answered with conviction. "I did not think so a week ago. I have good reason to know it now,—no woman better, and it is the truth."

Lady Whitmore's eyes rested on the girl's face. Then without a word she snatched a telegram-form and wrote. "The greatest woman in England,"

she looked up almost in a bitter humility, "cannot make a man see her against his will. Will you sign this, Miss Somerton?"

Lena promptly signed the message, which now ran:—

"Please call, 170 Cadogan Square, two-thirty, for my sake."
—LENA."

And next morning the man in the street read in his 'Daily Outrage': "Sir Vincent Mackarness, K.C.M.G., M.P., and

Mr Nigel Seaton, M.P., left London last night to join the mail-steamer for Erewhon. It is understood that they have been intrusted with an important mission in connection with the deplorable events in that country." And the reader may well be spared the jubilation of the ministerial organs at this fresh proof of the wisdom and decision shown by the Government in so "serious a crisis."

VI.

Three months later, on a chill October evening, Lady Whitmore and Fitzroy Gilmour were sitting by the fire in the boudoir at Friars Court, the country seat of Sir George. Neither had said anything for some minutes; then Fitzroy lit a cigarette, a sure sign that he had some information to impart.

"Any news of Lena Somerton?" he asked.

"Not a syllable."

"It seems quite clear that this Erewhon business killed her father. His heart was all wrong, and the failure of that rascally *coup*——" he gave the fire a perturbed poke.

"Erewhon, Fitzroy? What had Jasper Somerton to do with Erewhon?"

"That is what we all want to know. There are some queer rumours afloat. Somerton, I am convinced, had more to do with the Erewhon fiasco than any one dreamed at the time."

Lady Whitmore shivered, why, she could not have said. "It's all patched up now," she said in a low voice, "thanks to

Vincent Mackarness and Nigel. If Jasper Somerton had a finger in the filibustering mischief, he is dead—and," she added almost with compassion, "dead men tell no tales."

"Perhaps not," Fitzroy remarked gloomily; "but they sometimes bequeath very unpleasant secrets to the living. Lena Somerton must be a pauper."

Lady Whitmore's eyes flashed. "For shame!" she said; "the girl is not one of us, but she never could be a blackmailer."

"I wasn't thinking of the girl," he corrected gently, "but of the girl's friends. They are not of us either, and both in Wall Street and Capel Court Somerton's friends are not exactly pleased with the exasperatingly high hand taken by Nigel. And it has succeeded too, which is more exasperating. By Jove! he has satisfied Erewhon, the party, and the Nonconformist conscience all in one. Not even you and I believed he could have done it, he and Mackarness. It's an

uncommonly profitable lesson in the value for the Empire, after all, of the copybook maxims."

Lady Whitmore gazed at the fire. What a tragedy the embers revealed! Three months ago how proud she would have been could she have foreseen this day for Nigel!—Nigel, her creation. She had vanquished Lena by her own confession, but Nigel was hers no longer. Lena had vanished as she had promised; but the inspiration which had saved an Empire, the inspiration of those crowded three months, so brilliant for their combination of honesty, firmness, and patience, had for all that come from the daughter of a financier who had dropped dead before the law made him a discredited bankrupt. Was she, Lady Whitmore, to be taught as Nigel had been taught, the worth of copybook maxims by the child of a Jewish pawnbroker from Petticoat Lane?

The butler came in, a curious look disturbing the well-trained mask he was paid to wear as a face. "Miss Somerton," he said, "has driven up from the station, my lady, and wishes to know whether Mr Gilmour would see her."

The pair in the boudoir stared at the servant. "Miss Somerton!" they repeated blankly.

Yes; Miss Somerton begged the favour of five minutes' conversation with Mr Gilmour. Whereupon Fitzroy, at a look from Lady Whitmore, left the room, only to return almost immediately.

"Lady Whitmore," he said, "I have persuaded Miss Somer-

ton to speak in your presence as well as mine."

He ushered the girl in. Her infantine face, if thin and pale, was as infantine as ever, and her severely plain black dress and cheap hat cried out against the luxurious refinement of the charming room, — cried out against the trained grace and costly simplicity of the evening robe worn as only a beautiful patrician can wear her clothes. But where the deuce, Fitzroy was asking himself, did this girl get that nameless distinction which no poverty can obliterate and no wealth can buy — for they do not breed it in Petticoat Lane or Capel Court?

"I have had a letter from Mr Seaton," Lena began; "and as I promised to have no communication with him, I wanted Mr Gilmour to see it before anything further was done. Mr Gilmour insisted you should see it too, Lady Whitmore. It will save time if he will read it out."

Lady Whitmore made an inclination of her head, and Fitzroy without a word began to read aloud. The letter was short. Nigel requested Miss Somerton to make search amongst her father's papers.

"I should explain," Lena interrupted, "that my father, Mr Seaton discovered, acted as secret manager of the Erewhon Exploration Company, and there is little doubt he had a free hand to do as he pleased without informing the directors, many of whom were on the Board of the Paris and Oceana Company."

It was his intention, Nigel concluded, to press for a Parliamentary Commission which should probe to the bottom the whole of the Erewhon affair, and in Mr Somerton's papers perhaps might be discovered the clue which he desired.

"I searched," Lena went on; "but my father had destroyed most of his letters. However," she paused and continued with an effort, "I did find two documents with this note in my father's writing, and it is these which have brought me back to England."

She handed them to Fitzroy. He looked into her eyes as he took them and his hand trembled.

Dead silence.

"Good God!" came from the man's lips.

What he had read was this: "These two telegrams are decoded copies. The first is the original as received, the draft in Erewhon being destroyed by my orders; the second is the answer sent, the transmitted copy being destroyed by my orders. No one but myself, one other, and the manager in Erewhon know of their existence, and the manager was killed in the raid.—J. S."

The telegrams were:—

1. *"If grandmamma gives the necessary security, marriage takes place Sunday, the fourteenth inst.—MANAGER."*

2. *"Grandmamma consents by proxy. Have secured Whitmore as best man. Let marriage take place, if necessary, on fourteenth.—SOMERTON."*

Lena suddenly stepped for-

ward and took the cablegrams from Fitzroy's trembling fingers just as Lady Whitmore would have seized them. Then while he and Lady Whitmore watched her in petrified speechlessness, she tore them in pieces and flung them on the fire.

"Ah!" gasped Fitzroy—"ah!" and he sat down choking.

Lady Whitmore stood staring at Lena's girlish figure in its pitiful black, then she too sank into a chair with a great sob. What was in the telegrams she knew not; but she, as the man and the girl, had passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, which all who work for a great empire must pass through once: and happy are the empire-builders, whether on the Treasury Bench or in the wilds of an untracked continent, whom the gods that preside over the destinies of empires decide must pass through that valley only once and no more.

"Nigel," began Lena softly, "is wrong about the Commission. A Commission which would rip open wounds that are closed, would scavenge in the dust-heaps of the past for sins and blunders now forgotten, will profit no one. Erewhon is at peace. The Empire is at peace. Let the dead bury their dead. The policy of a great empire is to forget and to forgive; for it works, does it not, not for the erring fathers but for the innocent sons and daughters, not for the past but the future?"

She had forgotten her audi-

ence; she was talking to one man alone, Nigel Seaton.

"You are right," said Gilmour with enthusiasm. "By Jove! you are right, Miss Somerton."

But Lady Whitmore sat spellbound. No more than Lena or Fitzroy did she know whether the secret in those telegrams was a truth or a terrible weapon forged for vengeance by the dead; but she was aware that here was a girl who had deliberately burnt papers which in her lover's hands might have convulsed an empire now at peace—might have made that pauper girl a rich woman, and sated a natural passion for revenge; she knew that this girl had relinquished without a murmur a lover to save him for himself and for a future she by her own act could not share. Yet it was not this which chained her to her chair. No, it was the question, Whence and how had come the intuition and the nerve which are the God-given privilege of real statesmanship, those qualities which no training can create and a party organisation can at best perfect; something like the gift of song, that will bubble up as easily in the peasant's cottage as in the chateau of the great seigneur, and both alike gifts which nations and empires seek with tears, and if they neglect, purchase damnation for themselves? Yes, it was this question and the answer of her heart, that Lena was right

in her swift decision, that overwhelmed Lady Whitmore at that moment.

"I think I can convince Sir Vincent that I have done right," Lena said quietly, paused, and proudly went on, "and I came here to ask you, Lady Whitmore, to convince Mr Seaton. I am sure you will; and perhaps Mr Gilmour will help."

She walked to the door, Lady Whitmore and Fitzroy still gazing in silence at the girlish figure in the shabby clothes.

"Where are you going?" Fitzroy found voice to say.

Lena looked at her watch. "I shall catch the night mail to London," she answered.

Lady Whitmore put her hand on her sleeve. "You must stay here," she began, "for you are one of us now, and we cannot and will not give you up."

"Yes," said Fitzroy in his deepest tones; "you belong not to the party, Miss Somerton, but to the Empire."

Lena had stopped. She met their gaze in a dumb wonder. Slowly, very slowly, the radiance of a far-off vision floated into her pale thin face.

"You must stay," Lady Whitmore repeated gently, "for we expect Nigel here to-morrow; and you, my dear, must convince him yourself that you know best. Fitzroy is quite right. Nigel belongs to you, and you both belong to the Empire."

And next day the wooing of Nigel Seaton was ended.

THE RIVER'S MOUTH.

SOME SKETCHES, NOTES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

I.

THE little burn that flowed past the house was supposed to be the limit of my fishing in early angling days, and my orders were not to fish beyond the mill-dam, which lay about half a mile below the house. Up to about the age of twelve I remained within bounds, but after that time I began to stray farther afield; and one day, during the temporary absence of my family at some local function, I fished the burn down to the very tail, where it debouched into the estuary, and discovered for the first time the great tidal pools, with the ford, the island covered with birds, and the great strong stream of the main channel of the river beyond the island.

I had better state here that the river, which is one of considerable size, divides a little below the headway of the tidal water, and passes down either side of a great grassy island, the main current keeping to the north side and the lesser stream to the south, the latter being known locally by the elegant name of the "back-gut." It is easily fordable at low tide, except when the river is in spate; but at high water it is quite impassable, and in high spring-tides the entire island is covered with water.

This island, so worn with

spates and tides, is ever changing at the lower end, where there are many places quite unsafe to venture; but at the upper end there is solid good turf, with a few whin-bushes growing on it, a favourite resort of pheasants. What the special attraction is for these birds I cannot say for certain, but I imagine it must be the fruit of the little brown bramble, which grows in abundance among the whin-bushes. The lower end of the island is ever a favourite resort of snipe in the latter end of autumn; but, as they lie very close in the dank brown-green grass and sedge, it requires a good dog, working carefully, to flush them, and one must exercise great caution where one steps as one approaches the edge of the tide, for it is quite possible to step off firm turf into an almost inextricable slough of grass-covered mud. I had a nasty experience in such a place one cold winter's day; but before I get to that I must conclude the account of my first visit to the river's mouth and the island, stating first that the latter is no mere patch of land amidst the waters: it is fully a mile long and two hundred yards wide when quite uncovered by the tide, and the tidal pools on either side are long and very deep in places,

although in the back-gut they are mostly fordable at their ends.

The place where the burn empties itself into the estuary is not much more than a hundred yards from the lowest ford, and when I had for the first time gazed my fill at the panorama of new sporting-ground lying open before me, my eye soon began to gather in the details of the place, and among others the quickest means of reaching the island. The tide seemed far out, and the river was so low that nought but a mere trickle of water ran between the stones of the ford into the pool. I was soon across.

It took a long time to explore the island thoroughly, and I found a great deal to interest me. Ducks rose from the little rushy pools, and I, ignorant of their habits, for the time was autumn, sought around for a nest, or young ones; stickle-backs darted about in the water-holes, and I tried for long to capture one in my net, or by feeling under the banks, but without success; here was a skeleton of a great fish left by the tide, and I sought to carry it with me, but it smelt evilly, and I soon dropped the thing; the white skull of a duck interested me, and was put in my pocket, as was also the delicate pink frame of a little dried crab, soon to be crushed like bits of egg-shell as I walked along.

I had been happily amused for an hour or two ere I be-thought me that it was about time to return home. The

position of the ford was easily located, being directly opposite a spot on the main shore where a long line of alder-trees ended and open fields began, and I was soon at the place where I had first set foot on the island. Imagine my horror to find a smooth even current of water pouring up between the banks, completely cutting off my retreat. The tide was flowing fast, with a stiff breeze behind it. Evening was coming on, and the sky looked very black up to the north behind the hills. For some moments I felt a very unhappy little boy; but I did not feel inclined either to be drowned or to perish of cold by spending a night on the island, even if I should succeed in finding a spot uncovered by the tide.

I considered that the flow of water might not yet have reached the head of the island, and that possibly there might be another ford between the pools higher up, so I turned and raced the tide, and of course won the race and found a crossing, or I should not be writing here to-day. But I was only just in time, and got soaking wet splashing through the shallow stream that crept upwards between the stones.

It was very muddy where I got ashore, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I reached *terra firma*, covered with rotten marsh-slime from my chin to my toes. Looking back on the waters from a high bank beyond, I saw what a close shave I had had of being cut off; for the main channel, which filled faster than the

back-gut, was now pouring its waters into the latter, and the pool at the head of the island had indeed a great stream flowing into it at both ends. In a few minutes the passage to or from the island could only have been made by swimming or a boat. I felt an inward feeling of triumph at having beaten the tide, after a most satisfactory inspection of the land that it claims for its own, with all that is thereon, and I turned homewards much elated. And so ended my first visit to the river's mouth.

It was spring of the following year ere I paid a second visit. In the meantime I had studied carefully some of the many books on sport and natural history to be found on the book-shelves at home, and had acquired some knowledge of the ways of sea-trout and of other of the chief attractions of the estuary. I had also acquired a good fishing-rod—thanks to the assistance of a sister, whose husband is an ardent fisherman, and from whom I gained considerable angling information and a few trout-flies. I really owe that sister a deep debt of gratitude for her sympathy with my piscatorial pursuits, for she gave me a good start in my angling career. Without a good rod I could have done little good fishing the large tidal pools, even wading in to above my knees, as I constantly did, until I got rheumatic fever some three years later: then, and not till then, did I buy a pair of waders.

I paid many visits to the

river's mouth before I learnt how to angle successfully for the trout that were to be found there. The disappointments I had were numerous. I lost a great number of flies while learning how to throw a long straight line; on more than one occasion I parted company with an entire casting-line with three flies attached to it—the cast and flies preferring to remain safely fixed to the top of an alder-tree rather than undergo any further tortures at my inexperienced hands. More than once I lost good trout in attempting to drag them hurriedly ashore before they were played out; and on one miserable occasion I broke the top joint of my beautiful fishing-rod, and lost several good days, when the "finnock" were running, while it was being mended. But at last the day came when success crowned my efforts, for I captured two lovely silver-sided finnock of about three-quarters of a pound each, and after that day I seldom returned from the river with an empty basket.

How well I remember the capture of those two little fish, and with what pride I carried them home! Angling is an art full of strange contradictions, for I could not well have selected a more unpropitious fishing-day than the one above referred to. The wind was coming off the hills opposite right in my face, while the sun gleamed brightly on the waters. I seemed to throw the line into a sunbeam at every cast—that is to say,

when I did manage to get the flies on the water, for they more often than not came back in my face. Perhaps the god of angling took an interest in his young devotee, and intended my first success to happen unexpectedly, in order that it might cause the greater joy. Clever piscatorial deity ! How many faithful followers thou hast !

I believe the word "finnock" is pretty generally known throughout Scotland ; but I have not found it so in England, and therefore a few words about that most estimable fish may not be out of place here. A finnock is said to bear the same relationship to a sea-trout that a grilse bears to a salmon ; otherwise, it is the young sea-trout returning to fresh water after his first descent to the sea as a smolt, just as a grilse is the young salmon coming up under similar conditions. Finnocks seem to be distinctly gregarious, for they usually run in large shoals on the out-turn of the tide, showing themselves all over a tidal pool as they leap upwards like quivering bands of silver—some say, to shake off the sea-lice, with which little parasites they are much pestered ; but, as often as not, I believe that they leap in pure gladness of heart at getting home again, and feeling the current rushing about them. They may, indeed, be said to jump for joy, even as we mortals do when young. They jump pretty freely when hooked ; but I do not suppose that any human being would sit

very still either with a hook and line of proportionate dimensions drawing him into the river.

Finnocks take sea-trout flies of many patterns, and much more readily than they do on attaining the mature scales of the sea-trout. I have, however, always had a few favourite finnock flies that I preferred to any others. One especially I have ever found very deadly—claret body, mallard wing, with a bit of peacock's crest in it, black hackle, and golden pheasant tail. This may be a well-known fly with a well-known name, but I am not well versed in fly nomenclature. Give me a pattern of a fly, and I will produce a fair imitation thereof myself.

My experience in angling for finnock at the river's mouth is that one should sit ready by the water's side until the moment when the outflow of the tide makes it suitable for fishing, for the shoals of finnock soon pass, and after that one may wait long before picking up an odd straggler. I remember getting a few in the big pool at the head of the island when the tide flowed into it, but I always got my best baskets of fish on the outflow of the tide. I used to fish for as long as fish would rise with the tide coming in, and then I would sit down and smoke and wait for it to turn. I once, while fishing the best pool of the estuary, killed twenty finnocks within ten yards of the spot where I commenced fishing, and the whole time that I was fishing the salmon-fishers were shooting out their nets continuously

at the lower end of the pool. The finnock I caught must have passed through and under the nets before reaching me, but it made no difference to their appetites.

I once made a rather curious capture in the same pool as that in which I caught my first finnock. A very high bank flanked the whole side of the pool, and one fine morning as I marched along the former my eye was attracted by a "rip" along the surface of the water running from shallow water into deep. I mentally considered that that "rip" was caused by a very large fish, and I passed on to an upper pool. Returning in the evening along the same high bank, I observed a commotion in the water in the shallows at the tail of the pool. I sat down under the top of the bank to observe before I was observed.

What I saw puzzled me greatly. A small dark object suddenly darted up an inch or two above the water, then ducked down again and shot along like a torpedo, scarcely beneath the surface, for about twenty or thirty yards, finally disappearing in deep water close to the opposite bank. I was now thoroughly interested and somewhat excited, for I thought that I had discovered something very uncommon. I got up and ran under the bank to the tail of the pool, where I crouched down in a little crevice close to the water and watched for further proceedings. I had not long to wait. Out from among some

half-immersed lumps of broken turf on the opposite shore darted my strange "fish," and performed some extraordinary gyrations beneath the water before it shot like an arrow right across the pool into quite a shallow place close to where I crouched; and while I was trying to discern its shape, suddenly it shot up a thin narrow head at the end of a still thinner neck, when to my utter astonishment I discovered that my "fish" was a bird! I had never seen a bird quite like it; but a bird I felt certain it was, for it was quite close enough to make sure of the fact.

It cruised about above water for some little time after this, and as it drew down into a narrow place, I thought that I would hustle it out and see how it could fly. I got up cautiously and stole down the bank as it swam away from me. I got within a few yards of it before it turned and saw me, when, instead of rising, it dived at once and shot away in torpedo fashion down into a very narrow strip of water between a gravel bank and the shore. Here I had no difficulty in putting my landing-net over and so capturing it. I was even more astonished at its appearance when I got it ashore than I was seeing it in the water; but any one who has for the first time beheld a half-grown merganser—for such it was, though I knew it not then—might be expected to experience a little astonishment. The body, I argued, must belong

to some sort of duck, so must the webbed feet; but the long thin neck and head, with narrow toothed bill, I had never observed on any sort of fowl before. The specimen I had secured had lost the sight of an eye, which may account for its easy capture. It was not

beautiful, and it had a very unpleasant odour of bad fish; but I was delighted with it, and resolved to have it stuffed. It was duly set up by a local taxidermist, and to-day reposes in dusty security in a corner where it is seldom seen and never admired.

II.

I wonder if there is any lure that will tempt grey mullet on to a hook. I have never found one yet. During the summer and early autumn large numbers of these fish visit the lower tidal pools, and disport themselves in the shallows. I have tried many means of capturing one, but have never succeeded in obtaining even a single specimen. Two years ago, as I walked by the edge of a pool one sunny morning, I disturbed a large shoal of mullet from a weedy shallow. I had a gun with me, having been shooting pigeons in the alder-trees growing along the bank, and I thought now to try a shot among the fish, so let drive two barrels at the spot where they appeared thickest, but without any visible effect. Lower down the pool was another very shallow spot bordered by weeds. Here I saw the same boil in the water as I had seen the fish make higher up. I made a detour, crawled up to opposite the shallow, and when about ten yards off stood up and made a dash forward with my gun ready. There was such a splashing and commotion among the mullet family, and into the thick of it I quickly fired, aiming low to allow for deflection by the

water, but no dead fish were to be seen. I cannot think that I failed to hit one, for they were very numerous, and appeared close to the surface in less than a foot of water, so I presume that mullet are shot-proof as well as water-proof.

The head-fisherman of the salmon-netting station opposite told me once that he thought that these fish must be grilse, and took a boat and net round to the back-gut to try a sweep for them. He was much disappointed with the result, for he got only grey mullet, and these even his men declined to eat. They declared them to be both oily and muddy. I have never tasted one myself, so cannot corroborate this opinion.

I remember once seeing a large sturgeon caught here by the salmon-fishers, which, much to the disappointment of a local character, was sold to a fish-monger in the neighbouring town, and resold for food to the inhabitants. I ventured to ask the individual who regretted the sale of the sturgeon so much, what he would have suggested doing with it. "Damn!" he began, "what's the use of throwing away money like that?" I modestly inquired

in what other way they could have got more for it. "What would I do?" said he. "What would I do with it, but put up a tent wi' old guano-bags, and have the stur-r-r-geon on a salmon-boxie inside. I wad require a penny from bairns and threepence from every man or woman who was to see yon fish. They wad juist be poor-ing in to see it, and the more that came, the more would be wanting to come." So much for local enterprise and piscatorial exhibitions; but imagine to yourself the sweet savour of a tent, made of guano-bags, in hot summer weather, with a rotting sturgeon lying on a smelly salmon-box inside. *Chacun à son goût.*

I wonder if any one will believe the following incident which happened at the same pool as the sturgeon was caught. It sounds only fishy,—some say, very fishy,—but I vow it is true nevertheless. A friend of mine, who was staying with me, went down one day to the river's mouth to fish for sea-trout, and I accompanied him with a gun. He hooked a good trout, and after playing it for some time, was just about to land it, when a pigeon, flying high overhead, tempted me to have a shot. I dropped it dead into the water almost on the top of the trout. The latter and the pigeon were landed simultaneously! I ought, perhaps, to have had the two stuffed and put in a glass case, as a help to the sceptical to believe my tale; but tales alter much in the telling, and I would not have a future generation spoil a genuinely true sporting

story by saying that I had killed the pigeon while it was flying off with the trout. The Baron Munchausen is too old a family friend for any one of my name to try and cap the stories of his sporting adventures.

Another incident of the mullet-pool, and one of a very serious nature, I give here as a warning to those who do not know the dangers of the place in winter.

There had been very hard frost one winter for about a week, and one fine morning I took a walk down to the river's mouth to see the condition of affairs there. I arrived at a spot opposite to the tail of the island, where I found thick, but very uneven, ice extending right across the broadest part of the water. The whole place was such a mass of ice from the island firthwards that it was difficult to tell the exact position of the tide; but the ford above me was clear, and I could see no movement near where I stood, so I crossed the lumpy frozen surface of the pool and arrived in safety on the island. I cannot imagine what induced me to explore the place in the dangerous condition it was then in, for there was nothing to find there but a wilderness of ice, some of it very rotten in places, and often deep soft mud beneath. I had passed up over a very nasty bit, making my way towards the ford, when I came on a place that was quite impassable; I sank deep in mud wherever I attempted to step, often with difficulty extricating myself. Finding that I could make no progress, I turned,

and endeavoured to retrace my steps. In the curious jumble of broken crumbling ice that I had come over I could not see the footmarks I had made, and the place that I had found difficult to get over before now seemed so soft wherever I trod that I wondered how I had managed to pass it. I sank to my knees wherever I stepped, and I really began to feel much alarmed, and to wonder how I was going to get out of it. It seemed impossible that I could have come through such a place. Finding a little spot firmer than the rest, I steadied myself, and peered in every direction to see if I could make out any mark made by my boots, but I could see nothing but crumbling ice, that all looked the same wherever my eye rested on it. I was a very little way from the channel, where the ice was good and hard; it was only on the mud-banks apparently that it was broken and rotten. As I stood looking around from my little oasis, a sound caught my ear that made me listen attentively.

It was a faint crackle. It came again, first at short intervals, then continuously. I knew very well what it was, and I do not mind saying that I was in a real fright. The tide was coming in, and soon all the jumble of ice around me would be floating. How was I, then, going to step back off the mud-banks? I got into a panic and lost my head completely, plunging about wildly in all directions. How I did not stick there and get drowned is a wonder, for I do not think I had much idea of what I was doing; but in my endeavours to release myself from the mud in which I was sticking I fell forward on my face on to a piece of ice thicker than the rest, and it was in a horizontal position that I eventually wriggled my body out of danger and on to firmer ground. Once able to proceed erect, I was not long getting across to the main shore, and I have never since attempted to visit the island in hard frost. My one experience of it I have never forgotten.

III.

I have read and listened to much controversy about hybrid trout in estuary waters, but have hitherto never entered into any discussion on the matter myself. That trout of very different habits, and somewhat different appearance, to both the sea-trout (*Salmo trutta*) and common river-trout (*Salmo fario*), exist in many tidal waters there is not the slightest reason to doubt. I have frequently my-

self caught in the mouth of the river that I now write of a trout that I thought to be a river-trout, with a strange resemblance to a sea-trout. He is a very shy fish, and I know but one fly that there is much chance of his coming to, and that is a red spider, although a wasp and a March brown may tempt him on very rare occasions. I have never seen one of these doubtful fish in the main channel, which is

raked with nets from end to end; but in the back-gut, which is seldom or never netted, I believe a fair number must exist. There is a pool, deep and sandy at one end and shallow and stony at the other, where I have often seen them. (*N.B.*—I have never killed a sea-trout in this pool.)¹ The fish lie apparently about the middle of the pool, where they may often be seen rising; but they follow an artificial fly close to the bank before attempting to seize it. When hooked they fight like demons. I remember foul-hooking one once in the tail, and although he only weighed about $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb., he gave as much fight as I have seen given by many a 6-lb. grilse. The largest of these bonnie trout that I have ever caught weighed $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb. I have never seen a bigger one. I do not believe that they move much out of their favourite pool, except when the salmon smolts are going down to the sea: at that season I have caught them in all parts of the back-gut. They are in appearance really very distinct from the common river-trout, who is an ugly fellow, not always in first-rate condition, dark in colour, and with either a very yellow belly or one a very dirty slate-colour. This tidal gentleman has a whitish belly shading into pale yellow, he has often loose silvery scales like the rainbow trout (*Salmo irideus*), has brilliant red spots on his shapely sides, and is altogether a very much brighter and handsomer fish than the "native," who often lives for

a time beside him in the same pool. His flesh is usually rather less pink in colour than that of a fresh-run sea-trout, and when cooked is slightly softer, but well flavoured.

It is some years since I fished these estuary waters, or I might be able to give a better and more scientific description of the above fish; but, after all, this is not meant to be a scientific article: it is written with the hope of interesting the modest sportsman. Nevertheless, if ever I catch another of these tidal trout, I intend despatching him promptly to a very scientific pisciculturist who I happen to be acquainted with, and to ask his opinion about it, and if he thinks it is a hybrid, as I have heard it described by some. My own opinion is that it is not a hybrid, but a common river-trout who has adopted a different mode of life from his dusky cousins, and his coat and condition have benefited by the change. Perhaps for generations these *Salmo fario* have lived and bred in the tidal waters, and the change in appearance came gradually. They may go to sea, for aught that I can tell, but I do not think that is likely. If they did go to sea, I believe that they would become quite silvery, like a sea-trout; for it occurs to my mind that the loose silvery scales, which they frequently possess, are produced by residence in brackish water and consumption of soft food.

Now, here is a theory—I will not say that it convinces me, but take it and consider it

¹ Strange to say, since writing the above I have killed several sea-trout here.

kindly. Was the first sea-trout a river-trout who took to going occasionally to sea, and returning home at spawning-time, or indeed whenever he felt home - sick? Was this migratory habit afterwards an inbred instinct in the brain of his posterity?

I have heard it said by a good authority that all varieties of salmonoid are descended from a common ancestor, and that appearance and condition are due to food and surroundings. I am quite inclined to believe this, and I also believe that their common ancestor was the commonest of all fish—viz., the common brown trout (*Salmo fario*). That a little white-fleshed burn-trout, who could never exceed half a pound weight in his native burn, can grow in three years' time into a fine pink-fleshed fish weighing 3 lb., when removed to a small loch hitherto untenanted by fish of any sort, I have proved for myself. I will not say that

his appearance improved; for in the burn he was a bonnie, bright, wee thing, while after residence in the peaty waters of the loch his colour changed to a dark coppery hue, and he became a heavy-looking creature.

Is not this extraordinary *growth* of trout a very marvelous thing? You may feed up a dog, a cat, a horse, a parrot, or any animal with legs, but you will not make it *grow*. It may get fat,—perhaps enormously fat,—but its length is still the same. Not so a trout: he grows in every way—in length, breadth, and girth. In the virgin waters of New Zealand the rate of growth is simply prodigious; a burn-trout there might expect under favourable circumstances to reach over 30 lb. in weight. In his native burn his heaviest relation might only weigh $\frac{3}{4}$ lb., and if met again by the colonial would be swallowed at a gulp!

IV.

I have said little, so far, of the shooting to be obtained at the river's mouth; but although I have less to write of it than of fishing, it is to my mind of no mean sort. By way of illustrating this remark I will here give you a little sketch of a scene that pleases my mind. The time is one hour before dark on an autumn evening. I am sitting on a game-bag close up to the lea-side of a great tree-root that some winter spate has brought down and left stranded on the bank of the estuary. The wind is getting

just a trifle cold, and I am glad of a little shelter, besides the advantage gained of hiding myself and my brown spaniel from the searching eye of passing wild-fowl. My gun lies across my knees, ready for seizing instantly and getting in a quick shot. Behind me grows a little clump of alder-trees; a few yards to the right a little stream babbles over the pebbles, and then moves silently between low green turf banks for the last dozen yards before merging itself quietly with the waters of a great pool

in the estuary,—the same pool where the mullet like to dwell, and where the sturgeon met his fate. Out before me stretches the great estuary itself, with its island and two river channels ever vomiting countless gallons of fresh water seawards. The tide is flowing in gently against the westerly breeze, causing much disturbance and many cries among the hundreds of peewits, gulls, and other fowl feeding on its edge. A dull red streak in the bank of grey clouds, that hang over the distant hills before me, shows the path of the sun, now sunk to rest. The light is fading rapidly, and long lines of green plover come flying up over the water at my feet. How close they come before seeing me, and then with what marvellous twisting flight and strange cries they dart away in all directions, soon disappearing from sight. I see a cormorant in the distance, approaching with flapping clumsy flight low over the water; nearer he comes, nearer and nearer. Bang! and the black poacher falls with a splash about twenty yards out from me. He gives a kind of head-and-tail seesaw movement, indicative of an abortive effort to dive, and then lies still on the breast of the tide. Jack, my brown spaniel, is keen to go in and fetch him; but I keep him still beside me, and let the dead bird drift away. He is as useless dead as he was mischievous alive.

What a tremendous commotion my shot has caused among bird-life on the island! Hundreds of peewits and gulls rise into the air with many cries,—

the former flying away to the uplands to spend a quiet night on the grass-fields of the braes above, the latter settling down in a dense white flock on that higher part of the island that is not immersed. A few duck hurry round high up, their long necks twisting this way and that in search of the gun. While watching these, suddenly, without any sound, half-a-dozen birds fly swiftly over my head from behind, and are out of shot before I have time to throw up my gun. It is not necessary for me to hear the wild cry that comes floating back on the wind to know that I have missed an opportunity of bagging a curlew, perhaps a brace of them. Over the spot where I sit I have many times watched the curlew fly down at evening, just before the turn of the tide: this seemed their one path of flight to the island. Sometimes they came together, sometimes in one or two lots, quickly following each other. I turn at the sound of that wild cry again, now coming from the field behind the alder clump, and am just in time to get a right and left at a late pair of birds that come along together. It is a near and easy shot.

The light is now rapidly going, and it is with difficulty I can discern a large heron, who alights on the bank about a hundred yards away, and wades out into the water to commence fishing operations. Several snipe pass by out of sight; I only know of their proximity by their sharp quick cry, so very well suited to their jerky movements.

I had hoped for a shot at a duck when I selected my seat by the old tree-root, for when the tide is nearly full I have often got one or two whilst sitting here quietly alone at evening. They fly up from the sea to the tarns on the hill after the tide has drifted them off their feeding-grounds. I did not really care very much whether I got another shot or not, for I was quite contented to sit where I was studying the ways of nature; but fortune favours me, and intends that I shall not spend all my time soliloquising this evening. The whistle of pinions coming up over the water causes me to stand ready and keep a sharp look-out against the sky; but they pass by unseen. Immediately afterwards comes a great rush of wings close overhead, and I see against the sky the dark forms of about twenty large ducks flying rapidly southwards. I bring down a couple at the first shot and nothing with the second. Very shortly following the big skein comes a single bird, which pays the penalty of its life. Then all is quiet, save for the harsh cry of a heron, or the complaining scream of some sea-maw crying to the night.

I turn homewards across fields and over stone walls and little burns; but the way is familiar and not far, and I am soon within the ivy-clad walls of the old home and contentedly smoking before a warm fire, where with half-closed eyes I see again that brace of curlew fall right and left, and once

more that big skein of wild duck comes up out of the gloom, and passes on again, leaving behind their tribute to death and the gun.

Those evening visits to the river's mouth are ever pleasant memories, and are perhaps the happiest times I ever spent there; but the banks and islands of the old estuary can do far better in the way of sport than a brace of curlew and three wild ducks. One morning I bagged four couple of snipe, a hare, and a couple of ducks while out alone. Another day, in a wheat-field bordering on the estuary, I killed between twelve and two o'clock forty pigeons. It was blowing a gale from the east at the time. On a frosty moonlight night, after a great flood in the river, when some corn had been washed down on to the island, I shot nine fine fat wild ducks that were coming in for a gorge on the sodden grain.

It was very cold waiting in the cold moonlight, but was it not worth a little misery? I thought so, and still think so, although I have suffered somewhat in health from my night expeditions. I would far sooner shoot nine fine mallards under such circumstances than ninety cock-pheasants at a warm corner in the best-stocked coverts. I seldom dream again about a big shoot; but the modest sporting days with rod or gun at the river's mouth are memories that return happily to me by day and by night wherever I may be.

HUGH WARRAND.

SCOLOPAXIANA :

SOME HAUNTS OF THE SNIPE.

I NOW propose to accompany the reader on a "snipe-walk," for the express purpose of ascertaining some of the haunts where it may reasonably be expected to find birds at any time. I say "expected," for any more definite word might involve me in a responsibility I must decline to incur; and I say "some," because very likely, when you have done with reading about snipe and have begun to shoot them, some of your very best sport may be had on occasion in places that do not bear the slightest resemblance to any I am about to depict. Let us suppose it to be the first week in December, for then our ground will hold nearly all the snipe it is likely to get for the winter; the weather open, and the first frost of the year yet to come. As we are merely going on a reconnaissance of, and not an attack on, our little friend's position, we will go unarmed. Our object is to note the places from which birds spring, the numbers and the manner in which they do so, and, if possible, the spots on which they again alight. All this for future use.

Our starting-place is a rough bit of uncultivated land of about two acres not far from home, with a few tumble-down cottages on its borders. With the exception of a leet cut

through its centre, whose waters work the mill below, the place is dry so far as one can see, and a cart-track running across it looks as if it were too much used by man to be a spot favoured by the timid snipe in the day-time. And so it appears until, on the side farthest from the cottages, we come upon a slight dip, which a leak in the leet has caused to be a bit sloppy. We almost tread upon a snipe before it jumps up, calling in alarm, from the withered grass around the slop, which has evidently deadened our footsteps as well as afforded him shelter. It would have been a good start if we were on slaughter bent, for we could not well have missed him. On going forward to the wet part to see if any marks of his bill can be found, a jack flutters up from a tiny island of dry grass in the midst of a puddle, but drops again a few yards beyond. You will find both these birds here to-morrow, and if you shoot them both, others will most probably be there the day after, and every day, unless a drought dries up the moisture which is the attraction. We find no more birds in this place, and go on to where the common narrows into a grassy unused lane leading to the open wastes beyond. Over the high peat banks which shut it in are outlying

farm-lands, and along its sides have grown up a fringe of rushes. Just the place for a terrified snipe to drop for a moment's shelter, and sure enough, just before we come to the end, up jumps a bird, —ten to one the fellow we flushed on the moor behind, which we saw flew in this direction. He sits just as well this time as before, and, we notice, makes his way back towards his original resting-place. At the end of the lane we emerge on to a vast open stretch of moor and marsh, about seven miles in length and two in width, bounded on our right side by low hills, and on the left by a river of considerable size, to which various tributary streams run from the high ground. They are for the most part overgrown with vegetation, the water in some cases being altogether hidden. It is a dull lowering day, and the sombreness of the scene impresses, though it does not depress us; for do we not behold the chosen haunt of the mysterious little bird we hope to shoot in hundreds on the very tract before us? It will be hard if birds are not to be found on some at least of the half-dozen different types of ground it includes. It would take a week to beat the place systematically, so we decide to walk straight through, keeping the river about half a mile on our left, intending to return along the lower slopes of the hills on our right. Our walk towards the river is over an undulat-

ing expanse of short dead heather, with here and there a patch of young gorse, low but very dense. On certain days this would be a very likely find for snipe; and in September, if that prize the Solitary Snipe were about, this would be the place to look for him. Wounded birds, too, are very apt to pitch amongst the gorse, from whence it takes a hard-bitten dog to retrieve them. To-day, however, we do not put up any snipe here, so pursue our way.

The going is getting perceptibly worse, and by the time we have reached our allotted distance from the river and turn our faces up the valley, we begin to see what real snipe-ground is like. We are here on a level with the river, in some places indeed below it, and the intervening half-mile is one monotonous flat of long, scraggy water-grass, the considerable intervals between the stems occupied by soft but shallow mud. And now the fun begins. At every step snipe rise, for the most part pretty wild, though a good shot would be able to take fair toll of them. An occasional jack flits away, and no doubt we leave many behind, which would be bagged if we had a dog to show us where they lurked. After half a mile we arrive where a stream from the hills enters the main river through a perfect forest of reeds and rushes. A paddling of duck makes off at our approach, warned by the gruff voice of an old heron, who had spotted us from the moment

we entered the moor. The creek is too wide for us to cross here, so we must turn upstream until we find stepping-stones. But all that bright green weed that chokes the river, like very tall water-cress in appearance, is almost sure to harbour a snipe or two lying close, as they will in such a place. A big stone thrown with a splash confirms our supposition, and four or five birds spring up, one after the other, with just time to reload between, we think; though probably they would never come to bag without the aid of a good retriever, for they would have fallen into a place where no man could follow. Across the stream the ground is of a slightly different character, though it is even more difficult to traverse. Looking ahead, we can see that about a mile farther on the river widens out into a large pool, or rather mere, as it is sufficiently extensive to stretch across our path. The space intervening between us and it is covered with thousands of bushy clumps of long grass, a regular archipelago in a sea of soft deep mud. We shall have to be careful here, for some of the narrow channels between the tussocks are neck-deep. However, the islands are so close together that we should have no difficulty in stepping from one to the other. And what a multitude of snipe they shelter! Every tuft holds its bird, which displays a promising reluctance to being evicted from its little tenement. We will make a fine bag here to-

morrow, especially of jack-snipe, though we shall have to pick them all up ourselves, as no dog could work properly in this network of muddy gutters. Notice how firm is the centre of each clump of grass—as hard as a pavement; but a mistake of an inch or two either way would land you into difficulties. We shall have to be about twice as careful as we are now, when carrying a loaded gun and looking out for shots.

And now we are approaching the lake, which is a perfect picture of gloomy solitude. All the same it is alive with living creatures, around, on it, in it; for right out in the centre can be seen a great company of what look like widgeon, and below them they say swims many a giant pike. We will take the latter on trust for the time being, and, judging by the way the fowl huddle together, we shall not be able to make a much closer acquaintance with them either. See! they are off, with a mighty roar of wings. Stand perfectly still, and I wager they will pass right overhead, as we are very nearly in the wind's eye. So they do; but nothing smaller than an 8-bore would be equal to taking an elegant extract. But we are neglecting our proper business, the snipe. I expect we shall find most amongst the scattered clumps of rushes that fringe the edge of the pool. It will be very wet walking out there, but anything for a relief from this tiring giant-stride business from tussock to tussock. Mind that circle of

vivid green in front of you ; a horse has been lost in there. It is a mud-hole that the folks hereabouts declare to be bottomless. Probably it is not that, though it is certainly deep enough to have completely swallowed up the unfortunate animal, who was no doubt attracted by the splendid colour of the growth over it. We give it a wide berth, but pass near enough to alarm two or three snipe from their resting-place amongst the surrounding rushes, and to send a water-rail scuttling over the treacherous surface with as little difficulty as if it were the firmest of soil. On the margin of the lake the going is bad indeed. Patches of rush and reed, separated by wide channels and creeks, are the chief characteristics of this essentially snipey tract of — one cannot say of ground, for there is more water than solid earth. No use attempting to walk dry-foot here—we must wade or nothing ; and, believe me, it won't do us any harm, provided we change directly we get home, and don't lounge about in the meantime. And surely there is enough sport here to keep even the most timorous and chilly of mortals in a pleasant glow of excitement. The snipe are plentiful as blackberries, though I am afraid we should only be able to add a very small percentage to our bag. Walk as carefully as you will, you cannot help making as much plashing as a walrus through the shallow water, and it would be as much use bringing a band of music as a dog to such ground. Per contra, we

couldn't well do without a retriever, for nearly every bird skims out over the surface of the water, and if shot, would fall farther than it would be safe to follow. As I expected, the majority spring from the clumps of rush at the very edge of the water. Here, no doubt, they feel more secure than in more inland quarters, and, you will notice, allow a nearer approach than the birds we flushed on the way out. Even so, they are off soon enough to test your powers of shooting pretty severely, and you must not expect a very startling proportion of kills to cartridges at this spot.

It is not worth while following the border of the mere round to where it again contracts into the river-banks, so, as time is getting on, we will now turn our backs to the river and cut straight across the moor to the foot of the low hills shutting it in on the other side. Leaving the quaggy ground immediately surrounding the water, from which snipe get up as we pass in undiminished numbers, we come across a type of country unlike any we have yet traversed. The mud and rushes end abruptly, and give place to a long expanse of undulating open moor, covered with dead heath and grass, and, strange to say, with a vast number of boulders of various shapes and sizes. How they got here is a mystery, for there is no hill composed of similar rock, from which they might have rolled, for at least five miles. More important to us are those shallow square depressions half-

filled with water that dot the plain between them on every side. These are the holes made by the peatcutters, and wherever they occur snipe will be there or thereabouts, usually in the dry dead stuff around them in the daytime, or if very wet, on the sheltered side of the knolls. They lie like the rocks themselves here, goodness knows why, for the ground is more open than any we have walked over to-day, and afford beautiful shots as they turn their white breasts to the wind, showing them up plainly against the dark monochrome of the herbage beneath. We should account for every bird here, but there are not many of them, and we see no jack, although they are certain to be skulking in the dry clumps around the tiny pools in the spade-holes.

The rolling plain is only about half a mile in length, and is bounded by a narrow stream, which for a short distance runs parallel to the line of hills from which it sprang. Before we cross it, it will be as well to take a look at the ground beyond, which is vastly different from that on which we are standing. Immediately across the water lies a small bog, covered with rushes so dense that no mud can be seen beneath, though here and there a faint dark strip, like the track of a dog in a field of standing corn, betrays the existence of an invisible rivulet. For a reason that we will presently put to practical proof, we will not take the trouble to-day of forcing our way through that waist-high

thicket, though I know that it holds more snipe in its two or three acres than an equal number of square miles of any other portion of our district. It is, in fact, a shaking rotten bog, and we shall probably take as good a census of its inhabitants from here as from anywhere else. If you stand here, keeping your eyes about the centre of the bog, I will jump the stream as heavily as I can, and you can note the result. No sooner said than done. What a storm of "ptchakes" greet the thump of my landing! More birds seem to leap up than the bog has inches. Off they go in a dozen wisps in all directions. There are enough snipe in the air to fill a waggon, but it is of no use gnashing your teeth at them. Most of them are already out of sight; but that big wisp of about forty birds doesn't seem bound on a very long journey. It is worth our while to keep our eyes on them for a bit. See! one has dropped like a bullet, and another, now two more. With any luck we shall meet them again, for they have taken shelter in the nearly dry bed of what was once a considerable stream. Let us be off then at once, and leave this delusive bog. I shall have to refer to it again, for it is worth while knowing the proper way to treat such a splendid preserve, which in some weathers seems to act as a magnet to every bird in the neighbourhood.

Following the stream, which turns towards the hills again as it flows through the old river-

bed, we begin to flush in twos and threes a good many of the birds that we marked down from the wisp. It is rather curious sort of ground here. Down the middle of the depression runs a low bank made of peats, close under which flows the stream. It is difficult to see the use of a bank in such a place; most probably it is an ancient boundary between two adjacent properties. Now, however, it is very convenient for another purpose, for from the top of it a gun can command the whole width of the two very different sorts of ground that lie on either side of it—on the stream side grass and rushes, on the other a strip of those knobby tussocks that we have met before. We pick our way easily along the broad bank top, springing snipe on either side of us with delightful impartiality, as a rule within easy range from the tussocks, but rising wild from the edge of the rivulet. Before long the stream leads us to the foot of the hills, where we will leave it, noticing that henceforth its course is through a shallow glen, whose heathery slopes merge gradually into a broadish level of rushes as they gently descend to the waters below. A pretty bit of scenery this, and a fine place for snipe in a frost, as the springs on the hillside afford many a warm moist spot when all the world is bound in an iron coldness. However, we will not penetrate the little valley to-day, turning instead back along the foot of the hill towards home. Time is getting on, and we have

still two miles to walk before we reach the lane again.

The country ahead of us is very different to the marshes we have left. The hillsides are here divided up by high banks into various fields, some cultivated, in others only a wild growth of long rank grass. Having climbed the first bank, steep enough to make even an Irish hunter think twice about it, we find ourselves in a field of turnips, whose tops are not yet brown and withered by the bite of frost. A covey of partridges are the only denizens, of sufficient strength to show that no guns have been at work splitting them up this year at any rate. Snipe are here, too, sometimes, especially when a mild hour of a frosty day causes the moisture to drip from the leaves on to the hard ground, enabling the slender bill of the bird to bore for worms in the welcome moisture. The same remarks apply to the next enclosure, a rape-field, though even to-day it holds quite a number of snipe, including a jack or two. This field is much wetter than the last, every furrow being half full of water, the broad depression that divides it forming quite a respectable little pond. It was from the edges of this that most of the birds rose, as you saw, very wild indeed. Over the bank is a field of a very different nature, which looks as if it had not been used for civilised agriculture for many a long year. Choked up with high yellow grass, it looks as if it might contain infinite potentialities in the way

of game. And so it proves. Plenty of snipe spring up as we plunge through the tall herbage, lying close, and forced by the height of the grass to fly at a level very convenient for aiming. Half-a-dozen part-ridges rise singly in the most confidential manner, varied by the occasional flapping form of a heath-owl; and finally we almost step upon a fine hare, whose fleeing form we can trace by the rapid parting of the grass-tops.

From the top of the high bank we get a surprise. The hillside is here composed of grass as green and firm as a tennis-lawn, over which are dotted many patches of rushes, each a few square yards in extent, though there is no water here to account for their presence. Neither are there any snipe, though the spot would be worth visiting if the wind were blowing a gale from the other side of the hills. It would then be a famous shelter from the wind, though it contains food for nothing but a sheep. And so we go on, until meeting with another brook we decide to follow it down to the place where it nears the entrance to our "point," the lane by which we first entered the moor. This rivulet has lately asserted its independence by overflowing its banks, and flooding

some acres of the level ground below, though two or three little islands of scanty grass stick up forlornly, as if they half regretted having refused to yield to the encroaching waters. A small wisp of snipe rises from every one of these spots, very wild, and apparently determined to fly for ever. They are the last we shall see to-day, for a climb over yet another bank, the thirtieth at least during the last two hours, brings us on to the stretch of low heather interspersed with gorse over which we walked this morning after issuing from the lane. The wintry sun is rolling down, a great striped ball, in the west, as if he meant to assure us that he is still in the heavens. He hasn't had much of a chance all day, but in the red beauty of his departure he takes a glorious revenge on the very clouds which have shut him in, and his prison-bars flash like jewelled gold. We return home in the many-coloured glow, tired and silent, but happy, for to-morrow we are to sally forth armed with something better than precepts; and has not the great dim moor, which is sinking to its misty sleep behind, promised us nothing less than twenty couple apiece as a reward for our trouble to-day?

SCOLOPAX.

LAPCHAK.

LET the reader imagine himself transported far away to the Tibetan borderland beyond Kashmir. Here India has imperceptibly merged into Chinese Tartary. The white-crested billow-like sierras of the Hindu Kush have subsided into the heaving swell of the great Chang, and the most elevated region in the world is reached, where the lowest valleys are lifted higher above the earth's mean surface than the summit of the highest mountain in Europe.

In a wide sandy plain forming a trough amid these gigantic mountains lies a lake of deep blue water. The margin of the lake glistens white with incrustations of the salts with which the water is impregnated; and far away in the distance, where the blue water can no longer be seen, a white line wavering in the mirage, and seemingly lifted up in the dry quivering air, marks its extent. The echoless silence of very high regions hangs over all, only broken at intervals by the melancholy call of the Brahminy duck or the distant note of wild geese.

The plain is at this season of a yellowy-green tint, from the coarse scanty grass with which it is covered, gradually fading into a lighter shade where the plain becomes mountain. White patches here and there mark borax and soda efflorescence. The sun beats down with the intensity only felt in very thin air. The scene is not without

animal life, for a herd of *kyang*, or wild asses, can be seen on the yellow shale slopes, distant, it may be half a mile, it may be treble as far, manœuvring in sections and half-sections like a troop of cavalry. Distances cannot be judged in the clear air of Tibet. Nearer still, where the grass is thickest, little spots of white, appearing and disappearing, show, to the keen-eyed only, the presence of a herd of *goa*, or Tibetan gazelle.

The human element is present in a few black tents pitched near an arm of the lake. Their *changpa* (shepherd) owners can be seen sitting at their tent-doors spinning wool, or else moving about among the hundreds of yak and goats scattered round the encampment, true nomads of the steppes.

It is nothing short of marvellous how these shepherds of Rupshu support an existence the conditions of which are so inimical to life. They live at a height where breathing is itself a burden to the normally constituted, in a country where cereals and timber will not grow, and the only vegetation is the coarse grass and *burtsa*, which grows sparingly on the hillsides and valleys. Even this latter is not always obtainable, and then they have to depend for fuel, in a climate where the thermometer frequently falls many degrees below zero, on dry droppings of yak and sheep. The cold of these regions is intensified by bitter

winds. Their tents are of the poorest description, made of black blanketing suspended from sticks from the outside—very different from the roomy, warm, and comfortable *yorts* of the nomads of the Pamirs. Their flocks and herds are their sole means of livelihood; their only food beyond milk and “dairy produce” being barley-meal and tea, which they obtain in exchange for wool.

A track running east and west passes close by the tents, and is lost to view in the distance, where the mountains gradually merge into plain. Towards evening, a cloud of dust, looking golden under the setting sun, appears hanging in the west, and attracts the attention of the tent-dwellers. It betokens the approach of a caravan, and as it comes nearer a black mass consisting of moving yaks and men can be seen below it. The yak are some eighty in number, and laden with bales. Moving on a broad front, they progress at a fairly rapid rate, driven by bare-shouldered Ladakis to an accompaniment of shouts and whistles which can be heard from far.

Of the yaks and their drivers it would be hard to say which would appear the stranger of the two to one who had seen neither before. The latter plainly belong to the yellow races, and have the prominent cheek-bones, almost hairless faces, and the characteristic eyes of this branch of the human race. Their black hair is drawn into a pigtail at the back, their heads being covered

by a flapped cap of lambskin, the flaps of which are turned up during the heat of the day. Their clothing consists of little more than a voluminous sheep-skin cloak confined round their waist by a girdle; but these are now slipped off their shoulders, leaving them bare. On their feet are high boots of felt and soft leather. They walk with a peculiar roll, but can cover great distances. The Ladaki physiognomy is distinctly homely, but honest-looking and not unpleasing, offering in this respect a marked contrast to their nomad brethren, the *changpas*, whose double-facedness is proverbial in these parts.

The huge bovines they are driving belong to the variety known as the “grunting-ox,” uncouth shaggy monsters that look as if they had walked out of a “prehistoric peep.” They are useful animals in these high regions, from their ability to carry loads at elevations where other animals are useless. Their wild congeners’ habitat is indeed higher than that of any other animal, not excepting his compatriot the noble *Ovis ammon*, “the father of all sheep,” for they are frequently found at a height of 20,000 feet and over. They are wonderfully sure-footed on bad ground in spite of their apparent clumsiness, and their value in these parts is enhanced by the fact that grain is not necessary for them. They refuse, in fact, to eat it,—a peculiarity which probably points to their comparatively recent domestication.

The caravan has now arrived

at the encampment. Loads are taken off and stacked, and the yaks, turned loose to graze, are quickly scattered over the plain. The new arrivals and the shepherds forgather round the fire, and as the sun sets and the bitter night-wind springs up, their barley-meal and tea is eaten. The twilight is soon gone, and by the time the last flicker of colour dies out in the west, and the night is unfolded in its cloudless brilliancy, the camp sinks into silence and sleep.

The rime is still sparkling in the light of the morning moon when the camp awakes. The strayed animals are collected and loaded up, and before the beams of the rising sun strike the distant snow-peaks the caravan is lost to view and hearing.

A few days later it is again evening, when the cloud of dust appears once more, heralding the approach of another caravan. Again the black mass of yaks draws near and the same scene is enacted, and so on, with a few days' interval between each caravan. For a fortnight or more the eastward passage of laden yaks continues, and then stops. A few days behind the rearmost caravan comes a party of a different kind, whose arrival is announced by a confused jangle of bells. At the head rides an advanced party of two men, one of whom bears a red standard. They are clad in red velvet frocks shaped after the Tibetan manner, confined round their waists by *kammarbands*, in which are stuck crossways long swords with silver

scabbards, incrustated with turquoise and corals. Their hair is smoothed down in a straight fringe over their eyes, making their already low Mongolian foreheads appear still lower. Felt Tibetan caps with turned-up brims surmount their heads, and the costume is completed by long riding-boots of red and white *numdah*. A little distance behind there comes a caravan consisting of a hundred or more mules of good size and quality, laden with bales and chests, with a driver to every ten or so; and behind these again ride a company of apparently some rank and title. It is time, however, before describing these, that the reader should be afforded some enlightenment as to the meaning of the procession of caravans he has encountered in these elevated wilds.

In the days of Lhachen de legs Namgyal, King of Ladak, who was then lord also of the province known as Ngareskoorsum, in Western Tibet, these territories were invaded by a Tibetan army under the ex-lama Tsang. With the help of the Nawab of Kashmir the invaders were driven back, and were invested in the fort of Tashisgang, on the Indus. The sequel may be given in the words of the Ladaki historian, as translated by the late Dr Karl Marks of the Moravian mission at Leh:—

“The Depazhung (or Lhasa Government) desired the Dugpa Omniscient (Mi-pa'm-wang-po) to go and negotiate for peace. The result of their deliberations was as follows: ‘The Bodpa have come to consider that whereas Tibet is a Bhuddistic

and Kashmir a non-Bhuddistic country, and whereas Bhuddistic and non-Bhuddistic religions have nothing in common, it follows that if at the frontier the King of Ladak does not prosper, Bod also cannot enjoy prosperity. The occurrences of the recent war should be considered things of the past.'

"The king, on the other hand, undertook in future to keep watch at the frontier of Bhuddistic and non-Bhuddistic faiths, and out of regard for the doctrine of Sangsgyas would not allow the army from India to proceed to an attack upon Bod. As to merchandise in demand in Kashmir, the following agreement was come to: The fine wool of Ngareskoorsum shall not be sold to any other country; that the price of fine and coarse wool mixed shall be fixed at eighty *nyag* to two rupees, to be paid both in money and kind; that the Chang-thang people shall not be allowed to use the *nyag* of the people of the Indus gorge; that it shall not be said of the wool of the Chang that it contains soil, stones, or moisture; and that to Rudok itself none but the Court merchant shall be admitted. Regarding the fine wool trade, four Kashmiri merchants shall reside at Spectub and do the trading with the Kashmiris of Kashmir; this shall be the only way by which it shall go to Kashmir. No Kashmiri of Kashmir shall be allowed to go to Chang-thang. Those Ladak Kashmiris who go to Chang-thang shall not be allowed themselves to go down to Kashmir with loads of fine wool. Regarding Ngareskoorsum, Mi-pa'm-wang-po's stipulations were to this effect: It shall be set apart to meet the expenses of sacred lamps and prayers at Lhasa, but at Minsar the king shall be his own master, so that the kings of Ladak may have wherewithal to pay for lamps and other sacrifices at Kailas; and the lake, it shall be his private domain. With this exception the boundary shall be fixed at the Lhari stream at Demjok. From Tibet the Government trader shall come with two hundred loads of tea, and nowhere but by Ladak shall rectangular tea-bricks be sent across the frontier. The King of Ladak, on the other hand, shall send once in three

years a mission conveying presents to the clergy of Bod. As regards presents to ordinary lamas, the quantity and quality is not fixed; but to the Labrang steward shall be given ten *zho* of gold, ten *shang* of scent, six pieces of calico, and one piece of cotton cloth. Throughout their sojourn the mission shall receive daily rations, for the road beasts of burden shall be supplied to carry two hundred loads, fifteen baggage- and ten riding-ponies; private ponies shall have as much fodder as they like for the steppe districts."

This, then, is the explanation of the succession of caravans we have seen toiling eastward. It is the embassy sent by the King of Ladak to pay the triennial tribute to the Grand Lama of Tibet and the "clergy of Bod." The fact that there is now no king of Ladak, this country having many years ago been absorbed into the State of Kashmir, the result of King Llachen de legs Namgyal's ill-advised request for assistance, has fortunately not led to the abandonment of the reciprocal missions between Ladak and Lhasa. They still continue—that from Lhasa coming to Ladak every year, and that starting from Ladak and going to Lhasa, every third year; the present year of grace being a mission year. The Lapchak, as it is called (properly Lochak), returns from Lhasa the year following, carrying return presents to the Maharajah of Kashmir, the present-day representative of the old Ladak kings. There are, indeed, pecuniary interests at stake which, apart from other considerations, prevent the old practice falling into desuetude. The privilege allowed to the

Lapchak of free carriage from Ladak to Lhasa and back, nominally to the extent of two hundred and sixty loads, but really very much more, together with other perquisites sanctioned by long custom, make it an undertaking rewarded by no small profits.

So the party forming the last of the detachments consists of the chief of the mission and his attendants. Sidiq-joo, the bearded man in blue silk robes, white turban, and long Yarkandi boots, is the head of the mission. He is a partner in the well-known trading firm of Nasr Shah of Leh, a family of Mohammedan Arghuns (half-castes of Ladaki and Mohammedan origin) who have long had the *entrée* of Lhasa, and have relations living there—a privilege usually denied to all but Bhuddists. The titular head of the mission must, however, necessarily be a Ladaki Bhuddist of good family, for to none but one of this faith could audience with the Dalai Lama, or even with the Panchen Rimpoche of Tashi Lunpo, second only in holiness to the Dalai Lama himself, be accorded. The individual selected this year as the head of the mission for ceremonial purposes is one Bongpa, the clean-shaven, austere-looking man in a rich silk cloak with a black velvet mitre on his head. The “Man who has to present the Lochak” is the title by which he is referred to in the letters he carries.

Behind these come a mixed escort of Arghuns and Ladakis, conspicuous among whom is the

treasurer with an enormous bunch of keys, and the tea-maker with his huge teapot of copper and silver on the saddle in front of him.

The mission carry credentials with them in the shape of letters from the Wazir of Ladak to the civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries of Gartok, Tashi Lunpo, and other important places on the road, as well as to those of Lhasa. The style of these is humble, not to say abject. Here is a specimen, addressed to the Panchen Rimpoche of Tashi Lunpo:—

“To the lotus-ornamented golden throne of the most high, all-knowing, all-seeing Panchen, the jewel of the vertex of all gods and living beings, the saviour without equal. The pious beg to submit with reverence. Now as you are like the Great Lord who has on his head all the different deities, and who reaches unto the periphery of the sea, and as you are the incarnation of the great god to living beings, being firm like a diamond, and having the wisdom of the three secrets. Along with the returning Lochak, as stated in the letter sent by you, arrived the presents, a godly garment, fine cloth one piece. That was a great, great favour. And have the white mind to help the High Government. Also this year in the former way we have sent this man who has to present the Lochak. Please look upon him with grace and mercy, and help him as formerly. Furthermore, may you, who are the incomparable jewel of the vertex of all the gods and men whom you are guiding to heaven, be firm in your health. Send upon the crown of our head your words of different kinds, like the flowing of the cleansing water of the four corners. Please, please.

“The presents which we lift up as a prayer are a pure white scarf, a piece of *kimkhab*, a load of apricots.”

The following is a specimen of one of the letters which the

Lochak brought back with him from Lhasa, in the "Water-monkey year." It is couched in a somewhat different strain, and is addressed by the Ambans to the ruler of Ladak. The Ambans, it should be mentioned, are the Chinese representatives at the Court of the Grand Lama :—

"Know this that by the Lochak your supplication has reached, and that which according to the treaty every year has to be presented to both of us great ministers, has arrived as stated in the letter ; but only because the bringer says with an earnest mind that the way is very long, and you presented it with great reverence and a simple heart, we don't like to reproach you. One load of dried apricots you may reckon as accepted by us, but at the same time we send you the one bale of cotton cloth back. In the same way we give you in return a present, and have sent two pieces of cloth, two scarves, flinging them away from our side to you, and you have to take it immediately to your account. Keep it always in your mind that you must govern the people under you as well as you can, and that you must keep peace with the surrounding petty kings, and live on friendly terms. This is most important. Referring to this you have to take it to heart that you have to write a letter to us."

Whether or no the "Omniscient Ones" at Lhasa are really unaware that Ladak is no longer a state feudatory to them, and that there are remaining no "surrounding petty kings" with whom the Ladak ruler could go to war, who can tell? Perhaps the tribute-bearing mission is recognised by them also as a convenient fiction with which to cloak commercial dealings with a non-Bhuddistic country. Anyhow, the Lapchak is one of the

few links connecting Lhasa with the outside, and in Tibetan opinion the less important part of the world ; and as such may it flourish.

The articles of commerce the mission takes to Lhasa are of different kinds, the most important being dried apricots, corals, velvet, saffron, and English piece goods, also *alwan*, or *pashmina*, from Kashmir ; for the Tibetans have not the art of weaving their superb wool into the finest sorts of cloth. In return, the Lapchak brings musk, turquoises, *cheras* (a sort of inferior astrakan), and Chinese brick-tea. The foundation of the trade is the last commodity, for in spite of the distance of Ladak and Turkestan from the tea-gardens of China, this form of the leaf more than holds its own with the Indian article in these parts. Into Tibet the latter finds no entry at all, as the brick-tea brought from Szechuan is the monopoly of Government officials and State traders, and a most profitable one, for it is thrust on the people whether they want it or no. When they do not want it, or cannot afford it, the transaction is simplified ; for on the payment becoming due, the official vendor receives his tea back, plus his profits on the deal. For Tibet is a dark country, the people suffering the oppression on the one hand of the officials from Lhasa, on the other of the monasteries, the former having complete powers over their bodies, the latter over their souls ; the

hopelessness of their case lying in this, that the supreme power of both departments, civil and ecclesiastical, is vested in one and the same person, the Depa-zhung of Lhasa.

The brick-tea which occupies such an important place in the lives of all Tibetans, fulfilling, as it does, most of the purposes of a currency, is not really the rubbish it has been described by many Tibetan travellers. The worst qualities of the tea, it is true, are composed of the coarser leaves of the plant intermixed with twigs, but the better qualities are made from high-class pickings. But all sorts have certain special qualities that make the bricks invaluable to nomadic peoples. The peculiar process of manufacture the bricks undergo, which, so far, Indian factories have quite failed to imitate, renders them easy to cut or break without making them friable, so that they stand transport well without crumbling. Connoisseurs of Central Asia affirm that this tea is far more digestible than other teas, green or black, and its final claim to superiority is that three infusions, or I should more properly say decoctions, can be made from it.

A Tibetan tea-maker's recipe might run as follows: Thoroughly boil a handful of tea in sufficient water; when the liquor is of the right colour, add an equal measure of butter to the tea used, and salt to taste. Pour the whole into the churn and agitate vigorously for three minutes or until the ingredients are well amal-

gamated. Decant into a large teapot, and allow to simmer gently on the fire. Serve hot.

This compound looks like cocoa, but would, I should say, have to be submitted to the European palate—as recommended by Mr Ruskin—a good many times before any pleasing aroma could be detected in it, and I have not so far met any one that has had the courage to continue the trial long enough. For Tibetans, however, it is meat and drink, and they continue sipping and drinking it for hours.

The turquoises brought by the Lapchak come from the mines of Szechuan, and are quite different from the turquoises of commerce which come from Persia. They look like irregularly shaped blue pebbles, varying in size from a pea to a hen's egg. They are full of black veins and flaws, and are quite useless for cutting as jewels. In Ladak and Thibet they are chiefly used in the ornamentation of monastery utensils and musical instruments, and are also worn by Ladaki women as jewellery in great quantities. In fact, the movable wealth of a Ladaki woman is always converted into turquoises. The chief article of adornment on which they are used is the *parak*, a triangular piece of cloth, the base of which comes on the top of the head, and the apex in the middle of the back, and on this the turquoises are simply plastered till no cloth can be seen.

The musk brought from Lhasa consists, of course, of

the pods of the musk-deer, which are said to abound in the birch-forests to the south of the chief province of Tibet.

Among the articles brought by the Lapchak I should not forget to mention the beautiful copper, silver, and brass teapots and other vessels which come from Lhassa and Kham, and form the object of many a curio-hunter's visit to Leh. The shapes of these are particularly quaint and beautiful, albeit the frequent occurrence of the dragon betokens in many of them a Chinese origin of design. The workmanship is also exceedingly good. A detailed account of them, however, would require an article to itself.

The curious custom of trading by means of State embassies is not confined to the Lapchak mission, although this and the return mission from Lhassa, known as the Chabba, are the most important instances. Many other missions of a similar kind, sanctioned either by long custom or by agreement, pass backwards and forwards over the frontier. Among these may be noticed the mission sent to Tibet by the Stok and Masho Gyalpos, the present-day representatives of the old ruling family of Ladak, and from the Tibet side that despatched to Ladak by the Garpons of Gartok, the joint-viceroy of Western Tibet. The monastery of the red lamas at Hemis and a few other of the more important Ladak monasteries also enjoy similar privileges in conjunction

with the affiliated monastic institutions in Tibet.

The Lapchak, which is the Kashmir State mission, is financed to some extent from the State coffers. The rupees advanced used formerly to be repaid to the State, after the return of the mission, in Chinese tea-bricks; but the auction of this quantity of tea gave rise to so many abuses that the present custom of repaying both principal and interest in cash was substituted.

But to return to the caravans which we left moving slowly eastward. In a few days they will have crossed the frontier of Ladak, the "Lhari stream at Demjok," and entered the forbidden land. Their road lies along the banks of the Indus, but lately sprung from his cradle among the peaks of Kailas. The famous river is here but a child in the Bhudist land of his birth—a small and shallow stream, sometimes rippling along between grassy banks, sometimes meandering sluggishly among boggy flats, fordable nearly everywhere. Who would recognise the same river in his tempestuous youth, when with leaping waves he thunders and surges down the gorges of Haramosh and Chilas? Or who, again, in his middle age, where he emerges from the Himalayas, having triumphantly burst through these stupendous barriers, a broad and deep but silently rolling flood? Still more unlike his trans-Himalayan childhood is the old age of this mighty river, for this is passed among the deserts of Sind, where,

bearer of ships and commerce, he blesses his banks with fields of verdure, and turns a wilderness into a garden; till, gliding peacefully onward, the end of his long journey is attained, Nirvana in the ocean.

A week's marching along the banks of the river, after leaving the Ladak frontier, will bring our caravan to Gar Gunsa or Gartok, the summer headquarters of the Garpons, a town composed, with the exception of the Garpons' residences, entirely of tents. The yaks will here be dismissed, and their loads will henceforth be carried by Tibetan-owned animals. The mules, however, which are the traders' own property, and carry the more precious loads of coral, saffron, &c., will go the whole way to Lhasa.

At every place of importance on the route the Lapchak will be received with almost royal honours, their approach being heralded by the hoarse boom of great trumpets from the monas-

teries perched up on high places. At Gartok the mission will find the annual fair in progress, and will meet traders from Kulu, Lahoul, Nepal, and all the surrounding parts—a strange medley knit together by a strange creed.

Passing on from here, they will continue their journey towards the rising sun, through the land of Boongpa, "where there is gold," leaving the sacred mountains of Kailas, the mystic sources of Indus and Brahmaputra and the famous lakes of Mansarowar, on their right hand, and so on to the great monastery of the yellow lamas at Tashi Lunpo. Here they will rest for a while and present their offerings to the Panchen Rimpoche, the head of the Gelugpa sect. They will then enter on the final stage of their journey, and three months after passing through the gates of Leh, will enter the holy city of Lhasa.

R. L. KENNION.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE VISITING OF SHRINES—THE PRACTICE OF ANCIENT GREECE—CHAUCER'S PILGRIMS—REVERENCE PAID TO POETS AND STATESMEN—THE BIRTH-PLACE OF SHAKESPEARE—A WEARISOME DISCUSSION—THE PROTAGONISTS: MISS CORELLI AND MR SIDNEY LEE—SHAKESPEARE AND STRATFORD—TRAVELLING BY CULINARY PROCESS—THE TYRANNY OF THE MOTOR-CAR.

To visit the shrines of the gods, or the tombs of the distinguished dead, has been a pious habit in all the ages. The ancient Greeks, mingling profit with devotion, paid homage to their august deities, whose priests, in their turn, disdained neither advertisement nor reward. The Corinthian, spent with luxury, hung up a model of his gouty leg in the temple of Asclepius, just as the Catholics of modern France hope for a cure, if only they dedicate a waxen image of the part affected to their favourite saint. A French philosopher has thrown a doubt even upon the mystery of the Delphic oracle. He has suggested, with a humour as subtle as it is irreverent, that the famous inscription, *Γνώθι σεαυτόν*, is not an inspired invitation to self-knowledge, but the advertisement of a half-quack fortune-teller, as who should say, "Walk up, show your palm, and have your fortune told." He has compared it to the inscription which may be seen on certain Parisian machines which, in return for a penny-in-the-slot, will record your weight: "*Qui se pèse, se*

connait," thus runs the persuasive legend; "*qui se connait, se porte bien*." But, even if the Frenchman's ingenuity be at fault, there is no doubt that the ancient Greeks visited the temples of their gods in a spirit of curious levity. They were trippers as well as worshippers, and, human nature being invariable, it would be wonderful if they had approached the shrines with awe and wonderment. Herondas, in one of his mimes, has described two Greek ladies bringing their offering—a cock—to the temple of Asclepius. Their chatter is the chatter of modern tourists, which may be matched to-day in many a cathedral. Having satisfied the demands of piety with a prayer, they gaze in open-mouthed surprise at the statues which adorn the temple; and when the verger comes in answer to repeated cries they reward him, not with a silver tip, but with a drumstick of the propitiatory fowl.

The love of shrines did not die with Paganism. The Christians, too, cherished, and still cherish, a love of pious relics. "Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages," wrote Chaucer—

"And specially, from every shires ende
Of Engelond, to Canterbury they
wende,
The hooly blisful martir for to seke,
That hem hath holpen whan that they
were to seeke."

St Thomas's shrine, indeed, drew worshippers innumerable and of every sort. Nor was it their only aim to pay reverence to the dead saint. They too mixed pleasure with religion, and gaily rode to Canterbury as on a holiday jaunt. A relic, true or false, was everywhere a priceless possession. "How many Towns in every Kingdom," wrote old Burton, "hath superstition enriched! What a deal of money by musty Reliques, Images, Idolatry, hath their Mass-Priests engrossed, and what sums they have scraped by their other tricks! . . . If they can get but a relique of some Saint, the Virgin Mary's picture, Idols, or the like, that city is for ever made, it needs no other maintenance." So, until the Reformation, the highroads of England were thronged with pilgrims intent to pay a vow or expiate a sin. Sometimes they endangered the public health, sometimes the public weal. They carried with them now disease, now sedition; and it is not surprising that at the Reformation the pilgrims were attacked with especial bitterness. The bitterness had its effect; and though in France and Italy folk still "longen to goon on pilgrimages," religious wayfarers are banished for ever from our English roads.

But if at last the oracles are dumb, if we look askance at

the shrines of departed saints, we are yet eager to pay reverence to the memory of poet or statesman, soldier or philosopher. We like to mark the houses which once sheltered them, to follow their footsteps in their familiar gardens or beneath the shade of their favourite avenues. Associations, hallowed by time, have, in fact, taken the place of a superstitious reverence for unauthentic relics. Nor would the most censorious have any fault to find with the newer practice, were it not for the noisy extravagance of some pretended worshippers. Whether the worship be sincere or not, we do not know; there can be no doubt that its method of expression is too often insulting to the memory of great men.

During the last few months we have had an excellent opportunity of studying the most famous, the most eagerly frequented, of modern shrines. Stratford-on-Avon, the Birth-place of Shakespeare, has won itself an unpleasant and controverted notoriety. Not only the little Warwickshire town but the whole of England has been divided into opposing factions. Shall Stratford be presented with a free library or not? That is the question which has agitated novelists and antiquaries, poets and architects. Anywhere else than at Stratford, the building of a library would have been a matter of indifference. The inhabitants of most country towns might be trusted to decide for themselves whether they were willing to pay a rate

for the privilege of free literature. But no sooner was it proposed to endow Stratford with a library than the cry was raised of "hands off." Mr Carnegie, of course, was at the bottom of it. There never was a free library which did not come out of Pittsburg, and it is easy to understand that the conjunction of the two names, Shakespeare and Carnegie, should have affrighted the admirers of the poet. The outrage seemed far greater when it was announced that the free library would be built almost next door to the sacred Birthplace. Miss Corelli, the self-appointed guardian of the poet's honour, was up in arms at once, and under her genial influence the controversy did not lack spirit. It is not worth while to recapitulate an unprofitable discussion. It does not much matter whether the row of cottages, which adjoin the Birthplace, conceal within their brick walls some traces of Tudor architecture; it is irrelevant to discover whether the famous china shop, in which so many bulls have been let loose, was inhabited by Thomas Greene, Shakespeare's cousin, or by another man of the same name. At first sight it should have seemed obvious, if the cult of Shakespeare be anything but a piece of hypocrisy, that there is not room in the same street for the shrine of Shakespeare and a neat Tudor edifice of modern construction dedicated to the glory of Pittsburg and Andrew Carnegie.

But this incongruity was so

little obvious, that no sooner had Miss Corelli obscured the issue by her intemperate language than Mr Sidney Lee, as in duty bound, took up the cudgels on the other side. His pamphlet, 'The Alleged Vandalism at Stratford-on-Avon,' is both pompous and irrelevant. Apart from the scraps of autobiography which it contains, it is a loyal defence of the trustees of the Birthplace, of Mr Carnegie, and of Free Libraries in general. Mr Lee finds nothing reprehensible in the interposition of Mr Carnegie. He does not think much of Henley Street, which, says he, "can never regain its pristine form or feature." That is quite true, but there is no reason why the street should be further debased because the Vandal has already been at work on it. You might just as well advocate the destruction of Westminster Abbey on the ground that the north porch is a piece of clumsy restoration. But time lays a heavy hand upon houses as upon streets. The famous Birthplace itself is but a feeble compromise between new and old; and the most that can be asked of a generation is, that it should hand on whatever monuments are intrusted to it as little transformed as possible.

Stripped of the unessential, then, the discussion should have been simple enough. It rested with Mr Carnegie's faction to prove (1) the necessity of a free library, and (2) the absence of any possible site other than the site in Henley Street. No attempt has been made to prove either of these simple proposi-

tions. We do not believe for one moment that Stratford is pining for a free library. It differs from all other country towns that we know in possessing two miscellaneous collections of books which might well satisfy the literary curiosity of Shakespeare's fellow-townsmen. He, at any rate, wrote his plays without the advantages which are enjoyed to-day by all the inhabitants of Stratford. Nor can it be urged by any impartial person that Henley Street provides the only available site. The Memorial Theatre would make an ideal library, and if only its so-called museum were emptied of its absurd collections, no doubt room could be found within its walls for the popular novels which we believe are the common stock of free libraries.

Thus it was in the firm conviction that an act of vandalism was contemplated that we visited Stratford-on-Avon. The *à priori* argument seemed unassailable. We had an unpleasant vision of an outrage committed on the tomb of the poet. But we had not been long in the town before we discovered that our apprehensions were groundless. That which is already ruined need not fear the destroyer's pick. Not even Pittsburg itself could throw a shadow upon poor, debauched little Stratford. How should a free library, useless and extravagant, injure a reputation already sullied by a Memorial Theatre? Once upon a time a collector of pictures wished to sell his treasures. But before he sold

them he determined that copies should be made wherewith to cover the walls of his gallery. He consulted an expert upon his project, who told him sadly that it was too late. The trick had already been played; the originals were gone, and nothing was left save a set of inferior copies. As we walked through the crowded streets of Stratford we were reminded of this story. The mob of tourists, the shops packed with foolish little busts and pictures of the poet, the strange whisperings about the Birthplace, all told us that it was too late. The original Stratford disappeared as long ago as New Place, and nothing is left to do honour to the poet but a vast tea-garden. The very cabmen have caught the odious jargon. They speak of Shakespeare with tears in their voice; they assume a tone of sentimentality, which may amuse the foreign tripper, but which can do little else than disgust the unprejudiced pilgrim; and they turn to instant ridicule the genuine emotions which the aspect of Shakespeare's native town might legitimately have inspired. Here, they say, in their droning voice, the poet "went to school"; there he "did his courting"; and one cabman, more drunk than the rest with the *genius loci*, was so fully convinced of some inherent virtue which lurked in "birth-places," that he showed us his own as well as the poet's.

The famous Birthplace, then, is distressing enough. The guide, who noisily calls your attention to what is plainly visible, completely eclipses the poet, and

imparts even to the room in which Shakespeare was born the appearance of a peepshow. But here at least is an authentic shrine, which should be worth all the care lavished upon it, and which, seen under happier auspices, might justify the pilgrimage of the devout. The Memorial Theatre, on the other hand, has no touch with him whom Stratford delights to call "the immortal bard." It is out of place, out of scale, out of tone. Neither Shakespeare nor the little town in which he was born has done aught to deserve this patent outrage. The theatre, we imagine, is seldom used, and surely if a stage is to be dedicated to the performance of Shakespeare's plays, it should be in London, the scene of his toil and triumph. But the Museum is plain for all to see, and every pilgrim may wonder at the hotch-potch it contains of what may be termed "curiosities." Some specimens, it is true, have a vague connection with the poet. In one of his plays he mentions a crocodile, and there it is, stuffed and ticketed, that there may be no mistake. In another he refers to a wild cat, and it is but the work of a moment to catch the animal and label it duly for reference. Again, that the local colour may not grow dim, a deer, neatly tied by its fore feet, is suspended above a portrait of Rosalind; and, to make it quite complete, a gramophone adjacent should bark out, "What shall he have that kill'd the deer?" An exaggerated piety, no doubt,

can trace some sort of link between the works of Shakespeare and these specimens. But what in the world have bullets from Edgehill, or the works of Stephen Phillips, in first editions, to do with the Swan of Avon?

The Museum, in brief, is a marvel of impropriety, and might be converted with but little loss of time or money into a free library of the correct Pittsburgian pattern. This conversion, however, would not satisfy the enthusiasts, and before long we may expect to see a neat specimen of the modern Tudor style within a few paces of the sacred Birthplace itself. But our regret, as we have said, is mitigated by circumstances. It is not wholly inappropriate that Stratford should profit by Mr Carnegie's unthinking generosity. For the bulk of the pilgrims who worship at Shakespeare's shrine are Mr Carnegie's countrymen. Indeed, you might wander a long summer's day up and down the streets of Stratford without hearing a word of English. What prompts the American to these acts of devotion we do not know, unless it be the firm conviction, expressed not long ago, that Shakespeare is the property not of England but of America. So they crowd thither, conscious perhaps that their own country is not rich in shrines, but resolute, in any case, to do what hasty reverence they may to the bones of Shakespeare.

And what, we are compelled to ask, has the poet done that he should be thus vulgarly and

blatantly worshipped? He was so firm an enemy of advertisement that he lived his life in dignified privacy. Along with the splendid heritage of his plays he left an indissoluble problem for the biographers. He wrote his works, and he made his fortune, and he retired in affluence to New Place. A Warwickshire legend, probably as old as the poet himself, describes him as "sitting at his gate of summer evenings, cutting the queerest, merriest jokes with all the passers-by." His great merit, in the eyes of the country folk, was that he excelled in smart repartees and the selling of bargains. That we can believe readily enough, and we are sure that no man ever less deserved a sentimental canonisation than William Shakespeare. To have left Stratford as it was, without theatres or museums or libraries—this would have been the best method of honouring the poet, to whom an ostentatious and sentimental worship is singularly inappropriate. But, alas! the harm is done, and yet foolish partisans will go on arguing about the sanctity of Henley Street and the holiness of the "Birthplace" unto the end of time.

Stranger even than the fate of Shakespeare is the fate of Stratford. Here is a little Warwickshire town, not only dominated by the poet's name, but converted by the poet's indiscreet admirers to a kind of American circus. Had it not been for the bard the town would doubtless have been simply devoted to the

raising of crops and the brewing of beer. But an accident, over which it could have no control, has given it a sort of spurious character. It cannot but wear an aspect of self-consciousness, as of an actor known to all the populace. Even the plain citizens cannot rid themselves of a false glory. The very name of their town calls up the image of Shakespeare; and they themselves, though they know no line of his verse, still profit by his legacy. So it is that at Stratford you may detect the worst vices which disgraced the pilgrimages of old, and which inspired Erasmus and other reformers to advocate their suppression. In truth, to most of those who visit the Birthplace, Shakespeare is as palpable a superstition as was St Thomas to the Canterbury pilgrims. But the vulgarity of the fourteenth century is halloed by time. The vulgarity of to-day is noisy and unashamed, nor do we think that the future of Stratford is an excuse for national alarm. Let Miss Corelli bluster as she will against the mayor and corporation. Let Mr Lee speak *ex cathedra* with the solemn voice which befits the biographer of the poet. Let Mr Carnegie squander his immaterial millions. No folly can obscure the name and fame of Shakespeare, who built his own monument, and who is worshipped most durably by those who read his works with the wisest understanding.

Antiquaries tell us how the

pilgrims of old set out on horseback from Southwark to visit the shrine of St Thomas; and now, after five centuries of honourable toil, the horse would seem to be doomed to extinction. At the best he will be but an animal of luxury, kept to show his paces in a park, or preserved in a museum to interest the zoologist. In fact, nothing was more curious in the debate upon motor-cars, which brought the recent session of Parliament to a close, than the tacit agreement that henceforth the highroad belonged not to the horse but to the engine. The introduction of railways as a practical method of transit drove the incomparable mail-coach from our roads. "Tidings, fitted to convulse all nations," wrote De Quincey in an admirable phrase, "must henceforward travel by culinary process." Yet even after the extinction of the stage-coach, the English highroad was the undisturbed paradise of the horse and the pedestrian. But now, alas, we are all doomed to travel by a "culinary process." It is a humiliating thought, which brings with it no compensation. For those to whom speed is essential, there is the railroad; and but for a popular fashion, and the expressed desire "to protect an industry," the highroads might have preserved their ancient character.

When railways were first laid across the length and breadth of England, the utmost precautions were taken to avoid accidents. Level-crossings were guarded by gates, flags were

waved to warn a straying foot-passenger, a system of signals was devised to ensure safety. And now, in a panic fever, lest we should discourage the makers of motor-cars, our roads are thrown open to unnumbered trains, which henceforth may dash here and there as they will, undisturbed and unannounced by flags or signals. It is a fine specimen of inconsistency, and it proves what interested legislation may achieve.

The chief argument advanced in favour of the motor-car is the necessity of protecting a growing industry, and it was humorous indeed to hear this argument advanced by the docile champions of Cobdenism, by the patient worshippers of the fetich of Free Trade. Still more humorous was it to hear, from the lips of a Radical member, that the encouragement of motor-driving was essentially democratic. We were presented with a touching picture of the British working man, going to his toil to "the pot-walloppings of a boiler"; and even the Radical member might have reflected that the working man, who cannot afford to have a farthing put upon the cost of his sacred loaf, is not yet able to spend a hundred pounds or more upon a motor-car. But at last the matter is settled: to protect an industry, principally French, our highroads are to be given over to this "culinary process." Henceforth these noisy road-hogs may cloud our roads with dust and steam; they may run where they will at twenty miles

an hour ; and while all our legislators took for granted their public necessity, none was amiable enough to tell us in what that necessity consisted.

The cult of the motor-car is, in truth, nothing better than the worship of senseless speed. The "sportsmen," spectacled and bedraggled, who are hurled from one end of England to the other, to the plain annoyance of quiet citizens, serve no purpose by their idle journeys. Their very haste is but a form of laziness. They have as little reason to leave their starting-point as to reach their goal. At its best their enterprise is but a superfluous amusement—we cannot call it a "sport." Moreover, they have proved themselves a thousand times unfit for the privilege accorded them. They have broken the law as often and with just as little reason as the passive resisters. Yet the law has confessed itself powerless to control them, and the Government has endorsed the impotence of the law. It has been confessed again and again that, if the driver of a motor-car chooses to travel at forty miles an hour, no power on earth can stop him, until it seems as if these newest of "sportsmen" had an aboriginal and inalienable right to snort and smash wherever and as loudly as they choose.

Thus the ancient highway is doomed to change and destruction. Granite alone will efficiently withstand the onslaught of unnumbered motor-cars. The famous Brighton road which runs through Dorking is already being not

broken but pulverised. Who is to repair it? The poor devils who live upon its borders, and who have suffered enough from the senseless speed of the motor-cars? Why, indeed, should they repair a damage which they have not done, for the sake of those who have taken from them the privilege of the road? To ask it is unreasonable, and unless some method be found of charging the bold adventurers with the making of the roads, the adventurers will not only disturb the peaceful inhabitants of the countryside,—they will rob them as well.

It is not in the spirit of reaction that we oppose the tyranny of the motor-car. It is that we would keep undisturbed and undestroyed the highroads of England. If these horseless carriages came upon us in the conquering name of commerce, if it were proved that cheap freights would bring back prosperity to the farmer, we should reluctantly acquiesce in the new method of progression. But when it is a mere case of privileged annexation, those, who do not live in a perpetual turmoil of hurry, have the right to protest. There is nothing more beautiful in the world than a white road winding over a hill, until it is lost in mystery at the summit. And all romance is there, if a horseman appear suddenly over the crest. But all the romance and all the traditions of the road are lost, if a cloud of smoke and dust, and a roar of wheels and machinery, announce the coming of the new

terror. Along our highways once marched the Roman legions, and since the time of the heroes who built them they have echoed to the tramp of many armies. In peace, as in war, they have fulfilled the needs of the people, and old as they are, they are still well-ordered, because, until to-day, no strain has been put upon them which they could not bear. But if henceforth they are to be a racing-track for steam-engines, how long will they survive? There is but one way to save their amenity, and to preserve simple folk from destruction: let the drivers of motor-cars build themselves new roads, parallel, if they like,

to the railways, upon which no horse nor pedestrian be permitted to stray. Then they can run about at what speed they choose, and snatch an added joy in racing express trains. Then no discouragement need be put upon a "growing industry," and the highroads of England may still serve the purpose for which they were designed. But, as things are at present, it is as logical to defend the motor-car on the ground that its manufacturers need protection, as it would be to put a premium on burglary, lest the profitable making of crow-bars and jemmies should untimely languish.

THE SESSION.

IRISH SPORTING RIGHTS—PASSIVE RESISTANCE—SUGAR—SCOTTISH LICENSING—EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN—MOTOR-CARS—PARTY SPLIT.

THE parliamentary session of 1903, which opened on the 17th of February, was closed on the 14th of August, and though only three years out of the seven which are the allotted lifetime of the House of Commons have yet expired, a dissolution is already talked of as a not improbable event within the next twelve months. Mr Chamberlain, however, warns us that a general election is not near at hand; and as Mr Balfour talks confidently of the work to be done next session, we shall continue to believe that no dissolution is contemplated, not perhaps for another two years. This will give time for Ministers to complete that course of legislation which, though postponed from session to session, has been steadily pursued throughout, and now stands a fair chance of being accomplished before the next appeal to the constituencies. Of course in the eyes of the Opposition it is itself a grievance that a Conservative Government should have been in office at all for fourteen years out of seventeen. There is something unnatural in it. And party passions, which ran high enough before, have been more inflamed than ever since the last general election, when the country most unaccountably

again preferred the Conservatives to the Liberals. It was hardly to be expected, therefore, that any of the Government measures introduced this year should be discussed on their merits. And to do the Opposition justice, they have scarcely made any pretence of doing so. It is now open war, and we know the proverb.

The London Education Bill and the Irish Land Bill are of course the two great measures of the session, though circumstances occurring after Easter have invested it with an exceptional and, for the moment, more absorbing interest. The Irish Bill was analysed at considerable length in a former number¹ of this magazine, and we shall at present confine our remarks to some aspects of it which assumed greater prominence during the committee stage. We saw with much satisfaction a general consensus on one point—namely, the great value to Ireland of a resident gentry. Even Nationalist members, to the astonishment of Lord Londonderry, were found to share in this feeling. And to every provision in the Bill calculated to keep the country gentlemen at home, after it has begun to work, we give the most cordial approval. It is perfectly possible that the

¹ "The Irish Land Bill," 'Maga,' May 1903.

relations between the different classes of the rural population, when unembittered by the agrarian war, may resume that kindly character which they ought to possess everywhere, and did once possess, in the sister island. Mr Gladstone, in 1870, drew a comparison between the Irish and the English country gentry, in which he paid a high compliment to the latter, and described with perfect truth the services which they rendered to the country "without fee or reward." We may be allowed to hope with Mr Gladstone that the picture will ere long be applicable to both countries. But if this end is to be secured, we must not neglect the means. The country gentlemen who continue to reside on such portions of their estates as still remain to them must have an occupation and an interest in the soil. If they lose their occupation as landlords, they must retain their occupation as sportsmen; and this was a point which occupied a good deal of the time of the Committee in both Houses of Parliament. The settlement ultimately arrived at was the result of another compromise, which may possibly be found to work well in practice, though we ourselves should have preserved Lord Donoughmore's amendment, which provided that where, at the time of sale, the exclusive sporting rights were in the landlord, they should be reserved to him. And that this was the original intention of the Government may be seen from Mr

Wyndham's amendment to clause 12 on June 30. Lord Lansdowne preferred that this reservation should be made subject to an agreement between vendor and purchaser. He thought that where the sporting rights had always belonged exclusively to the landlord, he would have no difficulty at all in dealing with the tenants; and to proceed by agreement would be more conciliatory than the plan proposed by Lord Donoughmore. Where no agreement was come to, the sporting rights should be vested in the Land Commission, who could then arrange with the landlord or with any one else as they pleased. Words to this effect were introduced into the clause, and the subject dropped—all the Lords' amendments being subsequently accepted by the Commons.

On the larger estates in Ireland, few or none of which are likely to be sold under the Act, the question of course cannot arise. In the case of others, which are sold in small lots, the peasant farmer will hardly oppose the landlord's right because he wants it himself, as he often does in England and Scotland. We have Mr Healy's word for this; and as every Irishman is interested in sport, his sympathies should lie with the landlord. "They are a sport-loving people," says the member for Louth, "and encourage sportsmen to come among them." These considerations incline us to augur well of the measure as it now stands. But it is clear that by some means or another

sporting rights must be secured to the gentry, if both are not to vanish together. It will be impossible to preserve either game or fish without the aid of resident proprietors who understand the subject, and who are directly interested in the result. And, conversely, it will be equally impossible to preserve resident proprietors without the attraction of field-sports. Property, according to the old saying, has its duties as well as its rights. And Irish country gentlemen, even when their sphere of duty is curtailed, as it must be under this Act, will have other obligations to fulfil, in return for the rights reserved to them. They will still be magistrates; they will still represent the principles of law and order in their respective districts; it will be more than ever in their power to secure the respect and goodwill of their neighbours by the exercise of moral influence, by the interchange of social amenities, and by setting an example of culture and refinement in their immediate neighbourhoods.

It cannot be said that either the Education Bill of last year or the London Education Bill of the present one have altogether fulfilled the expectations which many of the Government's supporters were taught to entertain. The history of the memorable Kenyon - Slaney clause, and the interpretation of it sanctioned by the Duke of Devonshire in the House of Lords, contrary as it was to the understanding on which it passed the House of Commons, will not readily be forgotten.

But we will not rip up old sores. It is sufficient to say that the spirit of compromise—which we cannot help thinking that Mr Balfour, in his anxiety to push his measures through Parliament, carries rather too far—has been again busy with the London Bill. The original proposal in the Bill, which the Duke of Devonshire said, on July 31, that he himself should have preferred, was that certain specified powers should be delegated to the Borough Councils, whereas they have now become merely consultative bodies, representing local interests, but without any ultimate or decisive voice. We pointed out last May how desirable it was that they should be invested with substantial powers; and we are glad to find that the leader of the House of Lords agrees with us. The two things wanted in our school management are economy and common-sense: some regard for the ratepayer's pocket, and some check on the costly and ambitious schemes of educational faddists. We were more likely to get both from the Borough Councils than the County Council. But compromise won the day as elsewhere. Though why a Government with a majority of a hundred and twenty should be continually placing itself in a posture of concession we fail to understand. It is not good heraldry.

On one point, however, the Government stood firm. By an amendment proposed and carried by Sir W. Anson on the 12th, it was finally settled that

two-thirds of the managers should be appointed by the Borough Councils and one-third by the County Council. In the House of Lords an attempt was made to reverse this decision, but without success. The Bishop of Rochester moved an amendment by which the County Council should nominate two-thirds and the Borough Councils only one. The proposal was defeated by a sufficient majority, as also was Lord Portsmouth's, which really, as the Archbishop of Canterbury said, approached an absurdity. It ran as follows: "No teacher shall be required as a condition of being appointed or continuing a teacher in any school or college aided or maintained by the local education authority to belong to any particular religious denomination, or to attend or abstain from attending any place of religious worship, or religious observance, or Sunday school." If denominational schools were to be maintained at all, said Dr Davidson, it was surely reasonable to require that the teachers in them should belong to the denomination for which they were intended.

It is open, of course, to the Liberal party to threaten us with the repeal of the Act as soon as they return to office, though that would be contrary to all established usage. But that the leaders of the Opposition and prominent Liberal statesmen should hound on the Nonconformists to break the law as it stands is an act not only highly criminal in itself, but in direct

contravention of all the best traditions of English public life, and subversive of the only principle on which parliamentary government can be successfully conducted. Lord Rosebery himself has said that much may be excused in men smarting under great reverses, and soured by long opposition. But the irritation of the Opposition has boiled over to an extent which, unless we are much mistaken, will scald their own fingers. Moderate men of all shades, even among Dissenters themselves, condemn "the passive resistance" movement; and none the less because, in addition to being a case of flagrant lawlessness, it is also the merest sham. Goods are sold, and bought in again by the victim's friends, from whom he in return repurchases them, paying the amount of the rate to a neighbour instead of to a bailiff. And this is martyrdom!

Dissenters complain that they are compelled to pay rates for the support of a religion which they believe to be erroneous. But so are Roman Catholics, and so are Churchmen. Churchmen are rated for the support of Wesleyan schools, just as Wesleyans and Nonconformists of all denominations are rated for the support of Church schools. Such religion as was taught in board schools was condemned alike by Romanists, by Jews, and by agnostics, yet all were obliged to pay for it. Dissenters can hardly hope to blind the public to the fact that by refusing to obey the law they are, as the

Prime Minister says, fighting not for principle but for privilege, and claiming a licence for themselves which they deny to others. If an advanced Ritualist is guilty of this kind of disobedience, no words are too bad for him. But what is rebellion in the Ritualist is conscience with the Nonconformist.

A great system of national education is established, to be supported by rates levied by the appointed authorities. In the fund so created all schools may share, denominational and undenominational alike; and as long as Dissenting schools take their share of the money, the preachers of "passive resistance" have not a leg, not a toe, to stand upon. And they know it too.

Besides, as Mr Balfour very pointedly inquired in his letter to 'The Times' last June,¹ what is the difference in principle between a rate and a tax? Dissenters pay taxes. Out of these taxes money has long been given to denominational schools. Yet the Dissenters said nothing against that. Does a payment which was perfectly unobjectionable when it was called a tax, at once become odious and oppressive when it is called a rate? To say that popular control over the expenditure of rates is diminished by this Bill in favour of voluntary schools, seems an odd way of interpreting provisions by which the control of religious teaching is transferred from the clergyman to the managers, who are appointed by an elective body chosen by

the ratepayers themselves. Dr Clifford is apparently of opinion that popular control means control by a majority who happen to agree with himself. But it is the manner in which they are appointed, not the opinions which they hold, by which the popular character of such a body must be estimated. As for the question of tests, the alleged grievance is invisible to the naked eye. Before you employ a man upon any particular duty you must make sure that he understands his business, and will discharge his task in conformity with the instructions he has received. In the absence of any such guarantee, who is to know what kind of doctrine the teacher might not insidiously inculcate? A Unitarian master declared before a committee that he would not teach the doctrine of the Trinity. Are we not to ascertain, then, whether a man is a Unitarian or not when he offers himself as a candidate? Churchmen pay their schoolmaster to teach their own religion, not something else which he may like better himself, or judge better for his pupils.

We have all heard of the Turkish High Admiral who, being placed in command of the Turkish fleet, steered it straight into the enemy's port. And how did he defend himself? "I have an objection to war," he said; "I see no use in prolonging the struggle." But he did not give expression to these sentiments before he accepted the command. A

¹ June 26.

schoolmaster might say, if found mutilating the Catechism or the Lord's Prayer, "I have an objection to Anglican doctrine, and, therefore, though appointed to uphold the liturgy in which it is embodied, I think it better for all parties to betray my trust." The control over the religious teaching in denominational schools has been partly vested in managers, for fear the clergyman, if left to himself, might inculcate views inconsistent with the principles of the Church of England. This is the ground on which the management clauses are defended. But what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. How do we know but what the schoolmaster, if left to *himself*, might not also inculcate views at variance with the Church's doctrine? The managers would have the same powers to interfere with him as they have with the clergyman. True; but is not prevention better than cure? and if it is admitted that a schoolmaster might have to be dismissed on being found to teach heterodox opinions, is it not better to save him that humiliation by ascertaining beforehand what his opinions are?

The next in importance among the measures carried through Parliament is the Sugar Convention Bill, which was hotly debated in the House of Commons, and not less warmly, though more briefly, in the House of Lords. The object of the Bill is to save the sugar industry in the West Indies from approaching ruin by prohibiting the import into

this country of bounty-paid sugar, which can be sold in England at less than cost price. The chief exporting countries abroad have agreed to abolish the bounty system, which was rapidly swamping the West Indian trade, persuaded thereto by the prospect of retaliatory duties being imposed by Great Britain. It is urged by politicians of the Sir William Harcourt stamp that we have no right to benefit the colonies at the expense of the British people; and that the agreement arrived at by the International Sugar Conference, held at Brussels in the autumn of last year, will raise the price of sugar in this country, to the injury of the working classes and to the detriment of confectioners and jam producers. Sir William cries, Perish the cane-growers and sugar-refiners; never mind these paltry industries; let us stand or fall by jam. The absurdity of putting these two interests in the scale against each other is manifest. But Sir William and his proteges, the purveyors of preserved fruits, cakes, and tarts, cry out before they are hurt. It is by no means clear that the abolition of bounties will make sugar any dearer. In the first place, the stability of the market, and freedom from violent fluctuations ensured by it, will be so much gain to the planters, who, in the second place, will with this security produce a great deal more sugar. So that it by no means follows that the cane-growers will be driven to raise their prices above what the average has

been during the last ten years. It is now at the ridiculously low price of 6s. a cwt. No doubt the immediate effect of the Convention will be a slight rise. But as prices rise production will increase; so that the British consumer will find himself no worse off in the long-run, while he will have the satisfaction of knowing that some of our finest dependencies have been saved from relapsing into barbarism.

Moreover, the House of Commons only last November passed a resolution approving of the decision arrived at by the Brussels Conference in the previous March. Great Britain was one of the signatories to that Convention, and cannot possibly back out of it now without forfeiting the confidence and respect of all concerned. The House of Commons has only been asked this session to do what was necessary to give practical effect to its own resolution. But the Opposition won't see it, and they continued all through committee to discuss the Convention on its merits, as if these had not already been decided. Long, wearisome, and vexatious discussions were carried on for three nights, the House on one occasion sitting till three o'clock in the morning. But it was at last read a third time on the 6th of August, and when once in the House of Lords was soon despatched by that highly practical assembly. Lord Spencer was the only peer who showed fight, and even he was obliged to press into his service some antiquated

claptrap which we were very much surprised to hear. His argument to prove that Parliament was not bound in honour to pass this Bill, because by Article 12 of the Convention the "fulfilment of the mutual engagements contained in the present Convention is subordinate to the customs, formalities, and requirements established by the constitutional laws of each of the contracting parties," was nothing whatever to the purpose. Parliament had already accepted the Convention, and the words here used could not have meant that the Parliament which agreed to the Convention one day had a right to throw it over the next. That is not one of our customs or formalities.

Most of his arguments had been already answered in the House of Commons. It is by increased production, the result of confidence and security, and the additional capital thus attracted to the industry, that the West Indies hope to profit more than by any increase in price. His heroics, in King Cambyzes' vein, about "this great and proud country" placing itself under the orders of a foreign commission, would have done well enough in a debating society, but sound rather silly in the mouth of an elderly statesman versed in affairs, and the first to ridicule such appeals in others. "There is nothing so good this side of eternity," said Bailie Nicol Jarvie, "but what it might be better." And there is no scheme of policy, however wise the author, so perfect but

what holes may be picked in it. Of course there are necessarily some uncertainties and some unguarded points in such a measure as the Sugar Bill, involving as it does so many different interests and so many rival nations. But, all things considered, they are very few, and not to be weighed in the balance against the solid benefits which we are fully justified in expecting from it.

We may depend upon it that if the Liberals had abolished the Bounty system themselves they would have boasted of it as long as they lived. And they might have done. It is but the other day that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman cursed them by all his gods: they were "the most injurious quack nostrums with which the philosophy of protection has afflicted modern states." But circumstances alter cases. What was once an injurious quack nostrum has suddenly been converted by one touch of the Liberal wand into an orthodox medicine of the highest virtue. Evidently they were mistaken who said that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was no conjuror.

Of the other measures of the session, the majority may be dismissed very briefly. The Scottish Licensing Bill, under the very able conduct of the Lord Advocate, was reported from the Standing Committee on the 7th of July, and the discussion which followed in both Houses of Parliament left the principle of the measure untouched. We need not,

therefore, repeat what we said upon this subject in our last political article. Mr Balfour has promised to take up the question of compensation next session, and to make it one of the principal Government measures. The Employment of Children Bill and the Motor-Car Bill stand next on the list. Of the former, we are sorry to say we cannot speak very favourably. We give credit to its promoters for the best possible intentions, but they have allowed their zeal to carry them to pedantic lengths, which will inflict great hardships on some classes of the population. The main fault of the Bill, says Mr Jesse Collings, is "that it draws no distinction between town and country, between the 'waifs and strays' of our large towns and the children of the honest, labouring poor in our rural districts. It does not discriminate between the belated, neglected child trading in matches and other things in the streets of Liverpool and Glasgow and country children earning small but useful sums by healthy outdoor occupations in which, as a rule, they themselves delight." By clause 3, as he goes on to point out,¹ no child "under fourteen can be employed even at harvest-time or in fruit-gathering season or in dairy-work before six o'clock in the morning without permission from the county council. No girl can be employed before that hour in domestic or nursery work, which is so common and necessary in rural districts. No

¹ Times, July 27.

child under eleven can be engaged at all in 'street-trading,' and as the definition of street-trading (clause 10) includes almost all kinds of work, he is excluded from nearly all employment. He must not help in the sale of milk or vegetables, must not sell flowers or fruit, though they might be the produce of his parents' gardens." The power of relaxing these very stringent regulations and making bye-laws for that and other purposes ought not to be committed to the county councils, who have asked for no such powers, but rather to the subordinate councils, who must necessarily be much better acquainted than the central authority with the wants of their respective districts.

The employment of girls in street-trading is of course a different branch of the subject. The Bishop of Rochester, in Committee in the Lords, was for absolute prohibition of street-trading by girls under sixteen. An amendment to this effect had been inserted by the Grand Committee, but was rejected by Mr Akers Douglas in favour of one "directing the local authorities to pay special regard to the desirability of preventing the employment of girls under sixteen in places or under conditions prejudicial to morality." And to this form of restriction the Government adhered, it being well pointed out by Lord Meath that there were cases in which the widowed mother could only save herself from the workhouse by employing her children in street-trading.

The Motor-Car Bill has also given rise to much unfavourable criticism. That some interference with what has become an intolerable nuisance was urgently called for, we readily allow. But whether the Government have adopted the best possible means of abating it seems a doubtful point. The speed limit, which is the remedy selected, has of course the merit of simplicity. But who is to enforce it? There are several difficulties in the way. In the first place, it would be necessary that one or more policemen should be permanently stationed in every country village. In the second place, even if this were done, not one man in a hundred can tell at what pace a vehicle is going as it passes by him. Such a system renders every motor-car driver liable to be stopped on suspicion, though he may be innocent of all offence. It is true that when prosecuted he cannot be convicted on the testimony of a single witness. But this does not mend matters much. For two men on such a matter as this are as likely to be mistaken as one. Twenty miles an hour is the maximum speed allowed under any circumstances. But driving recklessly or negligently, or at a pace rendered dangerous by reason of "the nature, use, and condition" of the highway, and the amount of traffic usually passing over it, will also be an offence. It is, however, time that our motorists were made to remember, what they now seem ready to forget, that our streets and roads are made for the public and not for

themselves, and that public safety and convenience must be consulted before what is only the luxury of a few individuals.

"Fiscal Policy" and the proposals of Mr Chamberlain we have reserved for separate treatment, and in this article we have only to comment on its reception by the Unionist party and the gravity of the crisis with which it momentarily threatens us. With the Liberals, of course, the wish is father to the thought. When they confidently expect, as we are told they do, a break up of the Ministry in the early autumn, we know what value to attach to such a declaration. But we cannot blind ourselves to the clouds by which the political horizon is overcast, or refrain from asking those who are mainly responsible for the present aspect of affairs whether they have ever seriously reflected on the consequences of their own action, or remember that a great deal more than the question of cheap or dear food is at stake in the cohesion of the Unionist alliance and the maintenance of Conservative principles.

The question of Free Trade and Protection, which wrecked a great political party in the last century, seems as if it were again destined to bring about a similar catastrophe. Now, to put the thing on the lowest ground, will any one pretend to say that the case against Mr Chamberlain's proposals is so clear and unanswerable as to justify either leaders or followers in running

such a risk as that? We will not refer now to our own articles in 'Maga,' though we hope they have brought out the truth pretty clearly.

It should be remembered that Mr Chamberlain has not as yet bound himself down to any definite details, and has frankly declined to do so until he opens his public campaign in the autumn. But his supporters have published several calculations showing how the preferential idea could be worked out with little or no disturbance of the existing incidence of taxation. One of the simplest and best of these was given in the letter of "A Revenue Officer" in 'The Times' of the 20th July. It showed that Mr Chamberlain's colonial policy of reciprocal preferential duties, as formulated by the Colonial Conference in 1902, might be carried out by imposing duties on foreign food and manufactures, calculated to bring in £13,800,000 a-year; and whatever addition to the price of bread is the result will be taken off by the abolition of equivalent duties on tea, sugar, coffee, cocoa, dried fruits, &c., so that the cost of living will not be increased to the working man "by a single farthing. What is taken out of one pocket would be put back into the other."¹ And thus we shall have established the desired relations with our colonies at no cost whatever to the British workman. The position in which the free-traders find themselves is well exemplified by Sir W. Harcourt's

¹ Constitutional Club, June 27.

letter to 'The Times' of August 19th: "But all the ability of Mr Chamberlain will fail to convince the most simple amongst us that a serious rise in the price of corn will not enhance the cost of bread." But Mr Chamberlain never said that it would not. His assailants, unable to refute what he did say, are compelled to refute what he did not say. They are afraid that the country is beginning to understand him; and they very properly strain every nerve to prevent so undesirable a consummation. This effort is becoming very perceptible in the daily attacks now made upon him. By the impetus given to home productions through the check placed on importation, work will be made more plentiful, and, if wages are not raised directly, they can only remain stationary while the supply of labour exceeds the demand. As the demand grows under the operation of the new system wages will rise in proportion.

Now, is there anything in these calculations so utterly unreasonable, so wholly inconsistent with either logic or arithmetic, as to justify public men in refusing even to look at them? If not, they incur a very grave responsibility who reject without inquiry a policy so conducive to the welfare of the Empire, and imperil the existence of that great political party which has presided over the destinies of this country for so many years with such marked ability and success. It moves in us a feeling akin to indignation to

see men like Lord Goschen, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and Mr Ritchie deaf to all such considerations, and still on their knees before "the dry bones of an effete political economy," like Romish devotees before the relics of a patron saint. Men like Bright and Cobden, however, were neither saints nor martyrs; and the former took good care not to let the world at large know what was his real object in preaching the gospel of free trade. We learn from Mr Morley's life that one of his most cherished aims was the destruction of the English aristocracy, and the erection of a commercial aristocracy on its ruins. It was the elevation of his own order that he was fighting for, as much as, or even more than, the cheap loaf.

However, the free-traders are slaves to their shibboleth. Of Mr Ritchie we say nothing. He is not one of the "Old Guard"; but Hicks-Beach and Lord Goschen are, and should know better the value of all which they jeopardise by their present attitude. They must know perfectly well that great empires cannot be governed by political economy alone; that it is only one of many principles which go to make up the science of government, and that if it is allowed to overbalance all the rest, only ruin can ensue. Suppose the present Government to be defeated at the next general election, the party would not be broken up. It would still survive, a powerful and compact body, with its traditions unbroken, strong

enough to exercise substantial control over Radical proclivities, and to resume office whenever they should be called upon to do so. But the disintegration of the Unionist party would be something quite different from this. It would destroy the only guarantee we possess for the integrity of our national institutions. The party would be split into fragments never to be reunited, or not till after so long an interval as would allow the revolutionary forces to work irreparable mischief. Then when the authors of it saw the House of Lords abolished, the Church of England disestablished, the Empire dissolved, religion banished from our schools, agriculture finally ruined, and the country gentlemen of Great Britain driven from their homes, they would perhaps begin to reflect that, but for their own bigoted adherence to an exploded superstition, all this might have been otherwise; that but for jealousies and prejudices to which they ought to have risen superior, this ruin might have been averted; and would begin to repent of their hostility to colleagues who, even if mistaken, could never have entailed on us such miseries as these—

“And wish they had not so accused them,
No—though they thought their accusation just.”

If the free-trade zealots persist in the path which they are now treading, “the dark and inevitable hour” will arrive when repentance will be too late. They were, it would seem,

in a hurry to be angry. There was no necessity in the world for so precipitate a declaration of hostilities; and in the gratification of their personal passion they have trodden under foot all higher considerations. Well, if they do not reap as they have sown! It may still be possible to avert an open rupture. Such is the opinion of Lord James of Hereford. But passions have been roused which will not easily be quelled, and hopes of victory excited which will not readily be abandoned.

The Liberal and Little England party are what they ever were. What they were thirty years ago they are now. If they have kept some aspirations in the background of late years, they have not abandoned them. The following words, spoken in 1872, deserve to be taken to heart as much as ever, besides being a most remarkable forecast of the present situation:—

“If you look to the history of this country since the advent of Liberalism—forty years ago—you will find that there has been no effort so continuous, so subtle, supported by so much energy and carried on with so much ability and acumen, as the attempts of Liberalism to effect the disintegration of the Empire of England. And, gentlemen, of all its efforts this has been the nearest to success. It has been proved to all of us that we have lost money by our colonies. It has been shown with mathematical demonstration that there never was a jewel in the English crown so costly as the possession of India. And often has it been suggested that we should emancipate ourselves from this incubus.”

When self-government was conceded to the colonies the

Speaker thought that this object was accomplished.

"Not that I, for one, object to self-government. But self-government, in my opinion, when it was conceded ought to have been conceded as part of a great policy of Imperial consolidation. It ought to have been accompanied by an Imperial Tariff, . . . and by a military code which should have precisely defined the means and the responsibilities by which the colonies should be defended, and by which, if necessary, this country should call for aid from the colonies themselves. It ought, further, to have been accompanied by the institution of some representative council in the metropolis which would have brought the colonies into constant and continuous relations with the Home Government. All this, however, was omitted, because those who advised that policy looked upon the colonies of England—looked even upon our connection with India—as a burden upon this country: viewing everything in a financial aspect, and totally passing by those moral and political considerations which make nations great, and by the influence of which alone men are distinguished from animals."

And what saved the country from the fate then prepared for it? Why, the colonies themselves, and the sympathies of the colonies with the mother country.

"They have decided that the Empire shall not be destroyed, and, in my opinion, no Minister in this country will do his duty who neglects any opportunity of reconstructing our colonial empire and of responding to those distant sympathies which may become the source of incalculable strength and happiness to this land."

These are the words of Lord Beaconsfield, uttered more than thirty years ago. Destroy the Unionist party and you destroy the only security we have against a recurrence to the

pernicious policy which is not in the slightest degree exaggerated in the foregoing.

There can be no doubt of what must be the result if the leaders of the Unionist free-traders persevere in the attitude which they held down to the end of the session. They are sure of the support of those self-assured youngsters and disappointed veterans who are always to be found below the gangway, and who find their opportunity in a Cabinet split. It is as good as lemon with their grog. The public may estimate them at their true value, and perhaps rather despise them than otherwise; but that will not prevent an impression from being gradually made by the pertinacious repetition of plausible fallacies: to say nothing of the fact that there is always a very numerous class of people who enjoy hearing their rulers abused, though they know the abuse to be groundless, and so are led on to listen to these elderly grumblers till they begin to think that, after all, there may be something in what they say. Folly is very catching, and one fool who is the dupe of these orators is likely to make twenty more. We would not attach too much importance to these juvenile exercises. It is those who are old enough to know better, and can calculate consequences, for whom our indignation should be reserved. Some of them, moreover, are intolerable bores, to whom the House of Commons would not have listened for five minutes in its palmy days.

THE FOOD QUESTION IN 1903.

IN the first article of this series¹ the economic ideas lately revived by Mr Chamberlain were discussed in their historical aspect, and we may remark in passing that it is almost the only historical criticism which has yet appeared during the discussion. In the second² a contrast was drawn between the fiscal activity of our commercial rivals and the comatose condition into which our own fiscal interests have been permitted to drift. In this third article of the series we propose to begin a systematic examination of the chief branches of the fiscal inquiry which the Government have in hand. It is unnecessary to be in the secrets of the Cabinet to know that there are certain subjects which the inquiry must necessarily embrace.

The food question, for example, is already in the forefront of the discussion, though little can be said for the sophistical and petty spirit in which it has hitherto been treated. After it our foreign trade, our commercial relations within and beyond the Empire, existing commercial treaties, international competition, the condition of our staple industries, British labour, its merits and defects, the physical efficiency of the nation, and the growth or otherwise of our economic

power,—all will have to come under review if the inquiry is to be exhaustive. When the expression an “inquest of the nation” was first used, it had more meaning than even its author may have realised. What Mr Chamberlain has launched us into is much more than an election campaign. Whatever the Cobden Club may do to narrow it, every day it widens; and in the end the whole economic condition of the country will come within its scope.

For all communities the food question is the first and most important. For us, depending as we do far more on foreign than on domestic food-supplies, it is of vital importance. But, true to our national partiality for the illogical and anomalous, we have given it less attention than any other economic problem of the day. Food is a tabooed subject in politics: one can only allude to it at the risk of being at once suspected of sinister designs on the sacred settlement of 1846. We have heard lately some strange confessions from a Chancellor of the Exchequer as to the liability of food taxes to misrepresentation. We have also seen how ready a certain hysterical section of the press is to raise, on the slightest pretext, a shrill outcry against stomach taxes. The

¹ “A Self-Sustaining Empire,” July 1903.

² “Fiscal Policies in 1903,” August 1903.

consequence of these morbid ideas and susceptibilities is that the British public know actually less about how they are fed from day to day than they do about wireless telegraphy or the chemical properties of radium. The only thought they associate with food—and especially foreign food—is that it must not be taxed, or some terrible judgment is sure to befall us.

Even distinguished parliamentarians never miss an opportunity of displaying inconceivable ignorance on the food question. Not long ago Sir Robert Reid undertook to enlighten his constituents at Sanquhar upon it. He began with the usual free-trade denunciation of Mr Balfour for having “no settled convictions.” “Any Ministers worthy of a moment’s confidence” ought, in Sir Robert’s opinion, “to have themselves painfully examined the whole subject, to have studied it to its very roots.” Then he proceeded to give a few of the results of his own painful examination. Mr Chamberlain’s proposal, he said, was to tax “corn, meal, grain, flour, and meat”; of which commodities “we imported from foreign shores about 90 millions sterling every year, and from our colonies about 15 millions sterling.” Our actual imports of “corn, meal, grain, flour, and meat” aggregated, according to the Board of Trade returns, over 118 millions sterling; so that Sir Robert was just 13 millions out in his first result. If we add dairy produce and vege-

tables, he would be over 50 millions sterling out. As a popular instructor he has hardly made a good start, and his Sanquhar constituents remain, we fear, very imperfectly enlightened on this branch of the “grand inquest of the nation.” The full figures, as we are about to give them, should startle even Sanquhar out of its Radical equanimity.

The time has indeed come when we must pluck up courage to look the food question in the face,—when we must study it like any other public question, and regard it not from one small point of view but from all points. The cheap loaf is not the beginning and the end of it. Apart from that, there are many other considerations connected with it, as for instance—

The health and physical strength of the people.

The proper cultivation of the soil, and the full utilisation of all our food-growing resources.

The importance of home-grown food as the basis of our home markets.

The fact that a large section of the taxpayers—say, about 70 per cent—can only be reached through their consumption of food and drink.

The huge and rapidly growing item that food-supplies represent in our imports.

The large proportion of our annual income that is spent on foreign food.

The slow progress of our home industries, both agricultural and manufacturing, compared with the rapid increase of our food imports.

The smallness of our exports as contrasted with the enormous consumption of foreign food.

The steady retrogression of our home agriculture compared with the immense expansion given to foreign agriculture through our food purchases all over the world.

The preference hitherto shown for foreign food-supplies over those of our own colonies, which are only beginning to be appreciated as they deserve.

The stimulus which our purchases of foreign food have given to the development of certain foreign countries, notably the United States, when similar encouragement might have been as easily given, and with better effect, to our own colonies—to say nothing of our own farmers.

All these considerations may be summed up in a single question—Are we not using

the vast power and influence of the national stomach to enrich foreign food-growers, while we are impoverishing ourselves? How many of the British public, including members of Parliament, could make a better guess at the amount of our annual bill for foreign food and drink than Sir Robert Reid succeeded in doing at Sanquhar? His 105 millions a-year for “corn, grain, meal, flour, and meat” is only the beginning of it. Staggering a sum as it sounds, it does not reach one-half of the actual aggregate of 1902. From the voluminous statistics which follow—all carefully compiled from the Board of Trade returns—our foreign food-bill in that year was $211\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling. In order to give flavour to it, we ran up in the same year a foreign drink-bill of $7\frac{1}{4}$ millions, and a tobacco-bill of $5\frac{3}{4}$ millions.

OUR FOREIGN FOOD AND DRINK BILL.

Grand total, $224\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling in one year for foreign food, drink, and tobacco! Four and a quarter millions sterling a-week—fully £600,000 a-day—paid to foreign food-growers to eke out the shortcomings of our own despised and neglected soil! That is our idea of national prosperity! When once in a way the genuineness of such prosperity is doubted, the men of sixty-year-old convictions rise up in their wrath and swear by all their cotton and cotton-wool gods that the nation shall eat, drink, and smoke itself

into bankruptcy on foreign imports rather than that a hair of the Cobden fetiche be disturbed.

Our statistics also give the weights of the principal imports, which are even more stupendous than the values. Leaving out eggs and other specialties, which are not weighed, the aggregate quantity exceeded *three hundred million cwt., or fifteen million tons*. Grain and flour answered for two-thirds of the whole, or 203 million cwt. out of 305 millions. Imagine being flooded with foreign bread-stuffs at the

rate of 33,000 tons per day—yet, according to Sir Henry
 excluding Sundays—and with Campbell-Bannerman, twelve
 other foreign foods at the rate millions of us live perpetually
 of 16,000 tons per day! And on the verge of starvation!

OUR FOREIGN FOOD-BILL, 1902.

	Quantities. cwt.	Values. £
I. Butcher-Meat.		
Cattle (419,488) . . .	4,300,000*	7,814,753
Sheep (293,199) . . .	200,000*	454,422
Beef, fresh . . .	3,707,387	7,905,144
" salted . . .	155,574	244,002
Mutton, fresh . . .	3,659,599	6,914,911
Pork, fresh . . .	655,376	1,446,145
" salted . . .	205,265	305,587
Bacon . . .	5,089,704	13,426,967
Hams . . .	1,482,287	3,859,002
Meat, unenumerated . . .	655,023	1,199,140
" preserved . . .	910,886	2,785,529
Rabbits . . .	451,457	734,326
Poultry and game . . .	300,000*	1,059,060
Lard . . .	1,650,830	4,118,990
	<u>23,423,388</u>	<u>52,267,978</u>
II. Fish.		
Fresh . . .	898,979	734,474
Salted . . .	252,407	638,638
Canned—		
Salmon . . .	906,835	1,976,000
Lobster . . .	50,678	260,955
Other . . .	30,407	72,223
Not canned . . .	533,435	600,760
	<u>2,672,741</u>	<u>4,283,050</u>
III. Grain and Flour.		
Wheat . . .	80,925,886	27,058,049
" meal and flour . . .	19,478,199	8,947,747
Barley . . .	25,199,312	7,130,992
Oats . . .	15,857,157	5,041,321
Oatmeal . . .	612,712	486,066
Maize . . .	44,485,274	11,710,773
" meal . . .	242,840	83,270
Peas . . .	1,746,210	667,236
Beans . . .	2,065,499	703,621
Other corn and meal . . .	1,897,990	576,147
Starch, farina, &c. . .	2,446,628	1,595,329
Offals, &c. . .	2,180,185	478,793
Rice, rice meal, &c. . .	6,375,570	2,212,960
	<u>203,513,462</u>	<u>66,692,304</u>
IV. Dairy Produce.		
Butter . . .	3,974,177	20,527,934
Margarine . . .	966,170	2,569,453
Cheese . . .	2,546,384	6,412,420
Milk, condensed . . .	914,087	1,803,036
" fresh . . .	22,030	37,613
Eggs (2,276,015,000) . . .	2,528,900*	6,299,934
	<u>10,951,748</u>	<u>37,650,390</u>

* Estimated weights.

OUR FOREIGN FOOD-BILL, 1902—*continued.*

	Quantities.	Values.
	cwt.	£
V. Vegetables.		
Onions (7,606,119 bushels) .	3,000,000*	999,952
Potatoes . . .	5,699,090	1,589,533
Tomatoes . . .	783,894	700,126
Unenumerated . . .	1,160,000*	467,022
Hops . . .	191,324	798,588
	<u>10,834,308</u>	<u>4,555,221</u>
VI. Fruits.		
Apples . . .	2,843,701	1,923,482
Pears . . .	491,906	439,536
Plums . . .	541,136	515,059
Cherries . . .	166,359	216,421
Strawberries . . .	40,211	58,080
Currants . . .	76,080	92,112
Gooseberries . . .	27,577	16,919
Bananas (2,805,700 bunches)	250,000*	1,060,263
Grapes . . .	636,932	676,894
Oranges . . .	6,518,067	2,358,709
Lemons . . .	1,003,288	417,049
Nuts . . .	933,147	1,191,687
Unenumerated . . .	516,866	342,459
	<u>14,045,270</u>	<u>9,308,670</u>
VII. Groceries, Spirits, &c. (for home consumption).		
Tea . . .	2,271,787	8,837,880
Sugar, raw . . .	12,562,221	5,027,907
" refined . . .	18,227,329	9,708,466
Molasses . . .	1,343,310	269,383
Glucose . . .	1,154,634	574,785
Saccharine	56,922
Cocoa . . .	480,000	2,587,512
Coffee . . .	293,702	2,644,380
Chicory . . .	85,096	45,024
Dried fruits . . .	1,790,927	2,427,980
Spices . . .	310,470	865,079
Yeast . . .	137,076	284,351
	<u>38,656,552</u>	<u>33,329,669</u>
VIII. Wines, Spirits, &c.		
Spirits . . . gals.	8,737,465	2,038,921
Wine . . . "	15,348,242	4,947,767
Mineral waters . . . dozs.	1,314,223	269,998
		<u>7,256,686</u>
IX. Tobacco . . . lb.	<u>82,918,487</u>	<u>5,799,810</u>
X. Unclassified articles . . .	<u>...</u>	<u>3,413,596</u>

* Estimated weights.

OUR FOREIGN FOOD-BILL, 1902—*continued.**Summary of Quantities and Values.*

	Quantities. cwt.	Values. £
I. Butcher-meat . . .	23,423,388	52,267,978
II. Fish . . .	2,672,741	4,283,050
III. Grain, flour, &c. . .	203,513,462	66,692,304
IV. Dairy produce . . .	10,951,748	37,650,390
V. Vegetables . . .	10,834,308	4,555,221
VI. Fruits . . .	14,045,270	9,308,670
VII. Groceries . . .	38,656,552	33,329,669
VIII. Wines, spirits, &c.	7,256,686
IX. Tobacco . . .	740,340	5,799,810
X. Unclassified	3,413,596
	<hr/> 304,837,809 <hr/>	<hr/> 224,557,374 <hr/>

A community of forty-two millions importing foreign food at the rate of 305 million cwt. — 15,250,000 tons — a - year would not seem to have much need to grow food at home at all. A community of forty-two millions paying 224½ millions sterling a-year for foreign food, drink, and tobacco would seem to be in danger of one day having very little money to spare for growing home food. Such an enormous consumption of foreign food must on the face of it be a great discouragement to home-growers, which is exactly what we find in our own case. Whoever will examine carefully and impartially the history of British agriculture since this flood of imported food set in will find that it has been retrograding all the time. It looks like an industry which has had the heart taken out of it, and in which everybody has lost faith—landlords, farmers, and labourers.

Nevertheless British agriculture was in its time a great industry. It carried the country through more than one deadly

peril. It furnished the sinews of war for more than one campaign in which our national existence was at stake. Less than two generations ago it continued to furnish nearly the whole of the food required by the inhabitants of these islands. On the eve of the repeal of the Corn Laws—as will be proved shortly from public records—the United Kingdom was still very nearly self-supporting. To-day it imports more than it grows of the principal necessities of life. As to some of them, it grows at home only a fraction of what it consumes. The latest report of the Board of Agriculture (1902) states that the cultivation returns of Great Britain (excluding Ireland) account for only 85 per cent of the measured surface. The total area according to the Ordnance Survey is 56,786,000 acres, of which 588,000 acres are inland water. Deducting the latter and the 2¼ million acres occupied by woods and plantations, there should still be 53½ million acres of utilisable surface. But the culti-

vated area is only about 32 million acres.

The United Kingdom as a whole has a superficies of 77,682,000 acres, of which only 60 per cent (47,760,000 acres)

is under crops and grass. The corn and root crops aggregate only $12\frac{1}{2}$ million acres, hay 6 million acres, and the remaining 28 million acres are in permanent pasture.

A FEW TRIFLES WE GROW AT HOME.

Last year (1902) the food-growing area of the United Kingdom was subdivided as

shown in the following tables, which give the aggregate yield of each of the principal crops:—

CULTIVATED AREA AND PRODUCE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM, 1902.

		acres.	bushels.
I. Corn Crop.			
Wheat . . .		1,772,840	58,278,443
Barley . . .		2,083,014	74,439,203
Oats . . .		4,157,079	184,184,361
Rye . . .		78,164	...
Beans . . .		245,656	7,703,966
Peas . . .		180,292	5,105,608
		<u>8,517,045</u>	<u>329,711,581</u>
II. Green Crops.			tons.
Potatoes . . .		1,214,575	5,919,919
Turnips . . .		1,905,273	29,116,224
Mangold . . .		519,337	10,809,380
Cabbage, &c. . .		239,677	...
Vetches . . .		175,560	...
Others . . .		186,687	...
		<u>4,241,109</u>	<u>45,845,523</u>
III. Grasses.			cwt.
For hay . . .		6,151,501	104,739,474
Not for hay . . .		22,257,391	200,179,540
		<u>28,408,892</u>	<u>304,919,014</u>
IV. Fallow and Small Crops.			
Bare fallow . . .		298,532	...
Small fruit . . .		80,385	...
Hops . . .		48,031	311,041
Flax . . .		50,577	...
		<u>477,525</u>	<u>311,041</u>

HOME AND FOREIGN FOOD-SUPPLIES CONTRASTED.

The first series of tables given above show our foreign food-supplies and the second our home supplies. It may now be interesting and in-

structive to compare them, as far as they admit of comparison. The foreign foods are of course much more varied than the domestic. Many of

them, such as tea, sugar, coffee, and semi-tropical fruits, could not be grown at home; but these form a small proportion of the whole—say, 50 millions sterling out of the whole 224½ millions. The butcher-meat, of which we imported last year 52½ millions sterling, fish 4½ millions, grain and flour (excluding rice) 64 millions, dairy produce 37½ millions, and vegetables 4½ millions, could all be produced at home as well as abroad. Of the fruits imported about one-half is within the

capabilities of our soil and climate, while the other half is beyond them. The chief interest of the comparison will centre, however, in bread-stuffs and meat, which together constitute a full half of our imported foods, their aggregate value being over 118 millions sterling. In the next pair of tables the reader will find the home and foreign quotas of these two groups compared—first in respect of quantities, and second in respect of values.

COMPARATIVE SUPPLIES OF HOME AND IMPORTED CEREALS, 1902.

	qrs.	Home Crop. cwt.	Imports. cwt.
Wheat .	7,285,000	31,568,300	100,404,085
Barley .	9,505,000	37,220,000	25,199,312
Oats .	23,023,000	69,069,000	15,857,157
Maize	44,728,114
Other corn and meal	6,524,803
Rice and rice-flour	6,375,570
		<u>137,857,300</u>	<u>199,089,041</u>

COMPARATIVE VALUES OF HOME AND IMPORTED CEREALS, 1902.

	Home Crop.	Imports.
Wheat .	£10,927,500	£27,058,049
" meal and flour .		8,947,747
Barley .	11,166,000	7,130,992
Oats .	25,169,000	5,041,321
Oatmeal .		486,066
Maize	11,710,773
" meal	83,270
Other corn and meal	2,650,269
Rice and rice-meal	2,212,960
	<u>£47,262,500</u>	<u>£65,321,447</u>

It will be seen that we import more than three times as much wheat as we raise at home (100½ million cwt. against 31½ millions). Foreign wheat furnishes nearly five-sixths of our total consumption, while foreign barley forms 40 per cent of the whole, and foreign oats only a fifth. But against that has to be set the practical

monopoly which maize enjoys in our market. Last year's consumption, amounting to nearly 45 million cwt., was all foreign. Taking the whole of the cereals together, the home crop was only 138 million cwt., against 199 millions imported. Two-thirds of our bread-stuffs, therefore, are foreign-grown.

MEAT AS WELL AS GRAIN UNDER FOREIGN CONTROL.

Years ago, when wheat-growing at 45s. to 50s. a quarter became almost impossible for the British farmer, he was told that he had still the meat market in his own hands. There at least he was said to be well protected against foreign competition. But of late that too has all been changed by cheap ocean freights and cold storage. Our meat-growers are now quite as hard pressed by foreign and colonial competition as our wheat-growers. Not only have they lost control of their market, but their share of the supply is rapidly growing smaller, while the foreign share grows larger. The best data available on the subject renders it doubtful if more than half of the total supply has not already passed out of the hands of native growers.

Calculations as to the meat consumption of the United Kingdom cannot in the nature of the case be so definite as

those relating to cereals. The yearly increase of live-stock cannot be estimated so precisely as the annual crops of grain. Neither can the sales be traced so readily. The Board of Agriculture have carried their statistical observations a long way, but a good deal of ground still remains uncovered. Under the Act of 1891 an official record is now kept of all cattle, sheep, and pigs entered for sale at the twenty-one chief markets in England and Scotland. These figures furnish a basis for an approximate estimate; but there must be a moderate addition made for sales at small local markets and elsewhere. Moreover, Ireland has also to be taken into account. The officially recorded entries in 1902 at the twenty-one chief markets were as under. To the numbers we have added estimates of gross value reckoned at the average prices of the year.

THE DOMESTIC MEAT SUPPLY, 1902.

<i>Registered Sales in England and Scotland.</i>				Estimated average price.	Gross value.
Cattle	1,302,600			£18	£23,446,800
Sheep	4,508,045			35s.	9,016,090
Pigs	414,351			50s.	1,035,877
					<hr/> £33,498,767
Add one-sixth for unregistered sales	5,583,128
And for Ireland in proportion to population	5,583,128
					<hr/> £44,665,023

This estimate can be checked by an alternative calculation based on the proportion of existing live-stock annually slaughtered — say, one-fourth. Excluding cows and heifers in milk, the total number of other

cattle in 1902 was 7,575,000. One-fourth of these would be 1,893,940. On the same principle we get, after setting aside breeding ewes, 18,946,450 sheep, of which one-fourth is 4,736,612. Pigs other than

breeding sows were returned at 2,959,079, of which one-fourth is 739,770. These figures, it should be observed, are for the United Kingdom, includ-

ing Ireland. Using the same average prices as before for each class, we obtain the following estimate of the annual value of home-grown butcher-meat:—

Cattle	.	.	1,893,940 at, say, £18	.	.	£34,090,920
Sheep	.	.	4,736,612 " 35s.	.	.	8,289,071
Pigs	.	.	739,770 " 50s.	.	.	1,848,425
						<u>£44,228,416</u>

The average prices are for cattle, sheep, and pigs of all ages taken overhead. Our imports of foreign meat in 1902 were valued, as shown on one of the foregoing tables, at £52,267,978, or eight millions sterling more than our estimate of the domestic supply of the same year. Our butcher's bill, home and foreign together, amounted to 96½ millions sterling, and the relative proportions were 54 per cent foreign to 46 per cent home-grown. The bread-stuff ratios were—for quantity, 66 per cent and 34 per cent; for value, 57 per cent and 43 per cent respectively.

Before leaving this part of our inquiry there is another striking contrast that may be presented to the reader. It lies between our agricultural income as a whole and the mass of our agricultural imports. The first and most difficult part of this calculation has been attempted before by more than one competent statistician. The most successful, perhaps, was Mr W. J. Harris,

who, in a paper read before the Royal Statistical Society in 1894, estimated the total produce of the soil of the United Kingdom at rather less than 172 millions sterling. His method was commended at the time for its simplicity and comprehensiveness, while his figures stood the test of keen criticism. An abstract of them is subjoined, and appended to it is a summary of the corresponding imports in 1902. The latter, it will be seen, exceeded the agricultural income of the United Kingdom by fully nine millions sterling. One point in Mr Harris's summary requires explanation. It contains no allowance for live-stock converted into food. Mr Harris considered it the clearest and most logical method to value the root and grass crops in the form in which they were ultimately marketed, whether meat, milk, or cheese. His argument was—and it found general acceptance—that the risk of duplications was thereby greatly reduced.

AGRICULTURAL INCOME OF THE UNITED KINGDOM (W. J. Harris, 1894).

Cereals	£50,367,649
Roots, at consuming value *	27,620,323
Other crops	17,181,000
Grass crops, at consuming value *	75,267,955
Pigs and poultry	1,500,000
						<u>£171,936,927</u>

* That is, value in the shape of meat and dairy produce.

AGRICULTURAL INCOME OF THE UNITED KINGDOM—*continued.**Imports in 1902 corresponding to above.*

Grain and flour	£66,692,304
Butcher-meat	52,267,978
Dairy produce	37,650,390
Vegetables	3,756,633
Fruit	5,120,460
					<u>£165,487,765</u>

FOREIGN FOOD RAPIDLY SUPERSEDING HOME FOOD.

Is it not a sufficiently grave matter that for two-thirds of our bread-stuffs, and more than half of our butcher-meat, we are now dependent on foreign and colonial sources? A still more grave question, however, has yet to come, and that is the rapid increase of our dependence on foreign food, combined with the relative shrinkage of our home supplies. On both these points the tables which follow make startling revelations. The first set exhibit the progress of our food imports, both as to quantity and value. The sixty-two years—1840-1902—which they cover have been divided into two periods, practically corre-

sponding to two generations. The former extends from 1840 to 1873, and the latter from 1873 to 1902. The second set of tables show how the home production of bread-stuffs and butcher-meat has fluctuated during the same period—generally downward. To these tables as a whole we invite the most careful attention. They betray an economic situation which may be very mildly described as critical. Judging from the facts here presented, the Royal Commission, which is now inquiring into our supplies of food and raw material in time of war, might very usefully extend its investigation to our food-supplies in time of peace.

OUR FOREIGN FOOD-SUPPLIES, 1840, 1873, and 1902.

		A. Quantities in cwt.		1840	1873	1902
				cwt.	cwt.	cwt.
I. <i>Butcher-Meat.</i>						
Cattle		100,401		4,300,000
Sheep		570,000		200,000
Beef, fresh	.	}	...	260,554		{ 3,707,387 153,574
" salted	.					
Mutton, fresh		3,659,599
Pork, fresh	.	}	29,532	289,695		{ 655,376 205,265
" salted	.					
Bacon	.	}	6,180	2,987,229		{ 5,089,704 1,482,287
Hams	.					
Meat, preserved		910,886
Unenumerated		655,023
Rabbits		451,457
Poultry and game		300,000
Lard	.	92		626,090		1,650,830
		<u>35,804</u>		<u>4,833,969</u>		<u>23,421,388</u>

OUR FOREIGN FOOD-SUPPLIES, 1840, 1873, and 1902—*continued.*

	1840. cwt.	1873. cwt.	1902. cwt.
II. <i>Fish</i>	718,174	2,672,741
III. <i>Grain, Flour, &c.</i>			
Wheat . . .	8,637,993	43,863,098	80,925,886
Flour . . .	1,546,523	6,293,918	19,478,199
Barley . . .	6,416,258	44,244,331	25,199,312
Oats . . .			15,857,157
Oatmeal . . .			612,712
Maize . . .			44,485,274
" meal . . .			242,840
Peas . . .			1,746,210
Beans . . .			2,065,499
Other corns and flour	1,897,990
Starch, farina, &c.	2,446,628
Offals, &c.	2,180,185
Rice and rice-flour .	443,918	6,559,090	6,375,570
	17,044,692	100,960,437	203,513,462
IV. <i>Dairy Produce.</i>			
Butter . . .	252,661	1,279,566	3,974,177
Margarine	966,170
Cheese . . .	226,462	1,356,622	2,546,384
Milk, condensed	914,087
" fresh	22,030
Eggs . . .	106,832	733,860	2,528,900
	585,955	3,370,048	10,951,748
V. <i>Vegetables.</i>			
Onions	3,000,000
Potatoes . . .	2,393	7,506,615	5,699,090
Tomatoes	783,894
Hops	191,324
Unenumerated	1,160,000
	2,293	7,506,615	10,834,308
VI. <i>Fruit, Green.</i>			
Lemons and oranges	769,400	7,521,355
All others in Group VI.	6,523,915
	...	769,400	14,045,270
VII. <i>Groceries, &c.</i>			
Tea . . .	250,000	1,462,200	2,271,787
Sugar, raw . . .	4,035,844	14,243,328	12,562,221
" refined . . .	17,388	2,273,490	18,227,329
Molasses . . .	458,631	520,815	1,343,310
Glucose	1,154,634
Cocoa . . .	31,245	173,000	480,000
Coffee . . .	256,200	281,300	293,702
Chicory	85,096
Dried fruits . . .	445,900	1,370,727	1,790,927
Spices . . .	not stated		310,470
Yeast	137,076
	5,495,208	20,324,860	38,656,552

OUR FOREIGN FOOD-SUPPLIES, 1840, 1873, and 1902—*continued.*

	1840. galls.	1873. galls.	1902. galls.
VIII. <i>Wines, Spirits, &c.</i>			
Wines . . .	9,311,247	17,905,129	16,456,663
Spirits . . .	8,657,505	10,259,798	8,737,465
Mineral waters (1,314,223 dozen bottles) }	1,971,000
	<u>17,968,752</u>	<u>28,164,927</u>	<u>27,165,128</u>

Summary of Quantities.

	1840. cwt.	1873. cwt.	1902. cwt.
I. Butcher-meat . . .	35,804	4,833,969	23,421,388
II. Fish	718,174	2,672,741
III. Grain, flour, &c. . .	17,044,692	101,960,437	203,513,462
IV. Dairy produce . . .	585,955	3,370,048	10,951,748
V. Vegetables . . .	2,293	7,506,615	10,834,308
VI. Fruit, green	769,400	14,045,270
VII. Groceries . . .	5,495,208	20,324,860	38,656,552
	<u>23,163,952</u>	<u>139,483,503</u>	<u>304,095,469</u>

	galls.	galls.	galls.
VIII. Wines, spirits, &c.	<u>17,968,752</u>	<u>28,164,927</u>	<u>27,165,128</u>

	lb.	lb.	lb.
IX. Tobacco—			
Manufactured . . .	1,406,054	1,208,425	3,214,971
Unmanufactured . .	36,680,887	44,142,791	79,703,516
	<u>38,086,941</u>	<u>45,351,216</u>	<u>82,918,487</u>

B. Values	{ 1840 . . . £25,037,793
	{ 1873 . . . 133,618,291
	{ 1902 . . . 224,557,374

	1840. £	1873. £	1902. £
I. <i>Butcher-Meat.</i>			
Cattle	3,354,043	7,814,753
Sheep	1,822,531	454,422
Beef, fresh	519,815	7,905,144
" salted	244,002
Pork, fresh	1,446,145
" salted . . .	58,818	644,014	305,587
Mutton, fresh	6,914,911
Bacon . . .	14,657	6,245,230	13,426,967
Hams	3,859,002
Meat, preserved	2,785,529
" unenumerated	1,199,140
Rabbits	734,326
Poultry and game	1,059,060
Lard . . .	258	1,388,881	4,118,990
	<u>73,733</u>	<u>13,974,514</u>	<u>52,267,978</u>
II. <i>Fish.</i>			
All kinds	1,003,326	4,283,050

OUR FOREIGN FOOD-SUPPLIES, 1840, 1873, and 1902—*continued.*

	1840.	1873.	1902.
	£	£	£
III. <i>Grain, Flour, &c.</i>			
Wheat . . .	5,880,480	28,538,746	27,058,049
" flour . . .	1,391,653	5,912,286	8,947,747
Barley . . .	2,171,691	17,286,772	7,130,992
Oats . . .			5,041,321
Oatmeal . . .			486,066
Maize . . .			11,710,773
" meal . . .			83,270
Peas . . .			667,236
Beans	703,621
Other corn and meal .			576,147
Starch, farina, offals, &c.			2,074,122
Rice and rice-flour .	277,449	3,278,974	2,212,960
	<u>9,721,273</u>	<u>55,016,778</u>	<u>66,692,304</u>
IV. <i>Dairy Produce.</i>			
Butter . . .	934,846	6,955,264	20,527,934
Margarine	2,569,453
Cheese . . .	424,616	4,061,456	6,412,420
Milk, condensed	1,803,036
" fresh	37,613
Eggs . . .	220,342	2,359,022	6,299,934
	<u>1,579,804</u>	<u>13,375,742</u>	<u>37,650,390</u>
V. <i>Vegetables.</i>			
Onions	999,952
Potatoes . . .	516	3,120,154	1,589,533
Tomatoes	700,126
Unenumerated	467,022
Hops	798,588
	<u>516</u>	<u>3,120,154</u>	<u>4,555,221</u>
VI. <i>Fruits.</i>			
Oranges and lemons .	150,137	1,124,248	2,775,758
All others in Group VI.	6,532,912
	<u>150,137</u>	<u>1,124,248</u>	<u>9,308,670</u>
VII. <i>Groceries, &c. (for home consumption).</i>			
Tea . . .	3,502,735	11,372,595	8,837,880
Sugar, raw . . .	9,053,770	15,106,538	5,027,907
" refined . . .	25,809	3,700,601	9,708,466
Molasses . . .	600,949	245,766	269,383
Glucose	574,785
Saccharine	56,922
Cocoa . . .	73,168	599,432	2,587,512
Coffee . . .	956,476	1,050,448	2,644,380
Chicory	45,024
Dried fruits . . .	688,423	1,944,235	2,427,980
Spices . . .	Not stated		865,079
Yeast . . .	"		284,351
	<u>14,901,330</u>	<u>34,019,615</u>	<u>33,329,669</u>

OUR FOREIGN FOOD-SUPPLIES, 1840, 1873, and 1902—*continued.*

	1840.	1873.	1902.
	£	£	£
VIII. <i>Wines, Spirits, &c.</i>			
Wines	6,734,809	4,947,767
Spirits	2,317,953	2,038,921
Mineral waters	269,998
	<u>...</u>	<u>9,052,762</u>	<u>7,256,686</u>
IX. <i>Tobacco.</i>			
Manufactured	404,532	1,891,313
Unmanufactured	1,420,462	3,908,497
	<u>...</u>	<u>1,824,994</u>	<u>5,799,810</u>

Summary of Values.

	1840.	1873.	1902.
	£	£	£
I. Butcher-meat . . .	73,733	13,974,514	52,267,978
II. Fish	1,003,326	4,283,050
III. Grain, flour, &c. . .	972,273	54,016,778	66,692,304
IV. Dairy produce . . .	1,579,804	13,375,742	37,650,390
V. Vegetables . . .	516	3,120,154	4,555,221
VI. Fruits . . .	150,137	1,124,248	9,308,670
VII. Groceries . . .	14,901,330	34,019,615	33,329,669
Unclassified	3,413,596
Total of foreign foods	<u>17,677,793</u>	<u>120,634,377</u>	<u>211,500,878</u>
VIII. Wines, spirits, &c. . .	5,800,000*	9,052,762	7,256,686
Total of foreign foods } and drinks }	<u>23,479,793</u>	<u>129,687,139</u>	<u>218,757,564</u>
IX. Tobacco . . .	1,558,000*	1,824,994	5,799,810
Total of foreign food, } drink, and tobacco }	<u>25,037,793</u>	<u>131,512,133</u>	<u>224,557,374[†]</u>

* Estimated at the prices of 1873.

† The exact total of the food, drink, and tobacco imports in the Board of Trade returns is £224,519,716, but our tables include several small items from other classes which we think properly belong here.

OUR DECREASING HOME-GROWN FOOD.

As a counterfoil to the enormous and rapidly increasing volume of our foreign food-sup-
plies let us see now how our home-grown food dwindles both relatively and absolutely :—

ACREAGE UNDER CROP IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, 1871-75 AND 1902.

	1871-75.	1902.
	acres.	acres.
I. <i>Corn Crop.</i>		
Wheat . . .	3,737,140	1,772,840
Barley . . .	2,598,713	2,083,014
Oats . . .	4,233,277	4,157,079
Rye . . .	67,609	78,164
Beans . . .	565,295	245,656
Peas . . .	341,543	180,292
	<u>11,543,577</u>	<u>8,517,045</u>

ACREAGE UNDER CROP IN THE UNITED KINGDOM—*continued.*

II. <i>Green Crops.</i>		1871-75.	1902.
		acres.	acres.
Potatoes	.	1,507,118	1,214,575
Turnips	.	2,476,352	1,905,273
Mangold	.	377,843	519,337
Cabbage, &c.	.	221,070	239,677
Vetches	.	491,390	{ 175,560
Others	.		{ 186,687
		<u>5,073,773</u>	<u>4,241,109</u>
III. <i>Hay</i>	.	not recorded.	<u>6,151,501</u>

LIVE-STOCK IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, 1871-75 AND 1902.

I. <i>Horses.</i>		1871-75.	1902.
Agricultural	1,451,131
One year and over	369,120
Under one year	191,450
Total horses	.	<u>1,820,113</u>	<u>2,011,701</u>
II. <i>Cattle.</i>			
Cows in milk	4,102,061
Two years and over	2,474,735
One to two years	2,463,645
Under one year	2,437,383
Total cattle	.	<u>9,932,443</u>	<u>11,477,824</u>
III. <i>Sheep.</i>			
Ewes for breeding	11,883,439
One year and above	6,845,246
Under one year	12,101,204
Total sheep	.	<u>33,192,418</u>	<u>30,829,889</u>
IV. <i>Pigs.</i>			
Sows for breeding	452,050
Other pigs	2,959,079
Total pigs	.	<u>3,782,134</u>	<u>3,411,129</u>

THE UNITED KINGDOM IN 1846 ALMOST SELF-DEPENDENT.

From the above tables it may be learned that on the eve of the repeal of the Corn Laws the United Kingdom was virtually a self-supporting country. It imported only 23 million cwt. of foreign foods, as compared with 139½ million cwt. in 1873, and 304 million cwt. in 1902. Its food-bill payable abroad rose during the same period of sixty-two years from 17½ millions sterling a-year in 1840 to 120½ millions in 1873, and 224½ millions in 1902. Concurrently the population of the United Kingdom increased by only 63 per cent—namely, from 26½ millions in 1840 to 31½ millions in 1873, and to nearly 42 millions in

1902. With an increase of productive power, represented by $15\frac{1}{2}$ million people, the expenditure on foreign food rose 200 millions sterling a-year! Of this about 160 millions a-year was in food-stuffs which can be produced at home—not, of course, in sufficient quantity for all our wants, but in much larger quantity than at present.

The tables further show, as to our home production, that instead of advancing by leaps and bounds as our food imports do, it is declining in most of its principal branches. The average of our corn crops has, in the past thirty years, shrunk from $11\frac{1}{2}$ million acres to $8\frac{1}{2}$ millions—a decrease of fully 26 per cent, or 1 per cent per annum. Though our farmers

were supposed to be finding compensation in live-stock for their losses on cereals, the average of our green crops is also on the decline. In the past thirty years it has fallen from 5 million acres to $4\frac{1}{4}$ millions, a decrease of 16 per cent. The shrinkage has been universal among our principal root-crops, with the one exception of man-golds. Saddest and most disappointing of all are the live-stock returns. They show in one or two classes small gains, but in others heavy decreases. Our cattle have in the past thirty years multiplied to the very moderate extent of a million and a half—from under 10 millions to nearly $11\frac{1}{2}$ millions. But in sheep there has been a loss of fully $2\frac{1}{4}$ millions, and in pigs of 370,000.

A CENTURY AGO THREE TIMES AS MUCH LAND PER HEAD
CULTIVATED AS THERE IS TO-DAY.

Whether we regard these figures from a fiscal, a commercial, or an economic standpoint, they are full of serious portent for the future of the country. We have actually a smaller cultivated area to-day than we had before the repeal of the corn laws. For sixty years it has been receding, while with equal persistence the quality of the cultivation has degenerated. The area under crop has shrunk year by year, and permanent pasture has extended. Eighty years ago the total cultivated area was stated before a Select Committee of the House of Commons (1827) to be 46,139,000 acres. The population then

numbered 23,061,000; consequently there were on an average two acres of cultivated land for every man, woman, and child in the three kingdoms. Now, we have 42 millions of people living on a cultivated area only a fraction larger than that of 1827, and the average per head has sunk to about nine-tenths of an acre. Even at the beginning of the last century we had almost as much land under cultivation as there is to-day. The area then was computed at 42,881,000 acres, and as the population numbered only 16,338,000, the average per head was nearly two and three-quarter acres, against nine-tenths of an acre to-day.

A hundred years ago we were making the most of our agricultural resources. George III. well deserved his title of "Farmer King," for during his sixty years' reign (1760-1820) no less than six and a half million acres of waste land were enclosed and brought under cultivation. How many acres, we wonder, were enclosed during the longer reign of Queen Victoria? Her enlightened subjects preferred developing the American prairies to growing an extra blade of wheat on their own prairie lands at home. If they had been told that as recently as 1821 and 1822 the United Kingdom raised all the corn it consumed, they might

have scouted the idea as incredible. The additional information that it was only in 1808 we ceased to be a corn-exporting country might have been received with still greater incredulity. But what would the people of 1808 have thought of their great-grandchildren paying, as they do to-day, *two hundred and eleven millions sterling a-year, or more than four millions sterling per week, for foreign foods, while whole parishes at home are running to waste!*

There is some fine scope for inquiry into the progress not only of our agriculture but of our economic condition generally under the free-trade dispensation.

FORTY MILLIONS A-YEAR OF FARMING PROFITS LOST SINCE 1843.

Are our people as a whole so much better off as is generally assumed in all the main requisites of health and comfort than they were under the old *régime*? Passing over the landowners, who, if they have suffered heavy losses, have also enjoyed large compensations in other directions, let us consider only the hard cases of the farmer and the farm-labourer. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman claims our tears for an imaginary twelve millions of people, living, he says, on the verge of starvation. How and why they came to be living on the verge of starvation he does not explain. But there is no ambiguity or vagueness about the sorry plight of the farming interest. For thirty years it has lived on the verge of bank-

ruptcy, and has not simply hungered but has toiled and struggled and suffered for the preservation of an apparently doomed industry. Not only have farming profits for the most part disappeared, but in too many cases farming capital has followed it.

Strange as it may seem, the British farmer was at one time a considerable contributor to the income and property tax. But nowadays the income-tax payers of his class are few and far between. The assessments under Schedule B (profits from the occupation of land) have shrunk wofully since they were first made on the revival of the tax by Sir Robert Peel in 1843. We give here the figures for that year alongside of those for 1901.

ASSESSMENTS UNDER SCHEDULE B (FARMING PROFITS), 1843 AND 1901.

	1843.	1901.
England and Wales	£41,558,559	£12,380,171
Scotland	5,211,365	1,979,610
	<u>£46,769,924</u>	<u>£14,359,781</u>

A loss of thirty-two and a half millions per annum in sixty years! But the loss to the public revenue was even greater than that of the farmers. The above £14,359,781 assessed in 1901 was the gross amount that came under the review of the Income Tax Commissioners. Actual payment was received on only a fraction of it, the amount having been reduced by exemptions, remissions, and abatements to £4,706,301,—including Ireland, which had not been subject to income tax in 1843. British agriculture has become such an unprofitable industry that even the Government can make very little out of it. If farming paid as well to-day as it did in 1843—when the price of wheat was by no means excessive—the Chancellor of the Exchequer might be getting 11d. in the £ on farming profits of over fifty millions sterling, including

Ireland, instead of on a beggarly £4,701,000. The difference—namely, 11d. in the £ on £46,300,000—would be £2,122,000 a-year, or very nearly as much as the shilling duty on corn and flour produced last year. When the free-importers are counting up their gains, let them not forget to set off against them over forty millions of depreciation in agricultural incomes, and fully two millions of consequent loss to the Exchequer.

‘The Spectator,’ in one of its anti-Chamberlain frenzies, challenges any one to mention a British industry which has been killed by free trade. It appears to have forgotten that there was once an industry called British agriculture, which had a taxable income of nearly 47 millions sterling, now reduced by sixty years of free imports to little more than 14 millions!

WHAT FREE IMPORTS HAVE COST US IN THE FORM OF INCOME TAX.

But there is another and larger question at issue between the income tax and the corn laws. Most people seem to have forgotten, and the free importers are particularly careful not to remind them, that the income tax was reimposed by Sir Robert Peel in order to make good the losses antici-

pated from the reduction of the tariff. It was, in short, the price the country had to pay for free trade and corn law repeal. Sir Robert thought it would only be needed for seven years, but now we seem likely to have it for even seventy times seven. Great Britain without an income tax is one

of the remotest visions of the remotest corner of an unborn fiscal paradise. The British public have been so skilfully and systematically fooled over the tariff reforms of 1840-46 that they entirely forget the price they have had to pay for their so-called free trade. They never put any inconvenient questions to the Cobden Club about the five and a half millions a-year of income tax which was levied on them in lieu of customs duties nominally remitted. We say nominally remitted, because though the list of duties was greatly curtailed, their gross produce increased instead of diminished. In the first seven years of free trade the Exchequer obtained as large customs revenue as ever, *and five and a half millions a-year of income tax in addition.* How many hundred millions of income tax it has under various pretexts levied since, some obliging statistician might reckon up for us.

Even if the income tax had proved a temporary arrangement, as Sir Robert Peel intended, the taxpayers would have found at the end of the seven years that they had made a very bad bargain with the Government. The figures given below show how the customs and income tax receipts of these seven years compared

with the year 1842—the last under the old *régime*.

	Customs.	Income Tax.
1842	£23,492,884	...
1843-44	22,609,957	£5,821,878
1845	24,085,442	5,345,582
1846	21,801,198	5,190,997
1847	22,185,582	5,543,057
1848	21,674,721	5,604,407
1849	22,645,493	5,496,195
1850	22,264,259	5,558,919
	£157,266,652	£38,561,035

The average customs revenue of the seven years was £22,466,665, and the average yield of the income tax was £5,508,716. As compared with the customs receipts of 1842, there was a saving of about a million a-year, which had to be paid for with new taxation to the amount of five and a half millions a-year. If we enlarge our survey from the first seven years of free trade to the first sixty years, the fact that the taxpayers have had to pay smartly for the cheap loaf will become still more obvious. It may be a matter of historical interest to them to learn that they are contributing in the year 1903 exactly the same amount per head of customs duties as their grandfathers did in 1842, before Sir Robert Peel's tariff reforms came into operation. The coincidence is indeed remarkable, as the subjoined figures indicate.

	Population.	Customs Revenue.	Per Head.
1842	27,052,000	£23,492,000	17s.
1902-3	41,952,000	36,400,000	17s.

Suppose that Sir Robert Peel had left the tariff alone and spared us the income tax, or had reformed the tariff

gradually, in such a way that no income tax had been needed, how much greater a financier he would have been, to say

nothing of how much nobler a public benefactor. Among the great fiscal errors and misfortunes of the nineteenth century the revival of the income tax must be considered one of the worst. Its effect on the morals of our public finance has been deplorable, and on our public expenditure disastrous.

Without the easy and seductive help of the income tax, bloated armaments, and still more bloated Budgets, could never have become possible. The old-fashioned tariff would have been a much more effectual check on them than any number of Select Committees and Royal Commissions.

FOREIGN FOOD, DRINK, AND TOBACCO FORM HALF OF OUR
"MAGNIFICENT IMPORTS."

The growth of direct taxes, which has now reached so alarming a height, coincides with the no less alarming increase in our annual bill for imported food. The two are so closely associated as to be counterparts of each other. When free-trade oracles tell us, as they often do,—it is, in fact, their staple advice,—to look to our "magnificent imports" and let our exports take care of themselves, we may reply that the "magnificent imports" are apt to assume a different colour when analysed. We reproduce below a series of them, which was recently paraded with pride in a Cobdenite organ.

BRITISH IMPORTS SINCE 1850, IN
MILLIONS OF £.

Average of		Average of	
1851-55	£145	1876-80	£382
1855-60	182	1881-85	389
1861-65	247	1886-90	389
1866-70	292	1891-95	417
1871-75	359	1896-1900	474

If we reminded the Cobdenite organ that nearly one-half of these "magnificent imports" consist of food, much of which we ought to grow ourselves, it

might be retorted on us, "So much the better." The Cobdenites at one time measured the prosperity of the country by our food imports. It was their favourite and, as they supposed, their most invincible argument. The 'Financial Reform Almanack' of thirty years ago used to sing pæans of triumph over the fact that the food imported in 1873 exceeded by 102 millions sterling the imports of 1840. It must have fallen since into degenerate hands, for we observe no rejoicings over the fact, which should have been still more exhilarating to it, that the food imported in 1903 exceeds by over 200 millions sterling the imports of 1840. The influx of foreign food is no longer regarded as an unqualified benefit even by the most "convinced free-trader." It begins to be realised that there are two sides to the question.

Whether or not it is a sign of prosperity to have the greater part of our food-supplies raised for us abroad must depend in the first place on how they are paid for. It may be out of

earnings or out of capital, or partly both. This is an intricate branch of the problem, which the free-importers are to have trouble with hereafter. But the simplest mind will see at a glance how much of the magnificence will be stripped from our "magnificent imports" if we deduct imported food. In the above list the average of 1871-75 will be reduced by 130 millions, and the average of 1896-1900 by about 200 millions. The industrial imports of the two periods will then be 229 millions sterling for 1871-75,

and 274 millions for 1896-1900. An increase of 45 millions sterling in a quarter of a century—less than two millions a-year—can hardly be called terrific progress. Allowing for increase of population, it is not progress at all, but the reverse. In order merely to maintain in 1896-1900 the same average per head of the population as in 1871-75, the industrial imports ought to have increased by nearer 70 millions a-year than 45 millions. The proper comparison would be as follows:—

	Population.	Industrial Imports.	Per Head.
1871-75 . . .	31,513,000	£229,000,000	£7 5 0
1896-1900 . . .	41,164,000	274,000,000	6 13 0

So much for the magnificent growth of our magnificent imports! If it were not for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's twelve millions who are "continually on the verge of starvation," notwithstanding the £5 per head per annum spent on foreign food for them, our imports would be growing in the wrong direction. In the last quarter of the nineteenth century that portion of them which we can neither eat nor drink nor smoke seems to have in some unaccountable way declined from £7, 5s. per head per annum to £6, 13s. per head. Thirty years ago it was said that we drank ourselves out of the Alabama indemnity. But now the free importers tell us a still more wonderful thing, that we are eating ourselves—on tinned beef and frozen mutton—into a state of phenomenal prosperity.

If it never occurs to the admirers of our "magnificent imports" that more than half of them is practically a huge stomach-tax on the country, still less do they condescend to trouble themselves about how the "magnificent imports" are to be paid for. On this point more absolute lunacy and nonsense have been talked by free-trade oracles than on any other, which is saying a good deal. Sometimes, with the fatalism of Turks, they declare that imports make exports—a sophism too absurd to require contradiction. When asked to explain the enormous excess of our imports over our exports—528 millions sterling, or, deducting re-exports, 462½ millions sterling, against 283 millions—they retort with a facetious inquiry if it is not good business to get a pound in exchange for twelve shillings? If it were proved,

or even provable, that the foreigner was fool enough to give us a pound in exchange for twelve shillings, such facetious consolation might pass; but, unhappily, we have not better authority for it than that of Cobden Club pamphleteers, whose chief stock-in-trade consists of axioms manufactured for the occasion.

How we have so far contrived to pay for 462½ millions sterling of imports with 283 millions of exports will be a standing conundrum in political economy for years to come. But the paradox can be expressed in another and more explicable form. For example, can it be considered satisfactory that a community of forty-two millions of people, consuming 224½ millions sterling of foreign food and drink, besides 170 to 180 millions sterling of home-grown food, should not have more than 283 millions sterling a-year of its own surplus produce to send abroad? Are we doing our duty either by ourselves or by the rest of the world in consuming over £10 per head per annum, and exporting only £7 per head per annum, if so much?

In conclusion, here are a few facts connected with the food-supplies of the United Kingdom to reflect upon:—

On imported food and drink we are spending at the rate of over 220 millions sterling a-year, or including tobacco 224½ millions.

At the same time the whole of the home-grown food we can muster has been valued by competent authorities at

only 173 millions sterling a-year.

We are rapidly killing off our domestic agriculture, driving our farmers into bankruptcy, and our farm-labourers into city slums.

We are, by means of unwholesome living, overcrowding in cities, excessive smoking, betting, and other urban excitements, emasculating the manhood of the country at such a rate that the Director-General of the Army Medical Service, in a special memorandum, dated 2nd April 1903, declares "a large proportion of the men who offer themselves for enlistment in the army to be physically unfit for military service."

Our foreign food-bill, if it could be all spent at home, would furnish £4, 10s. per acre of additional capital for every acre under crop and grass in the United Kingdom.

And if all food imports not producible at home were excluded, the average would still be over £4 per acre.

Such a sum might give permanent employment to nearly four million farm-labourers, at an average wage of a pound per week.

Wisely spent, it might bless our decaying rural parishes with a faint reflection of the prosperity which our enormous purchases of foreign food have shed on the United States, the Argentine Republic, and other grain-growing countries.

And it might give us some relief from the burden of direct taxation, which is crushing the productive powers of the

country more than the highest conceivable amount of tariff protection ever could.

The income tax, which was revived in 1843 in order to lighten the tariff, has become far more oppressive than the worst tariff in our fiscal history ever could have been.

From small beginnings our food imports have now swelled to such an enormous bulk that they give a misleading character to our whole foreign trade, exports and imports alike.

Moreover, they give a fictitious magnificence to our imports by grossly exaggerating their productive value.

And they contribute much less than they ought to do to our exports, because such a large proportion of them vanishes in luxury and smoke.

Finally, they mystify and confuse all estimates of the economic progress of the country in the past sixty years. If they were eliminated, so that our industrial imports could be brought into direct comparison with our industrial exports, not a little of the glamour of the free-trade *régime* might evaporate.

If the free-importers will persist in arguing this question on their stomachs instead of standing up to it like men, let them face the large facts and not trifle with the small ones. What would be all that the British farmer could make out of a shilling or even a half-crown per quarter duty on corn compared with what foreign producers are making out of the 160 millions' worth

of grain, flour, meat, and dairy produce which we import every year? A mere 10 per cent profit overhead gives the latter 16 millions a-year. Assuming foreign imports to be reduced by no more than a quarter, there would be 40 millions sterling a-year of British money turned back to the land. What might not that mean to the British farmer and the farm-labourer, both of them at present decaying races? What might it not mean to hundreds of depopulated and almost deserted parishes, which are rapidly returning to a state of nature? What might it not mean to the millions of "hungry stomachs" in our city slums, who might be put back on the land from which they were driven by the cheap loaf?

Cheap loaf, indeed! What pettifoggery, mockery, that political pedants should first spread a desert around them, and then, standing up in the midst of it, should weep over the hungry stomachs which cannot bear a fraction of a penny added to their foreign bread! These hungry stomachs would seem to have fared badly on the foreign loaf. It has not agreed well with them any more than with its political exploiters. Not a bad cure for them might be to restore some of the corn-fields at home, which have been wiped out in order to make room for the foreign loaf.

The above long and formidable array of facts we put before our readers without any

preconception, in the hope that they will be studied without preconception or prejudice. It would be an insult to them to attempt to weigh and measure them by any narrow standard set up beforehand in our own minds. Still more unworthy of them and of our boasted national intelligence would it be to try to turn them off with a party catchword or a stereotyped maxim. They cannot be appreciated as they ought to be until we have taken Lord Salisbury's advice to "clear our minds of cant." As yet we are only on the threshold of the problem they raise. The solution is still far off, and it may be none of those which are being bandied about in the fiscal controversies of the day.

The first step toward a solution will be to realise the overwhelming gravity of the facts themselves, and the portentous future which they are preparing for us. The discussion of them may produce great diversity and even extravagance of opinion. But everything will be pardonable save systematic distortion and the smug self-complacent dogmatism which assumes that the only remedy for economic evils is to explain them away. Of both these unfair and illegitimate weapons we have lately had characteristic specimens.

Mr Chamberlain's journalistic opponents continue week in and week out to harp on a mutilated sentence torn from its context in one of his earliest speeches—"If you are to give a preference to the colonies . . . you must put a tax on

food." They have thought it smart to hammer day after day on this distorted quotation, as if it were the whole issue. Their dishonest use of it ought, however, to be neutralised hereafter by the emphatic disavowal which Mr Chamberlain has lately made in his published letter to Mr A. Griffith Boscawen, M.P. An explicit declaration like the following does not leave much room for perversion—"As regards food, there is nothing in the policy of tariff reform which I have put before the country which need increase in the slightest degree the cost of living of any family in the country."

A very pretentious and withal comical specimen of the dogmatic platitude has been furnished by the fourteen professors and "appointed teachers" of political economy who recently launched in the columns of the daily press a pronunciamento against the wicked designs attributed to Mr Chamberlain. They did not, of course, describe them in that rude fashion. With proper regard for academic sweetness and light, they spoke of them as "certain matters of a more or less technical character connected with the fiscal proposals which now occupy the attention of the country." How this learned and mystic phraseology recalls former pronunciamentos of these same professorial pundits, especially the one on bi-metallism. Professor Edgeworth and Mr Leonard Courtney are always leading forlorn hopes of this kind. They make frequent

incursions into the city with the benevolent object of teaching city men their business. They hold academic patents for ideal currency, ideal banks, and ideal systems of commerce. But ignorant city men go their own way, regardless of all the scientific warnings that are wasted on them. Neither Mr Leonard Courtney nor Professor Edgeworth is any longer in the bloom of youth, but we have yet to hear of a single practical result of any of their pronunciamientos. Bi-metalism is as dead as Queen Anne—lectured to death by “appointed teachers” of political economy. Cobdenism will soon share its fate if Mr Leonard Courtney and Professor Edgeworth are allowed to take it under their learned protection.

The fourteen pundits have little or nothing to say beyond the stereotyped dogmatising of free-trade text-books. With commendable caution they avoid definite statements, and prefer intuitions to prosaic facts. They are much given to “apprehending” things. All kinds of evils, they tell us, are to be “apprehended” from the “suggested arrangements.” Among the samples they specially mention are a return to protection, with all the evils it brings in its train—loss of purity in politics, unfair ad-

vantage to the powers of jobbery and corruption, unjust distribution of wealth, and the growth of “sinister interests.” We should have thought these were ethical rather than economic bogeys, but apparently they are the best the fourteen professors can muster among them. It may also be remarked that they are mere prophecy, of the most imaginative and gratuitous sort.

When the fourteen professors are not dogmatising they are prophesying, and when they are not prophesying they are dogmatising. They never by any chance give bewildered laymen a scrap of information. They set themselves up as high-priests of economic law and gospel, and expect their decisions, however unsupported or disputable, to be received with reverential obedience. For our own poor part we invite them to turn over in their academic minds the prospect which the above statistics present to us of a time, not far distant, when we shall be as dependent on foreign food as the Romans were during *their* decline and fall. What do our Gamaliels think of such an outlook? If they do not relish it, how do they suppose it is to be averted? What have their text-books and their manifestoes to tell us on this most vital question of the day?

[The next article of this series will deal with the first batch of “inquiry statistics” under the title of “A Century of British Progress.”—ED. B.M.]

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. MLVI.

OCTOBER 1903.

VOL. CLXXIV.

LORD SALISBURY.

LORD SALISBURY was the last, and, on the whole, the most successful, of Queen Victoria's Prime Ministers. He was also the last of the great statesmen whose careers were exclusively concerned with the nineteenth century, and who powerfully controlled the course of its politics. His disappearance meant the loss of services which had proved invaluable, owing to his rare capacity for government, his accumulated stores of knowledge, especially relating to foreign questions, his control over the political forces and impulses of the time, and his immense authority, both in the country and abroad. And in estimating his career at the moment of death, the dominant feeling is one of gratitude to the man who gained the confidence of this great British democracy, and used it with

unflagging devotion to guide it successfully through a most critical period of its history.

For it must be admitted that, from the point of view of empire, its union and consolidation, both at home and abroad, and the maintenance of its interests and authority in distant portions of the globe, the long period spanned by Lord Salisbury's three Ministries was full of difficulty and perplexity. Lord Salisbury had had nothing to do with creating them, or even the democratic and imperial forces with which they had to be confronted. His title to ascendancy was the authority which he had gained, the belief which he inspired that he was beyond his contemporaries the man of clearest vision, steadiest hand, and widest knowledge of public affairs. It was precisely those

qualities which Great Britain needed at the time, and most fortunate it was for the prosperous development of its destiny that it produced the leader suited to the emergency.

At the commencement of this period, which so emphatically needed the guidance of a statesman of prudence and experience, the dominant feature of the situation was the establishment, mainly by Lord Beaconsfield, of the British democracy in power. It was hoped, rightly as it turned out, that below the stratum of middle-class prejudices there was considerable support forthcoming to Conservative and imperial traditions. To this policy Lord Salisbury was vehemently opposed, and in 1867 sacrificed office and prospects rather than consent to it; but the new democracy showed its fitness and capacity by according to the statesman who had distrusted and opposed it a larger measure of confidence than had ever before been reposed in a British statesman. The next feature of the situation was that the dream of Conservative ascendancy realised in 1874 had been rudely disturbed in 1880 by the unexpected revival of Gladstonian enthusiasm, resulting in a Ministry whose career was one long series of national disasters. At its close Ireland was and had been in a condition of anarchy and confusion from one end of it to the other, not to be allayed by Ministerial bills and Gladstonian oratory; while its powers of mischief were indefinitely increased by the

electoral reforms of 1884. Abroad, disaster spread in every direction: we lost the Soudan, the capitulation of Majuba was the first step towards the loss of South Africa, while futile endeavours to reverse the policy of Lord Beaconsfield on the Afghan frontier led to the Penjdeh incident and to imminent peril of a war with Russia. And, worse than all, the total collapse of Mr Gladstone's authority, and the total disintegration of his party, evidenced by rival unauthorised programmes being laid before the constituencies in 1885, led to the adoption of what was called a Home Rule policy, but which the great majority of the country regarded not merely as a disruption of the empire, but as a dismemberment of the United Kingdom.

Lord Salisbury's title to historical fame is that in this unexampled confusion, worse and more general than had happened for generations, his sovereign and the whole country, including the democracy which he had resisted, turned to him for guidance, and was, mainly by his personal authority, wisdom, and devotion to the public interests, successfully steered through its difficulties. In that task he received the unflinching support of the constituencies. They placed him in power in 1886, 1895, and 1900 by overwhelming majorities. Parliament, throughout his long Premiership, the longest of the reign, steadily supported him, and he retired last year, an old man, broken, in Wolsey's language, by the storms of

State, but with the public confidence totally unabated. The statesman was worthy of his country, and the nation was worthy of its leader.

Yet it could hardly have escaped observation that public feeling was untinged with emotion, that the burst of sentiment with which the deaths of Disraeli and Gladstone were received was not repeated, and that throughout his life he never inspired the same personal devotion or the same personal animosity. He did not live amongst the public, or in his party: he gave to the public interests his time and the best faculties he possessed; but otherwise he secluded himself from them, and railed off his private life and surroundings in a way which was wholly foreign to some of his contemporaries, whose eagerness to be always under the public gaze left nothing sacred from its intrusion. Detachment of this kind maintains the dignity of public life, and Lord Salisbury always vindicated the position of those princely peers, the sustained splendour of whose stately lives has been said to add strength and dignity to the nation. But it is not the way to inspire that enthusiasm which is essential to the highest political success in the case of men less happily endowed with wealth and rank. There was moreover an absence of initiative in great movements, an absence of that commanding force of imagination which could create ideals and inspire others to adopt them. Nor did he possess that vehement enthusiasm, oratorical

force, and contagious emotion which gave Mr Gladstone his hold over the masses. He was the man whom England needed during a trying period, he had the capacity natural and acquired to serve her, and he spent his whole power and his life in the task, which he successfully accomplished, to his own undying fame and to her signal advantage.

More than thirty years of his public life had passed when Lord Salisbury was first appointed Prime Minister, half or nearly half of which had been spent in the House of Commons, and the remainder in the House of Lords. The main feature of the former period had been his acceptance of the India Office in the last Cabinet of Lord Derby, his quarrel with Disraeli on the franchise question, his resignation and vehement opposition alike to Disraeli's Reform Bill and Gladstone's Resolutions on the Irish Church. The main feature of the second period had been another quarrel with Disraeli over the Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874, followed by eventual and continued co-operation with him in the settlement of the overwhelming difficulties of the Eastern question. As the representative of the Cabinet, he visited the principal capitals of Europe, exchanging views with the leading statesmen of Europe, and then repaired to Constantinople to vindicate British policy at the Conference. Its recommendations were not accepted by Turkey, and Lord Salisbury returned to London, having established his position in the

Cabinet as an alternative Foreign Minister, in case the direction of foreign affairs should in the storm which was impending slip from the feeble hands of Lord Derby. After the Turkish war was over, during which Lord Derby had at least signed in May a despatch which enumerated the British interests which could not be assailed with impunity, and the treaty of San Stefano had been concluded, the Foreign Secretary retired from office rather than concur in measures which the Cabinet deemed necessary. Lord Beaconsfield declared that the despatch of May, which meant the vindication of European treaties, was the charter of his policy, and Lord Salisbury, after a delay which it was difficult to understand, was appointed Foreign Secretary in March 1878. It was then that he finally entered on the career which afterwards became so great. The two rival claimants to Lord Beaconsfield's succession—viz., Lord Derby and Sir Stafford Northcote—soon afterwards disappeared. The former never regained the position which he lost by his resignation; the latter, after a not very successful leadership of opposition to Mr Gladstone's Government of 1880-85, was removed to the House of Lords, and died shortly after being deprived of the Foreign Secretaryship in the changes necessitated either by Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation or Lord Salisbury's wishes.

In 1878 Lord Salisbury threw himself heartily into the policy

of his chief. His despatch in April laid down its terms, which were that the Treaty of San Stefano must be submitted in its entirety and without reservation for the consideration of an European Congress. Lord Beaconsfield, now at the head of a united Cabinet, carried his point. Russia was made to understand that England meant either congress or a war, and it submitted. The Berlin Congress met, the whole treaty was revised, and Turkish affairs were eventually settled by European authority substituting the treaty of Berlin for the treaty of San Stefano. Public opinion recognised, and Lord Beaconsfield cordially acknowledged, the services rendered by Lord Salisbury in the work of the great settlement. Peace with honour marked the moment when the reversion of the Premiership opened to Lord Salisbury, and peace, so far as Europe was concerned, with honour marked the whole course of his ascendancy.

The elections of 1880 were the triumph of Mid-Lothian oratory, that campaign of misrepresentation and insincere pledges, which was followed by a period of disastrous maladministration. At its close Mr Gladstone slipped out of office, which was no longer tenable; and Lord Salisbury succeeded, with a policy of dissolution. The result of the 1885 elections, and more particularly the subsidence of Mr Gladstone's authority over his party, led to that desperate attempt to

regain it by a Home Rule policy and an alliance with the Parnellites, now increased in number to eighty-five, which plunged British politics for a considerable period into a turmoil not yet wholly allayed. The Liberal Unionists seceded from his party and allied themselves to Lord Salisbury, who showed his estimate of the crisis by declaring that the future existence of the empire depended upon the issue, and that twenty years of resolute government could alone restore freedom and prosperity to the Irish people. The alliance was completed; it was approved by a majority of more than a hundred at the general election of 1886; Mr Balfour came to the front with a successful Irish Secretaryship of several years, the personal position thence resulting enabling him to take the leadership of the House of Commons on the death of Mr W. H. Smith. It is the first time in English history that the Prime Minister and his second in command have been so closely related; and under their joint influence and the disruption of the Irish faction in 1890 the policy of Home Rule seemed to be in process of steady expulsion from the range of practical politics. That was the signal home success of Lord Salisbury's second Ministry, and it was one of vital importance to our whole future history. The conduct of foreign affairs, moreover, had sustained Lord Salisbury's reputation; for Boulangism passed away without any untoward result; peace had been preserved,

notwithstanding provocation, between France and Germany; the Triple Alliance had been formed. Prince Bismarck had declared that Germany must proceed on its policy of colonial expansion in harmony with Great Britain, whom he recognised as the greatest of colonial Powers. And affairs in Africa were settled, so far as European Powers could settle them without reference to Mahdis and Boers, by two international arrangements. First, there was the withdrawal of the Portuguese claim to the whole country between Mozambique on the east coast and Angola on the west, which was unsupported by any evidence of an attempt to take actual possession. Second, there was the Anglo-German agreement, by which the relations of the two Powers in East and West Africa were defined. Great Britain obtained Zanzibar, while Heligoland was ceded to Germany; and on the African continent spheres of influence were marked off. These are not matters which attract the attention of the mass of the electors, but they are of the highest importance in lieu of a policy of drift, and result in preventing complications at inconvenient moments.

Six years of resolute government and wise administration of our foreign affairs had succeeded in placing Great Britain in a satisfactory position, when it pleased the electors in 1892, in a feeble and irresolute way, to restore Mr Gladstone to office at the age of eighty-two,

notwithstanding the total demoralisation of his Irish allies, and the growing repugnance of all classes to his policy. It was well that the issue as to Home Rule should be fought out a second time and finally decided, for the authority of the great statesman who had adopted that mischievous policy was scotched but not destroyed; and had he died without divulging his second scheme, and himself as it were bearing witness to its utter impracticability, it might have lived on and been treasured by his party as the priceless bequest of departed genius. A bare majority of 40 of allied Liberals and Irish over a strong Unionist Opposition led to the most pathetic and remarkable chapter in our parliamentary history. The aged hero of fifteen Parliaments, with declining faculties and increasing physical infirmities, unfolded his marvellous scheme to a crowded House, sat night after night through a protracted session to listen to the whole course of the debates, closed discussion in compartments, and carried his Bill eventually by his bare majority. Habitually revered by one party in the State, habitually distrusted by the other, he had the mortification of finding himself not merely deserted by all the most important of his former colleagues, but dogged by the increasing disapproval of vast numbers of his supporters in the country. Every one felt that the passing of the Bill by the House of Commons was merely a last tribute of

sympathy and respect to its author, and was offered in the full confidence that it would be rejected by the Lords. The Duke of Devonshire, his most trusted and powerful colleague of former days, who had successfully moved the rejection of the Bill of 1886, now moved the rejection of the Bill of 1893, and under Lord Salisbury's leadership it was, with the general approval of the country, destroyed by a majority of 419 against 41 in the House of Lords. The Government, probably owing to internal differences, declined to dissolve. Mr Gladstone retired in 1894 baffled and discredited from public life, the Ministry lingered on under Lord Rosebery in an inglorious existence, and in 1895 Lord Salisbury returned to power, with an enormous accession of authority and prestige, supported by an able phalanx of Liberal Unionists in his Cabinet, and by an unprecedented majority of 152 returned by the general election of that year.

In many respects Lord Salisbury's third Administration was the most critical and in the end the most successful of the three. Home Rule was dead and possibly buried, though its eventual resuscitation can never be wholly excluded from contemplation. The engrossing subject of interest to the country as well as to the Premier was that of our foreign policy. It looked as if the mission of the new Government in that respect was to clean up the mess, and unravel the muddle, which

had resulted from Mr Gladstone's Government of 1880-1885. At all events that task was executed, and it is fair to assume that Mr Chamberlain, who officially shared the responsibility for much of the political muddle, was eager to assist in the work of reparation. As regards the Boers, it is clear that he was forward to recognise that a conflagration in South Africa was sooner or later inevitable, as the direct result of Majuba. The Raid led to a fuller appreciation by the public of the issues involved, of the divergent and irreconcilable views of the relative position of British and Boers in consequence of Lord Derby's feeble Convention of 1884, and of the necessity for declaring that our interpretation of it must at all costs be maintained and the position of this country asserted as the paramount Power in South Africa.

The Raid no doubt precipitated the quarrel and gave the Boers at least a pretext for warlike preparations, which we had far better have stopped at the outset. But complications were upon us in all parts of the world. Only a fortnight before the Raid, President Cleveland had practically, no doubt for election purposes, threatened this country with war over a long-standing and obscure dispute about a Venezuelan boundary-line. War was averted by long and anxious labour on the part of our Foreign Secretary; and eventually, in consequence of our good

offices in the struggle between the United States and Spain, a more friendly relation was established between the two Anglo-Saxon branches than had ever before existed. But while the tension lasted, South African politics must stand over. The German Emperor's telegram was another source of temporary uneasiness, but it was cancelled by the swift mobilisation of a flying squadron. In rapid succession to these events there came, on March 1, 1896, the defeat of the Italians by the Abyssinians at Adowa. From that time till October 1898, when the battle of Omdurman was fought and won by Lord Kitchener, we were engaged in operations which precluded our absorption in a conflict with the Boers. The matter in hand was to reconquer the Soudan, to break the power of the Dervishes, to obtain command of the whole length of the Nile, to retrieve the disasters incurred at the time of the desertion of Gordon. It was a vast undertaking, ably carried out by Lord Kitchener. No doubt there was an almost absolute unanimity in the country that no other Power than ourselves should occupy any portion of the Nile valley; but at the same time it was known that France cherished designs in that quarter of the world, and that an expedition across Central Africa under Colonel Marchand was timed so as to occasion an international complication which might easily have developed into war if the circumstances

of the moment were in any degree encouraging to the French. It is at least a proof that our affairs were being managed with prudence and discretion that the inevitable struggle with the Boers was kept well in check until this important part of our policy had been successfully carried out. The Fashoda incident might have assumed a much more critical aspect if the French had been led by any premature action on our side to grasp the extent and imminence of the great struggle which was awaiting us. It was well for us that these difficulties were so arranged that they could be dealt with *seriatim* and not all at the same time. As it was, the Armenian riot at Constantinople with its attendant massacres, the troubles in Crete, the Græco-Turkish war, the grant of autonomy by the Sultan to Crete under a Greek prince, in spite of the decisive defeat of the Greek forces, synchronised with the Soudan expedition. It was mainly due to Lord Salisbury's influence and authority abroad that the concert of Europe was maintained in the Near East, and that troubles of no ordinary magnitude were averted. At the same time, in the Far East, a great European question was opened up by the Japanese victories over China, and the subsequent interference by the three great Powers of continental Europe to prevent their legitimate consequences and wrest their fruits from Japan. The Russian occupation of Port

Arthur and obvious designs on Manchuria, the aggressions both of Germany and Russia upon China, the rise of a Far Eastern question which will occupy the present and future generations, as well as perilous expeditions to repress disturbances on the Afghan frontier, all bore witness to the deep and incessant anxieties of a British Government, and to the impossibility of dealing with all these far-reaching and world-wide interests in such manner as to satisfy both the man on the spot and the less prejudiced view of imperial interests.

The political need resulting from these vast complications was, as Mr Chamberlain insisted in a celebrated speech, a closer connection with the United States and an understanding with Japan. The former was effected during the war with Spain; the latter was eventually carried out by a treaty. And so it came to pass that during the South African war, which far exceeded in intensity all reasonable calculations, although the general feeling displayed by foreign peoples was one of remarkable hostility, no doubt fanned into flame by Boer machinations, yet no single Government in any respect swerved from the strictest observance of neutrality and non-interference.

It is right to draw attention at this moment to this marked success of the management of our foreign affairs,—that this gigantic struggle in South Africa, owing to wise fore-

thought, found us at an extraordinarily critical period of history unentangled in any foreign complication, and free to devote our undivided energies to the accomplishment of our task. If only the administration of our War Office had been equal to that of our foreign relations, what a series of disasters might have been avoided. The disclosures of the recent War Commission have confirmed the reports and suspicions of the time, and have been read with pain and anxiety. They necessitate reorganisation; but as regards our immediate subject they show either a want of administrative force and initiative on the part of Lord Salisbury, or else that the prudent conduct of our foreign relations exhausted his energies. The duties of Prime Minister in the care of this enormous empire are inconsistent with his absorption in the affairs of a single department, in however neglected and mismanaged condition he may find it, and however momentous to the country its due administration may prove.

It is demonstrated beyond dispute that the greatest of all the disasters which Lord Salisbury inherited, and was compelled to retrieve, was the position in South Africa. The Gladstone Government, which capitulated at Majuba, in pretended magnanimity towards rebels with arms in their hands dictating their own terms, will never be forgiven. The Nem-

esis which awaits poltroonery did not place arms and resources in the hands of our enemies till years had elapsed after their victory. Not till that time came was the full extent of the portentous mischief which had been done patent to all concerned. Public opinion both at home and abroad would have forbidden the attempt to repair it till the Boers themselves gave the opportunity. The rupture came at a time when the struggle could be isolated from the rest of the world, and when other Powers could be forbidden to interfere. If our military resources on the spot proved to be inadequate, it has to be remembered that we could not have landed troops without precipitating a conflict. It is our want of detailed preparation at home which reflects so much discredit on the War Office, and necessitates reorganisation if other disasters are not to be invited. The Crimean muddles led to the Indian Mutiny, and the recent disclosures may easily inspirit our foes and repel the confidence of our colonies. Still, when the worst is admitted, it must be recollected that from the battle of Colenso to the battle of Paardeberg not much more than two months intervened. The War Office, with its resources 6000 miles and more from the scene of disaster, retrieved it, and turned it into an overwhelming victory. It is the loss of men, of money and prestige, which tells so terribly against

us, and which calls for energetic measures of reform.

The anxieties of that war told heavily upon the Queen and Lord Salisbury, and no doubt shortened their lives. It was impossible for the Prime Minister to retire so long as the war continued; but as soon as it was over he took the first opportunity of quietly withdrawing from the further conduct of affairs. He will be remembered for the wise conduct of our foreign affairs, which preserved European peace, secured largely by his own personal influence respectful deference abroad, and substantially vindicated, in the opinion of most of us, our material interests. So far as his was a policy of adventure on the Afghan frontier, in the Soudan, and in South Africa, it was forced upon him by the

necessity of repairing the disasters of a former Administration. That he succeeded in doing so adds immensely to his reputation as a great Foreign Minister. It is no ordinary achievement that his three Ministries successfully resisted the threatened dismemberment of the United Kingdom which had been so vigorously attempted, successfully consolidated the Empire and its relations to the Colonies, successfully retrieved stupendous disasters abroad, and raised the country to a higher pitch of prosperity and power than it has ever previously enjoyed, with the leisure, after his death, to reorganise its military administration, and to minutely examine the wisdom of its fiscal administration, in relation to the final establishment of a self-sustaining Empire.

HOMES AND HAUNTS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD.

BY HIS GRAND-NIECE.

IF the axiom be true that gifted men have gifted mothers, then Edward FitzGerald is no exception to the rule, his mother, Mary Frances FitzGerald, being a woman of mental abilities above the common, and very quick to perceive and foster talent in others. A very handsome woman, too, and one of the beauties of her day, as her portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence—to whom, by the way, she is said to have sat twenty-four times—and by others (among them Chalon) testify. She married her first cousin, a Mr Purcell, and added, as one of the conditions of the marriage, she being a great heiress, her name and arms to his. FitzGerald was therefore descended on both sides from ancient and honourable houses, the Purcells claiming Norman blood no less than the Geraldines, who, makers of history, both in Florence—the cradle of their race—and in Ireland, have been a power to be accounted for, and where their misfortunes, for they had ever a knack of being on the losing side, have made them the heroes of many legends—true and otherwise.

Edward FitzGerald came, therefore, of no obscure parentage, but of people who lived in the best and most socially brilliant society of their day. He had no early struggles with poverty to overcome, no way to

make in the world, and his eccentricities, which it must be owned were many, arose not out of lack of knowledge of the world and the ways thereof, but probably out of contempt for conventionality and a real humility—or was it pride?—which led him to suppose himself, his doing and sayings, of vastly little importance to the public at large, and of the indulgence of his own especial friends he was sure. And here be it said, that no man inspired more faithful friendships or was more unswervingly loyal to them and their demands upon him. Has he not himself said that they were “more like loves”? And all this I write of a purpose, for there has lately been somewhat of a desire, a natural desire, on the part of those who recognise his genius, to know something of the man, and much that has been given to the world about him comes from a source that knew FitzGerald on one side only—the side of those who were mentally and socially his inferiors, incapable of judging of his scholarship, and unable to understand that genius may not be measured by the stature of ordinary humanity. The mistake has arisen of publishing Boswellian-like trivialities, and of presenting them to the public as the complete portrait of a man who had exceptional claims, and knew fully their

value, to be called a man of birth and breeding, as well as those larger and more precious and infinitely rarer intellectual gifts of which he was quietly, but fully, aware also.

Thanks to Dr Aldis Wright's carefully chosen 'Letters,' the last volume of which is not the least fascinating, his admirers are able to obtain some reality of idea of FitzGerald the man, the scholar, yet always the dilettante; the poet, yet no dreamer of idle dreams, being indeed a very active philanthropist, whenever and wherever sorrow or poverty crossed his path or were brought to his notice; a clear-headed man of business, and above all things a seeker after Truth—a pre-eminently upright man.

The softly wooded scenery of Suffolk, which was dear to him, and was sung in now-forgotten verses by his friend and father-in-law, Bernard Barton, is perhaps nowhere more characteristic than in the neighbourhood of Woodbridge and Boulge. Boulge Hall belonged for some years to the FitzGerald family, who made it a place of residence during the summer months; but Edward FitzGerald lived from 1838 to 1853 not at the Hall, but in a picturesque cottage just inside the park gates—a somewhat curiously roofed (as to pitch) thatched cottage, with fair-sized rooms all on the ground-floor. It was afterwards handed over to the head gardener, a many-childed man, pleased with himself and not particularly inclined to rank lower than a poet, whose prac-

tical mind was more exercised with the housing when at home, and the setting forth into the world eventually, of his numerous progeny, than with intellectual problems. I believe that the walls bore traces for many years of where FitzGerald's prized—often written about, and often changed—pictures hung; and here, in a peace undisturbed by little save the cawing of rooks or the many-throated noises of ducks and geese enjoying the muddy freedom of a small farm hard by, he wrote many of his inimitable letters, and worked, unpressed for time, no seeker after fame, at his now famous translations.

How fascinating was the little farm just mentioned! A superior little farm with long French windows opening on a lawn, half-orchard, where ripe pears lay—through golden autumn days—long unheeded, save by wasps and venturesome children. It sat down at the gates of the Great House, whose humble and sincere friend it was, deeply interested in all the comings and goings of its denizens—and they were many—and, to tell the truth, not always easily accounted for, though not to be spoken of—in latter days—in the same breath with the magnificent exits and entrances of "Madam" FitzGerald's mother, whose personality and *entourage* seem always to have thrown a glamour of romance over the imagination of those about her. An independent little homestead, possessing in its own right an individual life and

charm, not swallowed up by its greater neighbour, and, more wonderful still, not apparently depressed by the mud-conquered nature of its immediate surroundings. Suffolk-clay mud—do you know what it can be and do? Walk only from Woodbridge to Boulge on a moody April day, when Spring's blue eyes, though they smile on the earth with a promise of summer, yet brim over suddenly, and a soft west wind, breathing on hidden violets and pale knots of primroses, intoxicating us with their subtle perfume, wakes in our hearts a remembrance of childhood's days, of the "long, long thoughts of youth," and, beat for beat, our heart answers the universal heart of Nature. Walk with me, as I say, and I will promise you that your finest aspirations, your most cherished hopes, your tenderest memories, will find alike their level and their counterpoise in your efforts to direct your steps in paths the least mud-enthraling, for Suffolk mud has a quality, a tenacity, and a deceitfulness all its own.

Up from the river Deven, where FitzGerald's little yacht, *The Scandal* (the "chief commodity" of Woodbridge), lay many a time awaiting a full tide to drop down to that tumbling, tossing, rough-and-ready North Sea that he loved. Up through the quaint, unchanging, little town of Woodbridge, clean, self-sufficing,—not to say, self-righteous,—narrow-streeted, of architecture most irregular, most original, up through this

thoroughfare, past Loder's shop—so well known of FitzGerald, with its tempting bait of books and its kindly shrewd owner (a personage himself), one of the old race of booksellers, who loved their wares for their intrinsic merits, and would rather grudge you the possession of any part thereof unless, indeed, you could make good a claim to a discriminating appreciation of it.

The Bull Hotel, where FitzGerald sent many an invited—and uninvited—guest, and sometimes without the desired interview, be it added, is not in the Thoroughfare, but overlooks the Market-Place—site of Berry the gunsmith's shop, where, with a curious distaste for household management, he lodged for years, though owner of Little Grange, his manner of quitting which he tells so humorously in one of his published letters.

The Bull in FitzGerald's time was presided over by a renowned judge of horse-flesh, and many tales were repeated and believed of the mysterious envoys of highly placed personages—even crowned heads, be it whispered—who swooped down and carried off the bays, or the blacks, or the useful greys, whose curvetings and prancings had been the equal horror and admiration of sober good folk walking about their daily business.

But it is not past The Bull that we will walk. For our feet are on the hill which leads to the Little Grange, and from which we shall get a full view of the house as we approach it.

Originally a farmhouse, FitzGerald restored and added to it without destroying its character. Its fine barn was left standing, and on its eaves pigeons—purple-breasted carriers, egotistical fantails, and meek brown “nuns”—cooed out their interminable *affaires de cœur*. Here in the shadow of green trees still slept its duck-pond, provoking the remark, which amused FitzGerald so much, of his old man-servant, delivered after deliberation, “Well, them ducks du seem fond of the water, to be sure.”

FitzGerald’s home bore the clear impress of his individuality, of his love for Nature, of his clinging to associations for the sake of the past and for their own sake. Just as the barn was allowed to stand, kept in perfect order, so was left undisturbed the farm-kitchen, with its separate entrance, on a line with the porch of the front door, a kitchen wherein all things were kept by his little, active, elderly housekeeper, to a pitch of cleanliness and order that might be called painful. There lived—cherished possession—now, alas! seldom to be found—the little couple who, joint-tenants of a china house, with a startlingly vermilion roof and spotless walls, so regulated their walks abroad that, with tender gallantry, the gentleman only braved the inclement weather, leaving to “his lady,” a matron of the sparest proportions, the delights of a promenade on a fine day.

Where are you now, little weather prophet and prophetess, as true in your predictions as in your unswerving determination never to leave your little home unguarded by one or the other? There was a ribbed piece of seaweed too,—gift, possibly, from “Posh,”—stiff as buckram when the skies were clear, and dank as a mermaid’s hair before rain.

FitzGerald’s own side of the house overflowed with books, his books so often mentioned in his letters—his old, tried, valued friends. Madame de Sévigné, witty, tender, *grande dame au bout des ongles*; richly illustrated works on natural history; fiction, poetry, memoirs, chronicles. In paper covers, some. Some in fragrant tooled leather jostled each other, and laid their heads together after the fashion of books often consulted by their owner. FitzGerald was catholic in his tastes, but all must be of the best, of the aristocracy of literature. Into one room in particular, where books ran riot, well can I remember hung at one time his copy of the Cenci—exquisite figure of Youth chilled by the shadow of Death, for ever appealing, for ever protesting, on the threshold of another world, against the verdict of this one.

This copy was only a loan from one of his brothers, and was returned to its owner latterly. Another notable picture, the portrait of a Spanish woman¹ who, we were told, had seen her children

¹ Doubtless the Velasquez mentioned in the third volume of the ‘Letters.’

first tortured, and then burnt before her eyes, by order of the Inquisition, had a peculiar fascination, mingled with repulsion, which caused one to look and look, and then long to turn and fly anywhere, if only out of reach of those haunted eyes—an undying protest against tyranny in spiritual places. And there were many more. A large sacred one, a copy of some celebrated Adoration of the Magi, I think, hung over the piano in the charming drawing-room upstairs; and there was much valuable china, in which FitzGerald's taste inclined to the oriental. He was no mean musician, either as executant or composer, but never, so far as I remember, played for any kind or sort of audience. "Madam, I do not perform."

There was a delightful bedroom over the porch. I think you went down two or three sudden steps when you opened the door, as is the way in old houses; but his own simple, almost bare, bedroom was on the ground-floor, and it was downstairs in the room adjoining it that he worked—green shade over his eyes, or laid ready beside him, at his tall desk, and standing.

The entrance-hall to Little Grange, not a large one, was much filled up and cumbered with a holland-swathed billiard-table—I never saw it played on. And here hung a powerful sketch, in chalks I rather think, of his seafaring companion, the now immortalised "Posh," the not too grateful captain of the *Meum and Tuum*, whose stern-

board, bearing that device, is, or was, the property of the Omar Khayyam Club.

The amount of flower-garden was small, and rather severely laid out in regular beds alternating with parallel gravel walks, the whole divided from the farther-stretching meadow-like lawns by a red brick low wall, the topmost bricks beneath the coping-stones laid in an open fancy-work pattern. Wooden palings, and a wooden door made to look like the palings, and adorned with a formidable, almost mediæval-looking, iron handle, shut out the road: they were rustic and rough, with the bark left on. Much has been said of FitzGerald's roses. But the impression left on my mind was of poppies, brilliant masses of them, scarlet, with black hearts, pink, white, and soft heliotrope—an oriental blaze of colour, blended with some of the ineffable and indefinable charm of an Eastern embroidery, patterned like the hem of the robe of the great Haroun Alraschid, the gorgeousness yet tempered and balanced by a harmonising rhythm running through its maze.

At the back of the house, his "quarter-deck," as he called the path following the road-intercepting hedge, a green hedge this time,—hawthorn, not too much trimmed,—fled up a grassy hill, much daisy-decked, and beloved of dandelions, whose numerous broad faces were safe here from the ruthless uprooting practised on more petted lawns. And here, as one mounted, came the wind

to greet one, strong, salt-laden, from the not far-distant sea.

And in the masking hedge a gate—opening somewhat stiffly, reluctantly — through which FitzGerald often stepped, his face set Boulge-wards. Past a little red house where lived two children, the enfranchised of his demesnes at their pleasure, to whom his scholarship was as nought, and of whose abstracted aloofness of bearing they felt no awe. Delightful were the surprises he had in store for them. A wicker cage for their doves—it “should always be a wicker cage,” he said, and they believed him; a pendant heart, roughly fashioned from the amber picked up by himself on the then almost solitary Felixstowe beach; a classic-shaped, slender-necked, pink flower-vase; an elaborate piece of Berlin woolwork — ready for “grounding.” Brilliant-hued eye-destroying fantasy, an indication, perhaps, of his even then failing sight. Past Bredfield Hall, FitzGerald’s birthplace, much loved by him. His verses on this “dear home” showed “real originality,” he thought, and he would sometimes speak of his life there as a child. Of his father, ready to mount and trying the new lash of his hunting-whip; of his grandfather, an awe-inspiring personality,—who held a kind of levée when he was powdered every morning,—and so on to the very gates of Boulge itself, which had in those days, and probably has now, the look of a French château. Mansard-like its topmost story, and a decided

perron led up to the front door. In summer scarlet geraniums and yellow calceolarias made patches and ribbons of colour in all the surrounding greenness; and a curious kind of *étagère* with an abundance of less hardy pot-plants stood under some trees on the right of the house—benches near it that you might admire at your ease. A second iron gate gave on to the garden from the park, and through its grille floated the scents, the very essence and soul of the parterre within. A heavy gate it was, difficult to open, swinging vindictively into place—a gate to speed the parting, but hardly one to welcome the coming, guest. But whatever its faults, it led into the garden, a garden all changed now—bettered perhaps, though those who knew it long ago could find no change better for them; for gardens, like human beings, are dear, and loved for their very imperfections.

Before the front door, rampant over which was a disconsolate stone monkey, the FitzGerald crest, clinging, I think, to a weather-vane, was a grey-tiled, raised flower-bed, a sort of pivot on which the carriage-drive turned. A kind of gigantic bouquet-holder it looked, and always a mass of brilliant blossoms, a gem of scented colour.

Under the window, on the sill of which an *Æolian* harp mourned in minor keys, rebuking a passing breeze for its levity, were narrow borders set with all manner of wholesome, cheerful, old-fashioned flowers—mignonette, columbines, lark-

spur, sweet-peas, snapdragon, climbing roses with space and to spare, and loved by the bees. To the left of the house, and out of sight of chance callers, was a little, formal, quaint Dutch garden, its box-edged borders and tiny gravelled paths laid out with mathematical precision, and starred with early spring flowers,—snowdrops, crocuses, aconites, anemones, and suchlike. It was FitzGerald's mother's toy, and still kept as she would have seen it from her windows. The garden abounded in shady walks—one so shady that moss invaded the path, and everywhere the scent of lilac, and laburnum's golden shower.

“ And Guelder snowballs shone—
Mimicking winter, now that they
Felt certain he was gone.”

To the right of the house, just beyond the garden, over a rustic bridge, shaky and slippery with lichen, and spanning nothing more formidable than a fern-fringed wide ditch—often dry—stands the church, the little grey church under whose shadow FitzGerald sleeps, Persian roses planted at head and foot. But, alas! not one bears, not one taking kindly to the cold clay Suffolk soil. The quaintest chapel-like mausoleum hard by is the family vault. Probably he had a dislike to vaults—at all events his grave lies open to sun and wind, marked by a granite recumbent cross. Within—I write of some years ago—the church was plainly benched with oak, the seats belonging to the Hall filling up

most of the north side of the nave, and the cheerful sun streamed in through the rough plain glass windows. Outside a pleasantly frolicsome breeze swayed all the green things to its mood, and wafted in through the open side-door—the entrance for the Hall folks—all manner of alluring messages from the faintly sweet syringa-blossoms, and the fruit-promising orchard trees,—not the least a pretty church, but self-respecting, unpretentious, much like the people who worshipped in it every Sunday, coming up from the outlying village by right-of-way across the park.

The American garden—why so called an unsolved mystery—led round, after you had passed the orchard, to the warm, sheltered kitchen-gardens, walled in with fruit-trees against the walls and ranges of hothouses, and strawberry-beds white with blossom, or netted in and some poor bird struggling in the meshes. Just an ordinary kitchen-garden, but so full of pleasant surprise, so redolent of clean sweet smells, so thoroughly comfortable, well looked after.

The house, Boulge Hall, had that indescribable air of *bien être* inside that the outside led one to expect. In the outer hall were flowers again,—great pots of fuchsias sometimes,—and it was oddly furnished with wonderful old cabinets, through whose glass doors were to be seen sets of valuable china. And there were quantities of books, too, marble statuettes, and a faint scent as of rose-

leaves and lavender pervaded everything.

These, through the inner hall, where the shallow-stepped wide staircase led up to the cheerful morning-room, and books, books met your eye everywhere. Books in old bookcases, jealously screened by a fluted green silk curtain, books piled on tables, books heaped on chairs, and books in the course of being written sometimes. Downstairs was the Book-Room, and perhaps it deserved the name more than any other of the living rooms, for here books reached from the floor to the ceiling. All sorts of books in all sorts of bindings. There were portfolios of rare engravings, too; and FitzGerald's mother smiled at you from the last canvas on which Sir Thomas Lawrence ever painted her. It was a long room this, and had several windows, high, rather narrow,—much curtained windows, as I remember them,—looking out on the gravelled sweep in front. Indeed the room was so long that it boasted two fireplaces, near one of which stood a chamber-organ, filling with vibrant power, cheerful yet solemn, the many-roomed house, when, as was often, its harmonies, set loose, floated out into the garden and died away in the shrubberies, or faintly reached the children in bed in the far-away nurseries, causing them to wonder whether the angels played like that.

In the Book-Room, too, were kept several Naseby relics,—

Oliver Cromwell's "Black Jack" for one. The historic ground of Naseby had been in the possession of the FitzGerald family, one of whose immediate ancestors, a bluff gentleman in seventeenth-century armour and scarlet cloak, whose portrait, looking fiercely out of its frame, yet with a tinge of melancholy as if prescient of his fate, hung over the carved oak sideboard in the dining-room, fell upon that field, fighting, rather oddly for a FitzGerald, for, and not against, his king. And about Naseby Carlyle wrote in 1845 to Edward FitzGerald:¹—

"CHELSEA, April 4th, 1845.

"DEAR FITZGERALD,—I am got to Naseby—among my letters. I dare not open the big packet, fruit of our joint-investigations long ago. I do it from memory, being in haste, double and treble. And so I want you with your best eyes to revise this, which I have got copied for you, and to correct it where you find need. The Main 'Hill' you see I have forgotten, and trust to you for.

"I have a note off to his Grace of Mantr., but as yet no answer.—In great haste—great and perpetual,

"T. CARLYLE."

FitzGerald's father and mother raised a memorial column at Naseby with the following inscription:—

"TO COMMEMORATE

that great and decisive battle fought on this Field on the 14th day of June 1645 between the Royalist Army commanded by His Majesty King Charles the 1st and the parliament Forces headed by the Generals Fairfax and Cromwell which terminated fatally for the Royal Cause and for

¹ This letter has not been published previously, but I have Carlyle's literary representatives' permission to do so.—M. E. FG. KERRICH.

years plunged this nation into Anarchy and Civil War serving as a useful lesson to British Kings never to exceed the Bounds of just Prerogative and to British subjects never to swerve from the allegiance due to their legitimate monarch.

THIS COLUMN

was erected by John FitzGerald Esq.
and Mary Frances his wife.
Lord and Lady of the Manor of

NASEBY.
A.D. 1823."

A curious engraving on a kind of biscuit-coloured paper, representing the field of Naseby with the column very much *en évidence*, hung in a corridor at Boulge; a bleak and tempest-tried landscape enough. And hard by, as if to emphasise the "useful lesson," was a framed facsimile, as a painting, of the "Man Charles Stewart's" death-warrant, signed and with dependent seals. Downstairs was a fine copy of Vandyck's Charles I. on Horseback. In the drawing-room were exquisite miniatures of the king and of Henrietta Maria—hers bearing a strong resemblance to that of her brilliant, lovable, wayward, ill-fated child, the Duchess of Orleans, as Belliard has preserved her for us. In the inner hall hung a picture of Lord Edward FitzGerald, the husband of the bewitching, mysterious Pamela—the generous-hearted, hot-headed, wrong-reasoning visionary, the dupe of more calculating minds, all his character, fiery, poetical, enthusiastic, written on his face.

The house abounded, overflowed with family portraits. One of FitzGerald as a boy with his two brothers;

most charming in the graceful turn of the young heads and lithe figures—full of life, promise, and originality. FitzGerald himself once called the dining-room "a well hung round with one's ancestors." It was a room rather darkened by a large conservatory which led out of it, and by its oak furniture and somewhat sombre hangings. A wood-fire gladdened it often, and a quaintly delightful one-armed armchair lived near a reading-table, and the latter near the fire.

From the upstairs rooms the park lay stretched out, green—wide—softly merging into woodlike copse—an oasis of rest, deep in the brain-soothing Suffolk country, far from the shriek of a train and the nerve-destroying telegraph office.

It was here that I last saw FitzGerald—not many months before he fell into that peaceful sleep from which there was to be no awakening this side of the "Door of Darkness."

I had been spending an hour or so of the morning with him, seeing him write at his tall untidy desk—apples on it, one of which he munched, offering another to me—and I had persuaded him to return to Boulge with me. So together we set forth, and much talk we had about the notes of the robin—how shrilly sweet and staccato, and from that to music. The music of Boulge Church in his youth, the rustic musicians, violoncello, violin, and flute players—lovers of their art and their instruments, and their—to them—all-perfect render-

ing of the church music of that day, quaint in its turns and harmonies, and intricate enough too, some of it.

He lunched at Boulge, bread and cheese, or some such very simple fare, and presently walked back to Little Grange, his large blue coat hanging loosely on his spare aristocratic figure, a little bowed then, a little feeble. He always had the "scholar's stoop" from the neck, his hat rather to the back of his head, and the dreamy abstract look in his quite wonderfully beautiful blue eyes, —eyes which, with his incomparable smile, were unforgettable.

So he passed out of my sight, and out of my life, for I never saw him again.

Something of pathetic there was in the lonely man going quietly back to his lonely house —symbolical, typical of the intellect, so placed apart, so little known, so great as not to be desirous of a vulgar fame, so modest as to shrink from even appearing to claim it; for it should be remembered that, except to few, and those few capable of understanding what his gifts were, Edward FitzGerald was a recluse, amiable, if slightly eccentric. The world's judgment of him is posthumous, his genius it knows now—the man never, nor ever will.

Of Geldeston Hall, in Norfolk, the home of FitzGerald's sister Eleanor, Mrs Kerrieh,—his favourite sister, the confidante of his literary enterprises, after whose death many years elapsed before he had

heart to cross its threshold again,—it remains to speak.

Seen from Beccles churchyard, through an intervening two miles of somewhat grey atmosphere, it has a look of those delightful houses of about its own date that Bewick's tale-pieces make us so familiar with,—having the square rectilinear peculiarities of that period of house-building,—which encouraged no sacrifice of comfort to a mere *coup d'œil*, yet saved from a Meeting-House-like severity by the curve of the grey arch by which—and still led by a curve—the stables are reached from the pillared portico of the front door—magnolia-clad stables they were, but, alas! no longer are. These do not lack a certain old-world charm, and in the coach-house there used to stand—long, long ago—a travelling-carriage of the days when railroads were not, whose capacious seats held six inside comfortably, and more at a pinch. The coat of arms on the panels of heroic size. And in this carriage FitzGerald's little nephews and nieces—"the most delightful children in the world" he called them—made the, to them, highly entertaining and exciting journey from Geldeston to their grandfather's house at Boulge, and changed horses once on the way.

All about the sweet old Geldeston garden grew, and still grow, the flowers that memory loves,—clumps of green-veined double snow-drops; strong, gaudy, crimson peonies; the rare wild white violet; many-thorned, clean-

scented Scotch roses; and, a little to one side of the dining-room window, a large cherry-tree, during its short day a vision of blossom to inspire a Japanese muse—exquisite, dainty, a *débutante* in softest white. This garden is set about with a tree-studded park, running down to grey lichen-covered oak palings; and there, in the spring, old pink May thorns give of their very best, arranging themselves in clusters of coral-like, half-opened buds, provoking the crab-apple and the white thorn to a happy emulation. There too, all through the long June evenings, thrush and blackbird sing concerto far into the night, and the nightingale pours out her soul in a very ecstasy of passion.

And inside there greets you a mellow calm and warmth—a cheerfulness tempered with discretion, the heritage of old country houses. There, in the library, of which FitzGerald speaks in his Letters, are the books of which he also speaks—sitting up late to read them in company with his pipe, but “in the kitchen” after the servants had gone to bed. Do not be startled, such was the custom in the old days, but then—women did not smoke!

A library penetrated with the delightful smell of old bindings and where the books are the slow growth of the care and taste of generations. Heavy volumes with brass-bound corners, sets of old classics—French, English, Greek, Latin—with names of father and son on their fly-leaves, as each suc-

ceeded each in the custody of the treasure; and they boasted book-plates, some of them, too, with heraldic or quaint devices. Here is ‘Gerard’s Herbal,’ 1636, for lovers of flowers—brave English; and hard by ‘A Display of Heraldry by John Gwillim, late Pursuivant of Arms,’ date 1638. And older still, and stirring to the blood, ‘L’Histoire du Bertrand de Guesclin, Conestable de France.’ A James I. Bible and Prayer Book—ponderous, heavy—with curious metal corners. One wonders how many children learned their catechism out of its yellowing pages, what possible bride “in gleam of satin and glimmer of pearls” consulted it for her vows, what cold painful tears have rained down on its Burial Service through all this mist of years! The Countess of Pembroke’s ‘Arcadia,’ no more modern edition than that of 1638, is close by Spenser’s ‘Faerie Queene,’ but this is a new edition of 1763; and a shelf or two farther on, ‘Il Decamerone di Messer Giovanni Boccaccio,’ which has seen the vicissitudes of nearly four hundred years and stood up well against them, transports us to other climes and other skies and other ways, let us hasten to add.

And who can pass White’s ‘Selborne,’ with that wonderful engraving of the author’s tent and garden, and the fine ladies who graced them, and so obviously found tight-lacing and a large hoop unsuited to much exercise! One unfortunate is indeed seated on the

slope of the hill, fan in hand—the victim of fashion, and evidently “vastly uncomfortable.”

Harrington's ‘*Oceana*’ and Montaigne's wit and wisdom, Swift's satire and Johnson's sonorous prose. The ‘*Eikon Basilike*,’ that portrait of the king, whose portrait, drawn by Clarendon, FitzGerald, we know, pondered over and over. And so many more—old friends—always there, presenting always the same face. Dear Books! About you hangs the perfume of carefully tooled leather, the time-imparted mellowing of long summer days, when the warm breeze fluttered your leaves as you lay on the window-seat and the sun touched your binding with a seasoning heat. Of winter nights, when the snow fell spluttering on the oak-logs down some wide chimney, which roared for very joy of the flames and the aromatic sting of the smoke. And on the bright days and genial nights—so long ago—you told, as you are still ready to tell, your blood-quickenings tales of love and war, of man's chivalry and woman's constancy, of feasting and mourning, of life and death—the old, old stories, but ever re-enacting and to re-enact till Time himself shall fail.

From the library windows flower-beds, then the trees and grass of the park, stretch away down the road, and beyond it fields, and the marshes beyond them again, and up the river a heavy-laden wherry works its way—its ruddy wine-coloured

sail useless, for that reach of the river is uncaught by the wind, and the men must quant with shoulder to the pole, and voices float upon the breeze and fall faintly on the ear, mingled with the splash of the “quanting-poles” in the water. The sun and the scent of mignonette come in at the windows too, and the room wakes, as it were, from a dream of past days to a very present and delightful reality. Come out of it, though, and into the hall. Engravings hang there—and hunting pictures, a whole series, men in pink and eager horses; and portraits, too, of old family favourites—dear four-legged faithful comrades. And so on, into the inner hall, from whose walls the faces of dead and gone women counting kinship, though divided by long stretches of the river of Time, with the to-day owner of the house, and so to the dining-room with its wide west window, through which the afternoon sun sends friendly glances, lighting up more portraits, one by Lely, and a tenderly painted scene on the Thames by Ewbank, and bringing out the red lights in the old mahogany furniture—sideboard, brass bound, wine-cooler with boxed legs and slightly bacchanalian appearance, and heavy chairs, whose morocco has faded into complete harmony with the rest of its softly subdued surroundings.

Mahogany, when will you be fashionable again? Did not your sap rise warm and vigorous under the eye of a tropic sun long ago, in some parasite-wreathed orchid-haunted West

Indian forest, where the humming-bird built its tiny cup-like nest, and the fire-flies danced in bewildering, rhythmic splendour—golden, ruby, emerald green? Surely some of that warmth and light are your hidden treasure still, mysteriously hinted at when the fire smoulders red on the hearth, or a sunbeam makes your heart glow like the blush on the face of a dusky beauty in the palm-fringed land of your growth.

The pot-pourri-scented drawing-room—many-windowed, gilt-corniced—led into a conservatory which seems always to have the very flowers you most love growing in it. Surely no orange-blossom is sweeter than that of these miniature trees, and what complexion can vie with the delicate charm of an old-fashioned double pink geranium? Mystic passion-flowers, pink of propriety camellias, full-scented Madonna lilies, fragile roses, luxuriant plumbago,—all here, and cyclamen and azaleas, and many others. Not the “smart set” of flowers, but those that FitzGerald’s sister loved, and he also. The robins of which he wrote approve this conservatory, and make of it their Riviera.

Of the carved oak staircase opposite the drawing-room door, past the great copy of *Rafaele’s Transfiguration* and a *Madonna and Child*—the mother a sleeping Italian peasant, whose distaff is slipping from her hand, while, all unconscious of his presence, the guardian angel watches alike

over her and her divine Son, rosy in childhood’s dreamless slumber—on the wide landing, and into FitzGerald’s own room—white, cool—the windows looking out over marshland and river towards the grey tower of Beccles Church. The room is very simple, very much like other old country-house bedrooms, with its large, almost square bed, its toilet-table of dark wood, its sofa wardrobe, bright steel hearth, its old engravings—the beautiful Countess of Coventry, Napoleon the Great in his mantle of state, laurel-crowned. The entire house is full of mementoes of the Corsican, one of its owners having passed some time in France at the beginning of the undignified St Helena episode. In the air and about the room things are of lavender-scented purity, which at once embalms and symbolises FitzGerald’s own pure, almost puritanically sober, life.

And in this room still hangs a picture—a rustic scene—which belonged to FitzGerald, and which on his last visit, not long before his death, he desired should remain where he, most likely, had himself hung it; for he had a nice taste in the hanging of pictures, as readers of the ‘*Letters*’ will remember.

And of the pathos of that last visit I would, in conclusion, say a few words. Perhaps he felt that his eyes, which had latterly failed him grievously, were about for ever to close on an earth whose beauties they had so keenly enjoyed. Perhaps, like all of

us when life lays a detaining hand on our powers and forces our thoughts backwards and ever backwards, the tide of recollection bore him to the home of that sister who understood him best, and whose children were to him an un-failing centre of interest and affection. But whatever the impelling force, after years of absence he desired again—perhaps to himself he said, “For the last time”—to go over the haunts of his early manhood, to walk through rooms, empty now for ever, of some dear presence. With what thoughts may we think he did go—all alone, as was his express wish—about that dear house whose memories lay warm around his heart—that house whose greeting was cheerful with goodness, whose wide-windowed rooms welcomed every gleam of sunshine, whose long passages have echoed with the sweet laughter of children, beneath whose roof all the natural events of life had fulfilled themselves within his span of years. Life and death, marriage, and joy and sorrow—primeval forces acting and reacting upon each other, the elements of tragedy and comedy—great educators of the human

heart, and to be met wherever that heart shall beat.

FitzGerald drove out from Beccles in a pony-carriage, lent by his dear old friend Mr Crowfoot,—gone too now,—and alone, as I have said, went over that house, whose very dust must have had a voice for him; went over its rooms, and down the long wing passage, and up to the bright attics, whose windows look far over marsh and river, rich in unexpected cupboards, cunningly papered to resemble the wall into which they were built, and in little spindle-legged tables and bureau-topped, brass-handled chests of drawers, in rush-bottomed chairs and painted portraits; and perhaps even higher up, on to the roof itself, from whose leads in the days of the Chartist troubles blazing stacks were seen in all directions.

What his thoughts were we shall never know now; perhaps they may be summed up in one of his own immortal quatrains:—

“The moving Finger writes—and having writ
 Moves on—nor all your piety, nor wit,
 Can lure it back to cancel half a line,
 Nor all your tears blot out one word
 of it.”

MARY ELEANOR FITZGERALD KERRICH.

AN IRISH SALMON-RIVER.

BY SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART., M.P.

IN view of the minute variation in structure and coloration whereon modern zoologists base scientific classification, the definition of Man as a single species of a single genus appears inconsistently synthetic. White, red, black, brown, yellow—the entire human race is connoted by the title *Homo sapiens*, an easy, almost an indolent, device for getting over a difficulty of singular delicacy. Civilisation has done so much to blend certain strains which once were very distinct, that to attempt specific distinction between the races of mankind would be to pronounce the majority of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom to be mongrels. Moreover, the problem is complicated by the notable influence of climate and soil upon habits and manners, one that has rendered the English settlers of Ireland *Hibernicis ipsis Hiberniores*—more Irish than the Irish themselves. Nay, have not climate and soil been recognised as among the chief agencies in evolution? From the prohibitive effect of the climate of India upon the constitution of children of European parents, coupled with the vitality of the indigenous population, might be argued the establishment of specific distinction between the white race and the brown, at least as well defined and permanent as that between the white

willow-grouse of Scandinavia and the red grouse of Great Britain, or even between the Chinese pheasant and European black-game, which have been known frequently to interbreed. The willow-grouse (*Lagopus alba*), sold as “ptarmigan” by our poulterers in spring, possesses no anatomical distinction from the British red grouse (*L. scotica*); the human ear can distinguish no difference in the voice of the two species; their eggs are identical in shape and colour; the summer plumage of the first has a strong resemblance to the year-round jacket of the second; the sole reason for classifying these birds as distinct species being that the willow-grouse turns white in winter, which the red grouse does not. But a precisely similar seasonal variation in the colour of the common stoat has not brought about the recognition of two species. In the northern parts of Britain this animal regularly assumes the ermine livery in winter, in the southern counties it remains russet all the year through; but the specific identity of the two forms is established by the partial change which takes place in the intermediate region, where the little creature appears in winter with a piebald coat of white and brown. Peradventure some will bear to be reminded that the humble British stoat (*Putorius erminea*)

is none other than the animal which, in more rigorous climes than ours, produces ermine fur, so highly prized in days of chivalry that it was reserved under statute for the exclusive wear of royal persons.

It is obvious, then, that men of science are not yet agreed upon a thoroughly satisfactory system of classification; and that if the tendency to subdivision be indulged further, it will be difficult to refrain from applying it to the human race. Of such slender consistency ran the thread of my meditation lately, while casting angle more or less ineffectively — more rather than less—upon what is naturally one of the finest salmon - rivers of Ireland. Naturally, you observe; for here, as elsewhere, certain agencies have been set at work for the destruction of salmon, as if the ultimate object were the extermination of some detestable vermin, instead of the reasonable capture of the most valuable of our food-fishes. I shall notice presently some of the causes which are divesting the Erne of its pristine eminence among the waters of the Emerald Isle. Eminent, perhaps, it still remains, but only by reason of the harsh treatment which other rivers have received.

Sport upon the occasion of my first visit to the Erne was slack, very slack. I incline to account for the interlocutory style which Izaak Walton, Richard Francks, and other seventeenth - century writers gave to their treatises upon angling, as the result of the intermittent character of the

sport, rather than of the innate garrulity of fishermen. It is true that there is always opportunity, largely availed of, for coffee-housing by the cover-side; there is gabble as well as gobble at shooting luncheons—a meal shamelessly and blamefully exaggerated of late; but of all field-sports, none lends itself so naturally as angling to the *mollia fandi tempora*, during spells of enforced inactivity while waiting for the rise to begin, or for a cloud to obscure the sun, or for some other of the occult causes which rouse fish from the torpor to which they are so lamentably prone. At all events, the persistency with which angling literature was cast in conversational form, down to the days of Sir Humphry Davy and Christopher North, seems consistent with this explanation; and were I to undertake a detailed narrative of my experience on the Erne, it should consist of dialogue, almost wholly on one side.

What in the creation of fishes has all this to do with the origin of species, which we were discussing overleaf? The reader is entitled to such explanation as may be had.

I had an attendant—a gillie, as he would be termed in Scotland—and it was his remarkable vivacity and fund of anecdote which tempted me to speculate whether he really was of the same species as certain dignified disciples of Lacon who had condescended to minister for me with the gaff beside Scottish rivers. Sport was slack, as I have explained; but, in proportion

as the gloom deepened upon the prospect, did Darcy Nolan (this was not his actual name, but 'twill serve) exert himself to cheer my drooping spirits with a flow of reminiscence and commentary. Only a phonograph would serve to reproduce the delicate brogue and infinite play of stress and expression; even that would not reflect the *obligato* accompaniment of gesture and feature. It was the entertainment derived from these that set me speculating upon problems of ethnology, mentally comparing my attendant with his Scottish homologues, Highland and Lowland. Highlanders have the same fascinating address which distinguishes the Celt wherever he may be found; but, be it the Scottish atmosphere or merely contact with the taciturn Teuton, something has robbed him of the captivating irresponsibility and garrulity of his race. Nevertheless, both Irish and Highland gillies give you to feel that they are there for your service and pleasure, and manage to fill you with a comfortable sense of your own proficiency; whereas in the Lowlander you are conscious of the presence of a relentless critic at your elbow. You may feel certain that if a big salmon rises short of the fly he will report you as having snatched it away from the fish. You have a partiality, it may be, for some particular fly (you must be less or more than a human angler if you have not) which you propose to display upon the bosom, say, of Tay or Tweed. Speedily will the boatman recall you to a sense

of your position. More than common must be your resolution and courage if you persist in the exercise of private judgment, and hesitate to attach to your line whatever your tyrant prescribes as appropriate to prevailing conditions of sky and water and the idiosyncrasies of fish in that particular river. My private conviction is that such idiosyncrasies exist only in the imagination of anglers. During the considerable segment of a century that I have been at the game, I have witnessed a complete revolution in the hypothetical preferences of salmon in different rivers. Lures are described as indispensable now, which, thirty years ago, would have brought inextinguishable derision upon the greenhorn who proposed to apply them to the catching of fish. Thirty or forty years further back William Scrope had detected the fallacy in his own shrewd way.

"A great deal of mystery," says he in his inimitable 'Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing,' "is made on every river as to the flies you should fish with. Thus when a novice arrives at his fishing station, he sends for the oracle of the river, pulls out his book crammed as closely as a pot of pemmican, and displays before him the devices of an Eaton, an Ustonson, or a Chevalier. Nothing dazzled, Donald much admires what one may be, and what the other; this he rejects as useless, that he laughs to scorn. . . . He examines some twenty dozen of your best flies, and, pulling out one from the number, tells you that might serve well enough if it had different wings, a different body, and a yellow tail. . . . I would advise you to acquiesce in the predictions of the said oracle, simply to save the trouble of argument. One thing you may be

sure of, namely, that you may as well attempt to make the Tweed run back to its source as to shake his opinions."

Scrope mentions that the prejudice against gaudy flies, when they were first introduced from Ireland, was so strong that the Tweed boatmen solemnly accounted for the scarcity of salmon in the river by the hypothesis that they had been frightened back to the sea by the exhibition of these outrageous novelties. Nowadays prejudice prevails as strongly as ever, but it is all in the opposite direction. Silver and gold, highly dyed silks and furs, with plumage of the most brilliant tropical birds, are deemed as essential to success as the dun turkey and grey mallard were of yore. Are we to believe that Tweed salmon have modified their taste? or is it conceivable that *Homo sapiens*—Man the Wise—is not immune from delusion?

Having landed myself plump in the interminable controversy about salmon-flies, I can ill resist the temptation to put on record the nativity of one which has found great favour of recent years, and is, or was of late, reckoned deadliest of all on the Redbridge and Broadlands waters of the Hampshire Test. It goes by the name of "the Mystery," and displays a pair of canary-coloured wings over a body of salmon floss gaily ribbed up with silver twist. A quarter of a century ago or thereby a local fisherman was plying his craft on the Suir, famous at that time for heavy spring salmon, and plenty of

them. Since those days it has been reft of its glory by means of immoderate netting. Well, this fisherman, whose name I forget, had been working all morning with the "collie" or stone-loach, and had done no good. Presently he saw an immense fish rise in a good taking place, but the monster would pay no attention to the bait; so thinks Patsie, or Tim, or Joe, whatever his name may have been, "Maybe it's the fly he'll be hankering afther." But divil a fly he had with him, for they used to rely greatly on the collie in the spring months when the water was cold. Now Tim (I must call him something) was a matter of six Irish miles from his own home, and by the time he had travelled there for his fly-book and back to the river, the February day would be far spent. But within half a mile of him was a certain farm, the habitation of a pretty girl with whom Tim stood on the best of terms. Thither he hied, and finding the nymph of the cot busy about the doors with a worsted shawl over her shapely head—

"Ah now, Phaybie, avourneen," said he, "but aren't you the gerr-l that can help me this day. I seen the biggest salmon in Dawson's Cradle that ever swam in the Suir, and divil a thing will he taste but an iligant fly; and it's meself that come away in the morning wid nothing but a bare hook on me. I'm afther skaming for some feathers and silk to tie one up this very minute."

"Feathers and silk, is it?"

replied the maid, entering with spirit into the project. "Faith, it's a bad quarther ye come to for silk; sorra a bit is there in the house. But for feathers, there's lashins of them; for wasn't I plucking a poulthry this very morning?"

"Och, the devil sweep all the poulthry in Leinster!" cried Tim. "It's not thim kind o' common craythurs will do the trick; it's something delicate I'm wanting. Now there was that quare design ye carried on your pretty head the time I walked home wid you from the chapel; there was an iligant yulla feather in that, I mind."

"Musha, but it's this man is not blate," mocked Phœbe, "the way he'd take the feather from my Sunday hat."

"Ah, be aisy, now," pleaded Tim. "It'll niver be known upon it what I'd take, no more than a tinkan o' wather out o' the well."

Tim had an easy victory. If he had asked for half of Phœbe's modest wardrobe, she would have sacrificed it joyfully for her lad's happiness; and well the rogue knew it. Indeed, the few yellow strands he plucked did not appreciably diminish the glories of Phœbe's gala hat; but the silk was not forthcoming. As he stood meditating, the problem solved itself. His eye fell on the fringe of Phœbe's hood, which was of pink worsted. To detach a few threads of this, to lap it on a large bait-hook with waxed thread, and to whip on the top the yellow feather to serve as wings, was quick work for his practised fingers.

No doubt he did not omit to signify gratitude to his benefactress in a way agreeable to her feelings, for there was a bewitching colour in her cheeks as she watched him striding back in the direction of Dawson's Cradle—a colour not to be accounted for entirely by the keen February air.

By good luck no other fisher had come that way during Tim's absence from the river, and Tim lost no time in presenting his handiwork to the big salmon. The suspense was not prolonged. No sooner did the spoils of Phœbe's toilette pass over the spot where Tim had marked the monster rise, than the line stopped short as if hitched upon a rock. Tim raised the rod smartly, and was "in him." To cut a long story short, twenty minutes later he was administering the *coup-de-grâce* to a noble salmon weighing 56 lb.

Of course there was much curiosity on that riverside as to the lure which brought this noble quarry to its doom; but to all inquiries Tim gave but one answer, "Ah! that's a mystery." When at last the secret leaked out (for was there not a woman in it?), the pink-bodied, yellow-winged fly took its place among standard patterns as "the Mystery."

Now I must scramble back from this unpardonable digression to the banks of the Erne, where I stood one fine evening last July prepared for action. The day was far spent, for it was afternoon before the Belfast train, loitering through leagues of verdure, had deposited me upon Belleek platform. A

couple of miles on a car to my riverside quarters ought not to have taken long, but the greater part of the distance had to be performed at a walk, by reason of the excruciating nature of the metal with which my landlord had thickly coated the "boreen" or tortuous lane leading to his cottage; for he had inherited some money from America, and was bent on improving his property. This metal consisted of slabs of waste pottery—great shards from the Belleek works. "Oh, the finest material in the created earth for making up a road," explained Darcy; "it'll take a thousand years to wear it away." So it might, methought, being by nature imperishable, and deposited in such impregnable lumps as seemed to defy, rather than to invite, traffic. At last we arrived at the cottage where a friend had secured accommodation for me, and excellent the quarters proved to be, with the river quite handy. It did not take me long to unpack my kit, don my waders, and hurry off under a burning sun to the waterside.

From boyhood I had been accustomed to read enthusiastic descriptions of this famous river and the grand sport it afforded; but, making allowance for the fond glow thrown by patriotism upon so much that is Irish, I was prepared for rather less than I found. The Erne is indeed a noble salmon-river. Its course from Lough Gowla in county Longford to the sea at Ballyshannon is some seventy miles, draining an area of about 1700 square miles; but of this

length seven-and-thirty miles is buried in upper and lower Lough Erne—two vast sheets of water covering between them upwards of 37,000 acres. For the salmon-fisher, interest is concentrated upon the five miles or so of river between Belleek, at the foot of the lower lough, and the iniquitous boxes—cruives, we should call them in Scotland—at the Assaroe Falls below Ballyshannon bridge.

It is always a difficult matter to compare the volume of one river with that of another. Difference in the nature of channels deceives the eye; the effects of rainfall and drought render the average flow uncertain; therefore it is with hesitation that I estimate the Erne below Belleek as equivalent to the Tweed at Melrose when in fishing trim. But the Irish river runs with a far steadier, fuller flow during the summer months than does the Tweed, albeit the great natural advantage of abundant water-storage has been sorely impaired by human interference, presently to be described.

Now I had a fancy that morning for displaying to the salmon of the Erne a particular fly which had served me well in both Scottish and Norwegian waters—a modest affair, having a sober black body touched up with silver twist, wings and hackle of the black-and-white barred feather of the Argus pheasant, and just a spark of scarlet. If there be merit in variety, methought, it must be found in presenting to the fish something unlike what they had already been made too

familiar with. But long acquaintance with dour Scottish gillies undermined much expectation of being allowed to indulge my fancy. Sure enough, Darcy extracted from his inner pocket a parcel of dainty works of art—real fine art—chiefly creatures with golden-yellow bodies and rainbow wings. It was with a sinking heart and a stammering tongue that I explained to Darcy my ambition to try an experiment—I put it no higher than that—with one of my own flies. Well knowing how ruthlessly your Scot would have crushed any deviation from local orthodoxy, I was little prepared for the easy compliance shown by Darcy. “Well, sorr,” said he, with the utmost good-humour, “I never seen the like o’ that tried in this river: we mostly use the yulla-and-grouse or the green Parson; but sure your honour’ll not be wrong, the way ye have so much experience of fishing, and we’ll give it a thry, anyway.”

With that he restored to his pocket his assortment of local favourites, throwing a courtly veil over his invincible distrust of novelties, lest he should wound my feelings.

Now I need not inflict upon the reader a description of our sport. In literature every salmon is a bar of silver; the fish invariably rushes about like a motor-car; the reel screeches; the greenheart bends; the angler “gives the butt” at precisely the moment to prevent irremediable disaster, applying himself to his flask when the fight is over and the quarry safely ashore. The story has been repeated a thousand times,

and in much the same language. There is the less occasion to dwell on the events of my first afternoon, seeing that my reel screeched not at all, nor did the greenheart bend, save when a back cast lodged the black-and-white fly firmly in the upper branches of an ash-tree.

The fact is that every inch of likely water had been well flogged before I could wet my line—a condition tending to damp the ardour of the most sanguine fisherman. The seven beats into which the river is divided are allotted in rotation among the anglers; but by an irritating regulation no man retains exclusive right to his beat for the day after one o’clock. After that it is go as you please, and there ensues a concentration of forces upon the best places. The inferior places having been thoroughly combed over in the morning, there remains little chance of sport in them, and the afternoon competition for the superior “throws” is a trifling disconcerting to a stranger.

They were all occupied by the time I arrived, and I had to content myself with a stretch of water which Darcy pronounced to be “as full of life as a deserted graveyard.”

Falling back for recreation upon Darcy’s conversational powers, I found them far beyond the common. Beginning with the state of the crops, we touched naturally upon the land question. It was discouraging to learn from him local opinion of Mr Wyndham’s Act.

“The new Land Act, is it?” quoth he; “och, it’ll just be

the father and mother of a botheration. I'm telling your honour what it'll be. It'll be like taking a bone and throwing it into a kennel of hungry dogs. 'Deed will it. Every man'll be at his neighbour's throat."

"Well, but," I observed, "the tenants are not pleased with the landlords they have got. Will they not be better contented when they are quit of them?"

"Well, yer honour, I'll tell ye the God's truth; I'll not desave ye" (an exordium which one soon learns to regard with peculiar distrust of what follows). "It's meself is not aware how it may be in other disthriots of Ireland, but divil a fault have we with the landlords that's here. They're the beautiful gintry, and of the fine ould stock; and they were having me told they'd have to quit. An' fwhat's to take the place of them? Not but what the best, or some of them, isn't gone already. There was Tom Conolly, now, maybe your honour would know him about London. Ye did not? Ah, but he was the bhoy to send sparks through the darkness. And the fine property was his! Ye see them woods and hills fornint us beyant the river. Well, they were all Tom Conolly's, every sthick and sthone in them; from one end of the estate to the other was six-and-thirty Irish miles; forty thousand pounds of rint, and a quate ten thousand a-year in County Kildare besides. Ah! Tom Conolly, he was the raal gintleman."

"He's gone, is he?" I interjected.

"Ah, gone is it?—it's long since he was afther going, and there has been no man to fill the place of him since. It was the heart was too big in him. I seen him in Ballyshannon on fair-day, coming to the window of the hotel where he'd be afther taking his refreshment, and him with the fire-shovel full of sovereigns in his hand. The sthreet would be full of counthry people, and he up with the window and scattering the gold among them. B'lieve me, it was then ye'd see the scrummaging."

"Well," I observed sagely, "that's a ready way of getting rid of property."

"Thru for you, sir; but there was far more than that to it. Misther Conolly was great for the horse-racing. He was an aisy man with his tenants, and some of them would be as slow in paying the rent as they would be fast to pay their respects, but divil a disthress he would ever lay upon them. Every year before the Derby race came on, he would ride round a fourth of the estate, and says he to each one, 'It's five years' arrear ye're owing me. Pay me one year's rent, and I'll wipe off the lave.' Quick they were to pay on that balancing, so he'd get one year's rent off a fourth of his tenantry, and away he goes to London and loses it all in the betting. And next year he'd be afther doing the same on the next fourth of his estate, till the throuble came over him

entirely, more's the shame, for he was the mighty, grand gintleman. Then they put the property up for sale, and didn't they cut five great estates out of the one that had been? Not a dhry eye could ye behold in the counthry on that blessed day, for a good friend to the poor man was Tom Conolly. But we'll have no more excursions of that manner undher the new law—a black end to thim that had the making of it!”

It occurred to me that Darcy's censure of the Land Act may have been embittered by reason of his being no farmer, and therefore not entitled to advantage from it. Perchance, also, it was coloured by anxiety to say what might be agreeable to one of the land-owning class.

Darcy was rich in reminiscence of various anglers whom it had been his lot to attend upon the Erne.

“Lord —— was the keen fisher, him that was Lord Lieutenant when the throuble was with the Land League. There niver was any onquateness in County Fermanagh, though; they're a dacent lot of bhoys in these parts, let alone the loud talking at election times and the like. All the while they were stretching landlords and agents in the south, there niver a gintleman need look over his shoulder within twenty Irish miles of Ballyshannon. But they were afther telling his Excellency terrible tales in Dublin Castle, and, let him go where he would, there was an inspector and four constables following on the side-

cars and a detective in private clothes on a horse.

“So when he comes to the bridge one morning, and asks quite agreeable-like about the fishing, and the wather, and the way we would go, says I, ‘Me lord your Excellency, the first throw is immadiately upon the spot you stand, and a good throw it is for a new-run fish, the way there's a nice sup o' wather in her to-day.’ So I puts a box for him to stand on, the same as I was afther doing for your honour this morning, convanient for him to angle nicely over the par'pet.

“Now your honour would be noticing for yourself the way the bhoys and gerr-ls gathers round when they see a gintleman begin to fish off Ballyshannon bridge. Av coorse they like to see the sport, tho' be the same token it's little sport they seen wid your honour this morning. But his Excellency grew unaisy-like when the people came round him and he looked to the right and left and every way to see that the polis were handy; so says I: ‘Me lord your Excellency, maybe you'd be afther going to a more private spot, and indeed the fishing is betther above the eel-weir. If your lordship's Excellency will step this way along the path, the polis on the cyars can thravel up the road quite convanient.’ So I brought him up to the Garden Wall, a notable throw it is, while the polis drove along the road wid the breadth of the demesne betune us and thim, though that was unbeknownst to his

Excellency. I observed he was very unquate, so says I: 'Me lord your Excellency, keep your mind quite aisy now. There's niver a bhoys in this barony and the nixt would lift a finger at you, only to make a riverence to ye. If you had a park of arthillery round you, it's not a pin the safer ye'd be.'

"Well, his Excellency could throw a good line. I seen it wasn't the first time, by many, he came to the fishing. But Lord assist the poor man! from the moment his fly was on the wather, divil another look he gave to it till he was afther making another throw. He was for ever and always turning this way and that; be gob, I tuk pity to see him, the way thim naygurs in Dublin Castle had put the dread into him. But by the time I had brought him as far as the Grass Yard, the nervousness quit him entirely, and he applied himself to the fishing like a masther. He tuk a salmon upon the Grass Yard and two more upon Laputa, and wasn't he the proud man that day.

"'By gum!' says he on the suddint, 'where's my escort at all? for it's time I was getting home,' says he.

"'Is it the polis ye mane?' says I; 'faith, it would be work for Isaiah and all the prophets to tell where they might be by this time. Thim'll be kaping aisy along the road, the way I instructed thim, till they would come up wid your Excellency; but they'll be far enough the time that is, be rason the road's beyant the river, and not very convanient at that.'

"With that he gives a down look, and says he, 'What made ye do that, anyway?' but I'm afther pulling the salmon out o' the bast, and laying them out sthraight upon the green, and as soon as he sees them doesn't he brighten up, the way they made such a beautiful spectacle, wid a five-and-twenty pounder at the head of the class.

"'Me lord your Excellency,' says I, 'ye have no more need of an escort, barring meself, on this river, than ye have of the tabernacle of Moses. It's meself will be afther bringing your Excellency the soonest way to Cliff' (for ye see he had it taken for the fishing), 'and proud they'll be to see you there wid the fish ye have.'

"'Oh, it's not for myself,' says he, wid a kind of a shame on his face, 'but the men had their orders,' says he; 'but lead on,' says he, 'for it's time I was home,' says he. So I brought him straight to Cliff, and quit him there, and wasn't it then the fun began? I was travelling down the road to Ballyshannon, when I heard a horse going the great gallop behind me. I looks round, and who's this but his Excellency's detective. He pulls up all in a lather, and says he, 'You're the man attending upon his Excellency at the fishing,' says he.

"'Faith, I'll not be afther giving you the lie,' says I, 'for that's the truth, supposing ye only spake it in accident.'

"'Oh, hould your fulish tongue,' says he in a rage, 'an' come along wid me to

the polis-office, and answer for your conduct in misguiding the escort.'

"Be gob, but you'll have to show me the warrant,' says I. 'It's a quare pass things is come to if the likes o' you is to give private gintlemen the word of command. Who are ye, anyway? A stranger in the land, I reckon, thrashing upon the road like a grievous mount-the-bank.'

"I knew him for the inspector, sure enough; but I wasn't a hair in dread of his bad word, the way I knew his Excellency was well pleased with the sport he had, so I spoke up to the fellow, being ready to give him all the Mamelukes in the dictionary if I had any more of his hectoring.

"I'm a detective officer,' says he, 'and I want to know what ye've done with his Excellency.'

"And what would I do wid him,' says I, 'but bring him the soonest way to Cliff the time he was past wid the fishing. It's little ye'll be afther detecting, Mr Detective, if ye're onawares that his Excellency has Cliff taken for his residence the time he's got the fishing.'

"Then what in thunder made ye direct the escort to hould the highroad?' says he.

"Be the same rason that the side-cars wouldn't thravel convanient by the water-side,' says I.

"And is his Excellency in Cliff at the present?' says he.

"Divil another roof will ye find over his head this blessed minute,' says I, 'and small

blame to him, for it's a lodging fit for the Emperor of Roossia,' says I.

"Wid that he turns his horse and is battering along the road to Cliff. Sure your honour may believe the chat we had in Ballyshannon that night about the lost Lord Lieutenant!"

On a subsequent day Darcy treated me to some recollections, bewildering in their variety, about another noble lord. I had been fishing the cast, or "throw" as they have it in Ireland, which, from the left bank, is called the Sod Ditch, but when fished from the right bank is known as the Angler's Throw, just above a foss over which the river discharges itself with much tumult. In this pretty stream I had met a lively grilse, whereof the landing occupied time out of all proportion to its dimensions, by reason of the long and deep wading necessary to enable the angler to get his fly over the lie of the fish when the river is on the low side. When the water is heavy, the fish lie near the sides. There is more wading in the Erne than in any water of similar length and volume that I have ever fished. It is the practice for the gillie to accompany his employer into the water, to guide him along the practicable lines, which are often tortuous, and could not be found out by a stranger. The current is very strong in many places, and the angler, with the water brimming under his arm-pits, is often grateful for the support of a steady shoulder. To hook a strong salmon from such a standpoint is far more nervous work than it is from

boat or bank. A false step at such a moment ensures a thorough ducking; and in such a place as the Angler's Throw, where the river sweeps swiftly towards a boiling gorge, there is added an exhilarating sense of peril. A blunder here might easily cost a man his life.

Some temperaments are impatient of over-sedulous assistance; those who remember Lord Randolph Churchill will hear without surprise that he took his own line not infrequently. The same impetuous temper which made him throw up the seals of the Exchequer may be traced in a scene described by Darcy.

"Oh, but he was the kind-hearted gentleman," said he, no doubt with a suitable recollection of the scale of Lord Randolph's *douceurs*; "and notorious fond of the fishing he was; but if anything crassed him, or if I was to spake what it wasn't his pleasure to hear, wouldn't it make a man thrimble to hear the swearing he'd employ!

"There was one day Lord Randolph was for fishing the Angler's Throw your honour's just come off. There was a good sup o' water in her that day, nine inches more than ye see at the present, so there was no wading to be done. He was come to the place where he should have come off the side, round yon big rock ye see there foreninst ye, be rason that he couldn't follow a fish if he hooked one in that spot. So I called to him that it was a dhangerous place for losing a fish, and that he should come away to where I'd show him.

"'Be dam!' he cried, 'Darcy,'

says he, 'd'ye think I haven't fished far bigger wathers than this in Canada? Hould yer gab,' says he, 'till I ask ye, and don't be interfering.'

"The word wasn't past his lips when a fish came to the fly in the very sthriest o' the sthrame. I noticed the tail of him as he turned, and wasn't he as nate a pattern of thirty pounds as a man might see?

"'Hould to him, me lord!' I cried; 'if he do pass the grey stone, it's niver on this side of Assanroe we'll behould that fish again.'

"He held to him royally, and I came down and tuk the rod from him the time he would get round the big rock, and have a clear run before him. Well, he got round it, and I passed the rod back to him, the big fish all the while wavering in the strong wather like a flag. His lordship scarcely got a houl of the rod before the fish got his broadside to the sthrame, and away he raced, the reel screaming out like a woman in her throes.

"'Follow him, me lord!' I cries, 'follow him's fast's ye can, or ye're bate intirely,' and away he goes, swearing the way that should burn the beard off his face, only he didn't carry one. Your honour sees that slidder of rock beyant there. Well, when his lordship came to that spot the heels went from under him, he came slam on his back and stunned the point of his elbow; the rod cracked off at the first joint, and away went the lave of it down the line to join the fish. His lordship was on his feet in a moment; but didn't the line break, and him

left standing with the empty butt in his hand. There was an end of the swearing, but he turned and gave me a look would blister the paint on a new door. Then he up with the broken rod, and the fine reel was on it, and flung them both into the river as far as he could, and they away after the great salmon."

Such was the fashion in which Darcy Nolan would run on by the half-hour together, setting me to speculate upon the reason for so great a difference between Irish and Scottish gillies. It may be only skin-deep after all; but even so, what are the atmospheric, social, or other causes which render the difference so universal and inevitable?

Other subjects for cogitation suggested themselves during the frequent idle intervals in my sport, not unmixed with melancholy. It distresses one to behold the sporting resources of Ireland run to waste. There is probably no other territory in the world which combines within similar limits such natural advantages for angling, shooting, and hunting, nor is there anywhere a native population more keenly sympathetic with every description of field-sport. That sympathy which, rightly controlled, would add an inestimable charm to the sportsman's enjoyment, has been allowed to run to seed in indiscriminate poaching. Of all the branches of sport, fox-hunting alone has received full development in Ireland; probably no one has partaken of its highest ecstasy who has not lived with hounds as they

raced over the wide pastures of Meath or raved upon a burning scent in Kilkenny. There is no complaint upon that score, and, whatever be the political future of Ireland, it is probably in her vales and upon her uplands that the huntsman's horn will continue to resound long after it is silent elsewhere. It is many years since, in one of the most disturbed districts of Ireland, I enjoyed a run with what was called "the Fenian pack." The county hounds had been boycotted and put down; but the "bhoys" had raised a pack of their own, and cordially welcomed the appearance in the field of those of the landlord class who were not too proud to join in their sport.

Game-preserving, except in the great demesnes and on the moorlands of the north, may be reckoned impossible, owing to the excessive subdivision of the land into small holdings; nor, having regard to the exceedingly artificial phase into which shooting has passed in the sister isle and the bloated scale of "bag" which seems necessary to satisfy modern marksmen, need that be a subject of much regret. Wild-fowl and snipe will continue to resort to the bogs of Ireland, woodcock to her infrequent woodlands, and much will remain for the recreation of him who does not measure success by hecatombs.

But of the angling wealth of Ireland her sons are sad spendthrifts. The angler deplores the destruction of the fairest trout-streams by flax waste, or by the cruel use of

the deadly wood-spurge, by which miles of water may be depopulated in a single day. The economist grudges the direful diligence, the lawless devices, which are reducing salmon to the vanishing-point, and deplores the waste of an asset which, rightly administered, would attract a full share of the wealth which is lavished upon Scottish and Scandinavian rivers. There is nothing for which so many people are ready to pay liberally as salmon-fishing; nowhere that it is so plentifully provided by nature as in Ireland.

The Erne has been longer in succumbing to ill-treatment than other rivers because of its glorious capability, but it is going like the rest. Until lately, the vast expanse of Lough Erne kept the river full during the summer months; but the drainage works have altered that. The whole level of the lough has been lowered three feet or thereby, all to save some hundreds of acres of bog land; the floodgates are regulated so as to run the water off as quickly as possible, and without regard to the fishing interest, so a far larger proportion of salmon than of yore fall victims to the deadly boxes or "cruipe-dyke" at the mouth and to the nets in the estuary. The use of drift-nets, a destructive device which has been pronounced by the English and Scottish courts to be a fixed engine, and therefore illegal in an estuary, has been largely extended in Donegal Bay, and

must ultimately put the finishing stroke to the Erne as an angling river unless effective means are taken to stop them. But who is so sanguine as to look for energy in anything Irish except poaching. Of the spawning salmon that run up the numerous affluents of Lough Erne, very few survive to taste the salt water again. Darkly discoloured and unsightly with slime, as spawning salmon always are, they are eagerly hunted to death on the redds, making one sigh for the common-sense that would apply the money spent in ineffective artificial hatcheries to the protection of the normal operations of nature. Let any one in search of an example of the result of wise administration of a salmon-river take the Aberdeenshire Dee. Twenty years of sagacious management have multiplied by ten the rental of rod-fishings alone, while the remaining nets produce as many boxes of salmon as formerly went to the market from the whole river. If Sir Horace Plunkett, who has laboured with such admirable diligence, enterprise, and success for the cause of Irish agriculture, should apply his energy to the regeneration and development of Irish inland fisheries, he will be working upon a latent source of wealth to his country. But whereas in the first he had a nation of farmers to work with, in the other he will have to encounter a community of poachers, and the task will be proportionately harder.

THE MAN WHO KNEW.

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON.

BEARDED, bowed, with hard blue eyes that questioned always, so we knew David Uyo as children; an old, remotely quiet man, who was to be passed on the other side of the street and in silence. I have wondered sometimes if the old man ever noticed the hush that ran before him and the clamour that grew up behind, the games that held breath while he went by, and the children that judged him with wide eyes. He alone, of all the people in the little dorp, made his own world and possessed it in solitude; about him, the folk held all interest in community and measured life by a trivial common standard. At his doorstep, though, lay the frontier of little things; he was something beyond us all, and therefore greater or less than we. The mere pictorial value of his tall figure, the dignity of his long, forked beard, and the expectancy of his patient eye, must have settled it that he was greater. I was a child when he died, and remember only what I saw, but the rest was talk, and so, perhaps, grew the more upon me.

One day he died. For years he had walked forth in the morning and back to his house at noon, a purple spot on the raw colour of the town. He had always been still and somewhat ominous, and conveyed to all who saw him a sense of looking for something. But on

this day he went back briskly, walking well and striding long, with the gait of one that has good news, and he smiled at those he passed and nodded to them, unheeding or not seeing their strong surprise nor the alarm he wrought to the children. He went straight to his little house, that overlooks a crowded garden and a pool of the dorp spruit, entered, and was seen no more alive. His servant, a sullen Kaffir, found him in his bed when supper-time came, called him, looked, made sure, and ran off to spread the news that David Uyo was dead. He was lying, I have learned, as one would lie who wished to die formally, with a smile on his face and his arms duly crossed. This is copiously confirmed by many women who crowded, after the manner of Boers, to see the corpse; and of all connected with him, I think, his end and the studied manner of it, implying an ultimate deference to the conventions, have most to do with the awe in which his memory is preserved.

Now, a death so well conceived, so aptly preluded, must, in the nature of things, crown and complete a life of singular and strong quality. A murder without a good motive is merely folly; properly actuated, it is tragedy, and therefore of worth. So with a death: one seldom dies well,

in the technical sense, without having lived well, in the artistic sense; and a man who will furnish forth a good deathbed scene seldom goes naked of an excellent tradition. I have been at some pains to discover the story of David Uyo; and though some or the greater part of it may throw no further back than to the *vrouws* of the dorp, it seems to me that they have done their part at least as well as David Uyo did his, and this is the tale I gleaned.

When David was a young man the Boers were not yet scattered abroad all over the veldt, and the farms lay in to the dorps, and men saw one another every day. There was still trouble with the Kaffirs at times, little risings and occasional murders, with the sacking and burning of homesteads, and it was well to have the men within a couple of days' ride of the field-cornet, for purposes of defence and retaliation. But when David married all this weighed little with him.

"What need of neighbours?" he said to his young wife. "We have more need of land—good land and much of it. We will trek."

"It shall be as you will, David," answered Christina. "I have no wish but yours, and neighbours are nothing to me."

There was a pair of them, you see—both Boers of the best, caring more for a good fire of their own than to see the smoke from another's chimney soiling the sky. Within a week of their agreement the waggons were creaking towards the

rising sun, and the whips were saluting the morning. David and Christina fronted a new world together, and sought virgin soil. For a full month they journeyed out, and outspanned at last, on a mellow evening, on their home.

"Could you live here, do you think, Christina?" asked David, smiling, and she smiled back at him and made no other answer.

There was need for none, indeed, for no Boer could pass such a place. It was a rise, a little rand, flowing out from a tall kopje, grass and bush to its crown, and at its skirts ran a wide spruit of clear water. The veldt waved like a sea,—not nakedly and forlorn, but dotted with grey mimosa and big green dropsical aloes, that here and there showed a scarlet plume like a flame. The country was thigh-deep in grass and spoke of game; as they looked, a springbok got up and fled. So here they stayed.

David and his Kaffirs built the house, such a house as you see only when the man who is to make his home in it puts his hand to the building. David knew but one architecture, that of the great hills and the sky, and when all was done, the house and its background clove together like a picture in a fit frame, the one enhancing the other, the two being one in perfection. It was thatched, with deep eaves, and these made a cool stoep and cast shadows on the windows; while the door was red, and took the eye at once, as do the plumes of the aloes. It was not well devised,—to say so would be to

lend David a credit not due to him ; but it occurred excellently.

The next thing that occurred was a child, a son, and this set the pinnacle on their happiness. His arrival was the one great event in many years, for the multiplication of David's flocks and herds was so well graduated, the growth of his prosperity so steady and of so even a process, that it tended rather to content than to joy. It was like having money rather than like getting it. In the same barefoot quiet their youth left them, and the constant passing of days marked them, tenderly at first, and then more deeply. Their boy, Trikkie, was a man and thinking of marrying, when the consciousness of the leak in their lives stood up before them.

They were sitting of an evening on the stoep, watching the sun go down and pull his ribbons after him, when Christina spoke.

"David," she said, "yesterday was twenty-five years since our marriage. We—we are growing old, David."

She spoke with a falter, believing what she said. For though the blood is running strong and warm, and the eye is as clear as the heart is loyal, twenty-five years is a weary while to count back to one's youth.

David turned and looked at her. He saw for a moment with her eyes—saw that the tenseness of her girlhood had vanished, and he was astonished. But he knew he was strong and hale, well set-up and a good man to be friends with, and as

he gripped his knees, he felt the tough muscle under his fingers, and it restored him.

"Christina," he said, seeing she was troubled, "it is the same with both of us. You are not afraid to grow old with me, little cousin?"

She came closer to him, but said nothing. It was soon after that, and a wonderful thing in its way, such as David had never heard of before, that there came to them another boy, a wee rascal that shattered all the cobwebs of twenty-five years, and gave Christina something better to think of than the footsteps of time.

Trikkie had been glorious enough in his time, and was glorious enough still, for the matter of that ; but this was a creature with exceptional points, which neither David nor Christina—nor, to do him justice, Trikkie—could possibly overlook. Trikkie had a voice like a bell, and whiskers like the father of a family, and stood six foot two in his naked feet, and lacked no excellence that a sturdy bachelor should possess. But the other, who was born to the name of Paul, lamented his arrival with a vociferous note of disappointment in the world that was indescribably endearing ; had a head clothed in down like the intimate garments of an ostrich chick, and was small enough for David to put in his pocket. He brought a new horizon with him and imposed it on his parents ; he was, in brief, a thing to make a deacon of a Jew pedlar.

Thereafter, life for David and Christina was no longer a single

phenomenon, but a series of developments. It was like sailing in agreeably rough water. No pensive mood could survive the sight of mighty Trikkie gambolling like a young bull in the company of Paul; nor could quiet hours impart a melancholy while the welkin rang with the voice of the *kleintje* bullying the adoring Kaffirs. Where before life had glided, now it steeplechased, taking its days bull-headed, and Paul grew to the age of four as a bamboo grows, in leaps.

Then Trikkie, the huge, the hairy, the heavy-footed, the man who prided himself on his ability to make circumstances, discovered, in a revealing flash, that he was, after all, a poor creature, and that the brightest being on earth was Katje Voss, whose people had settled about thirty miles off—next door, as it were. Katje held views not entirely dissimilar, but she consented to marry him, and the big youth walked on air. Katje was a dumpy Boer girl, with a face all cream and roses, and a figure that gave promise of much fat hereafter. Christina had imagined other things, but the idea is a rickety structure and she yielded; while David had never considered such an emergency, and consented heartily. Behind Trikkie's back he talked of grandchildren, and was exceedingly happy.

Then his dream-fabric tumbled about his ears.

Trikkie had ridden off to worship his beloved, and David and Christina, as was their wont, sat on the stoep. They

watched the figure of their son out of sight, and talked a while, and then lapsed into the silence of perfect companionship. The veldt was all about them, as silent and friendly as they, and the distance was mellow with a haze of heat. From the kraals came at intervals the voice of little Paul in fluent Kaffir; David smiled over his pipe and nodded to his wife once when the boy's voice was raised in a shout. Christina was sewing; her thoughts were on Katje, and were still vaguely hostile.

Of a sudden she heard David's pipe clatter on the ground, and looked sharply round at him. He was staring intently into void sky; his brows were knitted and his face was drawn; even as she turned he gave a hoarse cry.

She rose quickly, but he rose too, and spoke to her in an unfamiliar voice.

"Go in," he said. "Have all ready, for our son has met with a mishap. He has fallen from his horse."

She gasped and stared at him, but could not speak.

"Go and do it," he said again, looking at her with hard eyes, and suddenly she saw, as by an inward light, that here was not madness, but truth. It spurred her.

"I will do it," she said swiftly. "But you will go and bring him in?"

"At once," he replied, and was away to the shed for the cart. The Kaffirs came running to inspan the horses, and shrank from him as they worked. He was white through his tan, and he breathed loud.

Little Paul saw him, and sat down on the ground and cried quietly.

Before David went his wife touched him on the arm, and he turned. She was white to the lips.

"David," she said, and struggled with her speech—"David."

"Well?" he answered with a pregnant calm.

"David, he is not—not dead?"

"Not yet," he answered; "but I cannot say how it will be when I get there." A tenderness overwhelmed him, and he caught a great sob and put his arm about her. "All must be ready, little cousin. Time enough to grieve afterwards—all our lives, Christina, all our lives!"

She put her hand on his breast.

"All shall be ready, David," she answered. "Trust me, David."

He drove off, and she watched him lash the horses down the hill and force them at the drift—he, the man who loved horses and knew them as he knew his children. His children! She fled into the house to do her office and to drink to the bottom of the cup the bitterness of motherhood. A cool bed, linen, cold water and hot water, brandy and milk, all the insignia of the valley of the shadow did she put to hand, and con over and adjust and think upon, and then there was the waiting. She waited on the stoep, burning and tortured, boring at the horizon with dry eyes, and praying and

hoping. A lifetime went in those hours, and the sun was slanting down before the road yielded, far and far away, a speck that grew into a cart going slowly. By-and-by she was able to see her husband driving, but nobody with him,—only a rag or a garment that fluttered from the side. Her mind snatched at it; was it—God! what was it?

David drove into the yard soberly; she was at the stoep.

"All is ready," she said in a low voice. "Will you bring him in?"

"Yes," he said; and she went inside with her heart thrashing like a kicking horse.

David carried in his son in his arms; he was not yet past that. On the white bed inside they laid him, and where his fair head touched the pillow it dyed it red. Trikkie's face was white and blue, and his jaw hung oddly; but once he was within the door, some reinforcement of association came to Christina, and she went about her ministry purposefully and swiftly, a little comforted. At the back of her brain dwelt some idea such as this: here was her house, her home, there David, there Trikkie, here she, and where these were together Death could never make the fourth. The same thought sends a stricken child to its mother. David leant on the foot of the bed, his burning eyes on the face of his son, and his brows tortured with anxiety. Christina brought some drink in a cup and held it to the still lips of the young man.

"Drink, Trikkie," she pleaded softly. "Drink, my *kleintje*. Only a drop, Trikkie, and the pain will fly away."

She spoke as though he were yet a child, for a mother knows nothing of manhood when her son lies helpless. The arts that made him a man shall keep him a man; so she coaxed the closed eyes and the dumb mouth.

But Trikkie would not drink, heard nothing, gave no sign. Christina laid drenched cloths to his forehead, deftly cleansed and bandaged the gaping rent in the base of the skull whence the life whistled forth, and talked to her boy all the while in the low crooning mother-voice. David never moved from the foot of the bed, and never loosed his drawn brows. In came little Paul silently and took his hand, but he never looked down, and the father and the child remained there throughout the languid afternoon.

Evening cool was growing up when Trikkie opened his eyes. Christina was wetting towels for bandages, and her back was towards him, but she knew instantly and came swiftly to his side. David leaned forward breathlessly, and little Paul cried out with the grip of his hand. They saw a waver of recognition in Trikkie's eyes, a fond light, and it seemed that his lips moved. Christina laid her ear to them.

"And — a — shod — horse!" murmured Trikkie. Nothing more. An hour after he was cold, and David was alone on the stoep, questioning pitiless

skies and groping for God, while Christina knelt beside the bed within and wept blood from her soul.

They buried Trikkie in a little kraal on the hillside, and David made the coffin. When he nailed down the lid he was an old man; when the first red clod rung on it, he felt that life had emptied itself. When they were back in the house again, Christina turned to him.

"You knew," she said, in a strange voice — "You knew, but you could not save him." And she laughed aloud. David covered his face with his hands and groaned, but the next instant Christina's arms were about him.

Yet of their old life, before the deluge of grief, too much was happy to be all swamped. Time softened the ruggedness of their wound somewhat, and a day came when all the world was no longer black. Little Paul helped them much, for what had once been Trikkie's was now his, and as he grew before their eyes, his young strength and beauty were a balm to them. David was much abroad in the lands now, for he was growing mealies and rapidly becoming a rich man; and as he rode off in the morning, and rode in at sundown, his new gravity of mind and mien broke up to the youngster who jumped at the stirrup with shouts and laughter and demanded to ride on the saddle-bow. At intervals, also, Paul laid claim to a gun, to spurs, to a watch, to all the things that go in procession across a child's horizon, and Christina was not

proof against the impulse to smile at him.

It is not to be thought, of course, that the shock of foreknowledge, of omnipotent vision, had left David scathless. Though the other details of the tragedy shared his memory, and elbowed the terrifying sense of revelation, he would find himself now and again peering at the future, straining to foresee, as a sailor bores at a fog-bank. Then he would catch himself, and start back shuddering to the instant matters about him. Eventualities he could meet, but in their season and hand to hand, afar off they mastered him. Christina, too, dwelt on it at seasons; but, by some process of her woman's mind, it was less dreadful to her than to David: she, too, could dream at times.

One day she was at work within the house, and Paul ran in and out. She spoke to him once about introducing an evil-smelling water-tortoise; he went forth to exploit it in the yard. From time to time his shrill voice reached her; then the frayed edges of David's black trousers of ceremony engaged her, to the exclusion of all else. Between the scissors and the needle, at last, there stole on her ear a faint tap—tap—such a sound as water dropping on to a board makes. It left her unconscious for a while, and then grew a little louder, with a note of vehemence. At last she looked up and listened. Tap, tap, it went, and she sprang from her chair and went to the stoep and looked out along the

road. Far off on the hillside was a horse, ridden furiously on the downward road, and though dwarfed by the miles, she could see the rider flogging and his urgent crouch over the horse's withers. It was a picture of mad speed, of terror and violence, and struck her with a chill. Were the Kaffirs risen? she queried. Was there war abroad? Was this mad rider her husband?

The last question struck her sharply, and she glanced about. Little Paul was sitting on a stone, plaguing the water-tortoise with a stick, and speaking to himself and it. The sight reassured her, and she viewed the rider again with equanimity. But now she was able to place him: it was David, and the horse was his big roan. The pace at which he rode was winding up the distance, and the hoofs no longer tap-tapped, but rung insistently. There was war, then; it could be nothing else. Her category of calamities was brief, and war and the death of her dear ones nearly exhausted it.

David galloped the last furlongs with a tightened rein, and froth snowed from the bit. He pulled up in the yard and slipped from the saddle. Christina saw again on his face the white stricken look and the furrowed frown that had stared on Trikkie's death. David stood with the bridle in his hand and the horse's muzzle against his arm and looked around. He saw Christina coming towards him with quick steps, and little Paul, abandoning the *skellpot*, running to greet him. He

staggered and drew his hand across his forehead.

Christina had trouble to make him speak.

"A dream," he kept saying, "an evil dream."

"A lying dream," suggested Christina anxiously.

"Yes," he hastened to add, "a lying dream."

"About—about little Paul?" was her timid question.

David was silent for a while, and then answered. "I saw him dead," he replied with a shudder. "God! I saw it as plain as I saw him a moment ago in the kraal."

They heard the child's gleeful shout the same instant. "I've got you! I've got you!" he cried from without.

"He has a water-tortoise," explained Christina with a smile. "Paul," she called aloud, "come indoors."

"Ja," shouted the child, and they heard him run up the steps of the stoep.

"Look," he said, standing at the door, "I found this in the grass. What sort is it, father?"

David saw something lithe and sinuous in the child's hands, and stiffened in every limb. Paul had a *skaapstikker* in his grip, the green-and-yellow death-snake that abounds in the veldt. Its head lay on his arm, its pin-point eyes maliciously agleam, and the child gripped it by the middle. Christina stood petrified, but the boy laughed and dandled the reptile in glee.

"Be still, Paul," said David, in a voice that was new to him—"be still; do not move."

The child looked up at him

in astonishment. "Why?" he began.

"Be still," commanded David, and went over to him cautiously. The serpent's evil head was raised as he approached, and it hissed at him. Paul stood quite quiet, and David advanced his naked hand to his certain death and the delivery of his child. The reptile poised, and as David snatched at it, it struck—but on his sleeve. The next instant was a delirious vision of writhing green and yellow; there was a cry from Paul, and the snake was on the floor. David crushed it furiously with his boot.

Christina snatched the child. "Did it bite you, Paul?" she screamed. "Did it bite you?"

The boy shook his head, but David interposed with a voice of thunder.

"Of course it did!" he vociferated with blazing eyes; "what else did my dream point to? But we'll fight with God yet. Bring me the child, Christina."

On the plump forearm of Paul they found two minute punctures and two tiny points of blood. David drew his knife, and the child shrieked and struggled.

"Get a hot iron, Christina," cried David, and gripped Paul with his knees.

In the morning the room was wild and grisly with blood and the smell of burnt flesh, and David lay face downwards on the floor, writhing as the echoes of Paul's shrieks tortured his ears. But in the next room little Paul was still for ever,

and all the ghastly labour was to no purpose.

I suppose there is some provision in the make of humanity for overflow grief, some limit impregnable to affliction; for when little Paul was laid beside his brother, there were still David and Christina to walk aimlessly in their empty world. Their scars were deep and they were crippled with woe, and it seemed to them they lived as paralytics live, dead in all save in their susceptibility to torture. Moreover, there was a barrier between them in David's disastrous foreknowledge, for Christina could not throw off the thought that it contained the causal elements which had robbed her of her sons. Pain had fogged her; she could not probe the matter, and sensations tyrannised over her mind. David, too, was bowed with a sense of guilt that he could not rise to throw off. All motive was buried in the kraal; and he and his wife sat apart and spent days and nights without the traffic of speech.

But Christina was seized with an idea. She woke David in the night and spoke to him tensely.

"David," she cried, gripping him by the arm—"David! We cannot live for ever. Do you hear me? Look, David, look hard! Look where you looked before. Can you see nothing for me—for us, David?"

He was sitting up, and the spell of her inspiration claimed him. He opened his eyes wide and searched the barren darkness for a sign. He groped

with his mind, tore at the bonds of the present.

"Do you see nothing?" whispered Christina. "Oh, David, there must be something. Look—look hard!"

For the space of a hundred seconds they huddled on the bed, David fumbling with the trusts of destiny, Christina waiting, breathless.

"Lie down," said David at last. "You are going to die, little cousin. It is all well."

His voice was the calmest in the world.

"And you?" cried Christina; "David, and you?"

"I see nothing," he said.

"Poor David!" murmured his wife, clinging to him. "But I am sure all will yet be well, David. Have no fear, my husband."

She murmured on in the dark, with his arm about her, and promised him death, entreated him to believe with her, and coaxed him with the bait of the grave. They were bride and groom again, they two, and slept at last in one another's arms.

In the morning all was well with Christina, and she bustled about as of old. David was still, and hoped ever, with a tired content in what should happen, a languor that forbade him from railing on fate. Together they prepared matters as for a journey.

"If the black trousers come frayed again," said Christina, "try to remember that the scissors are better than a knife. And the seeds are all in the box under our bed."

"In the box under our

bed," repeated David carefully. "Yes, under the bed. I will remember."

"And this, David," holding up piles of white linen, "this is for me. You will not forget?"

"For you?" he queried, not understanding.

"Yes," she answered softly. "I will be buried in this."

He started, but recovered himself with a quivering lip.

"Of course," he answered. "I will see to it. I must be very old, Christina."

She came over and kissed him on the forehead.

In the middle of the afternoon she went to bed, and he came in and sat beside her. She held his hand, and smiled at him.

"Are you dying now?" he asked at length.

"Yes," she said. "What shall I tell Trikkie and the *kleintje* from you?"

"Tell them nothing," he said, after a pause. "It cannot be that I shall be apart from you

all long. No; I am very sure of that."

She pressed his hand, and soon afterwards felt some pain. It was little, and she made no outcry. Her death was calm and not strongly distressing, and the next day David put her into the ground where her sons lay.

But, as I have made clear, he did not die till long afterwards, when he had sold his farm and come to live in the little white house in the dorp, where colours jostled each other in the garden, and fascinated children watched him go in and come out. I think the story explains that perpetual search of which his vacant eyes gave news, and the joyous alacrity of his last home-coming, and the perfect technique of his death. It all points to the conclusion, that however brave the figures, however aspiring their capers, they but respond to strings which are pulled and loosened elsewhere.

A MALAY DEER-DRIVE.

IN the corner of many Malay houses one may often see a curious bundle of rattan. It is coiled into great loops in the manner that a sailor coils a rope, and the inquirer is told that it is a *sidin*. If he inquires further, he will be told that it is used in deer-drives; and if he is still curious, it may be exhibited for his inspection. The great ring of rattan opens out into a straight line some twenty-five or thirty yards long. The main line is of plaited and twisted rattans, and is about an inch thick, and from this line hangs a series of nooses. Each noose is made of three fine rattans plaited together, and forms, when spread, a circle about three and a half feet in diameter. They hang from the main line at intervals of eighteen inches, and therefore overlap considerably; the catch is the ordinary running knot. The number of *sidins* used in a drive depends, of course, upon the locality. Ten are generally enough, for they form, when tied end to end, a line three hundred yards long, with six hundred nooses; but sometimes twenty or even thirty are used.

A deer-drive with *sidins* is perhaps the favourite form of sport among the Malays. Rusa (the Indian sambhur deer) are fairly common, and the flesh is considered a delicacy. The nooses are brought into requisition for many reasons: the

jungle is of enormous extent, and a drive of any kind would be impossible without them in many places; the undergrowth is generally extremely thick, and it is seldom possible to get more than a snap-shot at a passing animal; and, finally, the Malay is an execrable shot. It takes him half a minute or more to squint along the barrels of a gun before he will fire at an animal the size of a buffalo standing at rest twenty yards away, and he would have no earthly chance of stopping the headlong rush of a driven rusa. Arrangements have been made for a deer-drive, and in the grey of the early morning, while still a star or two can be seen in the sky, and while the night-jars are wheeling and calling "tě-tě-gôh, tể-tể-gôh," the Malays are beginning to gather round the house of the village headman.

Those that own *sidins* bring them slung on their shoulders, and every man is armed. The majority have spears, others carry a dagger or kris in their belt, and the remainder have the long-bladed jungle-knife, called a *parang*. This last is the everyday companion of the Malay, and he carries one from the day that he can toddle, gradually emerging from the state of cutting himself with it to that of cutting everything else. With a sharpened edge nearly two feet long it is equally useful for cutting down

a small tree or for putting an edge to a copper fish-hook or extracting a thorn. It will slice a man nearly in two, and more than one tiger has been brought in for the Government reward by a Malay who had nothing else with which to defend himself.

The gathering increases momentarily, and there is a violent barking and yapping of the headman's house-dogs as some strange dogs are brought forward and tied up to separate trees. Unhappy-looking brutes are these last. Small yellow animals with sharp noses and prick ears, they are, I believe, direct descendants of the wild jungle-dog. They are generally much better than they look, and the most insignificant in appearance has perhaps a reputation that extends throughout the district. While some men are overhauling the *sidins* for flaws, a small circle surrounds a man who is loading his muzzle-loader. The powder is the vilest German rubbish, or, failing that, stuff that he has collected out of Chinese bombs, and what is lacking in quality is made up in quantity. His wadding is a piece of cocoanut husk, and the missiles are a lump of hammered tin and a piece of iron the length and thickness of a little finger, that he has hacked off some worn-out agricultural instrument. The only other men with guns are an old haji, who has a snider, and the headman's son, who carries a double-barrelled shot-gun. The old man squatting at the foot of a cocoanut-tree, and tracing figures in the

sand with his finger, is the *pawang* or sorcerer, on whose skill the success of the drive will depend. In addition to a belief that certain animals are protected by attendant spirits, the Malays believe that the death of any animal is avenged by influences known as *bahdi*, *jinggi*, and *genaling*. The *bahdi* have, they believe, the power of bringing sickness, blindness, or madness upon the hunter; and an attack of fever after unwonted exertions in a malarial forest is always ascribed to them.

The *jinggi* can let the deer pass by the unwitting hunter in the form of a mouse or attack him in the form of a tiger; they can also give the hunter the appearance of the hunted, and thus expose him to the fire of his friends. The *genaling* can kill the hunter outright; but, being the strongest, are perhaps the most merciful, for I have never heard of a death being laid to their door. With such dangerous enemies to combat, the old *pawang* has no light task; for on him falls all the responsibility for any accident or mischance, unless he can shift the blame on to the injured party. This, however, let it be said to his credit, he can generally do satisfactorily.

The old man is working out a calculation with lines and crosses that will show from which direction danger may be expected. Beside him lies a *sidin* known as "the head of the *sidins*": it only differs from the others in its being ornamented with the skull of some

rare bird, a kingfisher or a woodpecker, and with a bit of some curiously twisted root or creeper.

Two or three small boys who have been allowed to join the party are sharpening their *parangs* to an almost razor-like sharpness in expectation of doughty deeds, and are explaining to their younger brothers the best method of cutting a *rusa* in two with a single blow. The sun is now above the horizon, and the headman comes down from his house, and, after a discussion with the *pawang* as to the general plan and direction of the intended drive, gives the order to start.

The *sidins* are shouldered, and the headman leads the way to the scene. The ground selected is a narrow strip of jungle connecting a patch of secondary forest of considerable extent with the limitless expanse of virgin forest. It is the secondary growth that is to be driven; on one side it runs down to the Malays' rice-fields, to the east it is bounded by a swamp, and to westward by hill-land.

A couple of deer that have been making depredations by night on the ripening rice are known to be lying up in this patch. When the spot is reached strict silence is enjoined. The *pawang* points out the direction from which the drive will be, and the line (at right angles to it) along which he wishes the nooses to be erected. Some men clear a track a foot or two wide along the latter line. When

this is done all stand aside, and the *pawang* picks up "the head of the *sidins*." He slings it over his right shoulder, and looks round for a suitable tree to which to tie it. Selecting one on the line that has just been cut, he chips off a small piece of the bark with his knife. The bark falls to the ground on its face—that is, with the inner side downwards—and the tree is a lucky one. Were the bark to fall on its back, another tree would be chipped until a lucky one is found. To find a lucky tree at the first essay is a good omen. Three or four unsuccessful attempts dishearten every one, and incidentally show that the *pawang* is clumsy, for a little knack is required. Taking care, then, not to stand on the roots of the tree or in its shadow, he grasps it with his left hand at about the height of his head, and in a rapid mutter, with here and there a word thrown in in a louder tone, he makes this petition. The words cannot be distinguished by the listener, but the following is a literal translation:—

"Hail! all hail!

Mother to the earth!

Father to the sky!

Brother to the water!

I crave permission to enter on your domain,

And tie my nooses to this tree."

This preliminary invocation is over in a few seconds. The *pawang* then opens the strings that bind the still coiled-up nooses, takes hold of the rope at the end of the main line of the *sidin*, and brings this

rope round the tree at about five feet from the ground, so that it will be ready to be tied when he has finished the next invocation. Then in the same guttural tones he begins the charm against untoward influences. It is of four lines and in rude verse, being the only one of their collection that is so. As is always the case in Malay verses, the first two lines mean nothing, and are only there to rhyme with the last two. In such manner does the artless Malay evade a difficulty that poets of more civilised countries struggle to surmount.

These last two lines call down on malevolent demons a blindness that will make them imagine the nooses to be only jungle creepers. Here it is in the original:—

“Sirih unta, pinang unta,
Mâri tãnam tãpi blukar
Hantu bûta, malang bûta
Jêrât âku kâtâkân âkar.”

The *pawang* then ties the rope round the tree and leaves the indefinite to address the *jinggi*, *bahdi*, and *genaling*, who are more particularly interested in the work that is toward.

“O evil spirits !
Down with your powers, may my power
defeat them !
Down with your charms, may my charms
defeat them !
One hundred and ninety charms !
Move ye from hence !
Go to birdless forests,
To fishless seas,
To rockless mountains,
To grassless plains !
Go in the name of Allah !”

The *pawang* now opens the first three nooses of the *sidin* and moves back a pace or two

from the tree. He calls on the deer:—

“Hail ! all hail !
Ye that trample the earth !
Ye that pass like lightning-flash !
If ye pass the nooses’ farthest end,
Ye fall into the deepest seas ;
And if ye pass the nearer end,
Ye reach the great volcano’s fire.
Take ye the broad road by the high land !
Here is the way for ye to follow
To return to the fold of *Nabi Sleman*.”

This last line is illustrative of the Malays’ belief in an animal’s sanctuary, the fold of their master *Nabi Sleman* (King Solomon, who is one of the prophets of the Mohammedan religion). Within this sanctuary only animals that have obeyed the laws of their kind are admitted. It is imagined that deer living close to the habitations of human beings, and feeding on the crops of man, are trespassers, and have done wrong by wandering too far from their proper home. By so doing wrong they have forfeited in part, but only in part, the protection of their attendants. It follows, therefore, that the deer that frequent the haunts of man are an easier quarry than the purely jungle-dwelling deer ; and it is the former, for obvious reasons connected with the accessibility and nature of the ground, that are more often caught. A further development of this idea of wrong-doing is seen in the case of man-eating tigers and alligators, which are imagined, by their unnatural appetites, to have put themselves outside the pale of God’s creatures, and to be surrendered by their attendant spirits to traps and snares that animals that

have not so transgressed would pass by.

But to return to our deer. They are warned of the perils of fire and flood that lie to right and left of the only way back to the fold of Nabi Sleman. Across this way lies the long line of nooses, and they are to return—if they can.

When this invocation to the deer is concluded, the strength of the knot and rope is tested by a strong pull, and lastly the *sidins* are addressed:—

“Hail! all hail!
Thou long and trembling line.
If two deer pass, hold thou two;
If only one pass, hold thou him;
Be he big or small, hold him!
And I will speak good, not ill of thee.
If thou breakest, I will not mend thee;
If thou art lost, I will not seek thee.”

Ptu—ptu—ptu. The *pawang* spits three times on the knot, and rapidly unrolls the rest of the *sidin*. Every one gives a long breath, for the ceremony, which has taken two or three minutes, is over. The extremity of the *sidin* is tied to a convenient tree on the line that has been cut through the jungle, and another bundle of nooses is brought up to the *pawang*, who unrolls it, and ties one end of it to the tree where the first *sidin* stops, and continues his way along the line. Where the second ends the third begins, and in a few minutes the *sidins* are transformed from a number of circular bundles of rattans

into a continuous line of nooses some hundreds of yards long. The series of *sidins* which form this line of nooses are of course independent of one another, for each is supported by the trees to which it is tied at either extremity, and in no way by the adjacent *sidins*. Thus if any one is torn down by a deer, the displacement does not affect the others. To prevent any sagging, the long line of nooses is propped up between the supporting trees by forked saplings. The main line is about five feet from the ground, and the bottom of the nooses is at the height of one's knee, or about eighteen inches above the ground. While tying to a tree the end of the last *sidin*, the *pawang* makes the following petition:—

“O *tejah*—tree at the head of my *sidin*!
O casuarina-tree at its foot!
Remain ye here, I go to hunt
The deer, the *raiat*¹ of Nabi Sleman.”

The preparations for the drive are complete, and now the men are divided into three groups: one to drive; another lot to “stop” along the edge of the ground to be beaten, to prevent any chance of the deer breaking out at the sides; and the third lot to watch the *sidins*. There is little doubt as to which is most favoured work.

The drivers have to make a detour of some two or three miles to reach the point from which the drive will begin, and

¹ The derivation of this word shows how apt its use is in this connection. Yule and Burnett's 'Glossary of Anglo-Indian Words' has the following: “*Ryot*. Arabic *ra'iyat* (from *ra'a*, to pasture), meaning originally, according to its etymology, ‘a herd at pasture,’ but then ‘subjects’ collectively. It is by natives used for a ‘subject’ in India.”

then, forming into line, advance upon the line of nooses, where the whole party now stands, and where, of course, the drive will end. This to the indolent Malay is no light work: moreover, the drivers see but little of the game; the stops have not so far to go, but they also have small share of the fun; while those who are detailed off to watch the *sidins* not only remain where they are, but have all the excitement of seeing the deer crash through into the noose and of hamstringing the entangled animal. The manœuvres to secure these last most favoured spots are amusing. Awang suddenly develops a sore foot, but has unfortunately brought a spear and not a jungle-knife, and this latter is a *sine quâ non* for a watcher. So he tries to effect a temporary exchange with Itam; but Itam has determined, if possible, to watch himself, and explains in whispers to Awang that his knife is charmed—that no one can use it but himself, but that under any other circumstances he would have been delighted to lend it. Finally, poor baffled Awang has to accept the position, and must go and “stop,” or else forget his lameness and drive. Two or three skulkers are found hiding behind a tree, where, they explain, they intend to wait and watch the *sidins*. They are ignominiously ordered off to join the drivers; but an old man is allowed to remain, on the grounds of headache, a cut finger, dizziness, and stomach-ache. At last diplomacy and argument are ex-

hausted, and the arrangements are complete. The drivers and stops move off, and the watchers take up their stations at intervals along the *sidin*, and about thirty yards away from it on the side from which the deer are expected. They put a few leafy boughs together to hide themselves from view, and remain concealed and motionless as soon as the drive begins.

I wish that I could describe the scene that surrounds the silent watchers. When one passes through the jungle, the dim sombre array of dark green trees seem devoid of life. But when one remains motionless and hidden for a short space, one sees living creatures on every side. Ants innumerable: big vicious red ants bent on a foraging expedition, small black ants hurrying along in a thin stream, enormous solitary ants more than an inch long, small red ants, and yet other kinds of black ants. Grey sand-coloured lizards, big round copper-coloured grass-lizards, and green tree-lizards; perhaps also a flying lizard. A butterfly or two flutters through the undergrowth or high among the trees. Some small birds, a gorgeously coloured ground-thrush, and a weird bird with blue eyes and an enormous tail.

A pair of squirrels may resume their chattering and playing in the trees overhead, and perhaps a family of monkeys may pass by. A jungle-hen wanders out and scratches for ants' eggs in an open space where the sunlight strikes through the leaves

above and lies in a warm patch on the brown carpet of dead leaves. Then perhaps a moose-deer comes creeping along: it crouches under a palm-leaf at the sound of the distant call that tells that the drivers have reached their positions; its great liquid eyes look around in apprehension, and then at the rustle of a leaf it dashes away.

The men told off to drive have at last reached their places, and as soon as the line has been formed they advance upon the *sidins* with shouts and yells. When they have thoroughly got into the work, the *pawang* lets loose the dogs that have hitherto been in leash, muttering as he slips them—

“Go, my dogs. Si Panji Lela! Si Panji Ladang!

Go, hunt ye the *raia*ts of *Nabi Sleman*,
Who trample the earth, who pass like
lightning-flash,

Wearing earrings of gold, and waistlets
of gold,

Who wait outside the fold of *Nabi Sleman*.”

Before long the dogs strike a scent and give tongue. The owner shouts a long *tu-u-u-u* to encourage them, and almost immediately they are in full cry. After a few minutes of tremendous excitement, during which the deer attempts to break out, but is judiciously turned by one of the stops, the hunted animal, with the dogs close upon its heels, dashes into one of the nooses. The *sidin* for some yards at either side is torn from the slender saplings that support it, and gives to the impetus until the strain is felt at the two extremities

where it is tied to the trees. It then suddenly tautens and throws the deer down. The nearest of the ambushed watchers runs out, hamstringing the deer, and if he happens to be a haji (one who has performed the pilgrimage to Mecca), he then cuts its throat, repeating as he does so a verse of the Koran; but if not, with that callous indifference to pain in animals so marked in all Asiatics, he allows the animal to live until a haji comes up. But in the meanwhile he hastily and roughly replaces the *sidin*, which has been disarranged in the struggle, calls off the dogs, and quickly goes back to his hiding-place, in the hope that there may be another deer in the ground. The stricken animal is not released from the fatal noose that holds it, but it rarely struggles after being hamstrung, apparently giving itself up to death.

While this is going on at the *sidin*, a shot is heard from the beaters' side, and before long these individuals come up, and the drive is over. Questions and answers are shouted on every side; the success that has attended the nooses is equalled by the success of Che Mamud, the headman's son, who was with the beaters, and who has shot a deer that was breaking back. It is probably lucky that he succeeded in so doing, for his neighbour would otherwise have got the bullet, the *jinggi* the blame, and the poor *pawang* the reproaches. However, nothing goes wrong to-day, and the second deer is brought up by four men and

deposited close by the still living animal. The throat of the latter is then cut with all ceremony. The throat of the other deer was cut as soon as it was shot, for fear of its dying of the wound, in which case it would not have been lawful food for Mohammedans. It is interesting, as showing the distinction between the Malays' religion and their superstition, that this ceremony is not performed by the *pawang*.

There is now an interval for rest and refreshment, and while the cigarettes and betel-leaf pass round, the incidents of the day and the weight of the deer are discussed. The man who turned the first deer and the man who hamstrung it tell their story with many details and some improvements; but both are eclipsed by the hero who shot the other animal. Then the sycophant, who is to be found in most places, bursts into a rhapsody of praise of the *pawang*, to whom all the success is due, and compares this success, with obvious deductions, to the failure that attended the efforts of his rival in the neighbouring village on the occasion of the last deer-drive undertaken there. This eulogy takes the form of an address to the speaker's nearest neighbour, but is most obviously meant for the ears of the belauded one. It is a somewhat crude method, but none the less sweet; and really to-day the *pawang* is to be congratulated, for mishaps are far from rare. Often the deer breaks back or escapes at the side. Sometimes the noose is old and rotten, and

snaps; and even when caught, a hind will, if not quickly hamstrung, extricate itself by getting its forefeet into and loosening the catch round its neck. A stag can rarely get free because of its antlers.

But to-day everything has gone well, and when all are sufficiently rested the *pawang* rises to complete the ceremonies. He first goes up to Che Mamud, who had shot the deer, and takes his gun from him; then, going to the deer in question, he stands between its fore-legs and hind-legs. Holding the gun with his left hand near the lock and his right hand some way up the stock, he points the muzzle at the head of the animal. He then slowly passes the muzzle of the gun over the deer from the head over the neck, along the back, and down to the extremity of the hind-legs. When he gets to the end he carries the gun smartly off from the body with the action of one sweeping something away; going through this performance three times, he repeats the following words:—

1. "O *bahdi*!

I know from whence ye got your powers.

With the fall of Adam your powers began.

I have the means to destroy your powers.

2. O Malik Zabaniah!

Keeper of the gate of the end of the world,

Open a secret door for me;

I wish to throw away all the powers of *bahdi*.

Open a place from which there is no return;

I wish to throw away all the powers of *genaling*.

3. Let no claim be made against me,
 Against my house and family,
 Against my friends and companions,
 Or against my hounds. If claim is
 made,
 Thou shalt be doomed to Hell by
 Allah."

He then, in the low, muttering tone he has used throughout, counts one—two—three—up to ten, and then shouts "*Lepas!*"—"Be free!" Every one echoes the cry, and the deer is now freed from its attendant spirits.

This performance is called *sapu bahdi*, or sweeping away the evil influences, which are supposed to follow the direction of the gun, and be thus expelled from the body of the deer: until this is done every one takes great care to avoid standing behind the deer, for soon after death the bristles on the back move and stand on end with the contraction or relaxation of the muscles, and to come within the range of the aim of these bristles (which have the position they assume when the living animal is enraged) is to invite the attacks of the *bahdi*. These spirits are waiting to avenge the death of the deer, and the movement of the bristles is caused by their preparation to leave the body of their *protégé*: until driven out by the *pawang*, they will dart out upon any one who passes and inflict upon him such ill as is in their power. No one, of course, is absolutely safe from them, for they can move freely anywhere; but a position at which the bristles point is one of supreme danger. The *pawang* then hands back

the gun to the owner, proceeds to cut a leafy branch from some tree close by, and lops another branch, of which he makes a small stake. He goes up to the deer which still lies with the noose round its neck, and drives the stake into the ground close to its heels. Then standing in the same position to the deer as in the last case, he passes the branch three times over its body in the same way that he had done with the gun before, and using the same words. The ceremony is not, however, complete when he has done this, for he next works the noose from the neck of the deer down over the body and along to the heels of the hind-legs. Here he draws the noose tight again, and then suddenly slips it from the heels on to the stake placed in readiness, upon which he tightens it, and shouts "*Lepas!*"

The shout is again echoed, and the ceremony complete. The idea is the same as that already mentioned, and the attendant spirits are imagined to be transferred with the noose to the stake, and there to be localised. The deer are then cut up, the *pawang* taking a quarter of each animal, and the rest of the meat being divided among the men: the antlers go to the village headman. Cigarettes and betel-leaf are again produced. After a short rest the fatal noose is slipped from the stake, which is not again touched; the *sidins* are rolled up; and then, as it is too far or too hot to have another drive, the men return to the village contented.

GEORGE MAXWELL.

PERSONALIA.

POLITICAL, SOCIAL, AND VARIOUS.

BY "SIGMA."

V. PERSONAGES AND RETROSPECTS.

DISRAELI—DISRAELI AND GLADSTONE—A PARLIAMENTARY NESTOR—CANNING—LORD MELBOURNE AND THE IMPORTUNATE PLACE-HUNTER—LORD HENRY BENTINCK—LADY JERSEY—DISRAELI IN THE HUNTING-FIELD—PRIME MINISTERS AS SPORTSMEN—A REMINISCENCE OF MR FOX—MEMENTOS OF LORD CHATHAM AND MR PITT—MISS PERCEVAL AND GEORGE III.—A MILITARY VETERAN—LADY LOUISA TIGHE—COLONEL TIGHE—WILLIAM IV. AND HIS BUFFOONERY—LORD BYRON—MRS STOWE'S CALUMNY—SIR PERCY SHELLEY AND FIELD PLACE—THE TRANSFIGURATION OF LONDON—CHANGES AND INNOVATIONS.

THERE are, I suppose, adequate reasons for Lord Rowton's long delay in bringing out the *Life of Lord Beaconsfield*, but it would be interesting to know for how many more years they are likely to continue in force. In the meantime, so much of a fragmentary character has been written about this extraordinary man, a good deal of it the reverse of complimentary, that the prolonged absence of an authoritative biography is becoming distinctly prejudicial to his reputation. The memoirs of the first John Murray do not present Disraeli, as a young man, in a very creditable light; and certain letters of his and his wife's, published in the most recent volumes of the Peel correspondence, are far from edifying reading. But possibly there is much to be said in explanation with which the public is unfamiliar. I have always found it easier to understand his complex career by

identifying it with three distinct Disraelis: the *poseur* and fop; the political juggler; and finally the "high Imperialist" statesman, who only came into being as late as 1874. Until that date Disraeli's political *status* had been invariably of the hand-to-mouth order. When he found himself in office at all, it was only for the briefest tenure, and never accompanied by power. Accordingly, political greatness being his fixed object, in order to keep himself afloat till the tide should set his way, he was driven to adopt shifts and expedients to which otherwise he would never have resorted.

At the same time, it must be owned that whatever he may have felt, he displayed very little compunction in practising these derogatory methods, and it is not surprising that he should have earned the reputation not only with his opponents, but with his own

party, of being deficient in scrupulousness. Becky Sharp once uttered a dictum to the effect that goodness would be easy to any one in the enjoyment of a good income, and no doubt Disraeli entertained the same sentiment in the matter of politics. Once provided with a handsome majority he found political propriety easily practicable. At all events, with his advent to real power in 1874 he immediately discarded his former shifty rôle, and thenceforth played without intermission the part of a high-principled and consistent statesman. It was in a measure, no doubt, owing to this auspicious change in his political conduct that Queen Victoria became as much prepossessed in Disraeli's favour as a few years before she had been prejudiced against him. Whether, if the Prince Consort had survived, the Queen would so rapidly have overcome her antipathy is open to question, for the Prince's distrust and dislike of Disraeli were profound: still, the factors that weighed with the Queen would probably to some extent have influenced the Prince, at all events sufficiently to ensure an attitude of toleration. Of course Disraeli took care to strengthen his improved position with the Sovereign by neglecting no ingratiatory means,—such, for instance, as adding to her existing titles that of Empress; but the Queen was far too sensible a woman to be solely influenced by such amenities, to which, compared with sterling

principle, she attached little value.

Thus much by way of elucidating Disraeli's political character. What remains for me to say of him is purely in his social aspect. For my first fact concerning him I was indebted to an old gentleman who was a schoolfellow of Disraeli's at his only school, a private seminary in the north or east of London, and my informant's chief recollection of the future Premier was in connection with his lack of veracity, which he declared was painfully conspicuous. I rather gathered, however, that this was not so much culpable untruthfulness as an oriental proclivity for romancing and "embroidering," which to the ordinary British boy is far less venial than the common "bung"! But the veteran declined to discuss fine distinctions, contenting himself with the emphatic avowal that "Dizzy was the biggest liar in the school, and, indeed, that he had ever known!" Murray the publisher, already referred to, conceived himself to be the victim of serious misstatements, and on at least one public occasion Disraeli certainly did not stick at a trifle where a departure from veracity seemed likely to serve his purpose. This was at his election for Shrewsbury, when, by way of constructing some shred of local connection, he asserted, or at all events pointedly implied, that he had been educated at Shrewsbury School. His conduct, too, in the matter of his parliamentary panegyric on the Duke of

Wellington was the reverse of creditable, the peroration being a word-for-word translation of some funeral address of Montalembert,—an unacknowledged appropriation which was particularly unfortunate on the part of a Cabinet Minister, and Leader of the House of Commons. But, with these two exceptions, I am not aware that Disraeli, in public at all events, ever justified his old school-fellow's indictment, though straightforwardness could not certainly be called one of his strong points.

In the ordinary sense he was no lover of Society, but to the end, even in his second Premiership, with the accessories of an earldom and the Garter, he retained that marked veneration for rank and opulence which is more or less pronounced in all his novels. Possibly this was less the foible of a *parvenu* than a tribute to two all-important elements in the great political game. This trait, coupled with an Eastern proclivity for paying exaggerated compliments, gained him a reputation for servility which he was far from really deserving. Women, especially pretty ones, he thought fit to address in the most inflated style of flattery, of which a great and very beautiful lady once related to a friend of mine the following instance: On some occasion she happened to sit next to Lord Beaconsfield at dinner, and on raising her wine-glass to her lips was much disconcerted by the marked and deliberate manner in which he riveted

his gaze on her lifted arm,—a feeling of embarrassment which developed into one very much akin to disgust, when a sepulchral voice murmured in her ear, "Canova!" The compliment was, probably, of the type which he had found particularly welcome in the saloons of Lady Blessington, but to a beauty of fastidious refinement it is not surprising that such "floridity" was far from palatable.

With intellectual women he had, apparently, not much sympathy; in fact the feminine society he most affected was that of ladies more distinguished for rank than for talent. A dowager of this order who knew him well, and was discussing him with me after his death, gave a curious example of what she called his "funny sayings." It appears that he happened to mention in the course of an afternoon call that there were two possessions which every one owned as a matter of course, but which he had all his life dispensed with, and insisted that the old Countess should guess what they were. "I made," she said, "every kind of conjecture, but without success, and on my asking him to enlighten me, he solemnly answered that they were a watch and an umbrella! 'But how do you manage,' I asked, 'if there happens to be no clock in the room and you want to know the time?' 'I ring for a servant,' was the magniloquent reply. 'Well,' I continued, 'and what about the umbrella? What do you do, for in-

stance, if you are in the Park and are caught in a sudden shower?' 'I take refuge,' he replied, with a smile of excessive gallantry, 'under the umbrella of the first pretty woman I meet!'"

On one occasion this habit of exaggerated adulation led to so bold an attempt by the fair recipient to turn it to her advantage that he was driven to save the situation in a way that was very far from being appreciated. The charmer, a young lady of "advanced views," finding the great man so exceedingly profuse in his attentions, thought it an excellent opportunity for making him a convert to her Utopian ideals, which were of the most daringly democratic order. After a long recitation of her *propaganda*, she wound up with a fervid appeal to the Prime Minister to immortalise himself by espousing her ingenious panacea for remedying the wrongs of humanity! As she finished her impassioned harangue with flushed cheeks and a flashing eye, Disraeli, who had been silently watching her with apparently the profoundest sympathy and admiration, suddenly dropped his eyeglass and softly murmured, "Oh, you darling!" "If it had been at dinner," she afterwards declared, "and I had had a knife, I would have stabbed him!"

It is curious to note how completely Disraeli and Gladstone had reversed their original positions at the close of their respective political careers. In 1832, when Gladstone passed from the best set at Christ

Church into the House of Commons, as the nominee of a Tory duke, Disraeli was little better than a needy literary adventurer, rubbing elbows with dingy journalists and tawdry dandies, and apparently as remote from the charmed circle to which Gladstone had gained easy admittance as he was from the North Pole! And so things continued for over forty years, Gladstone always the political good boy, petted and irreproachable, and Disraeli the scapegrace, shunned and suspected even when accepted on sufferance. But the whirligig of time brought about a strange revolution. From 1874 Gladstone began steadily to decline in the estimation of the classes who had theretofore set him on high, while Disraeli, the former pariah and suspect, gradually acquired over them an ascendancy and influence such as no English Minister had ever before enjoyed,—surely a superb consolation for all the slights and indignities of his early years!

The mention of Mr Gladstone's first entrance into Parliament reminds me of a very interesting conversation I once had with a political Nestor who had left Eton before Gladstone went there! I met him in the spring of 1886, when Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill was engrossing the attention of the country. I happened to be going up to town from some place in Sussex, and on the train stopping at Pulborough, a very old and ill-dressed individual, carrying a small shabby-looking hand-bag, entered, or

rather attempted to enter, the carriage. Perceiving that he had much difficulty in making the ascent from the platform I gave him a helping hand, an attention which he very courteously acknowledged, and then sank down exhausted in the corner opposite. A rapid survey suggested that he was either a broken-down country lawyer or land-agent, and I resumed my newspaper with a mental resolution not to encourage conversation. At the other end of the carriage two passengers were intently discussing the Home Rule Bill, a parley which seemed somewhat to irritate the old gentleman, for he quavered out to me in a weary tone, "I'm rather tired of this question; aren't you, sir?" On my giving a discouraging assent, drawing himself up and heightening his voice, he continued, "Yes! I have lived in rather different times!" "Indeed," I rejoined, still indifferently. "Yes," he proceeded, leaning forward and speaking with impressive deliberation; "I have sat in the House of Commons with Mr Canning!" It was like a voice from the grave! In the House with Canning! That meant a leap back of sixty years, at least, into the Pre-Reform and Pre-Railroad days! Of a truth this was a fellow-traveller to be cultivated, and for the only time in my life I rejoiced in the snail-like progress of a L., B., and S.C. Railway train! It turned out that my companion was a certain Welsh baronet, whose father had represented a Welsh county in the 'Twenties. Sir H. (as I will call him) had

barely taken his degree in 1826 when his father insisted that he should stand for the borough of his county, which he practically controlled. Sir H. at that time had no wish to enter Parliament, but his father's will was law and he was duly returned. Lord Liverpool was then Prime Minister, and Mr Canning Foreign Secretary, and Leader of the House of Commons. "Well," I said, "you must, of course, have heard Canning speak; what impression did he make on you?" "I had heard," replied Sir H., "great accounts of Canning's eloquence, which I thought was probably overrated, but when I heard him I altered my opinion. I have heard all the most famous Parliamentary speakers since, but none ever came near him. He was unique; his eloquence was like that one associates with the old Greek and Roman orators." I then asked him who in his opinion was the most eloquent House of Commons speaker after Canning. "I shall probably," he answered, "name a man you have never even heard of: Daniel Whittle Harvey, who entered the House after the Reform Bill in the Liberal interest. He was an attorney with a third-rate practice, and not too much character, but for sheer eloquence I never heard him surpassed except, of course, by Mr Canning, and, as I have told you, I have heard all the greatest speakers of my day. Harvey," he continued, "did excellent service to Lord Melbourne's rickety Administration, for which he confidently expected to be rewarded with

a fat place; but good thing after good thing fell to the disposal of the Government, and he was persistently left out in the cold. The truth is, his character was so shady that the Government dared not give him a place. At last a small office, an assistant-commissionership of police, worth only a few hundreds a-year, became vacant, and even that was not offered to Harvey. This was the last straw: foaming with rage, he rushed to Downing Street, and insisted on seeing Lord Melbourne. 'My Lord,' he burst out, 'I have come to complain of the atrociously shabby way in which I have been treated by your Government. Here have I, night after night, been speaking in your support when all your other adherents have sat dumb, and though I don't want to boast, tided you over many an awkward moment; yet, though all sorts of good places have fallen vacant, not one has been offered me! And finally,' he added with a climax of indignation, 'a wretched little commissionership of police, hardly worth £500 a-year, becomes vacant, and you don't even offer me that! It is outrageous!' 'My dear Harvey,' replied Lord Melbourne with a propitiatory smile, 'I don't say that you haven't cause to complain, but with regard to that little police appointment you really do me an injustice. As a matter of fact, I had made up my mind to offer it you, but on sounding the three other commissioners, I found that the damned fellows refused point-

blank to sit with you!' Harvey troubled Melbourne very little after that, as you may suppose: however, he got some trifling post at last, I believe, though not without great difficulty."

Sir H. was very amusing about the Spartan experiences of his Eton days. "We had no greatcoats then, and no umbrellas. I have ridden up from Wales to London after the winter holidays in a thin jacket through the bitterest frost and snow, but it never did me any harm. Things," he continued, "are made far too easy and luxurious at Eton nowadays. Why, last summer I and two friends, also old Etonians, went down one afternoon to see the cricket, and would you believe it, the only individuals in the playing-fields not seated on rugs were we three old fellows of over eighty!"

The latter part of the journey, though not a whit less interesting, became a trifle embarrassing: the two political chatterers had got out, and were replaced by a couple of old spinster-like ladies equipped with serious literature and economical creature comforts. To my horror, in spite of their presence, the old Baronet embarked on the recitation of various epigrams, more piquant than respectable, of his early days! At first he spoke low, but warming to his subjects, he gradually raised his voice, and it was only by the train reaching Victoria that the old ladies were spared the shock of a couplet quite as flagrant as any of the immortal Captain Morris! I never saw my old

fellow-traveller again. I heard, however, that when we met he had just got through the last of three fortunes, and was rusticating in some small country cottage in the heart of Sussex, apparently minding his adversity as little as he did the arduousness of his school days! So far as I could ascertain, he had sat in the House of Commons almost continuously from 1826 till 1868, losing his seat in the general election of that year, after which he finally relinquished parliamentary life.

Sir H. was the only Pre-Reform day M.P. I had an opportunity of conversing with, though I think Lord Henry Bentinck, who was officiating for the last time as Master of the Burton Hounds on my first day out hunting, must have certainly sat in the later 'Twenties. I remember him well, for he was strikingly handsome and patrician-looking, far more so than his more famous brother, Lord George, whom he also excelled intellectually, having taken a First, if not a Double First Class at Oxford, a feat of which Lord George was certainly incapable. Lord Henry was a consummate whist-player, which naturally made him extremely impatient of less gifted partners. On one occasion he was invited to Lord Jersey's at Middleton to meet some of the best whist-players in the county. After the first game, Lord Henry turned round to his hostess, who was sitting near, and said, "This is a very pretty game, Lady Jersey; what do you call it?"

This Lady Jersey (the Lady St Julians of Disraeli's novel) survived till 1868 or 1869, having occupied for some years the large house in Berkeley Square which has since been replaced by Lord Rosebery's not too slightly red-brick mansion. Her recollections must have been supremely interesting, for she was married the year before Trafalgar, and was one of the great ladies of the Regency often alluded to by Lord Byron. I knew a neighbour of hers who lived in a small adjoining house, on the Mount Street side of Berkeley Square, and was much given to musical parties. At one of these, on a hot summer's afternoon which necessitated open windows, the strains of my hostess's classical music were suddenly intruded upon by those of a hurdy-gurdy stationed under Lady Jersey's balcony. After enduring it for some time, my hostess sent out a servant to direct the organ-grinder to move on, but he refused to stir, alleging that he had been hired by Lady Jersey to amuse some children whom she was entertaining at tea. After another ten minutes of interruption and torture, my hostess indited a polite note to Lady Jersey (whom she did not know) requesting that the organ might be sent away, as she had a musical party; but all the satisfaction she obtained was a message from Lady Jersey, through a footman, that when "they stopped their fiddling she would stop her hurdy-gurdy"! the result being another hour's hideous dis-

cord, in which Chopin strove unsuccessfully to extinguish "Champagne Charley"!

But to return to Lord Henry Bentinck. He was, I believe, the originator of the famous retort to the Radical farmer which has been attributed to various other electioneers. Lord Henry, so I have always understood on the best authority, was canvassing North or South Nottinghamshire in the Tory interest, and in due course solicited a large farmer, whose politics were supposed to be somewhat undecided, for his vote and interest. "Vote for you, my lord," replied the farmer, who had, unknown to the candidate, a day or two before cast in his lot with the Radicals; "I would sooner vote for the Devil!" "But," replied Lord Henry suavely, "in the event of your friend not standing?" This anecdote reminds me of another to which his satanic majesty also contributed the salient point. In the course of a trial of an action for slander, the plaintiff was asked by the examining counsel what the defendant had said to him at a certain juncture. "He told me to go to the Devil," replied the witness. "Oh, he told you to go to the Devil, did he?" resumed the counsel; "and what did you do then?" "I went to Mr Tomkins," replied the witness, naming a leading local practitioner.

Lord Henry Bentinck and hunting remind me of a curious sight which an old friend of mine once witnessed when out, I think, with the Belvoir Hounds. This was a horseman whose

seat was only less remarkable than his attire, which suggested a compromise between the costume of a Fontainebleau sportsman and that of a circus equestrian. On closer inspection the eccentric Nimrod proved to be no other than Mr Disraeli, who apparently had joined the chase out of compliment to the Tory sportsmen of the district.

It is a curious fact that in this eminently sporting country we have had no Prime Minister who regularly rode to hounds since Lord Palmerston, and in the nineteenth century none before him except the Duke of Wellington, who, however, was decidedly Palmerston's inferior across country. Prior to the Duke of Wellington we have to go back as far as the "Junius" Duke of Grafton for a hunting Prime Minister, unless Lord Rockingham, who came very little later, can be placed in that category. Palmerston, again, was the only Prime Minister of the nineteenth century who was really devoted to shooting, though the Duke of Wellington always carried a gun in the shooting season as punctiliously as he followed the hounds. Mr Fox was, I think, the last Minister before Lord Palmerston's day who thoroughly enjoyed shooting, and he, of course, was never actually Prime Minister though the leading spirit of the Cabinet. I recently saw a print of Fox in shooting costume, a most extraordinary figure with a chimney-pot hat of which the brim on one side drooped like the ear of a tame rabbit! But it would be dan-

gerous to take the attire of Mr Fox as representing that of the period, for except in his first youth, he was always a slovenly dresser. A lady of my acquaintance told me that a great-aunt of hers had been present, as a girl, at the trial of Warren Hastings, and when pressed by my friend to give her impression of the scene, after considerable hesitation, she vouchsafed that all she could distinctly remember was the extremely shabby pair of brown cotton gloves worn by Mr Fox, the fingers of which were far too long for him! This is my only link with Mr Fox; but I can boast one, though of a different kind, with Mr Pitt, for a friend of mine at whose house I often dine possesses his easy-chair, or, as it was called in those days, *chaise longue*, and she is also the owner of an even more interesting relic, namely, the sofa that belonged to the great Lord Chatham! On both these historic articles of furniture I have ventured to repose, though never without a feeling that I was guilty of sacrilege! Their pedigree is unimpeachable, for they were bought by my friend at the sale of the late Miss Perceval's effects a year or two ago. This Miss Perceval was the last surviving child of Spencer Perceval, the Prime Minister, who was assassinated in 1812. On the death of Mr Pitt in 1806, Lord Henry Petty, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, went into residence at Downing Street, and took over all Mr Pitt's belongings there, which included the sofa and chair

already mentioned. In 1807, on the Whig Ministry going out, and, of course, Lord Henry Petty with them, Mr Perceval became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and took over the Downing Street furniture, which still included the Pitt belongings. On Perceval's death the sofa and chair passed to his widow, from whom they eventually devolved to the daughter who recently died. Miss Perceval, who was over ninety at her death, could remember seeing George III. on the Terrace at Windsor. I was not acquainted with her, but I knew her niece, another Miss Perceval, very well, and she informed me not long ago that her mother, who was a Drummond, had sat on George III.'s knee on some occasion when the King rode over from old George Rose's at Lyndhurst to Mr Drummond's place, Cadlands, on the Southampton Water. The child, who was then little more than a baby, instead of appreciating the honour, burst into a violent fit of crying, and was relegated in disgrace to the nursery. The good-natured King insisted, however, on her having another chance; but the little girl was obdurate, and emphatically declined to re-enter the drawing-room till "the man in the leather breeches had gone"!

I have another association with Spencer Perceval in the person of an old gentleman, a relative of mine by marriage, with whom I dined in 1885 when he was past ninety. He had received his commission in

the army as far back as 1811, and was spending his leave at Ealing in the following year, when the news reached the village, where Perceval had a country house, that the Prime Minister had been assassinated. My old friend told me that when he joined the army in 1811 pigtails were still worn, though they were shortly afterwards discontinued. His first station was in one of the Channel Islands, — I think Alderney, — and his orders were to keep a look out for the French, with whom we were then, of course, actively at war, and in case of danger, to give the alarm by ordering the island beacons to be lit. After the boy, for he was only sixteen, had been there a few days, the sergeant of the depot, a man who had been on duty in the island for a considerable time, rushed in with the news "that the French were on them!" The young ensign felt very uncomfortable, as he knew that if he gave a false alarm the consequences to him might be very unpleasant, if not serious. The sergeant, however, was confident that the intelligence he had given was correct, and consequently, with no little trepidation, the ensign ordered the lighting of the beacons. But his misgivings were only too well-founded: the alarm proved to be a false one, and he was very severely reprimanded. He told me that the most miserable moment in his life was when he missed the chance of being present at the battle of Waterloo. A detachment of

his regiment, then at Colchester, was ordered to join the Duke of Wellington's army, with, of course, only a proportionate number of subalterns, and so keen were they all to go, that after mess they began to quarrel as to who should have the preference. "The colonel, however," said my old friend, "came up, and patting us paternally on the head, settled the matter by saying, 'Come, my lads, there's no need to quarrel about it, you can't all go, and the only way to settle it is to draw lots,' which we did, and I, to my eternal chagrin, was one of those who drew a blank!" He well remembered an inspection of the regiment by the Duke of York, who good-naturedly patted him on the head, and promised to make a captain of him; "but," continued the old Major (for that was the highest grade he ever attained), "like many royal promises of that day, it was never fulfilled."

Although my old friend had not been at Waterloo, I knew one artillery officer who had been present; and as a child I sat in the adjoining pew at church to an old general, Sir Henry Murray, who had led the 18th Light Dragoons in the cavalry charge at the battle. I was asked too, some quarter of a century ago, to meet Lord William Lennox, who had been on the Duke's staff, though I was unable to accept the invitation; but by way of compensation, I have sat opposite at lunch to Lady Louisa Tighe, who was actually

present at the famous ball, and fastened on the Duke's sword before he left for the field. A very curious incident is connected with Lady Louisa and that particular luncheon. She was accompanied by her husband, Colonel Tighe of Woodstock, Kilkenny, a distinguished-looking old gentleman, who, I particularly noticed, was wearing a rather Bohemian-looking velvet coat and a peculiar light-blue bird's-eye neckcloth, every one else being in strict London costume. I never saw either Lady Louisa or Colonel Tighe again, but many years afterwards I was asked to meet a lady who was said to have had various psychical experiences concerning which I was anxious to hear. After a tantalising account of a haunted room, in which she heard but refused to look upon the notorious Jack Wilkes, she proceeded to tell me her latest experience, which she said had occurred during a visit to some friend (a lady) in Ireland by whom she was taken to call at a neighbouring "great house" which belonged to a widow lady, whose name she did not give. On entering the house they were conducted by the servant through a suite of rooms on the ground-floor, in the first of which my informant noticed an old gentleman reading a newspaper. He took no notice of them, and they passed on to a drawing-room at the other end, where they paid their call on the old lady, and in due course took their departure. As they passed through the first room again,

my informant looked for the old gentleman, but he was gone. When they reached the drive my informant asked her friend who the old gentleman was who had been reading in the first room as they entered. "What old gentleman?" said her friend; "I saw none." "Oh, but there was certainly an old gentleman there," rejoined my informant; "I distinctly saw him reading a newspaper." "What was he like?" inquired her friend, thoroughly mystified. "Well," said my informant, "he was dressed rather peculiarly, for he was wearing a black velveteen coat and a very bright blue neckcloth with white spots——" "Was that," I suddenly interrupted, "by any chance a Colonel Tighe?" "What made you ask?" said my informant. I then explained how I had once, very many years ago, seen Colonel Tighe in that very attire. "Well," said my informant, "it was not Colonel Tighe, for he had died the year before, but it was his apparition; for my friend, on hearing my description, immediately recognised it as the Colonel, who before his death had promised Lady Louisa that, if possible, he would revisit her!" Lady Louisa died, a centenarian, only a couple of years ago.

Another interesting military veteran of my acquaintance was an old ex-Grenadier Guardsman of the rank and file, who long before I knew him had found his way back to his old hamlet and exchanged his uniform for the now, alas! rapidly dis-

appearing smock - frock. He was a strikingly handsome and intelligent old fellow who had begun life as a "parish boy," in which capacity he was "bid for" by the neighbouring farmers, as a so-called "'prentice," but virtually as a servitor, a position which he relinquished as soon as his time expired in order to join the colours. He told me that he had formed one of the guard of honour on the accession of William IV., who was apparently never tired of inspecting the Guards when stationed at Windsor, greatly to the discomfiture of the commanding officers. One incident which he related supplied an emphatic corroboration of the character which William IV. gained from Charles Greville and others for undignified buffoonery. It appears that the King had insisted on joining the Duke of Wellington on some occasion when the latter was making an official inspection, an honour which the Duke was evidently far from appreciating. One or two places from my old friend was a private with a nose very much resembling the Duke's in shape, which so tickled his Majesty that, falling behind the Duke, he proceeded with a wink to stroke his own nose and to point first at the private's and then at the Duke's, all the while smothering a guffaw! Not content with this undignified exhibition, after asking the name of the adjoining private, and learning that it was William King, he exclaimed with a chuckle, "Ah, then, there's not much difference

between us, eh, my man? You're William King and I'm King William! Ha! ha! ha!" No wonder that the Duke looked "mighty sour," as the old fellow expressed it.

Like many others, especially Harrovians, I have always been deeply interested in everything connected with Lord Byron. My first association with him dates from my childhood, when one day, as I was walking with my father along Bond Street, at the Grafton Street crossing, a slight-looking, rather decrepit old gentleman slowly passed us in the direction of Piccadilly. "Did you see that old gentleman?" said my father. "That was Lord Broughton, the great friend of Lord Byron." There was very little of the democratic Hobhouse about him in those days. As is usually the case with youthful apostles of Liberty, office had cured him, and committing to oblivion his early political escapades, and their climax in Newgate, he had manoeuvred his way into the Painted Chamber under the imposing title of Lord Broughton de Gyfford! How Byron would have laughed and sneered at his old crony's *volte face*!

My next link with Lord Byron was at Harrow, where in the early "'Sixties" there still survived a funny little old vendor of cheap stationery, named Polly Arnold, who as a girl remembered Byron in his Harrow days, though she could give no distinct impression of him. A little later on I met an old gentleman who had been at Harrow with him, and who

remembered meeting him some years afterwards at Brighton, when Byron, then on the verge of his matrimonial troubles, congratulated him in somewhat equivocal terms on his recent marriage!

So far as I have been able to gather, Byron at Harrow was very much what he was in after-life, a creature of moods and whims and impulses: one day overbearing and tyrannical, the next almost quixotically good-natured and chivalrous. The actual cause of his separation from Lady Byron is still a secret, but I suspect that the revelation, if it is ever made, will be of a comparatively humdrum character. Considering the essentially matter-of-fact temperament of Lady Byron, and the fact that Byron was unquestionably "*un farfaron des vices qu'il n'avait pas*,"—one who in certain moods would, out of mere bravado and a saturnine delight in shocking commonplace decorum, boast of achievements and practices of which he was really quite guiltless,—the cause, after all, is not very far to seek. His highly-seasoned fabrications were probably accepted by the serious and unimaginative Lady Byron as literal confessions of fact, and when reported by her to the no less serious and unimaginative Dr Lushington, were, no doubt, treated by him in the same spirit, the result being the solemn legal opinion that Byron was a monster of iniquity, with a touch of madness thrown in, from whom she must at once irrevocably decide to separate.

As a matter of fact, Byron was no worse, and in many instances a good deal better, than several of the noblemen of that day; but his genius, his eccentricity, his emotional, paradoxical temperament, all tended to place him, so to speak, under the public magnifying-glass, an ordeal to which disreeter and more commonplace offenders were never subjected.

I have lately heard from one who knew a good deal "behind the scenes" in connection with Lord Byron, that at the time of his death certain of his intimate friends strongly suspected that he had expedited his end. Certainly I know, from a statement of his own in an unpublished letter, that a year or two before he had not only contemplated but actually made his preparations for suicide, and the disappointing turn which events in Greece were rapidly taking lend some colour to the suspicion above alluded to. He had staked all on this final throw of the Greek campaign, and the likelihood of its proving a fiasco would be quite strong enough an inducement for him to precipitate "the shuffling off of a mortal coil" which had, on the whole, brought him little more than vanity and vexation of spirit.

Before leaving the subject of Lord Byron, I cannot refrain from saying a word relative to the famous (and infamous) charge made against him by Mrs Beecher Stowe, which, like all such charges, however ill-founded, has been in many quarters only too implicitly credited. If Lady Byron, as

stated by Mrs Stowe, separated from Byron on account of his relations with Mrs Leigh, how was it that for nearly fifteen years after the separation Lady Byron remained on the most affectionate terms with that lady? The objection is insuperable, and absolutely fatal to Mrs Stowe's case. There were, doubtless, serious rumours afloat concerning Byron and Mrs Leigh—indeed I am aware that they were credited by certain well-known personages of that day; but it is probable that they originated from the fact of Byron having written "*Manfred*," though, if he had been guilty of the conduct alleged against him, it is extremely unlikely that he would have allowed the publication of the poem. If Lady Byron did confide this highly improbable story to Mrs Stowe, it could not, for the reason already stated, have been connected in any way with the separation, and was probably merely related by Lady Byron as having come to her ears long afterwards, though Mrs Stowe, with characteristic recklessness, subsequently placed it in a wholly different aspect. If Lord Byron sinned much, he assuredly suffered in proportion, and it is monstrous that his memory should be blackened with a charge wholly unsupported by anything worthy the name of evidence, which in a court of law would have earned for the accuser the most unsparing condemnation.

From Byron to Shelley is a natural transition, though my "links" with Shelley are com-

paratively few. I had, however, the good fortune to be slightly acquainted with the late Sir Percy Shelley, his only son, to whose house on the Chelsea Embankment I remember paying what, for me, was a memorable visit. I was accompanying my mother, whose call was really on Lady Shelley, a gifted woman, greatly wrapped up in all that appertained to her illustrious father-in-law, and I had not expected to see Sir Percy, who was not in the room when I arrived. As we were talking with Lady Shelley about the new *Life* of the poet on which Mr Dowden was then engaged, the door opened, and there entered a little red-faced man with red "*ferrety*" eyes, and altogether a rather insignificant appearance. He was poisoning in his hand a small parcel, which he extended towards Lady Shelley, exclaiming rather irritably, "You told me this was twopence, but I find it's overweight." Lady Shelley, however, diverted him from his postal grievance by introducing us, a ceremony which he seemed far from disposed to follow up by conversation. However, by way of breaking the ice, I fortunately bethought myself that I had only a week or two before driven past "*Field Place*," near Horsham, where his father, the poet, was born. I accordingly mentioned the fact, expressing my deep interest in seeing it. "Ah yes," responded Sir Percy, still resentfully poisoning the offending parcel, "it's not a bad place, *but the worst of it is, I can't let it!*" This was a "*douche*" with a ven-

geance from the poet's own offspring, and I immediately concluded, and I think rightly, that Sir Percy had harked back to Sir Timothy with possibly just a *soupcçon* of old Sir Bysshe, and come into the world minus a grain of intellectual affinity with his marvellous father, and, for that matter, with his only less marvellous mother. Shortly after this episode we made a pilgrimage to the Shelley room to see the relics, Sir Percy following slightly in the rear, but punctiliously and almost reverentially joining in the inspection. Lady Shelley afterwards explained that Sir Percy never failed to accompany visitors in their inspection of the relics, though he had, of course, seen them hundreds of times, and that his affection and veneration for his mother were such that he seldom spoke of her without tears in his eyes. He had therefore, at any rate, the deepest affinity of all—that of the heart. Subsequently I went more than once to Sir Percy's charming theatre in Tite Street, for which he always painted the scenery, and with fair success, though his acting was not above that of the average amateur. His ownership of this theatre, and indeed his occupation of Shelley House, were abruptly terminated owing to an untoward incident for which the spitefulness of the late Mr Slingsby Bethell was responsible. Slingsby Bethell, who was a neighbour and acquaintance of the Shelleys, had been invited to take part in various representations which Sir Percy had organised in his theatre from time to time, but

when arranging for an important charity performance at which the Prince and Princess of Wales were to be present, for some reason or other he was not asked to join. This incensed him so bitterly that, finding out that by some oversight Sir Percy had not taken out a licence for the performance, in respect of which admission-money was to be payable, he with incredible meanness gave information of the omission to the authorities, who issued summonses at the Westminster Police Court against Sir Percy Shelley as proprietor, Mr Hamilton Aïdé as author of the play to be performed, and Mr Horace Wigan as stage-manager. It had been Bethell's intention to stop the performance altogether, but having regard to the fact that it was in aid of a charity, and that the Prince and Princess were to attend, the magistrate consented to postpone the hearing of the summonses till after the performance. Bethell was thus for the moment frustrated; but his malignity was eventually gratified, for on the hearing of the summonses, all three defendants were convicted and fined, an event which, together with the attendant circumstances, so disgusted Sir Percy that shortly afterwards he gave up his residence, and with it the theatre.

Only inferior in interest to the Byron Letters are the recently published editions of Charles Lamb's Works and Correspondence, which, however, exhaustive as they are, do not contain one delicious

saying of Lamb's that is, I believe, very little known. Among the lesser luminaries of the Northern Circuit, when Pollock and Brougham were the bright particular stars, was Samuel Warren, afterwards famous as the author of 'Ten Thousand a-Year,' in which, by the way, he gives a "dry-point" portrait of Brougham, under the name, I think, of Counsellor Quicksilver. One of Warren's friends on circuit was a barrister who afterwards took Orders, and became the most popular preacher at a Midland watering-place. Though no longer connected with the Bar, this gentleman still maintained his friendship with Warren, who used occasionally to visit him and dilate with pardonable pride on the grandees to whose tables his fame as an author had gained him admission, and on the celebrities he used to meet there. On one of these occasions his host asked Warren whether he had ever chanced to come across Charles Lamb, to which Warren replied that he had once met him at breakfast at Lord Lyndhurst's. "Did he say anything good?" inquired the host. "Not that I remember," answered Warren. "Very odd," rejoined the host. "Surely he must have said something worth recalling?" "Well," responded Warren after a pause, "now I come to think of it, he did say something, though I don't know that it's worth repeating." "Never mind," was the answer, "let us hear what it was." "Well," resumed War-

ren, "I had been telling some story in French, it was a really good story, but somehow it didn't come off, probably because the French wasn't quite up to the mark, so when nobody laughed, by way of getting over the failure, turning to Lamb, who was sitting next me, I added carelessly, 'Not that I know much French—for a gentleman!'" "Ah," expectantly exclaimed the host, prepared for a treat, "and what happened then?" "Well," answered Warren, "there's very little in it, but when I said that I didn't know much French for a gentleman, Lamb, who hadn't uttered a word the whole of breakfast, suddenly stuttered out 'Nor—nor—I—I—for a—a—b—b—blackg—uard!'"

My closing remarks shall be devoted to what may be described as the transfiguration of London during the last half-century. London, as I first remember it, was as inferior in many ways to its modern representative as the latter still is to Paris and Vienna. It was probably at that time the dullest and dingiest metropolis in the world, though even now in the matter of lighting it is far behind even some of our great provincial towns. My earliest acquaintance with its street life dates from an eventful day when I was taken by my nurse to see the Duke of Wellington lying in state, of which spectacle I can only remember, and that dimly, the great black velvet pall and the colossal tapers. But shortly afterwards my eldest sister

and I were taken for an almost daily walk in the principal West End thoroughfares, the characteristics of which I can well recollect. The first thing that struck and not unnaturally terrified me was the utter chaos of the crossings. There were no regularly told-off policemen to regulate the traffic and protect the timid and inexperienced pedestrian in those days, and the process of reaching the opposite side of Regent Street was unpleasantly like a panic-stricken stampede! If a policeman did intervene it was only by accident, and "merely to oblige," the force being then at the height of its renown for that "conspicuity of absence" with which it has always been more or less identified, though of late years with much less foundation. The policeman of that day was in appearance a fearful and wonderful being. His head-gear was a "chimney-pot" hat of sham beaver, decorated with strips of very shiny leather; while instead of a tunic he wore a swallow-tail garment cut like a dress-coat, set off in the summer by white-duck "continuations." Facially, he was either clean-shaven or decorated with mutton-chop whiskers, and his aspect when mounted, and at exercise, flashing a sword, was singularly comic and incongruous.

The "growlers" were also of a decidedly archaic type, externally minus springs, and internally liberally strewn with dirty and trampled straw, which emitted a faint sickly odour that had often a

peculiarly nauseating effect. On all the panels were emblazoned in the boldest style and the crudest colouring the Royal Arms; while the "jarvies" themselves were for the most part bottle-nosed ruffians, who regarded any remuneration short of a double fare as an insult, and became positively murderous in looks as well as in language if tendered the then legal minimum of sixpence! The omnibuses were also of a very inferior description, carpeted, like the "growlers," with malodorous straw and fitted with greasy cushions that boasted their own particular "bouquet." There were, I think, very few omnibus fares under sixpence, and the vehicles were, as a rule, wretchedly underhosed.

As regards the streets, many were even then laid with paving-stones, and the jolting and clatter of the vehicular traffic were appalling. I don't suppose that in those days there was a single india-rubber tyre in London, and, of course, neither asphalt nor wood pavement, so that the din was far more distracting than at present, even allowing for the enormous increase of traffic.

Perhaps the greatest change that has taken place in London since those days, or indeed a much later period, is in the matter of hotels and restaurants. Down to the early "'Sixties" there was no really large hotel in the whole of the West End of London, the "Clarendon" in Bond Street, which has now disappeared,

and "Thomas's" in Berkeley Square being about the most capacious, though Claridge's in Brook Street was then, as now, perhaps the most select, being nearly always chosen as the resting-place of foreign royalties. As regards West End restaurants, I think Verrey's in Regent Street was then the only one of the first class, and that was seldom frequented except by foreigners, unless it might be for luncheon by ladies up for the day from the country or the distant suburbs. Luncheon, dinner, and supper parties at a restaurant were then unheard-of entertainments among the upper and upper-middle classes, who would have regarded anything of the kind as shockingly Bohemian, if not something worse.

The theatres, again, even over the whole London area, were few and far between,—down to 1860, Drury Lane, the Lyceum, the Olympic, the Haymarket, the St James's (when open), the Adelphi, the Princess's, and the Strand, eight in all, being the only ones of any vogue; whereas nowadays the number of theatres is positively bewildering. The opera, however, was a far more splendid affair than at present, "Her Majesty's" attracting audiences little less brilliant than Covent Garden; but of course that was the epoch of transcendently fine singers, all of whom made London their headquarters for the whole of the season.

The Park has vastly improved in appearance since

the early "'Sixties," when I think there was not a single flower to be seen the whole year round between the Marble Arch and Hyde Park corner! But in other respects it has not altered for the better. The earlier morning ride may be more sensible in the summer months, but it is far less brilliant than its predecessor, which extended from 12 to 1; while the discontinuance of the evening ride (5 to 7.30), with its wonderful medley of prominent statesmen, prelates, ambassadors, and dandies, set off by some of the most beautiful women that have ever graced the country, is little short of a calamity. That, too, was still the day of full-dress riding costume—tall hats, single-breasted cut-away coats, and, mostly, tight-fitting dark blue "strapped" trousers, finished off by superlatively polished black boots; while any lady equestrian who had ventured to discard the natty little tall hat for a "billycock," and the perfectly close-fitting habit for a "sack" covert-coat, would have been regarded as the acme of "bad form."

I shall doubtless be accounted a mere "laudator temporis acti" when I adventure the opinion that in London, at all events, there was far more beauty among women and far more distinction of appearance (to say nothing of good looks) among men than are to be met with in the present day. Every woman in those days, so far from being, as now, a slavish imitator, seemed to have a distinctive

charm and *cachet* of her own; and, above all, it had happily not become *de rigueur* to torture a naturally sweet and gentle voice into the shrill "tinny" sort of "clack" which nowadays renders the Row only a degree less distracting than the Zoological Gardens parrot-house! The Lawns, now crammed on Sundays like the Epsom Downs on a Derby day, were then entirely unfrequented, the fashionable parade on Sundays till the early "'Seventies" being the Broad Walk, Kensington Gardens, from 4 to 7. So far as I recollect, the Park was virtually deserted by Society on Sundays, who repaired to the "Botanical" and the "Zoo" (by ticket) when preferring a more exclusive resort than the Gardens.

In the matter of Society, strictly so-called, the present indiscriminate jumble of patri-cians and plutocrats was almost unknown, at all events before the later "'Seventies." The "Haute Juiverie" were still in a sense beyond the pale, and the bare idea of one of them being honoured with an English peerage would forty years ago have caused little short of a revolution among the *vieille noblesse*. These democratic changes may be salutary, but they have certainly not added to the prestige of the Painted Chamber, which bids fair before very long to become a Chamber of Com-

merce, and that not of the highest order!

These desultory pages must now be brought to a close. It is perhaps audacious in one whose span of life falls short of sixty years to place his recollections and experiences before the public, but it is not always old age that proves the most interesting recorder. In the course of little more than half a century of a by no means eventful life I have chanced to come into contact with persons and events of some importance and interest, and I question whether many of the same age can claim, as I can, to have known a man who had talked to a survivor of the Jacobite campaign of 1745, to have spoken to another who had witnessed Nelson's funeral, to have dined opposite a third who had been in the Copenhagen expedition of 1807, and to have met at luncheon a lady who was present at the famous Brussels ball that preceded the battle of Waterloo! At the same time, I am well aware that for the small and privileged class who, so to speak, were born and bred behind the scenes, "jottings" of this description can have little interest. To such, however, they are not addressed, but rather to the less initiated yet intelligent majority, who may possibly derive from them, if not instruction, at least some trifling entertainment.

POEMS BY GIACOMO LEOPARDI.

Translated by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B.

THE SOLITARY LIFE.

THE early morning rain,—what time the cock,
Flapping his wings within his roosting shed,
Crows long and loud, what time the husbandman
To scan the weather, flings his casement wide,
When, too, the rising sun his quivering rays
Darts through the showering drops, that softly beat
Upon my window-panes,—awakens me;
I get me up, and the light fleecy clouds,
The earliest pipe of birds, the fresh crisp air,
And smiling meadow slopes, I bless them all,
For that I've seen, and known you all too long,
Ye ill-starr'd pent-up towns, where evermore
Hate is with suffering mated. There I live,
Martyr to grief, and martyr so shall die.
May it be soon! Though Nature in these scenes
Shows me some scanty pity; oh! how scant,
To that which once she show'd me! Nature, thou
Dost from the wretched turn thy face away;
Yes, Nature, thou, disdaining human griefs,
Pains and mishaps, to Queen Felicity
Dost servile homage pay. In earth or heaven
There lives no friend to the unhappy, none,
No refuge save in self-inflicted death.

Sometimes I seat me on a lonely height,
That slopes down to the margin of a lake,
With wealth of voiceless flowers engarlanded;
Then when the sky throbs with the noontide heat,
The sun projects thereon its great calm orb;
No grass, no floweret quivers in the breeze,
No ripple on the water plays, the shrill
Cicala's note is mute, no bird on bough
Flutters its wings, no butterfly's astir,
Nor sound nor movement, either far or near,
Is heard or seen, and all along the shore
Reigns quiet most profound; and so do I,

As motionless I sit there, in some wise
Forget myself, forget the world, and then
Meseems as though my limbs were all unstrung,
That soul and sense no longer work'd in them,
And the untroubled calm that once was theirs
Was blended with the stillness of the scene.

Oh love, love, love, thou long ago hast fled
Far from my breast, that once so hotly glow'd,
Yea, by thy fires was scorch'd! With its cold hand
Misfortune quell'd it, and to ice it turn'd
In my years' very flower. I mind me well,
When thou didst sway me first; 'twas in that sweet
Irrevocable time, when to the eye
Of youth the world's sad scene is first unveil'd,
That seems to him a smiling Paradise.
The young man's heart within his bosom thrills
With virgin hopes and delicate desires,
And straightway he, unhappy mortal, girds
Himself to face the task-work of his life,
As for a dance or revel. But thou, love,
Cam'st not so soon across my path; my life
Even then mishap had marr'd, and to my eyes
Nothing seem'd meet, but never-ending tears.
Even if, perchance, upon some sunny slope
At the still hour of dawn, or when house-tops
And hills and meads are sparkling in the sun,
I chance to meet some wandering maiden's glance,
Or in the stillness of a summer's night,
If opposite some lowly cot I stay
My wandering steps, and scan the barren earth,
And echoing out of the bare rooms I hear
The joyous carol of some simple girl,
Who for her work steals some hours of the night,
This stony heart of mine will palpitate,
But ah! into a sullen lethargy
It presently relapses, and is dead
To every sweet emotion of the soul.

Belovèd moon, beneath whose tranquil light
The leverets gambol in the woods, and make
The sportsman sick at heart, to find their tracks
So blurr'd and intertangled, that they throw
Him all at fault in seeking for their lairs,

Hail, thou benignant Lady Queen of Night!
Unwelcome fall thy rays on rocky cleft,
Or thicket's gloom, or ruin'd empty homes,
Or on the pale-faced bandit's flashing blade,
Who lists, all ear, to catch the far-off sound
Of wheels and horses, and the tramp of feet,
Upon the silent highway, and anon
With clash of arms, rough voice, and murderous scowl,
Turns the wayfarer's heart ice-cold, and straight
Strips him and leaves him 'mong the rocks half dead.
Unwelcome, too, flows through the city street
Thy placid radiance on the lewd gallant,
Who, as he goes, steals on from house to house,
Close by the walls, and courts each covering shade,
And pauses, scared by every blazing lamp
And open balcony! Unwelcome, thou
To all ill-brooding minds, but unto me
Thy light will ever bring a balm, where nought
Save gladsome hills, and large expanse of meads
Thou to my gaze revealest. Yet I used,
In peopled towns, upon thy beauteous light
To cast reproach, when to the gaze of men
It laid me bare, and when to me in turn
It flung a light upon the looks of men.

Now will I praise it evermore, when I
Behold thee sailing 'mong the clouds, and when,
Serenely ruling o'er the plains of heaven,
Thou lookest down on this sad home of man.
There shalt thou see me wandering lone and dumb,
Through woodland shades, or by streams fringed with green,
Or laid upon the sward, full well content,
If only strength be left for me to sigh.

THE EVENING OF THE FESTIVAL DAY.

THE night is soft and clear, the wind is still;
On housetops and the garden-plots between
The moonbeams rest, and every distant peak
Seems in their light asleep. Oh lady mine!
The lanes are silent and the lamps are few,
That glimmer still in balcony or bower.
Thou sleepest, and light slumber seals thine eyes

Within thy quiet chamber; not a care
Gnaws at thy heart, nor dost thou know or think
How great a wound thou in my breast hast made.
Thou sleepest, and I fortify my soul
To greet yon firmament, which to the view
Looks so benign, and nature, too, of old
And through the ages, all omnipotent,
That made me for affliction. "I deny
Hope unto thee," she said, "yes, even hope;
And rede this too, that never save with tears
Thine eyes shall shine!" This was in sooth a day
Of festival. From mirth and pastime now
Thou takest rest, and dost in dreams recall
The many eyes that welcomed thee with smiles,
The many eyes that drew a smile from thee.
It is not so with me. No hope have I,
That thy sweet thoughts to me would travel back.
Here by myself I sit, and cry, "How long
Is't left to me to live, and here on earth
To crawl, and groan, and rage? Oh dreadful days!
And I am yet so young!" Hark! now I hear
The song of some belated artisan,
To his poor home returning from the sports,
And a sharp spasm grips my heart, to think,
How all things in this world do pass, and leave
Small trace or none behind. This festive day,
Lo! it is gone, and to its joyous hours
Dulness succeeds. So doth time sweep away
Man and his doings. Where now the renown
Of peoples of old time, where now the fame
Of all our great forefathers, where the might
Of high Imperial Rome, her arms, her voice
That echoed through the world by land and sea?
All hushed in silence, all that world at rest,
And of all there was done we reek no more.

In my youth's prime, a time when festival
By man and maid is hailed with keen delight,
When it was over, on my bed I lay
Heart-sick, and sleepless, and if through the dark
A song from the near byways reach'd my ears,
Dying into the distance bit by bit,
Then, even as to-night, my heart was sad.

SCOLOPAXIANA :

HOW TO WALK FOR AND SHOOT SNIPE.

THERE is no doubt that the best force in which to sally forth for a real business-like day's snipe-shooting is a select little party of one. That is to say, one shooter, as of course much time and labour will be saved if an intelligent and *taciturn* man be taken to carry the spoil and the lunch, lead dogs, &c. A henchman is in fact indispensable, if only for the purpose of marking down birds which spring when your eyes and attention are directed elsewhere; and if of the right sort, he will not only greatly improve your sport, but will supply quite enough conversation during the walks from one bog to the other—the only times when such a luxury as an interchange of views should be permitted. Some of the pleasantest men I have ever met have been my servants, or rather my companions, on snipe-shooting expeditions. Keepers of the regulation brand do not, as a rule, shine in this capacity. To begin with, they are usually not more than faintly interested in the sport itself. It is wet and laborious, and has for its object an insignificant little bird in whose abundance or otherwise they, the keepers, cannot feel the slightest proprietary interest. Of course there are exceptions, but as a general thing a professional keeper is neither so genial a companion nor so keen to

make the most of chances as the stray ne'er-do-wells who hang about most of the remote villages of Ireland and Wales—odd-job men, now working as masons, now as cow-men, now as handy-man to the priest, but ready to resign the most lucrative employment when the “gintleman” appears with his gun-cases and his brace of dogs. These men, though perhaps bad citizens, are often perfect treasures on the snipe-moors. Sharp of eye, light of foot, and with an eye for country that many a general might envy, they often possess in addition a sweetness of temper and a genuine stock of that much misunderstood quality “gentility” that will very often make you feel the hand-shake almost more appropriate than the “tip” on parting. Here again there are exceptions, and you must occasionally expect to find lightness of foot and the other good qualities slightly tempered by lightness of finger in connection with your cartridge-bag. One hint only, and I have done with our friend the lunch and game carrier. When things go wrong, when either the game or your shooting or your dog is wild, producing a like effect on your temper, do not in your first frenzy forget that in the first place it is probably not his fault, and in the second, that

the day's sport was begun entirely by your will and for your amusement. If for any reason it ceases to amuse you, go home, and do not black-guard the man who gets no fun at all out of the toil save that afforded him by his instinctive love of sport. I have shot with men who persisted in walking, shooting, missing, and cursing the silent unfortunate behind them, long after the day had become absolutely hateful to themselves. This is foolish, and in the last item cowardly, unless, as will often be the case in wild districts, you are attended by a hot-blooded Celt, whom vituperation will goad into giving rather more than he receives. Returning to the numbers of the snipe-shooting party, very few people will probably care to walk all day in solitary glory. One companion at least is necessary for any one but the keenest of the keen, though I must confess that when birds have been plentiful I have often during the reflective interval of lunch been somewhat ashamed when I considered how little I had missed the society of my kind. Next to one, then, two is the best; more than this is inadmissible if real work is to be done, and even two will not, *ceteris paribus*, get as much sport per man as a solitary individual. If dogs are being used, there is the constant doubt as to who should take the point, and on these occasions even *sotto voce* courtesy is undesirable, for the snipe may not wait

for the quickest of decisions on points of precedence.

The whole question of dogs will be discussed later, but it may be said here that to be the less hardy and active walker of a pair of guns shooting snipe over dogs is an experience to be avoided if possible. The reason of this will be apparent when the method of approaching the "point" is explained. If, in addition to your limited bodily powers, your natural instinct, your observation of the wind, and the thousand and one things that go to make a successful sportsman are inferior to the same qualities in your companion, your disadvantage will be more apparent and more irritating when plodding after "Rock" or "Trust" than in any other circumstance of shooting. No; if you prefer to find your birds with the aid of your dogs, and there is no more thoroughly delightful form of the sport, let them be your only companions, and you will gain not only in bag but in peace of mind. Again, birds will constantly be flushed midway between the two guns; and here, too, there is a great danger of the doubt, which to the cowering snipe means distance and salvation. Of course it would be absurd to urge these advantages of solitude for every description of country. If your beat is wide open marsh or moorland, two guns will get *nearly* as much shooting as one, and if naturally disinclined for lonely wandering, will gain far more in enjoyment than they lose in slain. I have

shot snipe in company with parties of all sizes. I have even, *horresco referens*, advanced to the attack as one of a long line of gunners, who insisted on treating the moors in the same stately battle-order fashion as they did their native Norfolk turnip-drills. Every snipe in the country was duly found and flushed, I must admit, but at a distance which drew from that floundering skirmishing-line many a growl. "Much better fun drivin' 'em," ejaculated one disgusted sportsman, a noted performer with three ejectors in a grouse-butt, and I agreed that the amusement very probably would be about equal, if not superior. This, however, is an extreme case, and it is only necessary to summarise by repeating the advice to limit your numbers as far as possible, and, if congenial, to seek your sport with the irreducible minimum of one. You will come across many odd corners that hold one bird, and many little strips of rush and reed too narrow for the progress of more than one human, that will cause you to bless your unsociability in the course of a day's shooting.

Snipe-ground is so variously constituted that it is impossible to give instructions that will apply in every case as to how it should be negotiated. But it may be broadly stated that whenever possible it is pleasanter, less laborious, and far more profitable to shoot with the wind at your back than to walk against or across it. And this for many reasons. In

the first place, snipe, in common with every bird that flies, invariably and of necessity spring from the ground head to wind, "hanging" against it for varying periods, according as it is strong or gentle, before they have obtained sufficient mastery over it to enable them to get themselves under way and their flight under control. Consequently, if you approach them *down* the wind, they not only rise towards you, but for an instant, often only the fraction of a second,—the time, in fact, occupied in converting their upward spring from the ground into actual flight,—they are nearly or quite motionless as far as lateral or forward movement is concerned. It seems almost impertinent to describe the infinitesimal check that a springing snipe must sustain before he can dart away by the word motionless. Nevertheless it is a physical or ballistic fact, and one to which five out of six of the snipe in your bag will owe their doom. Many men are absolutely unable to perceive this check at all. It is, in fact, *almost* imperceptible, except on rough windy days, when it will often be exaggerated into an obvious "hover," unless, as occasionally happens with close-lying snipe in a gale of wind, the bird is blown and tumbled bodily downwind, with never an attempt at a struggle against it. This is the first and greatest advantage of walking downwind. Secondly, the breast of a snipe being snowy white, whilst its back is in almost perfect har-

mony with the dark yellows and reds of the ground from which it usually springs, it is an immense gain if you can force the bird to rise with its breast towards yourself. A snipe tearing up-wind close to the ground is an exasperatingly invisible object even on a clear day; and if the light is bad you may often see nothing of him but his squeak, as a henchman of the distressful isle once ejaculated. And here we have another advantage—i.e., that a bird springing towards you as you walk down-wind is obliged to rise to at least the height of your shoulder, the most convenient elevation of any for aiming, whereas on the opposite plan he can, and usually does, skim away an inch or so off the ground, an exemplification of the poetry of motion and “protective coloration” that only a philosopher could admire at the time. Again it must be urged, in favour of what sailors call “scudding,” that the shooter will be spared the annoyance of finding a second barrel or a right-and-left interfered with by that curse of the game-gun, “blow-back.” I have shot with nearly every powder, both black and nitro, and have never found any of them *entirely* free from this nuisance. It is true that in most of the better brands of nitros, what used to be a positive danger has been reduced to a very occasional discomfort; but having once experienced the smart of a particle of unconsumed powder in his eye, the sportsman may find that his shooting for the

rest of the day will be as injuriously affected by the mere dread of its recurrence as it would do if he were certain that every shot were going to give him a dusting. No man can shoot well unless he can entirely detach his mind from every consideration but the bird rising before him, and the involuntary flinching that follows one or two “blow-backs” may put you off your form for an indefinite period. At any rate, however little you may be afflicted with this description of nerves, it is a real handicap that you will do well to avoid by walking down-wind when and where possible. Apart from the questions of “blow-back” and the direction of the bird’s first spring, it is undoubtedly a great saving of physical labour if you can run before the wind instead of beating against it, and in snipe-shooting every ounce of strength uselessly expended is likely to be so much loss to the bag, to say nothing of the enjoyment. Finally, it is in any case harder to keep the eyes wide open and clear if a cold or strong wind is blowing straight into them, than if they are comfortably sheltered on “the lee side of your face.” And the human optic must be in particularly good working order to gauge correctly the flight of an erratic little object travelling at goodness knows how many miles an hour along a road which certainly cannot be “called straight.”

Down-wind shooting is certainly the luxury of snipe-

shooting, although occasionally—very occasionally—there will be a sameness in the description of shots that will not commend itself in a sport of which variety is the very life and soul. Snipe would not be worth shooting if they were easy to shoot, and it must be confessed that a long walk may be taken down-wind over open country without the sportsman's especially "snipey" qualities being very severely tested. In enclosed land it is a very different matter, for a bank is a bank to a snipe, no matter from what air blows the breeze,—an obstruction to be hurtled over faster than ever tennis-ball skimmed the net from the racket of Renshaw. There is a delightful experience, too, that is peculiarly the property of the down-wind shooter, and that is when a couple of birds spring simultaneously in front of him, and make off in exactly opposite directions. It is on these occasions that a right-and-left is something more than a figure of speech, and a complacent smirk may be forgiven the artist who accomplishes it, as he watches his dog trot off to pick up birds that lie stone dead, "at the extremities of the diameters of a circle of which you are the centre," as a mathematical gunner (peace to his soul! he died on Spion Kop) once expressed it.

So much for the defence. Against this method the only thing to be urged is the fact that the snipe are far more likely to hear the sound of your approach as you advance upon them down-wind than if

you were beating up towards them from the contrary direction. This, though theoretically true, will be found to be of very little importance practically. Very fierce must be the gale that prevents the snipe from hearing your footsteps squeelching over the quaggy ground or through the crisp stiff rushes. The ring of your shots, too, be they never so smothered by the roaring wind, will surely strike as a warning to the listening ears of every little bundle of nerves lurking close, perhaps all the closer for its fear, under the shelter of tuft and tussock. I firmly believe that all solitary fowl, even when resting, are aware of the presence of a human being, wind or no wind, within a distance of a quarter of a mile in open country, sometimes more, very rarely less, and that only the hope that the hated being will not chance to come their way induces them to remain *perdu*. The success of the old device of walking with ever-lessening circles, carefully looking the other way all the time, around birds marked down in the open, is partial evidence of what I assert. Even duck can be circumvented in this manner occasionally, though they usually take alarm before the circle has diminished to gun-range. It is absurd to suppose that the keen-sighted birds, whose very sleep is of the one-eye-open order, cannot perceive you, to say nothing of the warning that the shooting-boot of even the most fairy-footed individual must give. However, though there can be no

two opinions as to the advantages of down-wind shooting, it will be very seldom that it can be managed for any length of time during a day's sport without much counter-marching and waste of time. Snipe-ground usually abounds in odd patches of marsh and bog projecting at all angles from the main shooting, attempts to start invariably from the windward side of which would mean an immense number of fatiguing detours. So that the young shooter is advised not to think overmuch about getting the wind "dead aft," but to take things as they come. Even if he should miss a great proportion of the birds bolting up-wind, the few he will kill by the quickest of snapshots will not be the least proudly remembered when he comes to fight his battles over again to himself in the interval between tumbling into bed and the advent of slumber, a delightful period of after-joy, the peculiar property of sportsmen. This is the time when the fences are topped again one by one, the bump-bump of the grouse on the heather is re-heard, or the boil of the salmon and the bend of the rod-top to his mighty wrench beheld again as vividly as in the morning hours, before sleep comes to close up ears and eyes until the late winter dawn releases them clear and keen for more work on the morrow.

There is, however, one situation in which it is occasionally advisable to make a deliberate choice of shooting against the wind for a time,

and that is when you are about to commence your day's sport near the leeward march or boundary of your shooting rights. Any attempt to get the wind "aft," or even on "the beam," may possibly result in many of the birds missed or flushed out of shot departing out of bounds for the rest of the day; for though they will of course spring head to wind, they are far more likely to make their final escape over the frontier towards which you are driving them, than to pass you by to take up a fresh position in rear. Whereas if you travel quickly along the boundary, making here and there short incursions up-wind, nearly every bird that departs unscathed will drop eventually somewhere on your own domain, to be dealt with more carefully at your next merry meeting.

A very favourite haunt of snipe, often their only one in a frost, is the rush-fringed margin of a brook, especially if it be of a winding nature with little reedy peninsulas projecting from the salients of each bend, and here and there a stretch of growth or mud in mid-channel. Excellent shooting may be had under such conditions, for the snipe usually lie well, occasionally even requiring to be flushed by a dog, if collected on one of these islands separated from the bank by a channel of fair width. But here, if the breeze blows up or down stream, the gun must certainly walk down-wind, otherwise the snipe will be almost impossible to

hit as they dash away straight between the banks of the stream, dodging round bends and any bushes that may be on the margin. It is absolutely necessary to force them away from the brook to one side or the other, and a down-wind advance is the only way to do it. Of course if the wind blows across the stream, you will do best to stick to the windward bank, not only because of the easier shots obtainable, but because the majority of birds will usually be lying under its shelter.

In connection with shooting along brooks it is commonly supposed that it is better to work the banks by retiring from and advancing towards them alternately, than to progress steadily along the margin, presumably with the idea that the snipe will not so readily perceive the approach of the invader. As far as my experience goes, such a method is not only a waste of time and trouble, but has also the disadvantage of causing you to miss over many birds lying between the point at which you left the stream and that at which you again strike it. It must be remembered that in snipe-shooting half the battle is flushing the birds, whether you actually get a shot or not, for it will be seldom that a large percentage may not be marked down for a second attempt. Of course if a certain spot on the water's edge is known to harbour birds, it will pay you to approach it cautiously, possibly necessitating a retreat from the bank

some distance before aiming at the place; but such a manoeuvre would only be necessary in a brook of quite unusual straightness. I have noticed that snipe flushed from the sides of watercourses do not generally take long flights, whatever the weather or wind may be, their places of refuge on such occasions being occasionally very unexpected and odd, so that careful marking is particularly advisable. I have many times observed snipe under these conditions drop into the centre of ploughed fields and under stone walls quite innocent of cover.

Whilst on this subject, it may be as well to impress upon the reader the importance of mastering as soon as possible the topography of his shooting-ground. Snipe are occasionally astonishingly regular in their flight when flushed by dog or man from certain bogs, and will time after time make for odd covers that the sportsman has not considered it worth while to visit. When shooting on strange ground, the complete disappearance for the rest of the day of large wisps that have risen wild is a constant source of wonder to many people. When such is the case, my advice is to search out thoroughly every little insignificant wet corner that lies in the direction of their flight. If you are so fortunate as to find one or two of these occupied, you should have some pretty shooting, for a wisp is very seldom a wisp more than once in the day, and it is ten to one that the snipe will lie well. I call to mind a large flooded

marsh, from one corner of which a flock of about fifty birds made off in a certain direction daily immediately their territory was invaded. There was only one place to which they *could* have gone,—so said my man, who knew every inch of the country; but, snipe-like, they were never there. One day it occurred to me, after the usual performance had taken place, to explore a densely grown little combe or hollow that lay to one side of my customary walk. The place was certainly not more than thirty yards across at the top, and sloped down like an inverted cone to a point below, where trickled a tiny stream,—a possible lie for a woodcock, but as likely to hold a tiger as a snipe. However, snipe were there, not one or two, but fifty at least, undoubtedly the company that had screamed adieu from the marsh behind, and in a delightful state of unsociability. I got nine couple there on that day, killed, but was unable to retrieve at least half that number again, and moved the rest on to the “only place they *could* have gone to,” where the more favourable ground enabled a fairly satisfactory toll to be taken. Had it not been for the dreadful nature of the undergrowth, and the extreme difficulty of shooting when up to the armpits in brambles, that little “woolly” dell might have been the scene of most commendable bags. Subsequently snipe were always there *after* the marsh had been shot over, never, as I proved, before. But it had taken me three years to find it out. If down-wind

shooting cannot be managed, naturally the next best thing is to walk across it, and it will be found that this will be possible on by far the greater portion of your daily round. But here, too, there are *pros* and *cons* to be considered. Will it be better to proceed with the wind blowing across your path from left to right or from right to left? In the first case you will have to shoot at the snipe flying to your left, in the latter to your right. To me personally the former direction is the easier, but I believe that most people declare in favour of the latter. This is a matter that the reader must decide for himself when the choice arises. Whichever plan he elects to follow, he will, if birds are numerous, have some of the most delightful shooting that these islands afford. Perhaps the acme of the sport is attained when the wind is blowing warm but freshly *across* a wide open stretch of moor or bog. There is now no necessity to return on your tracks in order to take the next strip before the wind (a paying method when the breeze is strong); the ground can be fairly walked out from end to end and back again in a series of long U's, the shots presenting a fascinating sequence of lessons in quickness and “holding ahead,” as the snipe slip off on either hand, close to the ground, at every conceivable angle, and at perhaps inconceivable speed.

A hint as to “marking” may be given here. When shooting without a retriever in long grass or rushes, it will

be found that every now and then a bird clearly seen to fall dead will have disappeared in a most mysterious and exasperating fashion when you or your attendant go forward to gather it. The number of snipe completely lost in this manner throughout a season's shooting is astonishing; but it will be reduced if it is remembered that a dead snipe usually falls *nearer* to you than it appears to do. I have often seen sportsmen walk right over their bird, fallen, maybe, back upwards, and harmonising exactly with the surrounding growth, only to search vainly and impatiently perhaps ten yards beyond it. This peculiarity is especially noticeable when birds are shot, as they constantly will be, as they skim over a wall or bank. From your side it will look as if the impetus of their flight had carried them many yards into the field or marsh on the other side; but in nine cases out of ten the bird will be found right under the bank itself, often in the ditch or rough herbage that runs along its foot. I think it is pretty certain that a snipe not killed outright, but yet *in extremis*, always looks out for a secure hiding-place in which to drop, even though it may die before reaching the ground, a fact that may account for the wonderful concealment of many dead birds. I can only

say that I have witnessed birds falling with a bump, perfectly dead, into the only patch of cover available for quite a distance, too often for the circumstance to be merely the result of chance. In the case of a mortally wounded bird topping a bank on the other side of which lies a bare field, it is extremely probable that, after a short flight over the unfriendly ground, the dying creature, seeing no cover ahead within reach of its failing strength, turns back and gains the ditch or growth below the sportsman's line of sight. I cannot say that I have ever actually observed this in the case of a snipe afterwards picked up dead, but with slightly wounded birds the manœuvre is so common that it is evidently an instinct, and one not noticeable with any other game-bird with which I am acquainted. But whatever the reason may be, the fact is nine times out of ten as stated, so that whenever you are badly beaten by a snipe which you are morally certain is a dead bird, whether it fell in open bog, rushes, or over a bank, your best move, after a reasonable search about the place where you *expected* to find it, is *revocare pedem* to any little hollow or patch of cover that lies between the spot you are searching and that from which you fired.

SCOLOPAX.

MARCO POLO.

IT has long been the fashion to discredit the stories of ancient travellers. The facts which they have recorded have been laughed to scorn, as though accuracy were the exclusive privilege of the moderns. The ingenious simplicity of their narratives, so often imitated in later days by avowed liars, has been turned to their disgrace. And even where a certain credence has been placed in the histories of old time, the condescension has been discounted by irrelevant demands. It has been asked, for instance, of Herodotus, who was a gossip as well as a historian, that he should be not merely an expert philologist, but also a disciple of M. Seignobos. But they forget, these critics of early narratives, that an anecdote, though false in letter, may be true in spirit. A dramatic episode, though unsupported by facts, may symbolise an actual occurrence more clearly than a plain inscription. Indeed the ancient chronicles often give a juster view of history than authentic records, because in the chronicles the truth is not whittled away with criticism nor obscured by ill-digested documents. When Herodotus went upon his journey he wrote down in eager simplicity whatever he was told, and though modern research may prove many of his statements false, it cannot dim the brilliance of the picture which he drew of his own world.

Again, though modern critics declare that his history of the Persian wars is impaired by prejudice, the fact that Herodotus saw in this heroic contest the struggle between Asia and Europe, between East and West, gave it a unity which was not merely more dramatic, but is essentially truer than the truth itself, could we ever arrive at it. Now, of all the early travellers, none has suffered from historical incredulity more bitterly than Marco Polo. The nickname *Millioni*, which he early received, implied a charge of habitual exaggeration, and it was not long after his death that he became a legendary personage. The transcriber of one of the Florentine manuscripts, quoted by Sir Henry Yule, confesses that he copied the book to pass the time and to rid himself of melancholy; but he finds the contents "incredible things, not lies so much as miracles"—things, indeed, "entertaining enough, but not to believe or put any faith in." Even Sir Thomas Browne, not content with discrediting Ctesias and Sir John Mandeville, urges his reader to "carry a wary eye on Paulus Venetus"; "he may thereby decline occasion of Error."

But it is now universally admitted, in Sir Thomas Browne's despite, that nothing is so remarkable in Marco Polo as his accuracy. And, indeed, the disbelief in Marco's narrative

sprang, not from a spirit of scientific inquiry, but from ignorance. His adverse critics forgot, what the transcriber of Florence sadly remembered, that "throughout the world very different things are found in different countries"; and they readily took all that was unknown, not as magnificent, but as mendacious. However, Marco Polo is now rehabilitated, and his rehabilitation is due to none so much as to Sir Henry Yule, a third edition of whose masterpiece, revised in the light of recent discoveries by Henri Cordier, has recently been published (John Murray). Of this work it is impossible to speak too highly. It is a worthy monument both to the Venetian traveller and his most learned editor. It is indeed far more than a mere edition of Marco Polo, being also a history of the East, and an admirable treatise upon mediæval geography. But the original is always more valuable than the commentary it suggests, and we cannot read the Venetian's Golden Book without wondering what manner of man he was, and what ambition of wealth or knowledge it was that took him to the East.

But the book, as Sir Henry Yule says, is a book of puzzles; and the puzzle most difficult of solution is the man himself. There never was a writer less tainted with egoism than Marco Polo. He reveals no prejudices save a sound contempt for what he calls Pat-arins or Heretics, and few idiosyncrasies. His heart is

not on his sleeve, nor his soul on his forehead. He travelled through the East with a quiet observant eye fixed upon every object which came to his notice. He described what he saw with a cold impartiality, as though his interest in the external world was wholly detached, as though all sights and sounds affected him equally. The wealth and splendour of Kublai Khan roused him to his solitary enthusiasm. But for the rest, he allows nothing to come between the reader and the object described: in other words, he colours nothing with his own fancy; never does he suffer the mind to embellish what the eye has seen. Sir Henry Yule allows him one gleam of humour. The Great Khan, he tells us, makes his money out of paper, which costs him nothing, and yet is equal to the treasury of the whole world, and "the way it is wrought is such that you might say he hath the Secret of Alchemy in perfection, and you would be right." It is not a jest which prompts to hilarity, yet it is the best that may be found in the pages of Marco Polo. In fact, so few are his preferences that we can say little more of him than that he was a sober-minded industrious collector of facts, intent to observe rather than to explain, believing that one simple truth is worth a dozen theories, yet withal rather a rationalist than a fantastic. On the few occasions whereon he condescends to give a reason, he is the resolute foe of mystery and the supernatural. He declares that the salamander is no

beast, but a substance found in the earth. "Everybody must be aware," says he, "that it can be no animal's nature to live in fire, seeing that every animal is composed of all the four elements." On this question he is sounder even than Sir Thomas Browne, who kept a wary eye upon him. On the other hand, he had implicit faith in the enchantments of the Baesi, who, at the court of the Great Khan, caused cups to move from their place, and to present themselves to the Emperor, without being touched by anybody. "'Tis a truth and no lie," he exclaims; "and so will tell you the sages of our own country who understand necromancy, for they also can perform it."

But while it is difficult to sketch Marco Polo's character, there are still the materials of a scant biography. He was born, thus much we infer from his own story, about 1254. His father, Nicolas, and Maffeo, his uncle, "singularly noble, wise, and provident men," were Venetians of much wealth and ancient lineage, who, in an age wherein nobility did not disdain commerce, travelled to the East on a venture of trade. In 1260 they were minded to cross the greater sea with a store of jewels, and, having spent a year at the court of Barka Khan, they came to Bokhara, where they fell in with two envoys from the court of the Great Khan, "the Lord of all the Tartars in the World." And when the envoys beheld the two merchants they said: "Gentlemen, if ye will take our counsel

ye will find great honour and profit shall come thereof. The Great Khan hath never seen any Latins, and he hath a great desire so to do. Wherefore, if ye will keep us company to his court, he will be right glad to see you, and will treat you with great honour and liberality." So they journeyed for a whole year until they came to Cambaluc, where abode the Great Khan. Now this great monarch, the Lord of all the Tartars, put many questions to the two merchants concerning their country and its mode of government. Above all, he was curious concerning the Christian faith, and being greatly pleased with what the two brothers told him about the ways of the Latins, he resolved to send them on an embassy to the Pope. And so they turned their faces westward, carrying with them a tablet of gold, whereon it was commanded that the Ambassadors should receive all that they needed on the road. But when at last they came to Acre, they found that Pope Clement was dead, and it was not until Gregory X. was seated on the throne that they returned to the court of the Great Khan, this time accompanied by Marco himself. No sooner did Marco Polo reach Cambaluc than he won the favour of the Emperor. He was young enough to adapt himself to the speech and habits of a strange country. He "sped wondrously in learning the customs of the Tartars": he soon mastered their manner of writing and their practice

of war; and "he came in brief space to know several languages, and four sundry written characters." Better still, he was a keen judge of men. He speedily discovered that the Emperor had a sincere curiosity concerning the life and manners of strange peoples, and that he thought that ambassadors who could tell him nothing on their return save the business on which they had gone were no better than fools and dolts. Accordingly, when Marco Polo was sent on an embassy to a country a good six months' journey distant, he not only executed his orders with discretion, but took note of all that he saw and heard, that he might presently amuse the leisure of the Khan, his master. So he abode at Cambaluc many years, travelling hither and thither as the Emperor bade him, and the chance which should carry him to his native Venice seemed remote indeed. However, in 1295, the Great Khan desired to send the Lady Cocachin to Argon, the Lord of the Levant, that he might take her to wife, and he chose the three Latins to be her escort. And thus Marco Polo and his two uncles reached their home laden with riches and their heads stored with many strange tales of the Golden East.

When they reached Venice, the same fate befell them as befell Ulysses. Their friends, who believed them long since dead, failed to recognise in the three travel-stained men the merchants whom once they knew. From long disuse they had

almost forgotten their Venetian tongue. Their shabby clothes were, like their speech, of the Tartar fashion. And when they arrived at their own house, which still stands in the Corte del Millioni, their relatives regarded them as impostors. But they, unabashed at their cold reception, devised a plan by which they might win the honourable notice of the whole city, a plan which, as Sir Henry Yule remarks, recalls the 'Arabian Nights':—

"They invited a number of their kindred to an entertainment"—it is Ramusio who tells the story—"which they took care to have prepared with great state and splendour; and when the hour arrived for sitting down to table they came forth of their chamber all three clothed in crimson satin, fashioned in long robes reaching to the ground, such as people in those days wore within doors. And when water for the hands had been served, and the guests were set, they took off these robes and put on others of crimson damask, while the first suit were by their orders cut up and divided among the servants. Then after partaking of some of the dishes, they went out again, and came back in robes of crimson velvet; and when they had again taken their seats the second suits were divided as before. When dinner was over, they did the like with the robes of velvet, after they had put on dresses of the ordinary fashion worn by the rest of the company. These proceedings caused much wonder among the guests. But when the cloth had been drawn, and all the servants had been ordered to retire from the dining-hall, Messer Marco, as the youngest of the three, rose from table, and going into another chamber, brought forth the three shabby dresses of coarse stuff which they had worn when they first arrived. Straightway they took sharp knives and began to rip up some of the seams and welts, and to take out of them jewels of the greatest value in vast quantities, such as rubies,

sapphires, carbuncles, diamonds, and emeralds, which had all been stitched up in those dresses in so artful a fashion that nobody could have suspected the fact."

Instantly the temper of Venice changed. The relatives of the travellers, although they did not know that they had witnessed the imitation of a Mongol ceremony, were respectfully amazed at the costly treasure, and eager to recognise as their kindred the travellers whom yesterday they had despised. But Marco Polo was not destined long to enjoy the respect of his fellow-citizens. Three years after his return from the East, war broke out between Venice and Genoa, and Marco Polo, obedient to the call of patriotism, sailed with Dandolo, as a gentleman commander of a galley. A fierce battle was fought off the island Curzola (the ancient Coreyra), the Genoese were completely victorious, and Marco Polo was one of seven thousand prisoners. His imprisonment at Genoa, irksome as it doubtless was to the intrepid traveller, was fortunate for us, since to it we owe Marco Polo's immortal work. Among his fellow-prisoners was one, Rusticiano of Pisa, and the traveller beguiled his enforced leisure by dictating the story of his travels to this companion. The book was written, as Sir Henry Yule proves, in a rugged kind of French; but it was speedily translated into other languages, and though its marvels did not gain an easy credence, it won an instant popularity, as a fine specimen

of a traveller's tale. The readers, who devoured it open-mouthed, cheerfully disbelieved it, and the author soon seemed as legendary as his adventures. "It is alleged," Sir Henry Yule tells us, "that long after our traveller's death, there was always in the Venetian masques one individual who assumed the name of Marco Million, and told Munchausen-like stories to divert the vulgar." Thus it was that Marco Polo reversed the common experience of travellers, whose fables are most often believed until they are proved to be false. Laughed to scorn by his contemporaries as a concocter of falsehood, he has been proved by the research of later centuries to have been a miracle of truth, and has changed the rôle of harlequin for that of scientific observer.

After a year's imprisonment he returned to Venice, and there he disappears from our ken. Though now and again his name is mentioned in documents, the last years of his life are shrouded in mystery. But his book remains, a splendid monument to a distinguished career. It is one of the few works that is universally accepted without question, and it has been read with pleasure as well as profit by countless generations. The dedication is arrogant in its wide appeal. "Great Princes, Emperors, and Kings," thus it runs, "Dukes and Marquises, Counts, Knights, and Burgesses! and People of all degrees who desire to get knowledge of the various races of mankind and of the diversities

of the sundry regions of the World, take this Book and cause it to be read to you." And the style of the book, which no translation can abolish or even change, was well adapted to win a general popularity. Marco Polo was no pedant: though he has proved a literary inspiration to others, he was himself all unlettered; and with the wonderful legends of Alexander, then as now current in the East, his knowledge of the past began and ended. In other words, he owed far more to life than to books, and spoke the language of action rather than of reflection. Accordingly, his narrative is admirably simple and direct, and as you read you are conscious that he wrote not with the pen but with the voice. Moreover, his age and his subject alike were fresh. He had no need to aim at far-fetched images or elaborate phrases. The marvels which he related were strange enough to attain their due effect without embellishment. He who reveals for the first time the gorgeous East may well be content with a modest style, and Marco Polo heightens the verisimilitude of his narrative by his unvarying simplicity. Moreover, a single word is enough to adorn the traveller's record, which is *simplex munditiis*, "plain in its neatness." So that, in spite of his plainness, or perhaps on account of it, he leaves on your mind an impression of splendour and magnificence, of gold and silver, and spices and precious stones. But even

when he describes the common adventures of every day, he describes them in precisely the right terms. "On leaving the Castle," he writes as he approaches Shibgán, "you ride over fine plains and beautiful valleys and pretty hillsides producing excellent grass pasture, and abundance of fruits and all other products." It is such simple statements as this which give you a sense of the open air, and almost delude you that you too are sharing the pains and pleasures of the Venetian's journey.

But though Marco Polo knew many men and many cities, it was Kublai Khan who won his profoundest respect, and who is the real hero of his book. And well did he deserve the honour, for he was a great emperor both in peace and war. Gifted with an intelligence rare in his age and country, he was free from the prejudices which confuse the minds of smaller men. He protected all religions with an equal hand, and declared that if the Pope would send him a hundred men skilled in law, who should rebuke the practices of the idolaters to their faces, he would receive baptism. Meanwhile he respected the learned men of every nation, and his Court was more highly civilised than the Courts of Western Europe. He was already advanced in years when Marco Polo entered his service. And thus it is that the Venetian describes him: "He is of a good stature, neither tall nor short, but of a middle height. He has a becoming amount of flesh, and

is very shapely in all his limbs. His complexion is white and red, the eyes black and fine, the nose well formed and well set on." Such was the great emperor, whose palace, the greatest that ever was, stood in Cambaluc, the capital of Cathay. In describing this pleasure dome Marco Polo for once exhausts the language of enthusiasm. His style, usually calm, is excited to a sudden admiration. The terrace walks, the pillared balustrades, the dragons, beasts, and birds, all sculptured and gilt, the ceiling enriched with gold and silver and paintings, the great marble staircases, seemed in his eyes miracles of beauty. "The hall of the palace is so large," says he, "that it could easily dine six thousand people. The building is altogether so rich, so vast, and so beautiful that no man on earth could design anything superior to it. The outside of the roof is all covered with vermilion and yellow and green and blue and other hues, which are fixed with a varnish so fine and exquisite that they shine like crystal, and lend a resplendent lustre to the palace as seen for a great way round." It was a fitting stage truly for the pageant of the Great Khan's life. Never did an emperor more pompously sustain the dignity of the throne than this one. A guard of twelve thousand horsemen supported his state; the fashion of his high feast is more splendid than imagination can conceive. Marco Polo, baffled by the luxury, can find no words to describe the dishes served on

these august occasions. But the ceremony of the wine-cup he sets forth with some circumstance. "When the emperor is going to drink," says he, "all the musical instruments, of which he has vast store of every kind, begin to play. And when he takes the cup, all the barons and the rest of the company drop on their knees and make the deepest obeisance before him, and then the emperor doth drink."

The greatest festival of all was held upon New Year's Day, when the Khan and all his court were clothed in white, that good luck may be theirs throughout the year. On this day his subjects offered him gifts, among the rest more than a hundred thousand white horses, beautiful animals, richly caparisoned. But what encouraged Marco Polo to his highest flight of eloquence is the magnificent sport which the Great Khan enjoyed. He had leopards, lynxes, and lions trained to the chase. "And 'tis a rare sight, I can tell you, to see those lions giving chase" to boars and wild cattle, bears, wild asses, and stags. And when it pleased the Emperor to go a-fowling, he took with him ten thousand falconers, and some five hundred gerfalcons, besides peregrines, sakers, and other hawks in great numbers; and he himself was "carried upon four elephants in a fine chamber made of timber, lined inside with plates of beaten gold, and outside with lions' skins." And so he rode with a dozen gerfalcons at his side, and some-

times one of his barons, who followed him on horseback, exclaimed, "Sire! look out for Cranes!" Then the Emperor, to quote Marco Polo's own words, "instantly has the top of his chamber thrown open, and having marked the cranes he casts one of his gerfalcons, whichever he pleases; and often the quarry is struck within his view, so that he has the most exquisite sport and diversion, there as he sits in his chamber or lies on his bed; and all the Barons with him get the enjoyment of it likewise! So it is not without reason I tell you that I do not believe there ever existed in the world, or ever will exist, a man with such sport and enjoyment as he has, or with such rare opportunities." Thus, in a tone of amazed enthusiasm, Marco Polo tells us of the lion who at a certain festival kneels innocuous at the Emperor's feet, and of the bark which with singular cunning he converts into money, and of the wonderful rice-wine which his people drink, and of the black stones which were dug out of the ground and burned like fire-wood, and of the astrolabes which were the pride of Cambaluc, and which till but a year ago still adorned the city of Peking. In Marco Polo's eyes everything was magnificent, and his reader will easily share the traveller's enthusiasm.

From the prose of Marco Polo, Kublai Khan passed into Coleridge's imperishable verse. One night the poet read Marco Polo's description in the pages of Purchas the Pilgrim, and falling asleep he dreamed the

dream which will keep the memory of Kublai Khan for ever fresh. Thus runs the noble prose of Purchas: "In Xaindar did Cublai Can build a stately pallace, encompassing sixteen miles of plaine ground with a wall, wherein are fertile meddowes, pleasant springs, delightful streams, and all sorts of beasts of chase and game, and in the midst thereof a sumptuous house of pleasure." Compare this with Coleridge's splendid verse, and you will have such a commentary upon the translation of prose into poetry as you could not match out of Shakespeare and North's 'Plutarch.'

But if it was the Khan and his court which most vividly touched the imagination of Marco Polo, he kept his eyes and ears open wherever he went, and tells us precisely what we want to know of the strange countries which he traversed — of Armenia the Lesser, whose nobles are "good at naught unless it be at boozing"; of Armenia the Greater, where they weave the best buckram in the world; of Camal, the city of complacent husbands; of Hormuz, where the simoom bakes the bodies of those it kills; of the Lamas, who lead lives of virtue and abstinence; and of many other cities and peoples. Nor is there any lack in his pages of pleasant stories. The Old Man of the Mountain might have stepped out from the pages of Boccaccio or Rabelais. Now, the Old One, as Marco Polo calls him, had turned a certain valley into the most beautiful

garden that ever was seen. "In it were erected the most elegant pavillions and palaces that can be imagined, all covered with gilding and exquisite painting." And there, as in the garden of the Decameron, were beautiful damsels, who could play upon all manner of instruments, and dance and sing. And thus the Old Man made all who came therein believe they were in paradise, nor was any man permitted to enter the garden except those whom the Old Man intended to be an assassin. But once within the sacred enclosure, whereto they were carried drugged and asleep, the youths could not leave unless their master sent them on a mission. "Go thou, he would say, and slay So-and-so, and when thou returnest my Angels shall bear thee into Paradise. And shouldst thou die, natheless even so will I send my Angels to carry thee back into Paradise." And so the foolish ones believed him, and felt that in either case they were sure of Paradise; while, as for the Old One, he could rid himself by murder of all his foes and inspire his rivals with a great dread. But the Old Man aroused the wrath of the Lord of the Tartars, who besieged his city for three years, put him to death, and levelled his paradise to the earth. His successors have never since practised assassination, and we read with something of a shock that the last of them, the direct heir of the Vieux de la Montagne, is the chief patron and promoter of the Bombay turf,

and devotes the large income that he receives from the faithful to the maintenance of a racing-stable.

But the mere fact that the Old Man of the Mountain has a living heir, is an excellent illustration of Marco Polo's truth. That which he saw may still be seen to-day, degenerate, yet the same. Indeed, the great work accomplished by Sir Henry Yule, whose name will be for ever honourably associated with Marco Polo's, was to prove the accurate observation and patient sincerity of the Venetian traveller. Some early commentators were disposed to rank Marco Polo higher than all his rivals, even than Columbus himself. But his greatness stands in no need of exaggeration, and he achieved so much that it is superfluous to overrate him. And what he did is so valiantly described by Sir Henry Yule that in honour of them both we will quote the editor's own words. "Marco Polo," says he,

"was the first traveller to trace a route across the whole longitude of Asia, naming and describing Kingdom after Kingdom which he had seen with his own eyes; the Deserts of Persia, the flowering plateaus and wild gorges of Badakhshan, the jade-bearing rivers of Khotan, the Mongolian Steppes, cradle of the power that had so lately threatened to swallow up Christendom, the new and brilliant court that had been established at Kambaluc: the first traveller to reveal China in all its wealth and vastness, its mighty rivers, its huge cities, its rich manufactures, its swarming population, the inconceivably vast fleets that quickened its seas, and its inland waters; to tell us of the nations on its borders with all their eccentricities of man-

ners and worship ; of Thibet with its sordid devotees ; of Burmah with its golden pagodas and their tinkling crowns ; of Laos, of Siam, of Cochin China, of Japan, the Eastern Thule, with its rosy pearls and golden-roofed palaces. The first to speak of that museum of beauty and wonder, the Indian archipelago, still so imperfectly ransacked ; of Java, the pearl of islands ; of Sumatra with its many Kings, its strange costly products and its cannibal races ; of the naked savages of Nicobar and Andaman ; of Ceylon, the Isle of Gems, and its Sacred Mountain and its Tomb of Adam ; of India the Great, not as a dream-land of Alexandrian fables, but as a country seen and partially explored, with its virtuous Brahmins, its obscene ascetics, its diamonds and the strange tales of their acquisition, its sea-beds of pearl, and its powerful sun ; the first in medieval times to give any distinct account of the secluded Christian empire of Abyssinia, and the semi-Christian island of Socotra ; to speak, though indeed dimly, of Zanzibar with its negroes and its ivory, and of the vast and distant Madagascar, bordering on the Dark Ocean of the South, with its ruc and other monstrosities, and, in a remotely opposite region, of Siberia and the Arctic Ocean, of dog-sledges, white bears, and reindeer-riding Tunguses."

It is a proud achievement,

and while the traveller long ago won immortality, Sir Henry Yule's erudite edition is universally recognised as a worthy exposition of a great book. The notes which justify the narrative of Marco Polo are marvels of scholarship. Nothing is neglected which shall throw light upon the text, and Sir Henry Yule's thoroughness is proved by the scanty additions which M. Henri Cordier has found it necessary to make. It remains to add that Miss Yule's life of her father, prefixed to this third edition, is an admirable account of a singularly fortunate career. Sir Henry Yule distinguished himself as a soldier, a traveller, a statesman, and a man of letters. It is but the other day that his 'Hobson-Jobson,' a remarkable glossary of Anglo-Indian terms, was published, and now we welcome this other monument to his memory, which will be kept green as long as the name of Marco Polo is treasured in the world.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

LORD SALISBURY—AN UNBENDING TORY—HIS INDIFFERENCE TO PUBLIC OPINION—HIS REPUTATION ON THE CONTINENT—THE MINGLED GRAVITY AND RIDICULE OF HIS SPEECHES—A CONSISTENT CAREER—‘MAN AND SUPERMAN’—MR G. B. SHAW, THE REVOLUTIONIST—THE COMPLETE AUTHOR AND HIS REWARD—HALF A MILLION WORDS A-YEAR.

LORD SALISBURY was the last of England's great statesmen. Both in mind and method he belonged to an older fashion of governance than his contemporaries or immediate predecessors. Disraeli was a brilliant meteor which flashed across our sky, and which had as little to do with the system of English politics as a chance comet has to do with the solar system. Mr Gladstone, again, was no more than an unhappy episode. A histrionic gift enabled him at once to bully his colleagues and to flatter the people; but as he broke the tradition of the past, so he left none for the future, and to-day his career has no other than an archæological value. But Lord Salisbury was, and will probably remain, the last link in the great chain of English politics. That he has left none behind who will worthily carry on his work is not his fault: it is his triumph that he was more closely related to his ancestor, the great Lord Burleigh, than to any of the colleagues with whom he acted in a political career of more than half a century.

From the first moment that he took his seat in Parliament as Lord Robert Cecil he revealed himself a stern, unbend-

ing Tory. He preached the doctrine of reaction with an eloquence and a logic which should have been irresistible. The battles which he fought in those early days were long ago won by the other side; but defeat does not impair the justice of a cause, and had Lord Robert Cecil been successful in his championship this England of ours would doubtless have been a happier place. He opposed the repeal of the paper duty on the adequate ground that “no person of education could learn anything worth knowing from a penny paper.” He supported the Irish Church with the passion of one for whom Church and State were indissoluble; and wisely dreading the encroachment of democracy, he did his utmost to prevent the lowering of the franchise. But while he was a reactionary, he kept always within the bounds of the constitution. He clearly recognised that, once the people had the vote, the opinion of the people must be accepted, even with sorrow and without respect. To attempt to bring the voters to a better mind was of course the duty of every patriotic statesman. “But,” said he to the House of Lords,

"when the opinion of your countrymen has declared itself, and you see that their convictions—their firm, deliberate, sustained convictions—are in favour of any course, I do not for a moment deny that it is your duty to yield." The process of yielding, Lord Salisbury allowed, might be unpleasant; but it was constitutional, and being a sound Tory, Lord Salisbury respected the constitution. A Minister might resign, a member of the Commons' House might appeal to his constituents. For a peer there was no course but to exercise his suspensory veto as long as possible, and then to yield.

And Lord Salisbury yielded so loyally that when the Irish Church was at last disestablished, he did his best to restore harmony to the opposing factions. So, too, after the passing of the Reform Bill in 1867, he suppressed his hostility to Disraeli, and remained his faithful colleague for many years, conscious that the discomfiture of Mr Gladstone was a strong and worthy bond between them. But the real chance of his life did not come until (in 1877) he was appointed Foreign Minister. And henceforth he represented England abroad with equal skill and determination. So great was his authority, that a speech delivered by him in London found its instant effect in Paris or Berlin, in St Petersburg or Washington. From first to last he upheld the honour of England, with an energetic patriotism which entitled him

to a place by the side of the strong rulers who have directed the fortunes of our country. He was strong as Cromwell, Chatham, Pitt, and Beaconsfield were strong, and for the same reason: he turned a deaf ear to the siren popularity. He had formed a too intimate acquaintance with the press to overvalue its praise or its blame. When once his mind was made up, he hardened his heart against criticism, knowing perfectly well that he himself, with the essential facts before him, was better able to arrive at a just conclusion than the intrepid and irresponsible writers of leading articles. In old times it was easy enough for a statesman to ignore the popular clamour, but nowadays they are few, indeed, who will turn a deaf ear towards the raucous and insistent voice of the people.

It was this stern detachment from the gossip and scandal which degrade the politics of to-day that was the chief source of Lord Salisbury's strength. In fighting England's battles he did not confront two adversaries, one abroad, another at home. There was an enemy at home, blatant and unashamed, which attacked him with a persistent violence; but he neither knew nor cared anything of him, and thus he was able to face the opponents of his country with an equal and undivided mind. The measure of his success is the reputation which he enjoyed on the continent of Europe. It was the pleasure as well as the policy of Ger-

many to underrate his intelligence and achievements. That Bismarck ever described him as a lath painted to look like iron we do not believe. But if Bismarck had said it, it would have been with the deliberate attempt to belittle a redoubtable adversary. Above all, it is noteworthy that the day after his death the German press was united in depreciation. With a cunning which will deceive nobody, it praised Lord Salisbury's domestic policy, and threw the doubt of silence upon his handling of foreign affairs. No statesman ever received a higher compliment, no nation was ever more eloquently informed that its trust had been safely reposed in that statesman's hands.

But Lord Salisbury not only detached his mind from the observations of newspapers and other critics; he stood apart from the people which he governed. If he was respected, he was never popular. He did not cut a conspicuous figure in the public eye, as did Mr Gladstone; and it may be said in his praise that the heart of England never beat the quicker for his presence. He was willing enough to do the work, he was unwilling to assume the ornamental pose, of government. Nor did he ever forget that he was, in one of his incarnations, a great feudal lord, the head of an ancient house, to whom any close approach to the world outside was distasteful. Not that he was ever inappositely conscious of his position. But being, like all great men, of a simple temperament, he was

more interested in the essentials of life and politics than in their superficial appurtenances. Society, in its conventional sense, meant little or nothing to him. When he was not busied with affairs of state, he was engrossed in science or literature, and these engrossing interests again restricted his knowledge of the world outside. The last Ministry over which he presided consisted largely of his kinsmen, and a wit suggested in explanation of the Prime Minister's choice that he knew nobody save his own family. And though due allowance must be made for epigram, it is true that Lord Salisbury was exclusive even to narrowness. But there was another reason why he should have chosen his colleagues from a small circle: he was confident in the belief that, except at the very top, one man was as good as another, and that if only the leader were sound, the selection of his colleagues was a matter of indifference.

In this attitude there is no doubt a touch of cynicism, without whose recognition Lord Salisbury's character will never be intelligible. He was something of a cynic both in speech and thought, and it was this quality which found him an honoured place on the staff of 'The Saturday Review.' The habit of flouting, which that eminent journal encouraged, never left him. In his best speeches gravity and ridicule were happily blended, and he remained unto the end a master of jeers and jibes. The timid

politician deplored his levity, but this very levity gave weight and substance to his speeches. A phrase may often exert a weightier influence than an argument, and a strong man need not fear if now and again he give offence. Once when it was objected that he had given up too large a slice of Africa to the French, he replied that the ceded territory was light of soil, and therefore admirably adapted to French methods of agriculture. The territory, of course, was desert, and the explanation may have been galling to our neighbours; but the jest, however deplorable it may have been on the tongue of a weak man, was justified by Lord Salisbury's firmness, and was entirely characteristic of his temperament. On another occasion, when America had fortified a diplomatic despatch with documents which were obviously forged, Lord Salisbury opened his reply with these words, "Referring to such portions of your despatch as are not forgeries," &c. Here was no heavily expressed reproof. Here was no lofty invocation to the practice of diplomacy. The phrase was merely a clear and simple proof that Lord Salisbury was not the dupe of his adversaries, and it carried more weight (one is sure) than an elaborate argument.

Above all, Lord Salisbury was impressive—impressive in appearance, in speech, in action. He was a big man, who knew perfectly well how to overawe his hearers. A scholar, well versed in letters, he informed his speeches with a style which

was perfectly characteristic and appropriate. He was a complete contrast to Mr Gladstone, in that he possessed none of the vices of the actor. He got his effect not by oratorical display but by close logical argument; and if he allowed himself any freedom, it was a freedom not of rhetoric but of epigram. At the same time, the English of his orations was always sound and concise. It was said of Burke that his speeches, intolerable to hear, aroused their readers to enthusiasm. It is true of Mr Gladstone that his oratory, apt to stir any emotion, could not stand the black and white of print. Lord Salisbury holds a place midway between these two politicians. His speeches, lucid when they were heard, still convinced when they stood in type, and a well-selected volume of them would make as good a handbook of modern Toryism as could be found.

For his career was curiously consistent. He was at the end very much what he was at the beginning. Though, in accordance with his own doctrine of the British constitution, he loyally accepted such changes as were inevitable, he opposed innovation as long as he could, and never accepted a Radical measure because it seemed expedient. Herein he differed widely from his political chief, Lord Beaconsfield. That great statesman's prophetic imagination enabled him to forestall the firm opinion of the people. Wisely foreseeing the future, he educated his party to steal a march upon its

opponents, and so mitigated the danger of radicalism. But Lord Salisbury was practical rather than imaginative. He knew what he wished to achieve, and pursued his end with a consistent determination. A sincere believer in tradition, he defended the existing institutions of the country—Church, State, and Property—with unswerving fidelity. And, true to his trust at home, he was a loyal defender of England's privileges and prestige abroad. In all things he was firm. "Our national fault," said he, "is that too much softness has crept into our counsels;" and even his dislike of the Turk was based not upon sentiment, as the foolish believed, but upon policy. His knowledge of men and affairs, moreover, was unrivalled, for he had outlived all his great antagonists, and an early sojourn in the colonies had given him an experience which they all lacked. Wherefore his loss is incalculable, and our one ray of hope is that the tradition which he received from the past may be revived after him, that there may some day arise in England a Minister, strong and single-minded, who shall take the lamp, which he has put down, and shall solve the difficulties of the future by the statesmanship of the past.

It is a strange experience to turn from the practical politics of Lord Salisbury to the vain imaginings of Mr George Bernard Shaw, who also, we believe, aspires to be a statesman, or at least a county

councillor. Now Mr Shaw is a revolutionist, and it is characteristic of the revolutionist to pretend that he can correct all the mistakes of history and cure all the follies of mankind by a formula. He will not take anything for granted; he cheerfully closes his eyes to the common facts of life; and believes that by a change of system he will endow mankind with fresh qualities. This might be all very well if the world were a vacuum, and if a supreme experimentalist were minded to breed a new race, as we breed bull-dogs, by artificial selection. But the world is very old, and its tradition is very strong. The revolutionist, therefore, is, and will always be, impotent. The most that he can achieve is to kill a king—a futile proceeding, which rids the world of one revolutionist, who very properly dies on the scaffold, and for the rest leaves matters precisely where they were before. But the worst of the revolutionist is that he always strikes what Matthew Arnold called a provincial note. He thinks himself a very fine fellow, but he is little better than the old-fashioned Methodist in a new disguise. Though his proper place is Little Bethel, he fondly believes that he is emancipated from the ancient trammels, and is walking in the forefront of intelligence. At the same time, he commonly adopts a semi-jocular air, as though opposition to his ideas were a clear proof of invincible stupidity. Mr Shaw, for instance, reminds us of

nothing so much as a Passive Resister making a furtive jest about an auction sale. He seems to cherish some vague aspiration, which is highly improper in a man of his years. He is eloquent concerning perfectibility, emancipation, and all the strange meaningless hopes of generous and uninstructed youth. The most of men have in their boyhood walked about with a cheap edition of Shelley or another in their pocket; it is a tiresome trait in Mr Shaw that he has never taken this cheap edition out. Once it was Shelley, then it was Ibsen, and now it is Nietzsche, and he does not realise that, for the purposes of practical life, Nietzsche is no more valuable than Whitfield (let us say) or General Booth. And so with a child-like faith in improvement, he has composed a work called 'Man and Superman' (London: Constable) which, in the guise of a tediously elaborate joke, shall reform the human race. There was a time when he believed that Ibsenism and a general contempt for the marriage-vow were a panacea for all the ills of frail humanity; and then he would have imposed upon all the tyranny of a "freedom" far more tedious than the autocracy of the law. But this rough-and-ready panacea no longer satisfies him. Nietzsche has ousted Ibsen, and Mr Shaw, patiently obedient to his last fad, is now convinced that the only hope of the commonwealth is to replace the man by the superman. It, of course, is the mere jargon of

a new Methodism, and, despite the advocacy of Mr Shaw, it will have no influence either for good or evil upon our ancient world.

It may be conceded, then, that the Methodists of the class to which Mr Shaw belongs are happily ineffectual. Yet they have an interest of curiosity, and they may be examined in the same cold spirit wherein the entomologist examines a strange specimen. Mr Shaw, for instance, can never forget, even when he is writing a play, that he is a vestryman. His character, he tells us, with a complete absence of humour, is as "solid as bricks," and we are only too ready to believe him. He has a conscience,—excellent possession; but of what use is a conscience if it be not directed by knowledge of the world? His friends, we believe, regard him as a finished jester; it is therefore the more unfortunate that his sense of humour is imperfect. The greater part of his most recent work is a play composed upon the theme of Don Juan, and had he been keenly alive to the ridiculous, he would not have described an act of his play as a Shavio-Socratic dialogue. Still less would he have compared himself to the author of Hamlet. "Shakespeare," says he, "had no conscience. Neither have I in that sense"; though the county councillor—which is nine-tenths of Mr Shaw—is "conscience" and little else. Nor, again, were he gifted with humour, would he describe Shakespeare as a fashionable author. But that is the

Methodist all over; the most poignant drama, the most brilliant romance, if they do not make for the instant amelioration of the race, are in the eyes of the vestryman worse than useless; and as Mr Shaw cannot find in "King Lear" or "Othello" the sustenance which his soul desires, he falls back heavily upon Bunyan, and a scorn of what he is pleased to call *belles lettres*. But here once more his lack of humour deceives him, for Bunyan is above all a professor of *belles lettres*, who has been remembered, not because, in the immortal phrase of Mr Edmund Gosse, he "kept the language of the poor hardy and picturesque," but because he was an artist whose style and drama have endeared him to many generations of men of letters.

After what we have said, it is superfluous to point out that Mr Shaw takes himself far too seriously, or that the end and beginning of his achievement is to astonish the philistine. That, in truth, is so simple a trick that it is hardly worth performing. For the rest, his Don Juan is a vestryman, and drawn, ingenuously enough, after Mr Shaw himself. At the same time, we note a certain advance in this last work. Time was when Mr Shaw was ready to reform the world by an equality of the sexes. But he is now wisely convinced that this wheeze is played out, and so he has invented another. He has discovered that "every Englishman loves and desires a pedigree"; wherefore, he thinks, "King Demos must be bred like all other

kings." Happily he does not pursue the question further—that, he thinks, would be impossible for an individual writer in a single pamphlet. He suggests a conference, which, of course, will never be held, and concerning whose deliberations, were it held, he could not be sanguine. Nor is the suggestion even original. It was made many years ago in a tone of excellent banter by Sir Francis Galton. However, Mr Shaw may safely be left to bring ridicule upon his own schemes. Possibly he does not think them any more important than we do. But we may protest against the Don Juan who utters platitudes that would shame a county councillor, and we may regret that Mr Shaw, who, if he be deficient in humour, has sometimes a pretty wit, should waste his time in so idle and foolish a pursuit as revolution. For the revolutionist ploughs the sand. This world of ours, in its passage through space, has collected far more wisdom than ever can be acquired by an emancipated "thinker" who has just discovered Nietzsche. The facts of life are too stubborn to be changed by an opinion, and he will never be a winner who persistently breaks the rules of the game. Therefore we may regard a commonplace chatter of Methodism, socialism, and all the other -isms with indifference. And as for Mr Shaw, he is incorrigible. From time to time he changes his tub; but whatever be its shape and substance, he thumps it

with the same misapplied vigour.

After reading Mr Shaw's purposed eccentricities, we happened upon an excellent antidote, in a little book modestly styled 'The Truth about an Author,' the writer of which, with a modesty equal to his title, conceals his name. There is no nonsense about this author. It is evident that he does not desire to improve his fellows; he is not even a county councillor; and he will mislead no one to believe in a false theory of emancipation. He cares as little for *belles lettres* as Mr Shaw himself, and if he ever knew what "superman" meant, he would frankly and candidly prefer "man." He is an "author," and proud of the title, but he recognises that authorship is a trade like another, and he plainly asserts that only one end justifies its pursuit—money. Some allowance must be made for effect. So practised an author as this would not write without attempting to amuse his public, and amusement is not always compatible with truth. But for the most part we may believe what the author says; we may accept his experience as the general experience of his class; and we can only condole with him on a very sordid career. Yet our pity is recklessly thrown away. Our author has lost no illusions, for he never had any. He is not like the hero of Balzac's novel, who sold his artistic conscience for comfort and luxury. His conscience, stern in money

matters, is not artistic, and he is perfectly satisfied so long as he earns in an hour as much as he believes his time is worth. Nor did he ever consider literature his vocation. "I have never wanted to write," says he, "until the extrinsic advantages of writing had presented themselves to me." And he took no pains to fit himself for the trade which he adopted. He declares that never in the whole of his life has he devoted one day to the systematic study of literature. Nevertheless he boasts that his memory is tenacious, his taste sound, and his faculty for appearing to know more than he does boundless. So that if literature might have seemed beyond his reach, he was clearly born to be a journalist.

It is not strange, therefore, that the happiest moment of his life was when he left a lawyer's office for the silken dalliance of a society journal. "I am going on the staff of a paper," said he vaingloriously; and he owns with a surprising ingenuousness that he was entranced by the tricks and shifts of fashionable journalism. Thereafter, if his confession be true, he has written novels and plays; he has constructed serial stories for the newspapers; he has reviewed innumerable books; he has even stood between other authors and their public in the position of a publisher's reader; and in these multifarious capacities he has kept his mind steadily fixed upon a balance at his bank. The rules by which he has always

guided his conduct are models of worldly wisdom. He long ago determined that he would never work "upon piece-work" for less than ten shillings an hour—a pronouncement which suggests a brand-new trades-union, with secretaries, black-legs, and pickets complete. But every year he raises his price per hour, and it is evident that he runs his profession on strictly business-like lines. He has many strings to his bow; he knows his trade; and he "writes half a million words a-year." Think of it, ye men of letters, who recognise how stubborn is thought, how yet more stubborn is the English tongue! Do you not envy this Admirable Crichton, who unites a miraculous facility with a keen talent for finance? Half a million words a-year! There's eloquence for you! And all paid for at a rapidly increasing rate! Truly, it is not ink but gold that drops from his fortunate pen. And he is not dependent upon a shifting fashion; for as fashion shifts he is ready to shift too, and it will go hard with him if a single penny is ever docked from his comfortable income.

Writing, says he, is a question of words, and with perfect logic he arrives at the conclusion: that "unsuccessful plays are more remunerative than many successful novels." This opinion, based upon a wide experience, will be gall and wormwood to our few great dramatists, who fondly believe that they have mastered a difficult and esoteric trade. Yet the

author's argument is lucid enough. "The average play contains from eighteen to twenty thousand words; the average novel contains eighty thousand." Wherefore it follows, as night the day, that the average novel, absorbing four times as much ink as the average play, should receive a reward four times as great. It is a simple method of computation, and we like it for the same reason that Lord Melbourne liked the Garter, because there is "no damned merit about it."

An author with so fine a sense of arithmetic could but have one end: success manifest and triumphant. There is no aspirant but will envy the perfect ease and equipment of his life. He lives in the country; he has a Dalmatian dog with pink chaps and a sound pedigree. He has a grey mare; likewise a brown cob; and he is obviously in an excellent position to discuss the absorbing topic of the price per thousand with the friend who is lucky enough to spend a week-end with him. But what does all this matter to us, or to anybody, save the author himself? If, as the philosopher said, we take a pleasure in the misfortunes of others, why should we be asked to marvel at the Dalmatian dog and the brown cob of an anonymous stranger? Indeed, it shows to what a pass of ignominy "authorship" has come, that such a book as this should have been written even in jest. We would not for one moment take it seriously, if it

did not hint at the estimation in which "literature" is held nowadays, if it did not indicate the essential indelicacy which disgraces the craft of letters.

Suppose a barrister were to sit himself down to divulge to the public the secrets of his profession, he would speak of something besides money. He would not be content to explain what was the value of his work per hour, what was the price of his eloquence per thousand words. He would surely describe the practice of law, and discuss the art of cross-examination. But directly the "author" ceases to add another thousand to his half-a-million words, he begins to boast of his income. And it is not altogether his fault. Syndicates, agents, and multiple-reviewers have so debauched his trade, that if he have not a noble temperament or a high respect for literature, he cannot help vaunting his wealth or intriguing for good notices. In the simple old times a better habit prevailed. A man had something to say, or thought he had, and when he had written it out in a clear hand, he submitted it to a publisher, who printed it if it won his approval, and returned it if it did not. But nowadays nothing is done simply. The plainest transaction must be complicated by the intrigues of middlemen. "Serial fiction," for instance, as our author tells us in an instructive chapter, "is sold and bought just like any other fancy goods." Not even the editor of a magazine can face the novelist who illumines

his pages without many interventions. First comes the manager of the syndicate, and he again deals not with the author but with the author's agent; and as these two gentlemen must make sure of their profit before any business is completed, there are few pickings left for the author or his publisher. Throughout the whole transaction the quality of the work is not considered. A name, of course, may carry a commercial weight, but once the name has found its value, it matters nothing to the agent or the syndicate what is the stuff to which it is affixed. The fancy goods, of course, perish very soon. They wear out as quickly as the boots supplied to the British soldier. Their poor quality is exposed as speedily as are the falsehoods which give a sparkle to our cheaper press. But they last long enough for the syndicate and the agents; and America has wisely discovered that the best place for their sale is a dry goods store.

When the agent and the syndicate have properly "handled" their wares, these wares fall into the hands of the reviewer, who in his modern shape is the syndicate's valuable ally. Sometimes the reviewer, forgetting that the dog is entitled to his bite and no more, will "criticise" the same book in half a dozen places. He can thus save himself trouble, while increasing his malice; and if he invent enough pseudonyms, he can pleasantly gull the public by referring for support from one incarnation of himself to an-

other. But on the subject of reviewing, the author who tells the truth about himself has many curious revelations to make. His industry is prodigious, as a few figures will show. He devotes a hundred and fifty thousand words a year to the criticism of books alone. He reviews a book and a bit every day of his life, Sundays included, and we only regret that he did not tell us how much the raw material of a year's criticism weighs in avoirdupois, and how far it would reach on the road to St Petersburg if it were properly flattened out. And the amazing part of it is that he fits his reviewing into his spare moments. Of course he does not read the books which he reviews. Why should he? It would not be worth his while. Besides, the books of commerce are not made to be read. They are confected merely for the syndicate and the reviewer, and the reviewer has a summary way of dealing with them. Our author, for instance, is justly proud of his ability. "I well know," says he, "that there are not many men who can come fresh to a pile of new books, tear the entrails out of them, and

write a fifteen-hundred word *causerie* on them, passably stylistic, all inside sixty minutes." *Causerie* is good; stylistic is still better; and we are quite sure that the author of this spirited boast has few rivals. But what in the world have all these statistics to do with literature or authorship? We have travelled far upon the road of progress since Lockhart stung in 'The Quarterly' and Jeffrey thundered in 'The Edinburgh.' In those days a writer waited patiently for three months to hear the verdict of his critic. Now his book is reviewed unread on the day of publication, and is forgotten in a week. In those days the few books which got into print were conned at leisure. Now the syndicates and agents contrive that every one who can hold a pen shall write a novel, and send it, bad spelling and all, to the publishers. Of course the older fashion was better, and, alas! we shall never return to it. But is it too much to hope that the next time an "author" condescends to enlighten the people concerning his craft, he will rise, at least for a page or two, above the till?

HUMILIATION.

IN every decently organised modern community the direction of national affairs is in the hands of men for the most part trained to arms under a system of universal liability to service. It is inevitable that these men should remain, in all their habits of thought and action, in close and constant touch with the thoughts, inspirations, and ideals of their national strategy, and that the needs of their military position should ever be remembered. For the greater part the leading statesmen of continental Europe, and even of America, have themselves been actors in dramatic episodes of their country's history, and realise to the full the vital claims of national security, without which all the rest is but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

It has not been so with us. Not one of our leading statesmen has ever witnessed his country in the throes and convulsions of a national war, never realised the overwhelming calamity of a national defeat; and our Empire, powerful in the mass, potentially irresistible, but vulnerable in many of its parts and exposed to the assaults of many foes, has never had a tithe of the attention paid to the guarding of its integrity that has been devoted to a hundred subsidiary matters of local complexion and ephemeral importance.

There has thus arisen, imperceptibly and by degrees, an

impenetrable wall between the governing and the fighting services; and the late campaign, with all the cost and suffering it entailed, will not have been fought in vain if its many bitter lessons cause this wall to be broken down by the irresistible pressure of public opinion.

From the point of view of the highest interest and future welfare of our country, the war has been nothing less than a blessing in disguise, for one can have no hesitation in affirming that had one of the Great Powers been our foe,—and we have been twice on the verge of war within the last ten years,—the neglect of the whole work of the Intelligence Division, which Lord Elgin's Commission so sternly records, would have had far more fatal and disastrous consequences.

Important as rapid military action is for every State on the Continent, the immediate sequence of the first blow after the last word is many times more necessary for us, many times more difficult to ensure, with territories scattered on every sea, far from the citadel of the Empire and far from support, with Powers great and small bordering on our distant frontiers, and ready, as Kruger was, to take full advantage of the disabilities of our position at the outbreak of war.

A close and cordial alliance between diplomacy and the fighting services entails duties

upon both alike: upon the former, acquaintance with the broad lines and leading principles of national strategy at home and abroad; and upon the latter, a correct appreciation of the diplomatic situation, so that the weapons in the forging may be made suitable to the attainment of the ends in view.

We may be quite prepared to go a very long way with the humanitarians and agree that war itself is an anachronism, and that the method in vogue of solving the disagreements of diplomatists by cutting and carving into small pieces the bodies of humble individuals by lances, lyddite, and other resources of civilisation, is a hideous survival of medieval barbarity. That is perfectly true, and all those who desire to harmonise the practice of nations with the precepts of humanity could not be better employed than by proclaiming *urbe et orbi* the advantages of the tribunal at The Hague, at present boycotted by all the forces of reaction in Europe—a tribunal which offers to all who seek its kindly aid betimes an easy and honourable issue from the sanguinary mania of massacre by proxy.

But until the educated sentiment of the people of the world, led as it probably will be in the future by America, forces the principle of arbitration upon its governing classes, we cannot afford to stand naked in the midst of a world in arms. In 1899 the Tsar advised the principle of disarmament: in the same year we practised it, and the disappointments we derived

from the practice were not entirely of a reassuring or an encouraging nature.

Lord Elgin's Commission has in one sense done its work in a highly satisfactory manner: it has collected an immense mass of evidence in the two ponderous volumes which accompany the Report, and a carefully arranged index enables the public to learn the opinions of many of our leading soldiers upon the whole gamut of the art of war. As a primer or thesaurus for those who desire to learn the stately art of British war from books, these volumes are certainly indispensable. The Report itself is little more than a summary of this evidence, and the Commissioners have been chary of expressing any opinion upon the greater part of the facts presented. Although this procedure entails some disadvantages in the public interest, and requires that all those who claim or desire to influence their fellow-citizens shall read, mark, learn, and digest for themselves, there can be no doubt that the general trend of the evidence is so clear, the condemnation of our military system so explicit, and the volume of testimony so overwhelming, that no harsh words which the Commissioners might have used could in any way have heightened the colours of this truly lamentable picture. In so far as the proved absence of preparation for all war is concerned, there can be no question that the Government, in its corporate capacity and collective respon-

sibility, stands unanimously condemned at the bar of public opinion. They had information from the Intelligence Division which, if less full and less complete than might have been secured had the department not been deliberately starved, neglected, and undermanned, was still sufficient to make it abundantly evident that the adventure towards which we were helplessly drifting was a dangerous one. This information was entirely neglected. Even when war could no longer be averted, when despatches had been sent which almost necessarily entailed war, there was still a fatal blindness; and despite representations, by many heads of departments and by the Admiralty, to the effect that several weeks were required to complete the preliminary arrangements, not one shilling was given to either service until the very eve of mobilisation.

In every Continental State it has been recognised that there will often, if not generally, be a period in critical negotiations standing midway between the state of war and the state of peace, as there was upon this occasion. This stage is known as the "period of political tension," and the moment it is reached the fact is officially communicated to the fighting services, who then proceed without further ado to make those quiet and unostentatious preparations which our soldiers and sailors asked in vain to be allowed to begin long before the necessary per-

mission was obtained. This system had been fully understood by the Intelligence Division, and communicated years ago to the Government, which took no steps whatever to imitate the practice of its neighbours.

The country will thank Lord Elgin for not venturing upon any discussion of the military operations themselves, and for not apportioning praise or blame for success and failure in the field, despite the bait artlessly dangled before him by his terms of reference. On these points the public has already sufficiently made up its mind, and has no inclination to resume its inquest on reputations. The Commission very properly describes the whole of the accounts of general and particular operations handed in to them as *ex parte* statements, and blandly ignores them. Useful for reference, desirable for purposes of history, these glimpses into the sometimes labyrinthine recesses of the minds of some of the chief actors in the war are not the matters upon which enlightenment is desired, nor things upon which it is now at all necessary to dwell.

Through all the entangled mass of facts presented the public reads its way with two main questions constantly recurring to its mind. Who was responsible for our unpreparedness? and what steps are needed to prevent a recurrence of this calamity? It is all important to draw the right deduction from the evidence as a whole, in the sense of

discovering a remedy for a state of affairs which is nothing less than a national humiliation. No number of scapegoats can atone for the pitiful figure which the country has cut before a world of mocking rivals, to the inestimable discredit of its international status; no amount of gibbeting of our failures can allow us, one and all, to escape the dust and ashes of repentance for our past disregard of primary national interests.

For years before the war the public, irrespective of party, had advisedly and with open eyes accepted a military system which was hopelessly irrelevant to the special needs, the vast area, and the heavy responsibilities of the Empire. The active army was notoriously inadequate to confront a serious war, pre-eminently a defensive police inapt for conquest, and incapable of contending with the armies of the weakest of its rivals. Behind it was a vast unformed mass of men with muskets—wrongly sighted and with useless ammunition—and abroad no serious effort had been made to recognise the needs and utilise the immense resources of our great possessions. It was not that the number and the cost of the troops we maintained all over the world was too small and too low. The contrary was the case. We maintained, and still maintain, nearly 1,200,000 men in time of peace in all categories of our armed forces, while the cost of their establishment has steadily mounted up until it begins to border

upon that of a permanent state of war. The perpetuation of this carnival of folly is calculated to wear down even our great resources, and to bleed us white before the contest arrives. It is not men that are wanted but a Man—a Man and a System—to sweep up all this military dust and place our house in order. That Man we have not yet found and that system we have not yet discovered: the whole of the vaunted reforms of the past three years have only served to more closely and fatally rivet the time-honoured chains upon the suffering form of the British Prometheus. It is abundantly clear that when the crisis came upon us we were disarmed despite these portentous figures. The fighting army had to be created *ab ovo* after the outbreak of war, by the light of nature, by private effort, by the act and deed of the people themselves. It had been nobody's business to utilise the mass of information stored by the activity of the Intelligence Division, nobody's business to co-ordinate the organisation of the Army with any task it might conceivably have to execute in time of war, nobody's business to recognise and profit by the vast potential strength of our dominions beyond the seas. Precedent, subordination, tradition, habit, routine, red-tape, and the Treasury combined to shackle our every movement.

The revelations of the witnesses who spoke out so fearlessly before the Commission

disclose a far more serious state of affairs than even the most pessimistic had conceived. The Army was totally unready for war; and whether it be men, *matériel*, guns, ammunition, clothing, hospitals, horses, waggons, transport, or what not, there is nothing but one long unvarying tale of hopeless unreadiness, only relieved by the splendid manner in which all strove, when the crisis came, to atone for deficiencies by superhuman exertions.

In ancient days there were a variety of acts of reprisal to which the populace resorted when their interests had been betrayed. There was impeachment, the block, the pillory, and the rack, besides various forms of sequestration of properties and goods. Most of these somewhat drastic but exceedingly effective modes of public resentment have unhappily fallen into disuse, except the pillory, which has been resuscitated by the modern press, and a form of sequestration represented by the loss of public emoluments. The victim no longer loses his head, but he loses all the more readily his reputation; and the report of the War Commission has, in the unanimous opinion of the press, torn away the last shreds of political reputation from all those who have occupied positions of responsibility combined with power at the War Office during recent years. More serious and significant than all is the weighty and measured statement of the Commissioners that they see no sign that a future crisis

may not find us equally unprepared.

Is there no sign, no vestige of improvement? In our humble judgment, the single encouraging symptom in the whole report is the constantly recurring evidence of the silent but steady activity of the reorganised Committee of Defence. The mountain is in labour! and we must await the moment of its delivery with what patience we may, with fervent hope that it will give birth to something more formidable than the traditional offspring. With a gravity which he alone could be capable of maintaining under the circumstances, Mr Brodrick naïvely declares that none of his schemes are now to be considered as finally adopted until they have received the impress of the hall-mark of the Defence Committee. *Io triumphe!* That is good news indeed, and one can spare oneself the pain of commenting on a declaration which is at once so comprehensive and so damaging. The misspent millions of the last three years will gladly be written off the books of the State as bad debts, in the knowledge that the Defence Committee has formed its own policy and intends to see it carried out. It is the first tender ray of the dawn of reform, and requires a lyrical poet to do it justice.

Moderate as the Commission is in all expression of opinion, it gives it very clearly to be understood that it considers the reform of the War Office itself to be the first and most necessary change required in the Army.

It shows that it has no sanguine hope from the proceedings of the past few years that any adequate steps have been taken to prevent a recurrence of the shameful events of 1899, and, seeking about for the *teterrima causa*, singles out the mandarins of the War Office, places them in the dock, dons the black cap, and proceeds to pass sentence of death in calm, dispassionate, and judicial terms.

In proposing to abolish the office of Commander-in-Chief and to reorganise the War Office on the lines of the Board of Admiralty, the Commissioners deserve the full and cordial support of the public, who can take their part in the good work by insisting that every candidate for Parliament assents to the speedy execution of this urgent reform. Upon this main and vital point all would do well to concentrate their attention, to the exclusion for the moment of all secondary matters; for if public criticism allows itself to become canalised among the maze of subsidiary questions raised by the evidence, all the volume and force of impulsion of its current will be lost. It is not possible to read the evidence, to note the brilliant conduct of the examination-in-chief by Lord Elgin, and the no less powerful memorandum by Lord Esher and two of his colleagues, without feeling that the Commissioners have formed very decided opinions upon many other points of our military organisation. If, then, they confine their attention and restrict their proposals to a single point

in the vast array of questions before them, it is in the nature of convincing proof that they feel that until the War Office itself is reformed, root and branch, it is perfectly useless to talk of reforming anything else. That is the leading thought, the central idea, the soul, as it were, of the whole Report, and it is desirable that public opinion should back the Commissioners in so unmistakable a manner that this reform may be forced on any Government that may chance to be in office next session, whether they approve of it or whether they do not.

The changes proposed are not new. They are in strict accord with the findings and the advice of the Hartington and Dawkins Commissions; but the additional weight of authority which they lend to the conclusions of those Commissions is great indeed, and singularly opportune at the present juncture. It is abundantly clear that the position of Commander-in-Chief has become impossible, and that it does not accord with the proposed institution of a Board that the post should be allowed to remain. We see in every line of the evidence that the high position of Commander-in-Chief is one of theoretical responsibility without practical power, and that whereas, on the one hand, he is expected to carry out duties which are beyond the physical and mental compass of any human being, and is held responsible for any failure to achieve the impossible, he is also liable to find him-

self overborne by a masterful Secretary of State, and to sink back into the position of a mere decorative dummy, devoid of power save for passive harm.

The conditions of the command in chief in the Army have been radically changed by the death of the late Queen, by the succession of a King, and by the prospect, in all human probability, of the continued succession of the Crown in tail male. The King is Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and the continued existence of any pale reflection of his delegated authority has become nothing more nor less than an anachronism. Nor can any such position, even of theoretical pre-eminence, logically co-exist with the creation of a Board on the lines of the Admiralty, regulated, as the Commissioners very wisely suggest, by an Order in Council: a Board in which every member shall have his definite sphere of duties and responsibilities unfettered by the "supervision" or "control" of one of their number, but subject always to the full power of initiative and decision of the Secretary of State, in the same manner and under the same conditions as the Board at Whitehall. The heads of the Navy are the colleagues of the First Lord; the heads of the Army are the minions of the Secretary of State; and the creation of an Army Board on a business basis has become imperative. It is shown by the evidence that Mr Brodrick has contrived during his term

of office to combine at the War Office all the worst features that it is possible to embody in the working of a public department. There is no freedom, not even the freedom of speech, the boasted decentralisation is a mockery and a sham, there is no point of contact between the various heads of services save at the War Office Council, which sits under Mr Brodrick's presidency, and where the members have to "wait until their opinion is asked." Even when their opinion is asked, it carries no weight, since, as one and all declare, "the Council decides nothing: the Secretary of State decides." It is the apotheosis of centralisation, the organisation of defeat.

In his answers under examination, Mr Brodrick clearly shows that he retains all his fatal gift of missing the point. He is exercised whether the Army will or will not recognise the eminence of the position of the Secretary of State as chairman of an Army Board, and labours under the hallucination that the Army cares two straws about his position, so long as common-sense and business habits again resume benignant sway in Pall Mall. The Army does not, and will not ever, look to any party hack as head of the Army. It will look to its real Commander-in-Chief, the King; and the Secretary of State will voluntarily or compulsorily retire into the position which Clarke held as War Minister under Napoleon and Roon under the Emperor William—that is to say, the

position of administrator of a great business, responsible to his colleagues and to Parliament for the gestion of the funds allotted by the Commons to his department. It will be more than sufficient for his talents and abilities, and it has been to the supreme disadvantage of the national Exchequer and the public interest that the Secretary of State has been permitted to escape from this allotted sphere of duties and run riot across the scent of everybody else's hare. Misconceiving his duties and misinterpreting his rôle from the outset, Mr Brodrick has attempted a task from which even Napoleon recoiled—the task of seeing and doing everything himself.

There will be many who, recognising this master error of the past three years, will ask themselves whether affairs will be any better under the new system proposed by the Commission, which does not appear to offer any explicit means of controlling the vagaries of a *borné* Minister. To these it may be remarked that the Board of Admiralty, under the patent which directs its labours, has proved eminently capable of restraining the eccentricities of any First Lord of any party. No matter how ambitious and self-opinionated he may be, he discovers a settled system and a settled policy, based on tradition married to reason, the fruit of profound thought, the outcome of long experience and constant study. It is not possible for a First Lord, great as his influence may be for good and for pro-

gress, to change materially the policy which has made our Navy what it is, and there is no politician who dares risk the resignation of his colleagues on the Board, which would certainly follow any attempt to seriously tamper with the bases of naval organisation, or to reduce the efficiency of the naval service.

This continuity of policy will in process of time become the tradition of an Army Board, and in the interval between the present day and the achievement of this desirable result it may be remarked, in guise of consolation, that since the new Committee of Defence began to take its duties seriously under the all-important patronage and direction of the Prime Minister, the power for mischief of a Secretary for War has sensibly diminished. From the moment that Mr Balfour's conscience was conquered by the destructive criticism of the press and the hardy revolt of a small but able and patriotic group of his own friends, a sweet reasonableness began to make an unwonted but not unwelcome appearance in Pall Mall. All sorts of rare and curious *trouvailles* were made: it was discovered that we lived on an island; it was discovered that we possessed a predominant fleet; and—strangest discovery of all—it was found that we owned possessions abroad whose defence was the first object of our Army.

The enforced recognition of these new appearances on the mental horizon of the War Office has had remarkable results. It has already begun

to promise a profound modification of the hasty schemes of 1901, and we can rest assured that, so long as the Committee of Defence does its duty rigorously, without any respect of persons or vested interests, or any fear of telling its fellow-countrymen the truth, the disastrous record of lost opportunities and wild-cat improvisations which lie scattered along the track of the past three years can never recur.

With their eyes fully opened, and until evidence is given to the contrary, the Government must be credited with the intention to follow the unanimous advice now given in turn by three successive Commissions, and to draft the new Order in Council so that the present deplorable situation will be mended and ended.

Whether there will be one or two members more or less on the proposed board is not a matter of supreme importance, so long as gangs and cliques are not permitted to usurp the whole appanage and attributes of power. But there is one member of the Board whose duties cannot be defined with too great care. Part of the duties fulfilled in other armies by the Chief of the Staff are now carried out by the Director of Intelligence and Mobilisation, who, despite the obstinate obstruction of those who prefer the custom of the past to the evidence of their own senses, is slowly forging his way to the position of Chief of the Staff, recommended by the Hartington Commission. The appointment of the present occupant of

the post, Sir W. Nicholson, to a seat in the Defence Committee was a step in the right direction, and with a reorganised War Office Board his duties can hardly fail to assume greatly increased importance.

The measure of the reality of any impending reform of the War Office will be the measure of the care given to the definition of the duties of the *de facto* Chief of the General Staff by the Government. Whether he is called Chief of the Staff, Quartermaster-General, or Grand Lhama is a fitting subject for old men and children to wrangle over. It is obvious that his department should be considerably developed, that he should have the appointment of his own staff and that of the military attachés, and that his usefulness will be very largely increased if representatives of India, the Colonies, and the Navy be placed at his disposal. But it is equally true, and not so obvious, that a tendency to overburden the post by giving the titular chief executive powers will infallibly defeat the object in view, and that a definition of his duties which will strike the golden mean is by no means a simple or an easy matter. The solution of this problem can, however, be found if we ask ourselves what it is we really require in the office. This can be stated in plain terms. We require an advisory and not an executive office; a thinking department, thoroughly acquainted with the territories, the resources, and plans of our possible enemies;

thoroughly conversant with the needs and resources of our own Empire; in close and constant touch with the Navy, the Colonies, and India; and capable of bringing the full weight of its well-considered opinions to bear, in the inmost councils of the Government, upon the future organisation of the armed forces of the Crown at home and abroad. That is the essential matter, and all subsidiary questions which a strong man may endeavour to allocate to himself must be relentlessly withheld from his grasp unless they fall strictly within the four corners of these allotted duties.

Once the members of a new Army Board are relieved from the heavy incubus of the "supervision" or "control" of a useless Commander-in-Chief, once they have their defined sphere of duties and responsibilities, and are able, in the character of colleagues, to express their views fearlessly and independently at the meetings of the Board, all the fatal barriers that have been hitherto interposed between the War Office and efficiency will begin to topple down like a house of cards.

To those who demand with anxious voices, What will you do with General X or Y or Z? the answer is, that men pass, the system remains, and that if we invent a system apposite only to the fleeting needs or

capacities of the men of the moment, we commence to build, on the feeblest of all foundations, something that can never be an enduring city.

To those, again, whose whole faith is in externals, in the parade and pomp of the command-in-chief, complete satisfaction can be given by the appointment of a general officer to the command in Great Britain, as the Hartington Commission suggested, and as Lord Esher and his colleagues join in advising. With a high position in the military hierarchy, next perhaps to that of the King, this officer would act as Inspector-General of the forces at home, and secure that uniformity of doctrine and practice in all the various commands and establishments of the Army which is so indispensable for the general good.

It is only by a speedy and comprehensive reform of the War Office on the broad lines recommended by the Commission that any atonement can be made for the national humiliation caused by the exposure of past misdoing; and it may be predicted, with a certain degree of confidence, that once these urgent reforms are carried into effect we shall have at last provided ourselves, for the first time in our modern history, not indeed with the army of our policy and of our needs, but with the machinery competent to create and maintain it.

WHAT I SAW IN MACEDONIA.

BY REGINALD WYON.

September 1903.

MONASTIR—I.

VIEWED from a little distance, Monastir presents a smiling picture of green trees, above which tower a few minarets. Scarcely a house can be distinguished, except an occasional glimpse of a red-tiled roof and little blue spirals of smoke ascending into the clear mountain atmosphere. Great hills rise gently from this bed of green, with groups of tents dotted on the slopes, and across the still air comes the sound of bugles. Far away, lurid flames leap up, burning fiercely and vividly against the sombre background, betraying the beloved handiwork of the Turkish soldier. Even the faint and distant boom of cannon can be heard, and to-morrow we shall be told of the extermination of another band already killed thrice over. Along the broad and dusty avenue a great concourse of people is streaming towards the little station on the very outskirts of the town, and thither we gallop our horses, for the distant scream of a locomotive can be already heard heralding the approach of the Salonica train, with its daily load of misery and vice. Turkish officers in every variety and extreme of military uniforms and smartness, ragged soldiers, stately kavasses keeping an ever-watchful eye upon their

masters, one or two Europeans, and a motley array of porters throng the platform, as very slowly the long train rolls in. A dozen closely barred vans follow the engine and pass us, till the three or four carriages draw up opposite the station-house, crowded with gendarmes, soldiers, redifs, all fully armed, who noisily descend, jostling the second-class passengers, consisting of officers and officials. Towards the first van march a squad of zaptiehs, and it is unlocked, disclosing a mass of wild, unkempt faces, blinking piteously in the sudden light. A few sharp commands, a push or a thrust with a rifle-butt, and its contents are disgorged, — slowly, because the men therein are chained to each other, or have their arms tightly bound behind their backs, and they are very weak from days of starvation. Some claw at rude bundles, all their worldly belongings, but most are barely clad in rags. They are Bulgarian peasants whose villages have been burnt, their wives and children murdered or driven into the mountains to starve, whither they have followed till hunger has driven them once more into the valleys and into the hands of the soldiers. There were more when they first gave themselves up, but

those were weak and could not keep up on that long march to the nearest railway-station, in spite of the bayonet prods and beatings with the rifle-butts.

An officer explains to us that these are insurgents captured in a recent fight, but we know better. Poor wretches, *they* never possessed a rifle, else they would not be here and in this plight. Few armed insurgents are ever captured alive. In a long straggling line they totter out on to the road, mere caricatures of mankind, a bundle of bones strung together by a covering of skin, towards the inferno called the prison. How many will ever emerge alive before they are called, weeks or months hence, to the mockery of trial? Probably most of them, for they are hard to kill.

But there are other vans not yet opened: a moan breaks from them occasionally, more distinct now that the babel of voices has streamed out towards the town. Our continued presence is obviously unwelcome, and we diplomatically withdraw to a point of vantage well hidden in the trees. Here we see the vans unloaded, and the inmates carried to a neighbouring shed till nightfall, when the ambulances will come and carry them to the overcrowded military hospital. They are mostly wounded soldiers, with here and there a mutilated Bulgarian, saved from a lingering but more merciful death on the hills for some reason, perhaps to give information against his comrades or as a trophy.

Thoughtfully we mount our horses and ride slowly down the avenue, past the exercising-ground facing the huge barracks. Bugles are blowing incessantly, for the Turkish soldier loves noise, and shouts cleave the air as they proclaim their allegiance to the Padisha at the close of each day.

Half-way a small guard-house breaks the line of trees, and the sentry in a slovenly manner "presents arms," for his instructions are to salute all consuls, as we ride by with slightly accelerated pace. There are so few Europeans here beside the consuls that we are invariably saluted as such. It was only a few short weeks ago that the Russian consul drove past this spot and met his awful fate. From this very guard-house came the fatal shot, and it was under this tree that he fell, and the zaptieh smashed in his skull as he lay. On those two trees, the next to the guard-house, the murderer and his comrade (whose only crime was that he did not prevent the other shooting) were hanged a few days later, calling to the soldiers to save them, saying, "Ye made us do the deed: save us if ye be men." On the low branches, scarcely high enough to swing them clear, they were strangled, and Holy Russia was avenged. A few hundred yards farther we pass the military bakehouse and its guard. It is the first house of the town, and the place where more shots were fired at the dead consul's carriage as it drove furiously by.

The main street is crowded as we enter it. Citizens, soldiers, zaptiehs, one and all Turks, enjoying the brief spell of twilight ere darkness sends them hurrying to their homes. Not one European head-gear is to be seen, neither in the streets nor in the open-air cafés. We are alone amongst this mob of fanatics. Patrols of armed soldiers slouch past incessantly; at every street-corner stand sentries who unwillingly come to "the attention" as we approach. A feeling of uncanniness, of some hidden danger, possesses us,—a feeling that we can never quite shake off in Monastir, for there is talk of Christian massacres in the air, of murder, though we jest about it at the consulates over coffee and cigarettes. Yet we have suffered no inconvenience, and, thanks to a little care, we have avoided jostling one of the uniformed bashi-bazouks, and hitherto escaped insult.

A great clatter comes down the ill-paved street, and a carriage surrounded by mounted gendarmes rattles past. Inside sits a grave-faced, bearded man, clad most correctly in frock-coat, but with fez. It is the Inspector-General of Reforms, Hilmi Pacha. He salaams gracefully out of the window, but he does not smile as affably as usual. Only this day he has informed our consul that there is a plot afoot to murder either him or us, and he is much grieved because we have responded, declaring our unbelief

that it is a *Bulgarian* plot. Also, he is pained at our accusations of Christian massacres, and that, in spite of his courteous and plausible explanations, we still believe the Turkish soldiers capable of such atrocities, and supply comfortable British breakfast-tables with the accounts thereof. Men pass us with scarcely a glance of recognition, yet who daily sit with us in secret places. We likewise ignore them, for everywhere there are spies, and we know that a careless "good evening" would be enough to send them to prison and to banishment.

Yet all is orderly and quiet. A stranger might well imagine himself in a most well-conducted Turkish city, for he does not know the sights hidden by the prison,—the hospital walls or in the Bulgarian quarter.

"You see how exaggerated are all the reports of disturbances and cruelties in Monastir," remarked Nazir Pacha suavely, a day or two before, when we admitted the orderliness on the streets. "Now, confess that you expected to see very different things with us."

"In spite of all that we had heard, your Excellency, we did not expect to see what we have seen," we responded truthfully. "There is a very false impression in Europe as to the doings here, and we are doing our best to correct it." His Excellency beamed with pleasure, and handed us another cigarette.

MONASTIR—II.

Painfully and slowly the old woman replaces the evil-smelling bandages upon her grey head. She had just insisted on showing us a terrible scalp wound wantonly given her at the burning of Smilevo by a Turkish soldier, where the only crime of the villagers had been their vicinity to the hills infested by "the brigands." Another old woman has begun to sob violently,—one of us reminds her of a son whom she saw hacked to pieces; but the younger women do not weep or moan. Only one, half girl, half woman, sobbed softly as she told of the soldiers who tore the child from her arms and tossed it into the flames of her burning home.

We are in a suburb of Monastir, a collection of houses scattered unevenly up the side of a steep hill bordering on a Turkish cemetery. It is densely packed with human beings, who may not leave the tiny walled-in courtyards before the houses, as many as ten families in one small room. The overcrowding cries powerfully to the heavens, pervading the sweet fresh mountain air even at a distance.

A very few men are amongst this crowd in a somewhat larger court than the rest, and which we have chosen at random and entered. We had heard that the victims of Smilevo had

come, and that a few of them, thanks to the good offices of the Austrian consul, had been allowed to remain. The rest, many hundred families, are living in the open, scattered in groups upon the plain, without covering and without warm clothing, depending on the charity of the equally poor villagers for bread. God send them help before the winter comes! But after all, what is their lot compared to those in the mountains, where the nights are biting cold and not a village is left standing in the valleys? What are those poor wretches doing in the Ochrida and Dibra districts, where sixty villages are burnt, and, as a consul curtly put it, "8000 families, reckoned at the average of five persons to the family, are now homeless and entirely destitute in the mountains"?

Smilevo¹ is but *one* instance of *ninety*. Soldiers had come fresh from a defeat in the hills, and had suddenly surrounded the flourishing village, setting fire to the outer ring of houses. Then, as the frightened inmates rushed into the streets, the shooting began; and whilst the soldiers killed and tormented, the Bashi-bazouks ransacked each house, igniting it when this work was done. Ah, how merrily they ran to and fro, screaming wildly as the circle of flames grows

¹ The village of Smilevo was utterly destroyed by Turkish soldiers and Bashi-bazouks 28th August, and over 200 people massacred.

smaller! What sport to the harassed soldiers to kill slowly and with impunity! 'Tis verily better fun than being dynamited in the hills. They take the sword-bayonets now, for fear of shooting each other, and laugh as the pile of dead grows higher. Into the flames with the infants! it is good to hear the mothers shriek, and to cut them down as they run blindly at the butchers, armed only with their teeth and nails. Now it is enough—every house is in flames, and not a thing of value left the survivors except what they stand up in, huddled together in a paralysed group outside. Some have run for the hills, a few of the men have escaped the shower of bullets, but most are dotting the wasted crops.

The soldiers leave them,—they are tired even of this work, and there they stand, robbed in a few short hours of father, mother, husband, wife, or children, their home, and everything that was theirs. And these are but a handful of survivors that crowd around us, talking freely now that they are satisfied we are not Turkish spies, showing us pieces of charred bags, skirts, and other articles of clothing, cut and slashed to tatters by the bayonets of the soldiers. Their lot, miserable as it is, is heaven compared to thousands of others. Here they are fed by the charity of their neighbours, their wounds tended by the good Sisters of Mercy, and they do not live in hourly fear of another massacre, though each

Christian in Monastir knows that even this eventuality is possible — nay, contemplated. It is very different to the hell on the mountains and on the plains, where the wounds are festering and the only food is often grass and water.

Groups of pretty little orphans are shown us before we depart, taking our way through the Bulgarian quarter proper. The same sights, the same stories, the same misery is hidden behind every wall—not only from Smilevo, but from a dozen other villages too. We have listened to them also, and heard the wearying repetition of fiendish acts of cruelty, too awful ever to tell in the columns of a refined press, and of acts of the basest treachery. It is no wonder that the majority of the refugees prefer to die in the mountains, rather than trust to the promises of amnesty in Hilmi Pacha's latest proclamation. It *may* have been issued in all good faith, but the soldiers have no wish to escort these feeble remnants to the nearest towns, so the men prefer to see their wives and daughters die of more merciful starvation than in the hands of the most brutal soldiery in the world. Some of the more credulous men have already given themselves up, and been shot down in batches. Those still left in the mountains will join the bands after they have buried their families, and wait for the happy chance when a Turkish soldier falls into their hands, and they can face their

enemies with a mauser and belt of cartridges.

Ah! it is a sad, sad story, this, of the extermination of the Christians in Vilayet Monastir, under the unbelieving and unfeeling eyes of Europe, which once rose in righteous wrath at tales not more horrible. It was *one* massacre in Bulgaria that set Europe in a blaze a quarter of a century ago. Now a dozen equally terrible only leaves us desiring the introduction of "the Reforms"! Nay more, our philanthropists are seeking to prove the Bulgarians guilty of equal atrocities, which are mostly absolutely false. Have you, good readers, ever tried to imagine yourselves for one moment in these poor wretches' position? Did you ever think of your sweet wives and tender daughters in the hands of—no! it isn't even to be mentioned, is it? Yet I have seen these poor, rough, half-civilised men weep like little children when they have *remembered*.

But grant me pardon for this digression. We are in Monastir, and have just given a few piastres to a venerable priest clad in a tattered robe, and he is calling down the blessings of God on Europe, whom he sees represented in us. He hastily leaves us, darting up a side alley as swiftly as his feeble limbs will carry him, for a patrol of soldiers is coming down the narrow street. The police-officer scowls at us, and will report that those accursed Giaours have been once more amongst those lying curs of refugees, and the smiling chief

of police will gnash his teeth in impotent rage that he cannot drive us from his district and escape the ire of the Sublime Porte. Poor man! he has done his utmost. He has sought to terrify us with hidden threats of murder, in vain has he examined our passport for one flaw in the *visé*, and the cordon of guards around the town has been trebly warned never to let us pass. But he cannot make us go, neither can he blind us nor rob us of our hearing.

There in the great white house, the Greek hospital, are perhaps the worst sights of all, except in the prison. It is full of victims, Greeks and Servians and Wallachians, but, charitable as it is, it draws the line at Bulgarians. There many tortured remnants from Ardensko, from Biloshi, and from Smerdes are to be found. We have seen them all, and left sick and with creeping flesh. There was that wretched woman with a shoulder cleft to the lung, and the woman with protruding brain, her skull smashed by five sabre cuts, and her left hand lopped off as she tried to snatch her child from the butchers. In those rooms are little children riddled by bullets and cut with knives. These are some of the proofs saved by the Almighty to testify against the bloody Turk, and recording some of the final episodes, we trust, of the Moslem in Europe.

And we who had seen these things were told in the Konak by the general commanding the

troops in Vilayet Monastir that the duties of the Turkish soldier were very strenuous. They had three duties to perform: firstly, to capture or disperse

the bands; secondly, to extinguish the flames of the burning villages; and, thirdly, to escort the women and children to places of safety.¹

IN UESKÜB TO-DAY.

"Dur!" (Halt!)

"Kim dir o?" (Who goes there?)

"Geril!" (Go back!)

A dim figure can be faintly distinguished in the gloom, that of a Turkish soldier. If his commands—which he will probably round off with a vicious *Köpek!* (Dog!)—are not obeyed on the instant, you will see his rifle come down to "the ready," and the magazine of his mauser will click ominously. We know that he has stringent orders not to fire under any circumstances on a European; but the man is an Anatolian, totally savage, and of imperfect intelligence. What comfort is it to us to know that he would be hanged with much pomp after our Ambassador at the Porte has energetically demanded retribution for our murder?

No, it is better to obey, and quickly, seeking a doubtful comfort in the knowledge that to-morrow we will report the insult of "Dog!" to our perspiring consul, who will duly relate to us the apologies offered by the Vali.

"Better not go out at night," remarks the consul; "anything can happen at these

times, and men are shot with scant ceremony."

Uesküb does not inspire confidence either by day or night. Through the crowded *bazar*, straggling up the hill beyond the Vardar to the vast half-ruined fortress on the summit, jostle an appalling number of armed men in the Zouave uniform of the Redifs. They have been hastily called in for military service from the villages far and near. Their belts bristle with cartridges, and whether sitting, standing, or walking, their rifles are inseparable.

Those savage-looking men in the merest semblance of a uniform, with white skull-caps of felt upon their heads, are Albanians. They are armed now for the first time with mausers, and they handle their new treasure with obvious affection, their eyes wandering the while towards a group of accursed Christians. Verily these men add not to the peaceful scene, so gay in its oriental colouring.

Groups of ragged soldiers, their faces burnt nigh black, are to be seen here and there: these are the Asiatic troops sent to save us from a sudden

¹ Remark actually made by Nazir Pacha to the writer on 6th Sept. 1903.

attack from the local soldiery, who are all but out of hand, and whose discipline is nil. Thank Heaven that each day trains bear off hundreds of these men to lonely stations on the Salonika line.

As we retrace our steps to the consular quarter and railway-station, we pass the newly established branch of the Ottoman Bank, where nervous clerks sit sweating in the heat. Soldiers stand on guard at every entrance, and opposite is the city guard-house itself; yet the bank officials are direly afraid, for the Bulgarians have sworn to blow it up sooner or later, and there are some sitting in the office who saw the shattered remains of the bank at Salonika.

"Good morning!" says the genial director; but he does not smile when we joke him on the ever-present danger. "I am surprised to find myself alive each morning I awake," he remarks, with an unconscious Irishism. Then we cross the picturesque old bridge, and pause involuntarily to consider the beauties of the mountains which surround the pretty town. It is a wild scene, perfectly in keeping with our feelings. At our feet, upon the dry bed of the river, now a comparatively tiny stream rushing through the centre arches, is a group of tents, that of the guard of the bridge. See, as we bend over the parapet, a sentry waves his arm at us, and a hoarse cry comes up, bidding us not loiter on the bridge.

His orders are strict. Who knows but what we may not be desperate men about to drop a bomb at his feet, blowing him and the bridge to pieces?

We pass on, and a dapper young man accosts us, immaculately attired in the height of Western fashion. He is the secretary of a certain Balkan consulate, and, in spite of his light laugh, there is an air of uneasiness about him impossible to conceal. He knows that the Turks have sworn to murder him and his consul on the first attempt at an outrage by the bands, and indeed every European realises that his life will be worth nothing when the bombs are thrown. He knows that every detail of the massacre has already been planned at those nocturnal meetings in the mosques. Each house is marked, and every true Mohammedan knows his rendezvous and—his duty.

"Will it come to it?" every man asks himself; and our friend sighs as we twit him unfeelingly on his so thinly veiled anxiety.

"The consuls declare there is no danger. The Vali pooh-poohs the rumours, so why this armament?" we say, tapping his revolver, which bulges in his pocket.

"That is what they *must* say," he answers gravely.

Poor fellow! he has a young wife far away, and that unmans him.

"Take care of thy master," we call to the huge kavass, clad in gorgeous raiment, and with two great silver-mounted revolvers in his sash.

He salutes us Turkish fashion, pausing a moment to say—

“Seven years have I eaten the bread of my masters, and my duty has been but to stand at their door. The time is coming when perhaps I shall *earn* my wages.”

What strange men are these! —giants in stature, with the arms of their adopted country carried proudly in their fez; men who but a few years ago would have been the first to head a massacre of the infidels—now in their pay, and ready to sacrifice their lives in their service. It is something to see one of these men challenged at night, and to hear his scornful answer “Kavass!” as he stalks past the threatening rifles of the sentries. And, what is more, his countrymen, be they Turks or Albanians, fear him more than his pale-faced master; for they know those great revolvers projecting from his sash are for prompt use, and that the folds hide two or three more such deadly weapons.

Hark! music is approaching, weird and shrill, and from the fort on the hill comes a cloud of dust. Let us hurry to the station, for it is a regiment of Albanians leaving for the south. Taking a position of vantage we watch them swing in through the narrow gates. First, the band of an Asiatic regiment straggling along with a mere pretence of formation, playing lustily—all clarionets, trombones, cymbals, and drums. Then a battalion of Anatolians, sent ostensibly as a guard of honour, but in reality to check

any ebullition of feeling on the part of the mob of fierce men who follow them; rifles carried anyhow at the slope, bayonets stuck in ragged sashes as they carry their handjars or yata-gahans at home, their belongings stuffed into rude sacks upon their backs, clad in the mere semblance of a uniform—evidently the cast-off clothes of the already disreputable Anatolians—and the characteristic white skull-caps of their native mountains.

A string of cattle-vans awaits them, and into these they storm, struggling, pushing, and cursing, their officers jostled and ignored, till each waggon seems packed, and still a few score men are left yelling on the platform. Slowly these forsaken ones are absorbed in the low row of vans, and all is ready for departure. The pilot-engine has left, to spring any mine that may be awaiting this harvest; but there is a ceremony still to be performed.

A few bars by the band, and the colonel raises his hand. “Long live the Padisha!” shout the Albanians lustily; the Anatolian battalion “presents arms,” and every Turk present touches his breast, his mouth, and his forehead. See the long line of hands flashing upwards like a wave! Twice is this repeated; the engine whistles shrilly, and to the tune of the “Doppel Adler March,” comically inappropriate, translated into Turkish music, the long train moves slowly out of the station.

Crack!—a puff of blue smoke rises from a van, another and

another. Within a few seconds the train is veiled in a blue haze, as the men empty their rifles in a parting fusilade *into the town.*

Then the Anatolians march back to the barracks. In vain we search the ranks for one good face, one handsome man. It is not a pleasant sensation

to know that our lives depend on them.

A young Austrian meets us at our hotel.

"By the Lord ! I nearly got a pill," he says breathlessly, for he is very young ; "struck the wall a foot away. Come and see the marks of the other bullets."

THE TRIP TO SALONICA.

"The one great thing to admire in England," said the Turkish officer as we stood together in the corridor of the Uesküb-Salonica train, "is the lack of fanaticism. No country can be great that allows religious frenzy to guide its actions."

I offered no comment, which was superfluous, but I marvelled greatly at such a remark from the lips of a Turk, who was now hanging on the foot-board of the carriage. He was in charge of a section of the line, and whenever the tents of the guards appeared, which they did every two or three minutes, he opened the door of the carriage and finally disappeared. Conversation was consequently disjointed, and the intervals I spent in praying that he might not lose his hold and in admiring the scenery. There are few trips so grandly beautiful as the run from Uesküb, beside the rushing Vardar, towards Salonica : vast gorges, deep ravines, bridges and never-ending tunnels, steep mountains towering above each side of the river, only surpassed in Macedonia by the still finer line to

Monastir. And just now a railway trip possesses attractions to the adventurous spirit somewhat akin to the feelings of a racing automobilist. He can speculate at every bridge whether the train will successfully cross ; and in the darkness of each tunnel, if he is of an imaginative turn of mind, he can fancy that he hears the sudden roar of dynamite and the collapse of the mass of rock and earth above him. No train has passed this way since yesterday, and in spite of the formidable show of troops occupying every point of vantage along the line, stories told of their cowardice at night do not inspire confidence. The friendly conductor will point out spidery viaducts where mines have been discovered at the nick of time, and even the most courageous traveller will shudder when he looks down into those gloomy depths.

If we are fearsome, it is nothing to what the ragged soldiers feel at night, when they are afraid to shoot lest they should hit their comrades at their side on the coigns of vantage on the heights. They

have been dynamited repeatedly of late, and tents blown to ribbons and shattered corpses look very dreadful in the morning. No wonder they run, and are found by the railway engineers at daybreak hiding pitifully in the maize-fields or up to their necks in the Vardar. Fortunately for us and them, the bands content themselves at present with mere scares. If they meant business, there would not be a bridge or tunnel left intact in the whole of Macedonia, in spite of the battalions who guard them so well by day. At every station we pull up for a wearisome wait, whilst the soldiers crowd round the train and inspect the passengers. A few peasants get in or out, officers exchange greetings with comrades in charge of the line. Then the bell tinkles, and off we go again past the endless row of tents and their slumbering, slovenly occupants. Here and there a sentry presents arms as we roll past.

At Demirkapa I meet our old friends, the regiment of Albanians, who fired a *feu-de-joie* into Uesküb as they steamed out of the station, and here I alight for much-desired refreshment. The Albanians have begun well; they only arrived last night, yet they have burnt a village already, and we can see the smoke from the smouldering ruins rising over the top of the little hill. They are lying all about the station, as villainous and cruel a lot of men as could be wished even by Turkey. They are resting from their labours now, and the buxom

landlady who serves me our meal curses their presence in no measured language. She is only too ready to give me the details of last night's doing, for not a wink has she slept through the long hours of darkness. The shots, the yells, and the despairing screams found each an echo in her motherly heart. "As for murders," she runs on as I bolt my food, for time is strictly limited, "why, we hear of them with no more feeling now than when my maid tells of a hen laying an egg. The soldiers shoot the peasants down in the fields as they work, with no more ado than if they were rats. Why, sir, I saw five Bulgarians beaten here on this very platform two days ago, because they had asked the officer who had impressed them into working on the railway to be allowed to return to their village for one day to gather in the remains of the crops. And he had them bastinadoed till their feet ran with blood. Ah! if I had never hated the Turks before, I did at *that* sight."

"And have you no fear of yourselves, alone amongst this crowd of murderers?"

The good woman shrugs her ample shoulders. "Every European in the country will be massacred ere long. It is only a question of time. Pleasant journey, sir, and safe arrival," she calls after me, as I make a dash for the already moving train.

Travelling is slow—slower than ever now, and 'tis evening as the train glides across the plain of Salonica, with the glimpse of blue sea beyond.

Passports undergo their minute inspection for the fifth time that day, and passengers are at liberty to go to the hotel they have selected and mentioned to the police-officer. Through the densely crowded streets we rattle, overtaking primeval tramcars, past the ruins of the Ottoman Bank, grim relic of still vividly remembered horrors, till we alight at the fine hotel on the quay. Hundreds of well-dressed men and women are enjoying the evening breeze after the tropical heat of the day, the fez predominating, it is true, but still the effect is European. It is hard to realise that this town of merchant-palaces, fine cafés, with its luxurious club, is part and parcel of terror-struck Macedonia; that these smart loungers start at the banging of a door, the result of months of nervous tension. A few days' sojourn here will convince us of that, when the cry for foreign warships is repeated for the hundredth time. At every corner stand sentries with loaded rifles, patrols march to and fro, and the narrow, noisy alleys hidden behind the houses throng with Turkish riff-raff. Every bank and public building is strongly guarded, and soldiers, half-starving amidst this mixture of opulence and misery, beg from door to door. It is not hard to read the thoughts of these men: it is written on their faces as they watch the sleek merchants and their wives

and pretty daughters driving by, how each is longing for the time when bombs shall be thrown once more. There is little doubt of what will happen then, unless the British warships arrive in time.

After dinner we stroll to "the Alhambra," and listen to the band, watching the moon's soft rays dancing on the waters of the bay. And our talk is not of music but of the latest news from the mountains—of trains blown up, and skirmishes on the very outskirts of the town. We discuss the probable plans of Saraffoff and the projected rising in this vilayet to the strains of a Viennese waltz, whilst to a selection of "Faust" one tells how the bombs were thrown in this very garden. He tells us only too vividly of the sudden darkness and the awful crash that followed, of the smash of glass and the screams of the wounded. Another caps the story, how he was arrested that night and threatened till dawn by soldiers who haled him to their camp; how he was bound and beaten, and robbed of his last piastre.

"My nerve is gone since that night," he concludes, "and I can never pass a soldier now, even in broad daylight, without a creeping sensation down my back. I fear a sudden bullet."

And as we return to our comfortably appointed hotel, we catch ourselves glancing hastily over our shoulders when we pass a crouching sentry in the darkness of his corner.

THE FISCAL CRISIS.

WITHIN the past fortnight the air has been cleared with a vengeance. Fiscal inquiry has been suddenly and unexpectedly transformed into a fiscal crisis. It has precipitated changes even more exciting than itself,—so great, in fact, as to be for the moment quite bewildering. At the head of a series of sensations stands the fact that Mr Chamberlain is no longer a member of the Government. He has put an end to a situation which he felt to be embarrassing to his colleagues as well as compromising to himself. A less earnest and strenuous statesman might have been satisfied with the large instalment of his policy which the Prime Minister was willing to endorse, but for Mr Chamberlain there are, in this matter, to be no half measures. He has undertaken a mission of imperial magnitude, and there is to be no paltering or shilly-shallying with it. Henceforward it is to be the work of his life; and no British statesman has ever rounded off more nobly a great career than he will do in his single-handed advocacy of a United Empire—united in bonds of mutual interest as well as of affection.

From Mr Chamberlain's resignation to those of his fiscal opponents, Mr Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton, is a long descent. Their insignificance only heightens by contrast the importance of the other. That the Chancellor of the Exchequer would sooner or later have to

sacrifice himself as a "convinced free-trader" was considered inevitable. Had he gone by himself the country could easily have been consoled for the loss, while the City would have felt relieved. Mr Ritchie has not been a "convinced" success at the Treasury, and his reign there will be chiefly remembered by the flippancy with which he struck off the shilling duty on corn. It was so gratuitous and inconsistent a proceeding that the public were to be pardoned for suspecting occult motives for it. There are many even among Mr Ritchie's own friends who now believe that it was done to put a spoke in Mr Chamberlain's wheel. In any case, it was a chief cause of the confusion and shuffling that followed. Mr Ritchie, one of the leaders of the fair trade movement in 1881, retires with the dubious satisfaction of having done his best to wreck the federation movement of 1903. But federation will long outlive him and his ill-starred finance.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Mr Arthur Elliot are in quite another category to Mr Ritchie. They are innocent victims of the crisis, deserving of sympathy and respect. They may be assured that the public recognise the straightforwardness of their conduct, and appreciate the sacrifices they have made for their convictions. The ex-Secretary for Scotland is entitled to the particular gratitude of

all Scotsmen for long and assiduous service. Universal regret will be felt at the abrupt ending, or at all events the suspension, of a career which has been as honourable to himself as it has been useful to his country.

The shock of these resignations was all the greater because it had been preceded for a few days by confident hopes that the crisis had been averted. Cabinet meetings were held on the 14th and 15th September, at which it was known that a definite decision on Mr Chamberlain's programme would be arrived at. They were immediately followed by the issue of a manifesto by the Prime Minister in the most curious form that an important State paper ever assumed. It was an essay or pamphlet on "Insular Free Trade," in which Mr Balfour defined his personal position in the controversy with the point and refinement of a master logician.

Never did so innocent-looking a brochure turn out such a bombshell. It burst first in one camp and then in the other, spreading consternation in both. The first impression of the "free-fooders," both Radical and Unionist, was that the Cabinet had found a *via media* which would carry them through their autumn campaign. This foreboded disaster for the "free-fooders," especially the Unionist or "mugwump" section of them. In the same degree it cheered the hearts of the United Empire party. But this fond dream lasted barely a couple of days. On

the 18th September the bomb burst again—this time in the Ministerial camp. The cherished hopes that Mr Chamberlain might find it consistent with his sense of honour and duty to be satisfied for the present with the moiety of his programme endorsed by the Prime Minister were rudely dashed to the ground by the announcement of his resignation.

If Mr Chamberlain's services were being lost to the country, this would be the appropriate time and place to record an appreciation of them, which could hardly be made either too fervid or too flattering. However warm it might be, it would not outrun the admiration and honour in which Mr Chamberlain is to-day held from one end of the British Empire to the other. But his services are by no means being lost. They are only entering a new sphere, in which they may rise to higher and nobler achievements. In a position of "greater freedom and less responsibility," he will find, we trust, the apotheosis of patriotic statesmanship which shrinks from no self-sacrifice, and for which unpopularity has no terrors. To serve the people, even against their will and calmly regardless of their hostility, is the height of moral courage and patriotism. Our greatest Ministers have all had a similar ordeal to go through, and Mr Chamberlain is proving himself worthy to follow in their footsteps.

Cordial praise is also due to the Prime Minister for the manly part he has played in the crisis. It may have been a

less heroic part than Mr Chamberlain's, but it has required equal courage and more anxious thought. To hold even a fragment of his Cabinet together under such a terrible strain as it has undergone must have required no ordinary skill. Notwithstanding the great and almost fatal blow which the loss of Mr Chamberlain has given it, it still remains a comparatively strong Cabinet. If it has weak points, which we reluctantly admit, it has also some strong ones left. The Opposition leaders will be none too eager to try conclusions with it, crippled as they think it to be. If they were to be perfectly frank, they might confess that the new turn of affairs is not altogether to their liking. Next session they will encounter a very different Mr Balfour to the one they baited and bullied a few months ago. He is now a Minister with a policy of his own, which he has nailed to the mast and is ready to defend against all comers. Whoever gains by the fiscal crisis, it is not to be Lord Rosebery or Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, still less will it be the Unionist "mugwumps."

But the Cabinet crisis has not been the sole sensation of the month. There have been two others—Mr Balfour's pamphlet and the Board of Trade statistics. Both of these claim immediate attention, as, next to Mr Chamberlain's own speeches, they are likely to be the most powerful factors in the coming campaign. The Board of Trade statistics are the raw material from which Mr Balfour

has produced his personal programme—a gem made out of a very rough stone. In this essay, pamphlet, memorandum, or whatever we may choose to call it, Mr Balfour elaborates the position which he adopted at the outset of the discussion, but which was at the time overshadowed by the more vigorous pronouncements of Mr Chamberlain. Because Mr Balfour did not choose to assume the dogmatic and oracular tone of a university professor or a "passive resister," he was flouted as a leader of "open mind" and no convictions. We hear no more of that partisan jargon to-day. Mr Balfour has with characteristic lucidity and logical acuteness developed his idea of a few months ago into a fiscal policy which neither friend nor opponent can fail to apprehend if he makes fair use of ordinary reasoning powers.

Not only has the Prime Minister committed himself to certain opinions directly opposed to and inconsistent with what we are pleased to call our existing "fiscal system," but he has gone out of his way as no Prime Minister ever did before to explain to the public the reasoning process by which he arrived at these conclusions. Almost simultaneously with the appearance of the present article he will be speaking at Sheffield on the same subject, when doubtless it will be still further reasoned out and illustrated. Mr Balfour has taken up his position in the coming fight. The inquiry stage is over so far as he

is concerned, and we warmly congratulate him on the explicit, unmistakable stand he has made. His fundamental principle is plain as daylight, and his arguments are, we believe, unanswerable; but more important than either is the firmness with which he has put his foot down and accepted the gage of battle.

For Mr Balfour himself this will be a great gain. His back is now to the wall, and he will fight hostile tariffs as resolutely as he fought Home Rule in the days of his Irish administration. Concurrently Mr Chamberlain will fight for his larger and more comprehensive programme. Though no longer in the Cabinet, he can and will continue to stand side by side with his late chief in the fiscal fray. In his letter to the Prime Minister tendering his resignation he shows an almost pathetic anxiety to disarm suspicion of possible rivalry in the future. He makes it clear that not only did he approve of the limited policy adopted by Mr Balfour, but he had recommended it as the furthest that the Cabinet should go under present circumstances. For himself, he felt bound to go the whole length of federation and retaliation combined; therefore he resumed his freedom of action.

Henceforward there will be two crusades going on side by side—an official one and an unofficial. The "free-fooders"

and the Unionist "mugwumps" will find themselves caught between two fires. Only the other day they were boasting that Mr Chamberlain's preferential heresies had been indefinitely postponed if not finally snuffed out. Evidently they have forgotten Sydney Smith's joke about Mrs Partington sweeping back the Atlantic with her broom. They have now a cross fire of fiscal heresies to face—Mr Chamberlain's and Mr Balfour's. Both Ministers are travelling toward the same goal though by different roads. They have taken up separate branches of one great policy—Mr Balfour the home trade branch and Mr Chamberlain the colonial.

This twin movement our readers have, we trust, clearly understood from the outset, as it was carefully pointed out in the first of our special articles.¹ We remarked then that though, owing to the accident of Mr Chamberlain's dominating personality and his splendid services at the Colonial Office, the colonial aspect of the movement had come first to the front, it was not the only or even the chief aspect. The mother country, we contended, had even a greater interest in it than the colonies. Mr Chamberlain has never, to our knowledge, said a word inconsistent with that view. On the contrary, his letter of resignation avows it, and his Tariff Reform League has of late been giving

¹ The articles of this series which have already appeared are—"A Self-Sustaining Empire," July 1903; "Fiscal Policies in 1903," August 1903; "The Food Question in 1903," September 1903.

much more attention to the home than the colonial issues. Any attempt at a material change in our fiscal relations with other countries must begin with the adoption of a tariff adapted to the object we have in view. When we have taken up our position on this new tariff, foreign and colonial Governments alike will know where we are and how to deal with us.

As a matter of practical expediency, Mr Balfour's issue must come before Mr Chamberlain's. We must have a fiscal policy and a tariff suited to the occasion before we can either preferentiate, differentiate, or retaliate. But all three possibilities are involved in such a tariff as Mr Balfour contemplates. If we are to respond to his call to resume our "freedom to negotiate for freedom of exchange," we must give ourselves the power to bargain with all and sundry. Bargaining implies dealing with different people in different ways, as we may find most expedient in each particular case. A necessary result of it will be differential treatment, not only as between colonies and foreign countries, but as between one foreign country and another, possibly even as between one colony and another. The essence of the change will be that whereas at present we are powerless to enforce freedom of exchange either with colonies or foreign countries, we should then be able to meet both on equal terms.

On this particular question—and it goes to the root of

the whole matter—the three Unionist leaders,—Mr Balfour, Mr Chamberlain, and the Duke of Devonshire,—may quite well be agreed. The Duke of Devonshire has distinctly advocated bargaining with the colonies, and presumably he would be equally ready to bargain with foreign countries. Mr Chamberlain, of course, agrees with it, as it is the only way for him to obtain his preferential duties. Freedom of negotiation and the right to differentiate between those with whom you negotiate are one and the same thing. If the free-trade Unionists think that Mr Balfour's retaliation will be easier to swallow than Mr Chamberlain's preferential duties, by all means let them have the pill gilded as they prefer. Mr Chamberlain is astute enough to know that they are the same pill under different names, and he is too clever a tactician to dispute about names when the things themselves will serve him equally well.

The bulk of the following pages had of course been written before the appearance of Mr Balfour's pamphlet. It ought, however, to materially enhance and accentuate their interest. They address themselves, though in a different and more prosaic way, to the problem which he has handled with his rare gift of close and illuminative reasoning. In our own way we have endeavoured, as he has done in his, to lift the question out of the rut of partisan and pedagogic discussion. We concede, as he does, that a great econ-

omic change had become inevitable in this country toward the middle of last century. Choice had to be made between "a predominantly agricultural Britain and a predominantly manufacturing Britain." The men who made it preferred the manufacturing ideal, which might have been right enough if they had realised the full consequences of their choice and prepared for them in a far-seeing spirit. But they did neither.

On the one hand they disparaged and undervalued the agricultural system they were destroying, and on the other they over-estimated the capabilities of the new *régime* they were creating. In the long record of English history never did men so short-sighted, narrow-minded, and prejudiced as were the Corn Law repealers rush so heedlessly into so obscure a venture. Seldom has such a long series of disappointments and disillusionments followed. But the glamour, partly religious and partly sentimental, with which they surrounded themselves, saved them for years from impartial criticism. Contemporary history was so coloured by their legends and shibboleths that the popular conception of the nineteenth century as a whole was completely perverted. The time, however, has come for attempting to rectify these perversions, by showing that the "agricultural Britain" which ended in 1846 was neither so miserable nor so stupid as to be beneath comparison with the "manufacturing Britain" which took its place.

On the heels of Mr Balfour's pamphlet came the Board of Trade statistics, which have been so anxiously waited for. They are even more stupendous than had been expected, and fill nearly 500 folio pages, interleaved with scores of elaborate charts. The difficult circumstances under which they have been produced will protect them from criticism, either as to quality or arrangement. The editors candidly disclaim any pretension to scientific or literary finish. The title they have adopted, 'Memoranda, Statistical Tables, and Charts,' literally describes the *olla podrida*. In fact, it could hardly have been made other than it is, with such a promiscuous paternity as it has had. Individual members of the Cabinet called for returns to suit their particular fancy. The several departments of the Board of Trade brought their respective offerings. Special returns and memoranda already in existence were again pressed into service. All these, got together and roughly classified, have been submitted to the public as so much raw material for the fiscal banquet.

Any one who has had to do with the commercial statistics of foreign countries—especially those of our chief rivals, Germany and the United States—will be strongly impressed by the crude and fragmentary character of this compilation; but for that the Board of Trade officials are not to blame. They have done their best with the means and the opportunities which a *laissez-faire* State allows them. Doubtless they

would be only too glad to do more, if there were an intelligent demand for it, and the means of supplying it were provided. This ponderous volume, unique in our commercial history, will, let us hope, be the pioneer of really adequate and well-digested statistics, both of our home and foreign trades.

The volume consists of thirty-one sections, covering a very wide range of subjects, many of them having little connection with each other. The first five are devoted to foreign trade generally, concluding with a memorandum on the burning question of excess of imports over exports. The next four are on the much more important, but less appreciated, food question. Readers of our recent article on that subject will here find its conclusions confirmed and emphasised by official figures. These are followed by a group of memoranda (X. to XII.) on foreign tariffs, preferential duties, drawbacks, and kindred problems.

An isolated chapter on shipping—foreign, colonial, and coasting—leads up to a subject even more important than the fluctuations of trade, the wages and cost of living of the working classes. On various grounds this should be specially interesting. It has been handled by a competent authority, Mr Llewellyn Smith; and it is likely to be made good use of by Mr Chamberlain in his autumn speeches. A chapter on trusts by another competent authority, Mr Schloss, completes the body of the report. But there are still the

appendices—about half as large as the text itself. Seven of them deal with our staple domestic industries, inclusive of shipping. These present a branch of the inquiry which has not yet received anything like its proper share of attention. They compare the numbers of persons employed in the iron and steel, textile, and other staple trades during the past fifty years. They also distinguish, approximately of course, the numbers to whom our home and foreign trades respectively furnish employment.

General statistics are added, illustrating the industrial condition of the United Kingdom and of other important commercial countries. The volume concludes with a sweep-up of miscellaneous statistics bearing on the growth of population, emigration, production, railway traffic, profits and capital, banking, pauperism, &c.,—everything, in fact, from the money market to the casual ward. This section seems to have been cut bodily out of the "Statistical Abstract of the United Kingdom."

Whoever has the courage to tackle this maze of charts and tables with an honest wish to understand them, will discover in them four dominant questions—foreign trade, food, work, and wages. All the rest is of subsidiary interest in the present stage of the inquiry. The most interesting of the tables are those relating to labour. If the working man were a logical being, we might strongly advise him above all others to study these figures, or at least such of them as directly con-

cern himself. But what would be the use? He has already, through his trade-union leaders, gruffly and emphatically declared that he wants no fresh information of any kind. On a subject which vitally concerns him he prefers the ignorance of sixty years ago to the knowledge of to-day. If he had been a logical being, instead of shutting his eyes, he would have been thankful to Mr Chamberlain for trying to open them for him. If the inquiry should accomplish nothing else, it will have revealed the critical condition into which British labour is drifting, under the combined influence of hostile tariffs abroad and crushing taxation at home.

It is with the working man that the ultimate decision of this great issue rests, and no one better appreciates that than Mr Chamberlain. He grasps it in its full magnitude, while the working man himself plays with the fringe of it. The questions which overshadow all others are these—Given forty-two millions of consumers, how is an adequate supply of healthy food to be ensured for them? And given fourteen millions of producers, how are steady employment and a fair living wage to be found for them? These statistics prove the outlook to be far from satisfactory in either respect. The number of persons employed in our staple industries is disappointingly small, whether we compare it with the whole industrial population or with the corresponding classes in other countries. Moreover, their growth even in our largest

industries is slow and precarious, sometimes non-existent or even retrogressive. Here is a much more serious point, especially for the workers themselves, than the balance of our exports and imports or the percentages of our trade with protected and unprotected areas.

From the inquiry point of view, the "Memoranda, Statistical Tables, and Charts" have an obvious defect in the lack of a central idea. The average reader, after wading through them, will ask himself wearily what they all amount to; whereas if he had been told beforehand what particular questions they were intended to illustrate, he might easily have judged the value of the illustration. If, for instance, the Board of Trade officials had been asked to compare the two fiscal periods into which the past century was sharply divided—the agricultural and the industrial periods, or, as some may prefer to regard them, the protected and the free import periods—the figures might have led to some kind of definite conclusions.

That is the central idea we were developing in the special article announced last month under the title of "A Century of British Progress"; but in order to make room for an adequate account of Mr Balfour's pamphlet and the Board of Trade Memoranda, it has had to be severely condensed. In the present number we can do little more than outline the intended comparison; but enough will be done to show, we trust, the advantage of having def-

inite issues before us, and not mere piles of figures. Mr Balfour and Mr Chamberlain have both made their personal standpoints clear enough, but their followers are still fighting indiscriminately on details. A broad decisive historical issue has yet to be put forward, and what better one could we have than our comparative progress, not in mere paper values, but in national strength and wellbeing during the last thirty years of restricted imports (1820-50) and the last thirty years of free imports (1870-1900)? Free importers could desire nothing more favourable to them, and the advocates of home industry could not be subjected to a more exacting test.

But apart from the fiscal question, on statistical grounds alone it is eminently desirable that an effort should be made to carry our commercial records further back than the middle of the nineteenth century. The available material is, we know, meagre, and much of it dubious. It may, however, be worth sifting by competent experts, of whom there are not a few at the Board of Trade. Such as it is, it has to be used by statisticians, and it would be a great gain to them if it were officially revised and put in convenient shape. The "Statistical Abstract for the United Kingdom" goes back only to 1840, and even of that period the first fifteen years (1840-54) had to be patched up, as it were, posthumously. For the preceding forty years (1800-40) a mass of data exists

in various forms. The Board of Trade itself must have a good deal in its unpublished archives, and outside stores are scattered about in statistical works like M'Culloch's, Colquhoun's, and Macpherson's.

As a supplement to the "Memoranda, Tables, and Charts," a properly edited collection of commercial and financial statistics belonging to the first half of the nineteenth century would be invaluable. Our fiscal policy of to-day was decided for us in the first half of the century by men who had been made and educated in that period. They belonged to it, and without understanding them and their ideas, how can we properly appreciate the results of their work? Our commercial system, too, had its foundations laid in the first half of the century, which as regards official statistics is almost a mythical age for us.

With the imperfect data at our command we proceed to illustrate the two rival halves of the nineteenth century. Let us compare them in their economic aspects—fiscal, commercial, and financial. Let us study them in particular from the food and labour standpoints. Even trade-union leaders may condescend by-and-by to look at facts which are, and have been for a century past, the chief concern of their own class. Work on one hand and food on the other are their fiscal problem. What are they doing to solve it, or to prevent its becoming so complicated as to get out of their power?

The subjoined tables exhibit the economic condition of the United Kingdom at three important periods during the past hundred years—first in 1801, when the consolidation of the Empire was in its “blood and iron” stage; next in 1851, the sunrise of free trade at home and of free colonies abroad; and

finally in 1901, a fateful year which, if we heed not, may prove the sunset both of our free trade and free colonies. We begin with a comparative view of the population, public debt, revenue and expenditure, local taxation, &c. This may be distinguished as the fiscal branch of the comparison.

A CENTURY OF FISCAL PROGRESS, 1801-1901.

	1801.	1851.	1901.
Population . . .	16,338,102	27,309,346	41,400,000
Birth-rate per 1000 . . .	28·9	34·2	28·5
National debt—			
Funded . . .	£447,043,489	£765,126,582	£693,310,386
Unfunded . . .	17,590,300	17,742,800	75,133,000
Total debt . . .	£464,633,789	£782,869,382	£768,443,386
Per head . . .	£28 6 0	£28 13 4	£18 11 3
Debt-charge . . .	£21,957,402	£28,017,126	£21,685,532
Per head . . .	27s.	20s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
National revenue—			
From taxation . . .	£34,113,146	£48,042,914	£121,893,000
From other sources . . .	27,305,271	4,190,092	21,104,999
Total revenue . . .	£61,418,417	£52,233,006	142,997,999
Chief sources of revenue—			
Customs and excise . . .	£19,330,867	£37,597,495	£62,593,000
Stamps and taxes . . .	11,906,987	15,759,383	59,300,000
Local rates . . .	£5,302,070	£8,916,000	£61,987,643*
National expenditure—			
Debt-charge . . .	£21,957,402	£28,017,126	£21,685,532
Army and Navy . . .	37,216,268†	14,873,858	123,787,000
Civil and miscellaneous . . .	4,167,287	11,112,009	31,928,791

* 1900.

† Including war expenses.

There are about two and a half times as many people in the United Kingdom to-day as there were one hundred years ago. In some respects the two communities were very similarly circumstanced. Both were at war—the people of 1801 with the then most powerful nation in Europe, and we with a South African Republic barely

forty years old. Out of an estimated total income of 1500 millions sterling we raised in 1901 for war and ordinary expenditure 179 millions. The people of 1801, out of a total income of less than 140 millions, furnished the Government with 61½ millions. It was not, of course, all in taxes—about 27 millions came from loans and

other special sources; but the taxes exceeded 34 millions for the year, or 25 per cent of the total estimated income of the nation. Both communities were burdened with heavy national debts. In nominal amount they differed widely, ours having been over 50 per cent larger than that of 1801. But a singular coincidence will be seen in the annual debt-charge of the two periods. Our 768 millions of debt cost us less to carry than 464 millions cost the taxpayers of 1801, the respective totals having been £21,685,000 and £21,957,000. The average cost per head of the population was, however, very different—10s. 6d. in 1901 against 27s. a century ago.

With that peculiar exception the public burdens of the community have increased at a greater rate than the population, and also at a greater rate than its producing power, so far as that can be measured by reliable data. The only thing we can boast of as compared with 1801 is paper wealth—that of the income-tax assessments. In these our progress has indeed been dazzling; but is it not rather anomalous that it should be so much greater in these than in the more tangible tests of production and distribution? The population of 1901 was two and a half times that of a century ago, but our taxation is more than three and a half times as large (122 millions sterling against 34 millions), our customs and excise revenue fully three times as large (62½ millions sterling against 19

millions), and our stamps and taxes nearly five times as large (59½ millions sterling against less than 12 millions). On the expenditure side we find that the cost of the army and navy has been multiplied about three and a half times (123½ millions sterling against 37 millions). Moreover, the 37 millions included the current charges of a European war, while the extra charge of the Boer war has to be added to our 123½ millions.

In local government our great-grandfathers had much the best of us. The local rates of 1801—including that corn-law bogey the poor-rate—did not much exceed 5 millions sterling. By 1901 they had mounted up to 62 millions—a twelvefold increase. The Civil Service and miscellaneous charges of 1801 were only a trifle over 4 millions sterling. In 1901 rates in aid of shoddy science, board schools, and other make-believes had run them up to close on 32 millions. Imperial and local taxation combined rose during the century from under 40 millions sterling to nearly 184 millions—that is to say, they multiplied fully four and a half times, or twice as much as the population!

In public finance we do not, when everything is taken into account, make such a very superior show to our ancestors of 1801. But at least, it may be said, we have advanced rapidly since 1851, when the dark clouds of protection finally rolled away. In some respects, perhaps, but not in all. Population increased only 50 per cent,—a substantially

smaller rate than that of the corn-law half of the century. Concurrently national taxation advanced from 48 to 122 millions sterling, or two and a half times, and local taxation from under 9 millions to nearly 62 millions—a seven-fold increase! Public burdens as a whole rose from 57 millions to nearly 184 millions—more than three times as much.

During this half-century a significant change took place in the character as well as in the amount of the taxation. In 1851 $37\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling out of a total revenue of 48 millions was raised by customs and excise, but in 1901 only 62 millions out of a total revenue of 122 millions was so raised. The ratio of customs and excise—in other words, of indirect taxes—to the whole thus declined from 77 per cent to 51 per cent. Concurrently direct taxes—represented by stamps, death-duties, &c.—increased from 23 per cent to 49 per

cent. Both classes of taxation increased much more rapidly than the population; but the increase of direct taxes was so great as to constitute practically a new burden on the national industry. Customs and excise averaged in 1851 27s. 6d. per head of the population, and stamps and taxes 11s. per head—total, 38s. 6d. per head. In 1901 stamps and taxes had grown to 27s. per head, while customs and excise, instead of showing any compensatory decline, averaged 30s. per head—total, 57s. per head, against 38s. 6d. in 1851. If we really prospered more in the second or free-trade half of the century than in the first or protectionist half, the Government had nothing to do with it. Its operations tended much more to impoverish than to enrich the country.

So much for the fiscal growth of the past century. The next table exhibits its commercial growth:—

A CENTURY OF COMMERCIAL PROGRESS, 1801-1901.

		1801.	1851.	1901.
Imports—				
Foreign	. . .	£22,767,834	£118,239,534*	£416,416,492
Colonial	. . .	9,018,428	34,149,499	105,573,706
		<u>£31,786,262</u>	<u>£152,389,053</u>	<u>£521,990,198</u>
Exports—				
Foreign	. . .	£33,911,744	£54,931,683	£175,233,975
Colonial	. . .	5,818,915	19,517,039	104,788,401
		<u>£39,730,659</u>	<u>£74,448,722</u>	<u>£280,022,376</u>
Imports per head	. . .	1 19 0	5 11 6	12 11 3
Exports per head	. . .	2 9 0	2 14 6	6 14 10
Percentage of—				
Foreign imports	. . .	70	78	80
Colonial imports	. . .	30	22	20
Foreign exports.	. . .	86	74	62·5
Colonial exports	. . .	14	26	37·5

* 1854.

A CENTURY OF COMMERCIAL PROGRESS, 1801-1901—*continued.*

			1801.	1851.	1901.
Chief imports—					
Cotton, raw	. cwt.		484,000	6,762,300	16,336,697
Wool, "	. lb.		7,371,774	81,298,733	686,956,308
Iron and steel	. .		<u>£947,785</u>	<u>£8,785,000</u>	<u>£34,617,000</u>
Chief exports—					
Cotton yarns	. .	{	£7,050,809	£30,088,836	{ £7,977,052
" goods	. .				
Woollen yarns	. .	{	7,321,326	8,377,183	{ 4,855,771
" goods	. .				
Linen yarns	. .	{	1,009,194	5,067,096	{ 824,681
" goods	. .				
Iron and steel	. .		2,047,902	...	25,282,080
Coal	. tons		925,989	3,468,455	43,765,912
British shipping—					
Total tonnage	. .		1,986,076	3,662,344	9,608,420
Entered and cleared—					
British	. .		2,510,229	9,820,876	62,789,841
Foreign	. .		937,831	6,159,322	34,561,172
Native products—					
Iron	. . tons		227,000	2,700,000	4,091,908
Copper	. . "		5,267	19,899	532
Tin	. . "		2,328	5,974	4,560
Bullion in Bank of England	. .		£4,335,260	£14,607,250	£35,568,509

Imports show at first glance an overwhelming increase, the $31\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling of 1801 being only a sixteenth part of the 522 millions recorded in 1901. But from the latter ought to be deducted 220 millions sterling of foreign food, which had a very small counterpart in 1801. The true comparison lies between $31\frac{3}{4}$ millions and 300 millions, showing the increase for the whole century to have been a little over 268 millions. Less than $2\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling per annum over such a long period cannot be considered astounding progress for the leading commercial State in the world, as we still were in those days.

True, the rate of progress realised in the second half of the century was considerably greater than in the first; but to that there was more than

one contributory cause. The expansion of our colonies was quite as powerful a factor in it as the repeal of the Corn Laws. Moreover, the larger population of the second half than of the first has also to be taken into account, though free-trade apologists seldom remember minor details like growth of population. In extolling the growth of consumption they conveniently forget the increase of consumers. Between 1801 and 1854—we have in this case to adopt the latter year, as declared values then superseded the old official values—imports had an increase of 120 millions sterling, which, on a mean population for the half century of 21 millions, averaged nearly £6 per head. Between 1854 and 1901—a period of forty-seven years—they gained another 369

millions, of which 220 millions was food. On a mean population of, say, 35 millions, the gross increase averaged about £10 per head, but excluding food, it was only £4, 7s. per head.

Still more interesting comparisons are furnished by the exports of the century. All through they were considerably smaller than the imports; but the preponderance of the latter has for years been growing more and more pronounced. In the first or corn-law half of the century exports advanced from 39 $\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling to 74 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions—a gain of 34 $\frac{3}{4}$ millions, which, on a mean population for the period of 21 millions, averaged 33s. per head. In the latter half of the century the increase was 205 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling, and taking the mean population again at 35 millions, the average would be rather less than £6 per head. Between the two half centuries the utmost difference that can be claimed in respect of British exports is 87s. per head per annum. If it had been all due to the repeal of the Corn Laws, the repealers might have had some ground for modest, though not extravagant, boasting. But much more happened in the nineteenth century than the repeal of the Corn Laws. The United Kingdom itself was virtually re-created, and a colonial empire hitherto almost inaccessible was drawn closer to us both politically and commercially.

When the nineteenth century is impartially studied it will be found that a larger share of our

economic progress during the nineteenth century was due to the development of our colonies than to the repeal of the Corn Laws. In the first place, observe what a large and continually growing proportion of our exports throughout the whole period was colonial. It rose from 14 per cent at the beginning of the century to 26 per cent at the middle and 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent at the end of it. All this increase we might have secured as well under the old system as under the new one. In fact, the chances would have been in favour of a larger increase than has actually occurred. By continuing to the colonies even a small part of the preference they formerly enjoyed in our markets as against foreign nations, we should have drawn them closer to us and have given them greater encouragement to trade with us.

Free importers cannot reasonably claim any share in the magnificent expansion of our colonial trade, because, so far from promoting, they deliberately discouraged it. By withdrawing all the privileges it had enjoyed from the days of Cromwell, and reducing the colonies one and all to a dead pedantic level with the outer world, they practically announced that for the future there was to be no sentiment in business. It was well for them and for the United Kingdom that the colonies did not take them too literally at their word. Cobdenism in its colonial application deliberately and avowedly contemplated

ultimate disintegration of the Empire. "Foreign and colonial markets are all alike to us," was the cry of the original Cobdenites. And so they might all have become ere now if a wise Providence had not interposed to prevent it.

There was something more, however, than mere good luck in our escape from the natural and logical sequel to the free-trade cosmopolitanism of fifty years ago which would have been disintegration. If our relations with the colonies had been purely commercial, the same as with foreign States generally, their trade might have become an alienating rather than a concentrating influence. But two powerful counteractives came into operation—the personal and the financial factors. The mother country not only peopled the colonies with the overflow of her own children, but she financed them also. She provided them with banks and mortgage companies; she assisted them to build their railways and harbours; she loaned money to them for all manner of legitimate and not a few illegitimate objects.

This placed her in a wholly different relation to the colonies to what she has generally held toward foreign countries. The latter, as a rule, have been mere traders. With the exception of the United States and the Argentine Republic, they have held only buying and selling relations with us. Our colonies, on the other hand, have been not only traders with us, but blood-relations, financial

clients, partners and co-operators in many lines of enterprise. We have made far more money out of them than the bare profit on goods exchanged with them. Much of their land is British owned, and in normal years it yields substantial returns. Millions of British capital are invested in their mines, sheep-runs, sugar-plantations, and other industries. Their principal banks originated in London and still have their headquarters here. Their largest trading firms have home connections, and many of them have been converted into limited liability companies under our joint-stock laws.

The great difference between mere exchange of merchandise, such as we carry on with foreign markets, and commercial and financial partnership, such as obtains between the mother country and the colonies, can be well illustrated by a single example. In the past two years (1901 and 1902) our total exports of British and Irish produce to foreign markets averaged under 175 millions sterling. The profit on that, after allowing for unlucky ventures, accidents, and bad debts, will be liberally estimated at 10 per cent overhead, or 17½ millions sterling. What a drop in the bucket is 17½ millions compared with our total income-tax assessments of 867 millions sterling, or even with the 466 millions of trading and professional incomes assessed under Schedule D. Observe how it contrasts with the huge totals in the following table:—

A CENTURY OF ACCUMULATED WEALTH, 1801-1901.

	1801.	1853.	1901.
Inhabited houses . . .	<u>1,575,923</u>	<u>3,276,975</u>	<u>6,833,656</u>
Income tax—			
Lands and houses . . .	£30,000,000	£107,000,000	232,810,000
Farming . . .	10,000,000	46,650,000	17,608,000
Trades and professions . . .	45,000,000	70,000,000	466,189,000
British, colonial, and foreign securities . . .	12,000,000	26,750,000	41,365,000
Public officials	11,680,000	75,381,000
Total assessments . . .	102,000,000*	262,000,000	866,993,453
Yield of tax for each penny . . .	<u>500,000</u>	<u>800,000</u>	<u>2,531,462</u>
Estate duties.			
Property charged to—			
Old legacy duties . . .	£3,541,931	£51,835,620	...
New death duties . . .	<u>...</u>	<u>...</u>	<u>£211,006,000</u>
Savings banks	£30,278,000	£192,359,000
Friendly societies	13,999,268 (1881)	43,232,500

* Pitt's original valuations in December 1798.

ECONOMIC LEGENDS AND FALLACIES.

Haphazard, slipshod statistics are the natural soil for economic legend and fallacy. As might be expected, these are to be found flourishing in the popular mind with regard to the so-called protectionist half of the nineteenth century. The best use that can be made of the "inquiry" returns, so far as they have yet appeared, may be to apply them as a check to the false and legendary history of the protectionist *régime* with which we have been so copiously supplied by its destroyers. Afterwards a counter-test may be applied to the Cobden *régime*, which succeeded that of the Corn Laws, and which in its turn is now on its trial. Let us ask ourselves, not as party politicians or as dogmatic professors, but as practical men

who desire to have the guidance of past experience, What is the true lesson of the official statistics now being showered on us? What have the above tables to say of the two historical *régimes* now set up against each other as rival examples of economic development? Do they prove the first to have been as stupid, wretched, and unprogressive as its free-trade biographers picture it? Or do they show that it has been in many respects calumniated, misrepresented, and disparaged? On the other hand, do they bear out all the claims of the second to universal beneficence, enterprise, and prosperity? Or have there also been rifts in the free-trade lute, which time and change of circumstance are bringing to light?

"AGRICULTURAL BRITAIN," 1801-51.

A large, and at one time influential, section of our political leaders have assiduously cultivated among the public an idea that the first half of the nineteenth century—the corn-law period—was something for all patriotic Britons to be ashamed of. They have written and spoken of it as the dark age of Toryism and protection. According to them it was barren, stupid, dull, unenterprising, uninteresting, and altogether commonplace. It may be almost useless to try to explain to them that this dull half-century produced a healthier and stronger national growth than any we have had since; nevertheless that is the actual fact. This stupid half-century furnished most of the economic ideas which succeeding generations who look down upon it pride themselves on having worked out. This barren half-century originated nearly all the economic movements to which we owe our subsequent prosperity. The second half of the century—the free-trade period—flourished to a large extent on its rich inheritance from the first half.

It was in the dark age of the Corn Laws that our century-long rivalry with France for the supremacy of Europe was finally decided in our favour.

That we acquired undisputed command of the high seas, which carried with it control of the ocean trade of the world.

That our foreign markets were multiplied and extended by the inclusion of South

America, China, and the Far East generally.

That our foreign policy became for the first time generous and broad-minded, under the guidance of Ministers like Canning and Palmerston.

That our monetary standard was settled once for all, and so wisely that it has given us little or no trouble ever since. The only attempts to disturb it have been pronunciamentos of the "fourteen professors" in favour of bimetallism.

That our banking system received its present solid and successful organisation. Our joint-stock banks, our Bank Charter Act, and our currency system all belong to the first half of the nineteenth century.

That our foreign finance was initiated with the South American loans of 1822, and a powerful impetus thereby given to our foreign trade. A very large proportion of the iron and textile exports of the free-trade period were "financed" on the system introduced in 1822—namely, lending to foreign countries, not in cash, but in goods.

That our trunk roads and canals were built, and most of our great harbours and docks were created.

That steam locomotion was invented, and our railway system as a whole was planned, and its main lines constructed.

That our self-governing colonies were established, and the political foundations of our colonial empire were laid.

That our home trade re-

ceived an unprecedented stimulus from the prosperity of our principal industries, agricultural and manufacturing alike.

That a rational system of local government was introduced, which the second half of the century has pushed to the wildest extreme of muddle and extravagance.

That popular education was started on reasonable and moderate lines, which have since been lost in a wild craze for wasteful experiments, costing in the aggregate almost as much as the army itself, and yielding even less satisfactory results.

The above are a few out of many historical reminders for us that the first half of the nineteenth century was the natural parent of the second half; that it contributed its full share to the industrial and commercial achievements of the century as a whole; and that we may owe as much to its solid but forgotten progress as to the showier and better advertised successes of a later day. If the golden age of the free-traders were to be criticised as cavalierly as the corn-law period—and doubtless one day it will be—what might not be said of it? Imagine Sir William Harcourt or Sir Charles Dilke or Mr Asquith returning thirty years hence to

hear what posterity may be saying of their chosen generation. It is not impossible that their spectral ears may be shocked with the rudest of rude adjectives. Economic teachers may be holding up the second half of the century to scorn and ridicule, much the same as our own "fourteen professors" now regard the first half. They may characterise it as a bullying, blustering, self-glorious age—an age of guzzling, gambling, and muddling—of hypocrisy, inconsistency, and conceit. For all of which allegations there might be some little ground.

It may seem foolhardy and ridiculous even to suggest the possibility of comparison between the two halves of the nineteenth century—the Cinderella half and the Cobden half. But we do not shrink even from that. If we can do nothing else, we may at least establish the fact that the Cinderella period was a much more important part of our national history than it has ever yet got credit for. In several respects it was more progressive than the Cobden régime. The census returns quoted in Mr Gibson Bowles' return show to start with a more rapid growth of population in the earlier than in the later decades of the century.

GROWTH OF POPULATION, 1821-1902.

	Total, United Kingdom.	Increase in the decade.	Increase per cent.
1821 . . .	20,900,000
1831 . . .	24,000,000	3,100,000	15·00
1841 . . .	26,700,000	2,700,000	11·25
1851 . . .	27,400,000	700,000	2·60

GROWTH OF POPULATION, 1821-1902—continued.

	Total, United Kingdom	Increase in the decade.	Increase per cent.
1861 . . .	28,900,000	1,500,000	5·50
1871 . . .	31,500,000	2,600,000	9·00
1881 . . .	34,900,000	3,400,000	10·80
1891 . . .	37,700,000	2,800,000	8·00
1901 . . .	41,400,000	3,700,000	9·80

Here the “fourteen professors” and other champions of free imports will find a rather hard nut to crack. Assuming that they agree with the best economic authorities, including themselves, that a healthy progressive population is the most valuable asset of a State, we invite their attention to the fact that our largest increase of population during the nineteenth century took place in the last two decades of the protectionist *régime*! We next invite their attention to the still more singular fact that in the decade during which the free-trade crusade reached its climax the increase of population virtually disappeared. It dropped from $11\frac{1}{4}$ per cent to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, or a quarter per cent per annum! Even after the free-trade *régime* became definitely established, the population never recovered its former rate of growth. In the five decades of the second half of the century the highest rate of increase was $10\frac{3}{4}$ per cent, against 15 per cent in the decade 1821-31 and $11\frac{1}{4}$ per cent in 1831-41.

The first two decades of the century cannot be brought into exact comparison owing to the absence of an Irish census, but if we adopt current estimates for the latter, the increase between 1801 and 1821 will be 4,855,000, or an original total

of 16,338,000—equal to 30 per cent for the twenty years, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per annum. England and Wales taken by themselves show even more remarkable progress. Their population rose from 8,873,000 in 1801 to 11,979,000 in 1821—a gain of 3,106,000, or 35 per cent for the two decades, against $20\frac{1}{2}$ per cent for the two best decades under free-trade. As a final test we may compare the two halves of the century. The first (1801-51) showed a growth of over 11 millions—from 16,338,000 to 27,400,000—while the second gained 14 millions. But the 11 millions represented 70 per cent of the original total, and the 14 millions only 52 per cent. If the free-trade line were drawn at 1840, as we might fairly claim, the respective increases would be, for the first four decades of the century, 10,362,000, and for the last six decades 14,700,000. The ratios of increase for the first four decades would be 63·6 per cent, or over $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per annum, and for the other six decades 55 per cent, or less than 1 per cent per annum.

Census returns are of course unimpeachable. Not all the argufiers of the Cobden Club could explain them away. But if they required confirmation, it is to be found in abundance among contemporary records.

“MANUFACTURING BRITAIN” OF TO-DAY.

For all reasonable people the foregoing historical retrospect ought to demolish the legend that “Agricultural Britain” was unprogressive and unproductive as well as unintelligent. After half a century’s experience of “Manufacturing Britain,” how far do we find it to have improved on its predecessor in the essentials of human wellbeing? Population has been already dealt with, and the free-traders will have no wish for a repetition of results so unflattering to them. But the moral of the population return may be driven home by a passing reference to the birth and death rates. The latter shows an improving tendency, as it ought to do after so many years’ practice of sanitary science and so many millions spent in its application. But the birth-rate is much less satisfactory. In the thirty years since 1871 it has dropped from a maximum of 35 per 1000 to a record minimum in 1901 of only 28·6 per 1000—a decline of fully 8 per cent in three decades. The corn-law *régime* is innocent of any such deterioration.

In an “inquest of the nation” the people naturally rank first, and after them the principal home industries. We have seen how the latter predominated at the middle of the century, before the newfangled doctrines about the superior value of foreign trade gained the upper hand. Some of the free-trade leaders have wheeled

round on this point, and, sacrificing consistency to necessity, are now preaching the superiority of home trade over foreign. Unhappily for them the Treasury, the Board of Trade, and the Inland Revenue Department have not had time yet to catch up with this new view. Their chief attention for the past fifty years has been given to foreign trade. Home industries have been overlooked or pushed into the background, and now that official information about them would be so welcome, there is very little available. Nearly every column in Mr Gibson Bowles’ return relating to home industries is either a blank or a mere skeleton. More striking still, they occupy comparatively few of the 500 pages of special statistics prepared by the Board of Trade for the use of the Cabinet.

What a brave confession for the official statisticians of a country which still considers itself the leader of the world’s commerce to have to make, in writing “No information” under such headings as “Textile manufactures, total production;” “Textiles retained for home consumption;” “Iron and steel manufactures, total production;” “Iron and steel manufactures retained for home consumption”! But they have been able to furnish a few stray figures as to the number of persons employed at different periods in textile factories, woollen and cotton. In

1839—seven years before the termination of the old *régime*—the total was 345,831. It reached its maximum in 1890 with a total of 830,351. But in the last decade of the century, when every one imagined that our textile industries were flushed with prosperity, the number of employees receded to 782,532. That was their estimated total in 1898, and it indicates a decline of nearly fifty thousand in eight years—at the alarming rate of over six thousand a-year.

If we recall that the repeal of the Corn Laws and the throwing open of British ports to all the world involved a deliberate sacrifice of our food-growing to our textile industries, the above will seem a rather unsatisfactory result. To “convinced free-traders” like the late Chancellor of the Exchequer it must be, to say the least, disconcerting. Some kind of explanation of it is due to their followers, if not to the public. Why that serious and most inopportune shrinkage in the *personnel* of our two greatest industries after agriculture? The Cobden Club axiom, that imports create exports, does not seem to have worked correctly in this particular instance. The contrary doctrine, that excessive imports encroach on the demand for home labour, is more in evidence. If in sixty years (1839 to 1898) the number of persons employed in all our textile industries increased only from 345,831 to 782,532, that was merely nominal progress, for it hardly kept pace with the growth of

the population. In 1839 there was one textile worker for every seventy-five people in the United Kingdom. In 1898 there was one for every fifty-three people—rather a backward advance.

In order to give these figures their full significance, the imports of foreign textiles during the same period ought to have been placed alongside of the numbers of persons employed. These, however, have been overlooked. The tables of detailed imports do not go further back than 1890, and they only give separately the chief countries of origin. A collective comparison cannot therefore be made. But under the head “Imports from Germany” we find cotton manufactures valued in 1890 at £253,381, and in 1902, £1,121,065. Under “Imports from Belgium” there are cotton manufactures valued in 1890 at £593,182, and in 1902 they have increased to over two millions (£2,080,000). A considerable portion of these Belgian cottons come in all probability from Germany and Austria. Under “Imports from France” cotton manufactures rise from £365,367 in 1890 to £969,250 in 1902. With all respect for the doctrine that imports cannot displace home labour, we believe that there may be some connection between our increasing imports of textiles and the practical decrease in the number of hands employed in our own factories. What has the Cotton-spinners’ Association to say to this?

In the iron and steel industry we find a repetition of these

anomalies. Very slow increase in the numbers employed, a large increase in the output per head, and a still larger increase in the imports of manufactured goods. The production of pig-iron in the United Kingdom has risen from 3,100,000 tons in 1854 to 8,700,000 tons in 1902, but the number of persons employed increased only from 110,408 to 245,847 (1891). The total for 1901 is not yet available for

the United Kingdom, but for England and Wales it was 216,022, against 95,350 in 1854. In other words, our ironworkers are numerically declining both as compared with the home demand for iron and with foreign production. That a good deal of their work has of late been done for them abroad may be gathered from the following exhibit of our iron and steel imports from our principal competitors.

IMPORTS OF IRON AND STEEL MANUFACTURES.

	1890.	1902.
Germany	£286,359	£1,228,390
Belgium	835,322	2,681,892
France	145,495	353,607
United States	497,126	5,723,813
	<u>£1,764,302</u>	<u>£7,987,702</u>

The above figures are all from the Board of Trade volume. So much concerned are the Board of Trade officials about the condition of our iron and steel trade that Sir Alfred Bateman lately issued a special memorandum on the subject. It covers a period of three years, 1899 to 1901, and a less fortunate one for the free importers could hardly be imagined. The nine chief producers of iron and steel are given in their present order of magnitude—namely, the United States, Germany, the United Kingdom, Spain, Russia, France, Austria-Hungary, Sweden, and Belgium. In the three years 1899 to 1901 four of them have lost ground as producers of iron-ore—Germany, the United Kingdom, Spain, and France. Four have increased their yearly output—

the United States, Austria-Hungary, Sweden, and Belgium—while the Russian return for 1901 is not yet available.

The two outstanding facts in this comparison are the huge expansion of the American output—from 24,863,000 tons in 1899 to 28,887,000 tons in 1901; and the corresponding shrinkage of our own output—from 14,461,000 tons in 1899 to 12,275,000 tons in 1901. Sir Alfred Bateman in his comments on these not very encouraging figures says that our iron-ore production in 1901 was "less than in any year since 1895." As iron-ore producers we passed our zenith in 1882 with a record output of eighteen million tons. Now we are down to about two-thirds of that. Still less fortunate do we appear to be as consumers

of iron-ore (home and foreign). Formerly we held the lead both in production and consumption, but now we have to be content with third place in both. Between 1899 and 1901 the American consumption advanced from 25,316,000 tons to 29,789,000 tons, while ours declined from 21,504,000 tons to 17,812,000 tons—a loss of 17½ per cent in three years, or nearly 6 per cent per annum.

As producers of pig-iron we have one consolation that is denied to us elsewhere. Severe as our losses were, we still managed in 1901 to keep slightly ahead of Germany. The Americans continued their triumphal progress, having added in 1901 fully two million tons to the 13,621,000 tons they manufactured in 1899. Germany fell off in the same period a million and a quarter tons, leaving her in 1901 with a total of 7,867,000 tons. Our shrinkage was fully

a million and a half tons, leaving us in 1901 with 7,929,000 tons. Belgium also reported a material decrease, but France only a small one. Russia and Sweden, on the other hand, had small increases. The special memorandum adds a quinquennial comparison—1899-1901 against 1894-96—in which the United Kingdom makes a poorer showing than ever. The respective rates of increase in output of pig-iron were—the United States 75 per cent, Germany 43 per cent, and the United Kingdom 11 per cent!

Following iron to its final stage, the memorandum compares the output of the principal steel-making countries. Here again the United Kingdom has dropped into third place, and a poor third at that. This being the most important of the metal industries, we reproduce the actual figures below.

STEEL PRODUCTION, 1899-1901 (tons).

	1899.	1901.
United States	10,640,000	13,474,000
Germany	6,290,000	6,394,000
United Kingdom	4,855,000	4,904,000

Between 1899 and 1901 the steel trades of Germany and the United Kingdom were practically stationary, while that of the United States continued to expand at the rate of a million tons a-year. Sir Alfred Bateman mentions a significant circumstance which may partly account for the stagnation of our steel industry. The German and American processes of steel-making must be superior to

ours, as they obtain more steel than our makers do from a given quantity of pig-iron. The American average is 80 tons of steel from every 100 tons of pig-iron; Germany's is 75 tons, and ours only 63 tons. This, we frankly admit, is not a defect to be remedied by tariffs. It calls for brains at our steel-mills.

"Agricultural Britain" is, as we all know, in a deplorable plight, but not many of us can

have been prepared for the disclosures made by the Board of Trade as to the state of "Manufacturing Britain." If the above official figures as to the tendency of our staple industries mean anything, it is that neither are they in a particularly healthy state. Let the working men who have so lightly rejected Mr Chamberlain's scheme in advance see to it that their own future is not in peril. They have refused to listen for a moment to the claims of the cultivators of the soil. They have given the cold shoulder to colonists who have proved themselves both on the field of battle and elsewhere to be the bone and sinew of the Empire. Possibly their infatuation will carry them even further, and they may even decline to consider that part of the fiscal problem which immediately concerns themselves. But again we say, let them look to it that their own turn does not come soon. If the records of the Board of Trade are to be believed, they are living in a fool's paradise.

The condition of the labour market at the present time is by no means reassuring. From a trade union point of view it is quite the reverse. Nor

is it likely to experience much improvement in the coming winter, and the time may be nearer than trade unionists think when a day's work will be of greater consequence to a working man than the little or even the big loaf. Then it may not seem such a smart thing as it does now to pass a Jeddart verdict on a question before they or their leaders have taken the trouble to examine it for themselves.

We speak thus plainly to the working men of the country because it is they who hold in their hands the fate not only of Mr Chamberlain and his scheme, but of a United Empire. Without their support it cannot be realised, but they are powerless to prevent the possibly disastrous alternative. Whether or not they have proved themselves worthy of such a trust is another matter. But they have given their decision, such as it is, and Mr Chamberlain has loyally submitted to it. Sooner, however, than they suspect there may be practical and irresistible proof of which is right—the working men who refuse to think for themselves, or Mr Chamberlain, whom they will not allow to think for them?

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. MLVII.

NOVEMBER 1903.

VOL. CLXXIV.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

THE responsibilities we have contracted under the Anglo-Japanese Agreement of 1902 are so serious that any question which may involve Japan in war must be of the deepest concern to us. Yet amidst the turmoil of party strife at home the fact is apt to be overlooked that there are being carried on at the present moment negotiations of the most important and delicate character between the Japanese and Russian Governments, of which it is quite impossible to predicate the outcome, though upon their outcome peace or war in the Far East depends, and peace or war in the Far East may mean peace or war all the world over. In such circumstances it is highly desirable that we should realise what are the issues at stake.

They are in fact exceedingly

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simple. To appreciate them we have only to compare the situation in the Far East eight years ago, on the morrow of the Treaty of Shimonoseki, with that which exists to-day. In the course of a short campaign by land and by sea, Japan had pricked the bubble of China's "latent power," and compelled the Son of Heaven to sue for peace. The terms she imposed were onerous, but not disproportionate to the magnitude of her victories. She demanded the cession of the island of Formosa and the payment of a large war indemnity as compensation for the blood and treasure she had poured out; and as a pledge for the permanency of the new *régime* she had established in Korea, she claimed to retain possession of the Liaotong peninsula, with the fortress of Port Arthur,

which she had occupied during the war. The war had been waged nominally to secure the peace and independence of Korea, and to abolish the more or less shadowy rights of suzerainty China had hitherto exercised at Seoul; and Japan not unnaturally desired to interpose a permanent barrier between Chinese influence and the peninsular kingdom over which her own ascendancy was intended to be henceforth paramount. In a word, Japan was bent upon retaining a foothold on the continent of Asia. Whether this was a wise policy or not from the point of view of Japanese interests, is open to discussion. But it unquestionably represented the unanimous sentiment of the nation.

China accepted the conditions proffered to her. She was not in a position to reject them, for a resumption of hostilities would have meant the immediate occupation of the Chinese capital by the Japanese forces, which had already overrun Manchuria. Moreover, there was no reason why she should take upon herself the responsibility of rejecting them, for when Li Hung-chang proceeded to Shimonoseki, he already had in his pocket an assurance from Russia that the most obnoxious of those conditions would never have to be fulfilled, as Japan would not be allowed to retain the Liaotong peninsula. No sooner had the treaty been signed than Russian diplomacy went to work. With the support of France and Germany, who were both actuated by considerations of general policy

rather than by strong convictions as to the merits of the case, Russia intimated to Japan that her retention of the Liaotong peninsula, with the stronghold of Port Arthur, must be regarded as a permanent threat to the independence of the Chinese Empire as well as of Korea, and a danger to the peace of the Far East. This intimation was conveyed with all the courtesy of diplomatic forms, but Japan was given at the same time plainly to understand that the three Powers meant to back it up by force, if necessary. It was a bitter pill for a young nation to have to swallow after the intoxication of unchecked victory in the field; but it swallowed it, and swallowed it without even pulling a wry face—than which no greater proof of self-restraint could well be given.

Eight years have elapsed since then, and Russia has gradually intrenched herself in the very position, from which Japan was ejected because her presence was pronounced to be a permanent threat to the independence of the Chinese Empire as well as of Korea, and a danger to the peace of the Far East. The fruits of a great war which Japan was not allowed to reap have been gathered in by Russia almost without an effort, and Port Arthur, which was scarcely more than a toy pistol when the Japanese wrested it from the Chinese, has been converted by the Russians into one of the most formidable fortresses of the world, the naval base of the most powerful fleet that has

ever displayed the Russian ensign, the headquarters of a Russian army which is constantly being reinforced from Europe, the terminus of a great trans-continental railway connecting the Baltic and the Black Sea with the Pacific Ocean, and the seat of a great Russian Viceroyalty.

As if this transformation scene enacted under the eyes of Japan were not enough to provoke almost beyond endurance the *amour propre* of a proud and sensitive people, Russia seems determined to bring home its full significance to the Japanese in a form that shall not merely nourish their resentment of the past, but openly threaten their interests in the future. It is not enough that Russian troops should be encamped on the battlefields of Manchuria watered by Japanese blood, that Russia should dominate Northern China from her new strategic position in Manchuria and hold in her grip the Manchu dynasty at Peking whose ancestral birth-place she detains, or that she should have overthrown for her own benefit the whole balance of naval and military power in the Gulf of Chi-li. She no longer takes the trouble to attempt even to conceal the fact that the absorption of Manchuria is but a preliminary step to the absorption of Korea.

That is the *crux*. Japan has more or less reluctantly resigned herself to Russia's occupation of Manchuria. Her statesmen have for some time past realised that even if Japan might still hope to drive the Russians out of

Manchuria by war, the task of holding it indefinitely against them would place an intolerable strain upon her military and financial resources. Her interests are at any rate not vitally enough engaged for her to enter single-handed upon such an adventure, and she is bound to recognise that there is no prospect of material support being afforded to her by any other Power. But Korea is quite another matter. Here material interests and national sentiment are at one, and both speak equally loudly against any surrender of Japanese aspirations. There is probably not a single responsible Japanese who is not firmly convinced that Japan cannot allow Korea to pass under the control of Russia, or for that matter, of any foreign Power, without fighting to the death. If Japan were to do so, she would not only abdicate her past but fatally compromise her future.

Sentiment is a wonderfully powerful factor in Japan, and the strongest of all sentiments in Japan is patriotism. It is that that differentiates the Japanese from all other Asiatic races. Amongst Asiatics generally the idea of patriotism as it exists in the Western world is almost unknown. Its place is sometimes taken by religious fervour, or fanaticism, as we are pleased to call it, as with the Turks, or by racial pride, as with the Chinese, where there is little community of feeling between the different provinces as component parts of one united empire, but great community of feeling between

individual Chinese of the different provinces, as sharing the same superiority of race over all "outer barbarians." In Japan alone, and to an extent which perhaps transcends everything in Europe, patriotism is a thoroughly national conception—one might almost say, the national religion. For Shintoism, which is the State religion, and often goes hand in hand with Buddhism or with Confucian philosophy, where it has not superseded them, is little else than the cult of the Fatherland, the worship of ancestors and heroes and of the unbroken dynasty, in which are symbolically embodied the traditions of the past, the realities of the present, and the hopes of the future. The touching scenes witnessed by the writer in humble Japanese hamlets when the troops returned from China after the war, were enough to show that here was a country in which the old adage, *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*, still represented the living faith of the people. Those who had lost their nearest and dearest refused to allow their domestic grief to shut them off from the national rejoicings. One inscription I remember particularly, displayed on a banner in a small rustic temple: "Rejoice and be proud, for nineteen of our sons return to-day, having nobly lived; rejoice and be proud still more, for seven of our sons return no more, having nobly died." It was the same spirit of self-sacrifice that had moved the *daimios* and great

nobles of Japan on that memorable occasion after the Restoration which initiated the new era of modern progress, when they spontaneously and of their own free-will surrendered into the hands of the Mikado all their ancient feudal rights and privileges. Japan may not have borrowed only the better features of our Western civilisation, and some of the evils which appear to be inseparable from it have, it may be feared, already crept into her public life; but on the whole there is as yet no reason to believe that she has not remained true, as a nation, to the best of her old ideals.

Korea has always possessed the imagination of the Japanese, never more fervid than in conjuring up patriotic pictures of the legendary past. One of the favourite episodes of that past is the conquest of Korea by the great Empress Jengo in the third century of our era. The Emperor Chuai, her consort, died leaving her pregnant. In obedience to a divine vision, in which Amaterasu had promised her the empire of a marvellous country across the western sea, Jengo collects a fleet: dolphins harness themselves to her ships and steer them to the Korean coast: the Koreans worship her and yield allegiance to Japan. No sooner has she returned to Japan than she gives birth to the Emperor Ojin, whom posterity has identified with the God of War himself. Japanese art has immortalised this legend, though there is no historical

evidence to confirm it, and at the present day Japanese bank-notes still show the great Empress on horseback in the midst of her troops. From history, however, we do know that it was through Korea that Chinese civilisation and letters passed into Japan, and in the sixth, as in the nineteenth century, the Japanese were eager to learn and quick to absorb new ideas. But then, as now, they were not, as has often been hastily assumed, mere vulgar plagiarists, endowed with nothing more than a highly developed imitative faculty. Under the influence of Chinese civilisation Japan pursued her historical evolution on national lines of her own, entirely different from those of China, just as now, under the influence of Western civilisation, she is still working out her destinies on lines which will never be those of the West. Again, at the end of the sixteenth century, Korea bulks large in the annals of Japan. Hideyoshi at the height of his power sought to realise the Empress Jengo's fabled dream. He invaded Korea with an army of 200,000 men, swept the country, and threatened to carry his victorious arms even into China, if the Son of Heaven refused to recognise his exploits. But ultimately, after many vicissitudes, a second expedition ended in disaster. Hideyoshi, however, did not live to see the end, and the Japanese worship him as one of the greatest and most popular of their heroes.

Thus, when Japan emerged

from her seclusion in the second half of the nineteenth century, and having equipped herself in an almost incredibly short time with the scientific and material appliances of Western civilisation, came forward to claim her place amongst the nations of the world, national sentiment indicated Korea as the field in which she should win her spurs. The actual *casus belli* was a matter of small account. A conflict between China and Japan was inevitable. China stood for the old, arrogant, inert conservatism of Eastern Asia, Japan was possessed with a young and impetuous spirit of innovation and enterprise. Korea was the field in which these two were bound in the first instance to meet and to clash. Japan was confident of the result, and as far as China was concerned, her confidence was justified. But her easy triumph produced another result with which she had not reckoned. She disclosed the impotence of China to the whole world at a moment when it was seized with a universal land-hunger. With the immense opportunities which China offers for that commercial and industrial expansion, of which every nation to-day feels the pressing need in the great economic struggle for existence, the prospect of a share in the inheritance of the "yellow corpse" whetted every appetite. Russia had been already anticipating the future by biting off from time to time some easily detached morsel of the Chinese Empire in north-eastern Asia, and as a pre-

liminary to further absorption, she was engaged in building the great trans-continental railway which was to connect her European base with the far Pacific. Pending its completion, her first care was, as we have seen, to prevent the Japanese using their victories to interpose a permanent barrier between what she already had and what she was bent on having in the future.

The intervention of the three Powers and the ejection of the Japanese from the Liaotung peninsula had upon China the effect of an opiate. It lulled her to sleep again. Upon Japan it had the effect of a tonic. It sobered her in the intoxication of victory and it stimulated her to fresh effort. The war, which was to have put the final crown on the era of *Meiji*, proved to be merely the first stage in the arduous march towards the conquest of the position she claimed for herself amongst the great Powers of the world. It was a bitter lesson, but the way in which she took it justified, even more than her facile victories in the field, the faith she has in her future. She set herself forthwith to work with a will in preparation for the further struggles which she knew to be henceforth inevitable. Whilst pursuing at home the pacific task of national reorganisation and the consolidation of material prosperity on a modern basis of commercial and industrial enterprise, she devoted the whole of the Chinese war indemnity to the development of her military and naval

forces. Abroad she sought to strengthen and render more intimate her relations with the Western Powers, bearing, outwardly at least, no grudge even to those who had so wantonly thwarted her, but always careful to claim in her relations with them the recognition of her complete equality. Towards China she endeavoured to model her policy on the lines which Bismarck had so successfully followed in his dealings with Austria after 1866, and to gain the friendship of the progressive elements which might yet restore her vitality and enable her to resist the pressure of disintegrating influences from without. But it was in Korea itself that, as she at once realised, the battle would have to be fought out, whether peacefully or by force of arms, no longer against China, but against the great Northern Power that already dominated China.

Japan's first efforts in Korea were not, it must be confessed, very adroit or very successful. The Hermit Kingdom had been the last to open its gates to foreign intercourse. The ruling class was more corrupt, more arrogant, more apathetic than even in China; the mass of the people more inert and more ignorant. Before and during and immediately after the war, Japan tried to carry things with a high hand, and to dragoon equally the court, the bureaucracy, and the common folk into the acceptance of reforms for which the country was utterly unripe. Nor was she very scrupulous as to the

methods she employed. A period of reckless agitation and peremptory dictation culminated in an outrageous conspiracy against the Queen, who on the night of October 8th, 1895, was cruelly done to death in the palace at Seoul by a band of Korean malcontents and Japanese *soshi*, not without at least the cognisance of the Japanese Minister, General Miura. The King was left on the throne, but he was practically a prisoner in the hands of the Japanese and their Korean creatures until he succeeded, a few months later, on February 11, 1896, in escaping to the Russian Legation, where he resided for upwards of a year. His escape was the signal for a counter-revolution, in which several of the Ministers belonging to the Japanese party were massacred, and those who were willing to do Russia's bidding were restored to power. Though the Queen had done nothing to make her memory either loved or respected by the people, and the King was known to be a mere puppet in the hands of his *entourage* for the time being, the violence of the Japanese faction had aroused such universal discontent that the counter-revolution was at first very generally welcomed as a relief from continuous turmoil.

The Japanese then began to realise how grievously they had blundered. They had lost not only the material guarantees for their ascendancy in Korea which the possession of the Liaotung peninsula had been intended to assure them, but the moral prestige with the

Koreans upon which, in the absence of any recognised treaty status, it could alone be built up. Their hands were not clean enough for them even to challenge the action of Russia, who had merely taken advantage of their own sins of omission and commission. There was nothing to be done except to make a fresh start on sounder and more prudent lines. They negotiated with Russia first at Seoul, where a Memorandum was signed on May 14, 1896, with reference to the King's return to his palace as soon as his safety was assured, and to the expediency of moderate and liberal Ministers being selected to carry on the administration; and then, during the Coronation festivities, at Moscow, where Marshal Yamagata, the special envoy of the Mikado, signed, on May 28, 1896, a Protocol with Prince Lobanoff by which the two Governments agreed on certain common lines of policy with regard to Korea. They engaged to counsel retrenchment at Seoul, and to give joint pecuniary assistance if the Korean Government unfortunately failed to establish a financial equilibrium. They undertook to leave to Korea, as soon as the financial and economic situation should allow, the creation and maintenance of an armed force and native police for the preservation of public order without foreign order. Japan was to continue to administer the telegraph lines already in her hands, and Russia was to be free to connect her own frontier with Seoul by a new telegraph line. In the

event of the principles set forth in the Protocol requiring "more precise and detailed definition," or of other points arising on which "it would be necessary for the two Governments to agree," their representatives were to consider such matters "in a friendly sense." The abnormal state of things created by the King's prolonged residence under the Russian Minister's roof terminated in the following year, when the King returned to his palace on February 20, 1897, and the Japanese, profiting in their turn by the very similar mistakes which Russia made during her period of ascendancy, gradually recovered some of the ground they had lost. In 1898, under the steady pressure of Japanese diplomacy, a further Protocol was signed at Tokio on April 25. The loan made by Russia to the Korean Government had been paid off a few months before, thanks to the able administration of Mr M'Leavy Brown, who had been originally a member of the Chinese Customs under Sir Robert Hart, and had acted for some years in a semi-official capacity as financial adviser to the Koreans. Under this new agreement both Russia and Japan definitely acknowledged the sovereignty and entire independence of Korea, and pledged themselves mutually to abstain from all direct interference in the internal affairs of that country. They undertook to come to a mutual understanding before taking any measures in respect to the appointment of military in-

structors or financial advisers. Moreover—and this was the clause which represented for the Japanese a very material success—the Russian Government pledged itself, "in view of the wide development taken by the commercial and industrial enterprises of Japan in Korea, and the large number of Japanese subjects residing in that country, not to hinder in any way the development of commercial and industrial relations between Japan and Korea." The Russian occupation of Port Arthur as the necessary terminus of the Manchurian railway had just given Japan a useful object-lesson as to the political value of railway concessions, and she promptly turned it to account by concluding at Seoul, on June 19, 1898, an agreement by which Korea gave her preferential rights with regard to railway construction throughout Korean territory.

In spite of occasional friction with the Russians and perpetual intrigues amongst the Koreans themselves, Japan continued to improve her position in Korea by steady and patient effort until the events of 1900 and 1901 in China again complicated the situation. On the one hand, the prompt and effective co-operation of the Japanese forces in the relief of the Peking Legations, and the admirable discipline they showed during the period of joint occupation, enhanced the credit of Japan, and gave fresh force to her claim to be admitted on a footing of complete equality into the comity of civilised

nations. On the other hand, the military seizure of the whole of Manchuria by Russian troops, under the pretext of quelling more or less genuine Boxer disturbances, once more disturbed the balance of power in Northern China just where Japanese interests were most concerned in preserving it. From the Japanese point of view it was bad enough to have had the Russians already installed at Port Arthur on the south side of the Korean peninsula as well as on the north side at Vladivostok; but to have them intrenched right along the whole land frontier of Korea on the banks of the Yalu River, as well as on the Tumen, constituted a permanent and formidable danger to the preservation of Korea from Russian preponderance. In the interval between the Chinese war of 1894-95 and the Chinese crisis of 1900-1, and especially in the latter half of that period, the growth of Japanese material interests in Korea had substantially reinforced the sentimental and political arguments upon which Japan had originally based her claims to a privileged position in the neighbouring kingdom. Not only had that development of Japanese commercial and industrial enterprise in Korea, for which provision had been made in the Russo-Japanese Protocol of 1898, continued apace, but with the rapid increase of her own population, Japan was coming to regard Korea as an indispensable field of emigration for her people, especially in view of the restrictions placed

upon Japanese immigration in other countries, and she was beginning to draw very largely upon her for the supply of food-stuffs for her own markets.

At the same time as Japanese statesmen were alarmed at the strides which Russia was making under cover of the Chinese imbroglio, the Japanese were being deeply stirred against Russia by the stories which reached Japan of the atrocities committed by the Russian troops. Though the Japanese fully shared the indignation of Europe and America at the treacherous attack upon the Legations in Peking and the terrible massacres of defenceless Europeans in the interior, they had a natural fellow-feeling for the innocent Chinese who had suffered at the hands of some of the European contingents, which was all the deeper in that the ties of racial affinity had been strengthened since the war by an entirely new development of social and intellectual intercourse between the two nations. Progressive Viceroyals like Chang Chih-tung, who had formerly professed nothing but hatred and contempt for the "dwarfs," as they used to call the Japanese in their ignorant scorn, had begun since the war to recognise their achievements in the adaptation of Western methods to the uses of an Eastern people. They had invited the assistance of Japanese scholars in drawing up schemes of reform for the improvement of their administrative system, and they had sent considerable

numbers of young Chinamen to study in Japan. The Empress-Dowager's *coup d'état* at Peking in 1898 had, it is true, violently checked the reform movement, in which the Japanese had, directly and indirectly, played an important part; but, nevertheless, there were many Japanese who, in view of the recent encroachments of Western Powers, regarded it as the special mission of Japan to lead the Chinese Empire into the same paths of progress along which she had herself travelled towards the goal of national regeneration. The tales which the Japanese soldiers brought back from the North of China with regard to the conduct of their Russian "allies" during the march to Peking, and in the early days of the occupation, were harrowing, and, unfortunately, not without foundation. Fierce and even cruel as the Japanese themselves can be when their blood is up, they have a tenderness for women, and especially for children, which revolted at the stories of outrages wantonly committed upon defenceless villagers. At the Winter Exhibition of Fine Arts in Tokio in 1900-1, there were shown two pictures which graphically illustrated the Japanese attitude of mind. One represented a Chinese village occupied by Japanese troops, who were sharing their food with Chinese women and children, tending the Chinese wounded, and generally dispensing offices of mercy and kindness. The other showed a Chinese village occupied by the Russians, who

were very differently employed in murder, rape, and arson. In the foreground a little child, wrenched from the arms of its Chinese mother, was being brutally done to death. When the news came later on of the appalling massacres perpetrated by the Russians at Blagovestchensk and other places in Manchuria, a thrill of horror went through Japan, and when the Japanese found that public opinion in Europe, which had so loudly and hastily denounced the one solitary outbreak of fierce passion that had occurred under severe provocation at the taking of Port Arthur during their own war with China, now remained absolutely silent in presence of the barbarous excesses committed by the soldiers of a Western nation, there was for a time, even amongst the educated classes, a widespread feeling of disgust, which, ten or fifteen years earlier, might have produced a dangerous reaction against the influences of Western civilisation and Christianity in general.

Thus sentiment and self-interest combined to revive the bitterness which the action of Russia in 1895 had left behind. Inquiries were made by the Japanese Government at St Petersburg with regard to Russian military measures in Manchuria, and were met with the usual pacific assurances, of which Russian diplomacy is always lavish. The various "agreements" by which Russia sought to extort from the terror-stricken mandarins at Peking a recognition of her veiled an-

nexation of Manchuria were scarcely needed to enlighten the Japanese as to the value of Russian assurances. The more tightly Russia fastened her grip upon Manchuria, the more settled grew the determination of Japan to preserve Korea from a like fate. Russia sent one of her most promising diplomatists to Tokio, M. Iswolsky, who had proved his powers of persuasion by extracting from the Vatican a series of graceful concessions on ecclesiastical matters, which at first sight it had seemed out of the question that the Roman Church would or could sanction. The somewhat clumsy overtures he made at Tokio for the neutralisation of Korea might have been acceptable before the Russian occupation of Manchuria; but Japanese statesmen now saw in them, and not perhaps without reason, merely a specious device to exclude Japanese influence and gain time and a free field for the application to Korea of that policy of "peaceful penetration" which, under Russian auspices, is the sure forerunner of absorption.

Meanwhile the course of events in China had been steadily drawing Japan and Great Britain more closely together. We had been the first to recognise by Treaty her claim to be treated as a civilised nation; and we had at least refused to join with the three Powers that coerced her into surrendering the fruits of her victories in 1895. On the other hand, she had materially assisted the British Government

at a critical moment in 1898 by her readiness to evacuate Wei-hai-wei when we leased it from China, in the somewhat illusory hope that it might serve in our hands as a counterpoise to the Russian occupation of Port Arthur; and at the time of the Boxer outbreak the promptitude with which she responded to the British Government's appeal, the efficiency and loyalty of her military co-operation during the operations in Northern China, the heroic part played by the Japanese detachment at Peking in the defence of the Legations, and the tact and conciliatory spirit displayed by the Japanese officers during the joint occupation of the Chinese capital, had elicited warm admiration in this country. The arduous negotiations which finally resulted in the Peace Protocol of Peking had confirmed the community of action and identity of interests of the two Powers. Throughout that anxious period there scarcely arose a single question in which the representatives of Great Britain and Japan were not heartily at one. Perhaps the most remarkable instance of Japan's loyalty to the common cause occurred in connection with the missionary question. The Powers had with some difficulty come to an agreement as to the punishments to be inflicted upon the high metropolitan and Court officials who had instigated the attack upon the Peking Legations. The question of the punishment of provincial officials responsible for the more cruel massacres of

scores of missionaries, men, women, and children, had been reserved, though all the Powers were pledged to the principle. When Sir Ernest Satow raised it in the conference of Ministers, the Russian representative refused to co-operate any further on that point with his colleagues. As Count Lamsdorff subsequently put it, with cynical frankness, to our amiable Ambassador at St Petersburg, Russia took no interest in missionaries—a remark which Sir Charles Scott allowed to pass without a word of comment. Whilst taking a hand in the negotiations carried on between China and the Powers collectively, she was playing behind their backs a lone hand with Li Hung-chang. She had arranged with him the terms of an eminently desirable Manchurian Convention, which he was to get ratified by the fugitive Court at Singanfu, and she had no mind to jeopardise its success by pressing for the punishment of some of the Empress Dowager's special *protégés* because they happened to have butchered a few Protestant or Roman Catholic missionaries. Japan was quite as much interested in preventing the ratification of the Manchurian Convention as Russia was in securing it; and, as a not even nominally Christian Power, she might, with much more decency, have washed her hands of the missionary question, in the hope of lending additional weight to her protest against the surrender of Chinese rights in Manchuria. But she was conscious that the

question at issue was not merely a missionary question, but involved the future safety of all foreign residents in the interior of China: that it was a question not of creeds but of treaty obligations, not of religious propagandism but of humanity and civilisation. Japan remained steadfast, and the concert of the Powers prevailed, in spite of Russia's defection.

It was out of this close co-operation in Northern China, diplomatic as well as military, that the Anglo-Japanese agreement grew up. Both Powers recognised the need of some formal sanction to the fundamental community of interests which recent incidents had fortified. No British Minister could look back with satisfaction upon the course of events, during the preceding five or six years, which had revolutionised the whole situation in the Far East to our detriment. Until the startling collapse of that "latent power" of China, upon which, for several decades, we had largely built up our Asiatic policy, Great Britain had held a position of unchallenged ascendancy in the Far East. Both at Peking and at Tokio her counsels, if not always followed, were listened to with greater deference than those of any other Power. The white ensign of the Royal Navy, as well as the red ensign of our mercantile marine, dominated the Far Eastern seas. Our commerce was pre-eminent in every port. British enterprise held the field in every direction of human activity. Within a few years, how great the

change! Russia and Germany have carved out for themselves large areas of territorial extension and political expansion, from which the exclusion of British enterprise is more or less openly aimed at. Our claims to a special sphere of influence in the Yang-Tsze valley, which should be a set-off to the invasion of other parts of China by rival interests, have been treated pretty much for what they were worth—on paper. The railway conquest of the Chinese Empire goes on apace, and even Belgium contrives, as the nominee of France and Russia, to have a larger share in it than we have. Our trade has to bear the chief burden of the extortionate war indemnity imposed upon China by the greed of our Continental “allies” in the pacification of the northern provinces. Russia and Germany have each acquired a naval base, which they have lost no time in rendering effective, whilst Wei-hai-wei, which we occupied with such a flourish of trumpets, is no longer mentioned except as a potential summer resort and sanatorium. Even on the seas our fleet in Far Eastern waters is still, no doubt, a powerful factor, but it is only one amongst others equally or more powerful. Our commercial and shipping interests have retained their pre-eminence, but no longer undisputed or unapproached, and already in one of our oldest Treaty Ports—at Niu-chwang—the “open door” is barely kept ajar.

The same years which have

witnessed so many blows struck directly or indirectly at our position in the Far East have been in many respects years of disillusionment and anxiety for Japan. She has seen others calmly reap the harvest she had sowed; she has seen the influence she had hoped to exercise over China for the regeneration of a kindred race pass into the hands of others who are bent upon hastening its disintegration; she has seen the field she had expected to find for the expansion of her own trade and industry narrowed and obstructed in the present and still more seriously threatened in the future. In these circumstances it was inevitable that she should seek to draw closer to the only Power whose policy in the Far East must necessarily be a policy of conservation and not of disruption. It was on that basis that the negotiations for a definite agreement between Japan and Great Britain were initiated in the spring of 1901, and that the instrument was drafted which Lord Lansdowne and Baron Hayashi signed in London on January 30, 1902. The whole tenour of the agreement is defensive. Its unmistakable object is to protect by pacific means the common interest which both countries have in preserving the balance of power from further disturbance, and to establish clearly the conditions of mutual defence by warlike means in the event of one or other of them being compelled to take up arms for the protection of the special interests in which it is more

immediately concerned. With these purposes in view it provides for close consultation on all critical questions of policy, and for armed co-operation only in the event of one of the two contracting parties being involved in war with more than one Power.

It was predicted in some quarters that the immediate effect of such an alliance would be to render the Japanese overbearing and aggressive. The very contrary occurred, as those who knew Japan best had confidently anticipated. The alliance tended to restore her self-command, if she had ever been in danger of losing it. In spite of considerable provocation, or at least of a succession of incidents which she might, had she liked, have construed into provocation, she showed no sign of departing from the attitude of patient vigilance and self-restraint in which she had watched the evolution of Russian policy ever since she had been compelled, in the professed interests of the integrity and independence of China and of the peace of the Far East, to vacate the positions which Russia already coveted for herself. Though from the point of view of naval and military preparedness every year that passes modifies to her detriment, in the opinion of most experts, the conditions of the struggle which many Japanese statesmen believe to be inevitable, she has done nothing to hasten it. But the moment is inevitably drawing near when some practical solution will have to be found by

peaceful means, if the arbitrament of war is to be avoided or postponed. Russia's action, not only with regard to the important strategic position of Masampho, on the Korean coast facing Japan, but all along the Manchurian border on the Yalu River during the last few months, has shown only too clearly that she regards Manchuria mainly as a useful jumping-off ground for operations in Korea, on the same lines she has found so effective in Manchuria itself. Concessions for felling lumber and floating it down the stream which divides Manchuria from Korea, or even for carrying railways and telegraph lines into Korean territory, may not sound very ominous to Western ears; but the Japanese not unnaturally remember how modest the provisions of the concession for the construction of the "Eastern Chinese Railways" seemed to be when they were first drafted by the Russian Legation at Peking in 1896, and how formidable an instrument that document has proved in Russian hands for grafting on to the construction of a railway through Manchuria the virtual annexation of a vast and wealthy province and the creation of a great arsenal and naval base as the terminus of the line. That the concession on which the Russians found their claim to a privileged position on the Yalu turns out to have been secretly granted by the King of Korea during his term of residence as a fugitive at the Russian Legation, is not calculated to diminish Japanese

apprehensions. The secret agreements extorted from Korea may turn out to be as numerous and as important as those which Russian diplomacy has wrung from China, and periodically exhibits when the moment has arrived for enforcing her bond.

No official information has yet been made public with regard to the negotiations initiated by the Japanese Minister in St Petersburg towards the middle of August last, and transferred in September to Tokio. But their general drift is to secure for Japan the recognition of a position in Korea analogous to that which Russia claims, in regard to railway construction and the rights thereunto attaching, in Manchuria. As Russia maintains that the position she occupies in Manchuria in no way violates the integrity and independence of the Chinese Empire, she is debarred from contending that a similar position occupied by Japan in Korea would violate the integrity and independence of that kingdom. The question, therefore, resolves itself practically into that of the willingness or unwillingness of Russia to commit herself to some definite pledge that in return for a free hand in Manchuria she agrees to Japan having a free hand in Korea. To unprejudiced observers this would seem to be a reasonable solution to which Russia might well accede. But there is a powerful party in Russia who hold that the Korean peninsula under Japanese control

would be a wedge permanently driven in between her old possessions on the Amur and the Pacific and her more recent acquisitions in the Gulf of Chi-li; that, valuable as Port Arthur may be as a complement of Vladivostok, it cannot replace the latter—for though Port Arthur has the advantage of being absolutely ice-free, it is pent up in an inland sea to which Japan commands all the approaches, whilst Vladivostok has, at least, easier access to the Pacific Ocean; and that Russia cannot possibly tolerate the freedom of communication by sea between her two great naval stations in the Far East through the straits of Tsushima being placed at the mercy of Japan, as would necessarily be the case if the Japanese were established on the Korean shore as well as on their own. Japan, it is true, can retort with equal force that even her insular position would be insecure if she allowed Russia to intrench herself on the Korean peninsula, with another naval base, say, at Masampho, almost within sight of the Japanese coast. But important as these strategic considerations may be, the question is mainly one of political ascendancy. For Russia Korea means the fulfilment of her ambitious programme: the whole of north-eastern Asia to the Pacific, with a paramount influence over China. For Japan Korea means the maintenance of a foothold for herself on the continent of Asia and the preservation of the general balance

of power, without which she would lose all touch and all authority with the other great branch of the yellow race, and ultimately find herself relegated to the position of a second-rate insular state, existing more or less on the mercy of the dominant power on the mainland.

As to our own interests in the Far East, there can hardly be two opinions in this country about the direction in which they lie. Fortunately the Anglo-Japanese agreement, which specifically recognises the importance of the Korean question, allows no doubt to subsist on that point abroad, and this is a consideration which unquestionably makes for peace and strengthens the pacific influences that have hitherto prevailed in Japan, and to some extent checked, even in Russia, the recklessness of the militant party. In the latter the personal character and temperament of the Tsar, the critical condition of internal affairs, the growth of revolutionary forces, the economic difficulties resulting from the artificial development of a new industrial activity, not to speak of political complications in South-eastern Europe; and in Japan the state of flux and solu-

tion from which the national forces have not yet fully emerged after a social transformation more rapid and profound than the modern world has ever witnessed, the relatively still immature development of commercial, industrial, and financial energy, the inelasticity of public credit, and perhaps also the reluctance of the Mikado himself to imperil the prestige of a dynasty which, though incomparably ancient and venerable, has but recently been restored to the plenitude of its historic authority,—these are important factors which still warrant the hope that even if no permanent solution is at once found, a *modus vivendi* will be discovered which will postpone the issue, and though the highest statesmanship does not deal in temporary expedients alone, what appear to be temporary expedients often contain the germs of permanency. Nevertheless that hope cannot amount to a certitude, and it is well that we should grasp at least the outlines of a political problem which we may suddenly discover to be fraught with potential consequences of the gravest moment for the British Empire.

"SALLY": A STUDY.

BY HUGH CLIFFORD, C.M.G.

I.

"DIVE? I should think so!" said his host to Jack Norris. "You just watch the little beggar dive!"

It was early morning, and the two men were stripping for a swim on board one of the big house-boats which lie eternally at their moorings on the right bank of the river near Thames Ditton. The place was littered with sweaters, towels, flannels, boat-cushions, books, newspapers, pipes, and the varied accumulations of rubbish such as only a house-boat full of bachelors can collect when it lacks even the feminine influence of a charwoman. Without, seen through the wide oblong windows, the tawny waters ran cool and inviting under the glad sunshine of a bright summer morning. From a spring-board rigged in the bows men from time to time took running headers: in the middle of the narrow fairway five or six heads were bobbing, while arms and legs in number to correspond splashed gallantly. The cheery clamour of the bathers carried far over the water.

Presently another head broke through the surface of the river some twenty yards up-stream,—a head to which the wet hair clung sleek and black as the fur of an otter,—and from it came a cry of defiance, the tone of

which was somehow strangely familiar as it smote upon Jack Norris's ears. The swimmers answered the challenge with discordant chorus, and began to splash up against the current, with straining arms and legs, in the direction of the man who had uttered it. The latter waited until his pursuers had nearly surrounded him, were almost upon him, and then dived neatly, leaving barely so much as a ripple behind him. Two or three men went down headlong in pursuit, to reappear in a minute or so baffled and panting. A moment later, first one and then another were drawn under, with gurgles and splutterings of protest, by an invisible hand that had gripped them by the heels. With renewed splutterings each in turn came to the surface, laughing and shouting, breathing forth threats of instant retribution. Dashing the water from their eyes, they looked around, vainly seeking for some sign of their antagonist's whereabouts, calling upon him by name the while with humorous mock-wrath.

"Sally!" they cried. "Sally, you young ruffian! Sally! Sally! Sally, you villain! We'll pay you out properly when we catch you!"

Again the head, with its close covering of straight limp

hair, came to the surface, far down river this time, and well out of the reach of its pursuers. Again that queer challenging cry came from it, and set Norris tingling with old memories suddenly awakened.

"Why, he is a Malay!" he exclaimed. "No one but a Malay ever used that liting whoop. It is the *sōrak*—their war-cry!"

"Of course he is a Malay," said the part-owner of the house-boat. "He is Sally, you know—a Malay boss of sorts. We all knew him when we were at Winchester. He is being educated in England privately, not at the school; but he is an awfully decent little chap, and was very pally with a lot of us."

Jack Norris stepped out on to the bows, and stood for a minute in his bathing-pants looking across the river. The Englishmen had abandoned the hopeless chase, and the little Malay was swimming back to them, breasting the current with the unmistakable long overhand stroke of his people. The sight, and the echo of the cry which still rang in his ears, brought back to Norris suddenly the memory of many a swim in the glorious rivers of the Malay Peninsula; and for a space the banks around him, with their fringe of moored house-boats and floating stages, the trim towing-path opposite skirting the tall brick wall, and the great shapeless pile of Hampton Court Palace, its window-panes winking in the sunlight, its ruddy bulk surmounted by grotesque chimney-

stacks, picked out with white masonry and set with grinning gargoyles, were rolled back. He seemed once more to be standing on the beak of a Malayan *práhu*, with an olive-green tide of waters surging past him, and spreading away and away to the marvellous tangles of forest that stood, more than half a mile apart, hedging the river on either flank. Then he braced himself and took a header from the bow, and the chill of the English stream smote him with a shock of surprise, for so complete had been the momentary illusion that he had expected to be greeted by the tepid waters of the East.

When he rose to the surface he found himself close to the man they called "Sally." His face—the boyish, hairless face of a young Malay—was turned towards him. The great, black, velvety, melancholy eyes of his race looked at Norris from their place in the flawless, olive-tinted skin in which they were set. The mouth, somewhat full, with mobile sensitive lips that pouted slightly, had just that sweetness of expression that is most often seen in the face of a little child. The features were clean-cut, delicate, giving promise of more adaptability than strength of character: the whole effect was pretty and pleasing, for this was a Malay of rank and breeding, the offspring of men who for uncounted generations have had the fairest women of their land to wife.

Mechanically Norris spoke in the vernacular.

"What is the news?" he asked, using the conventional greeting.

"*Khabar baik!* The news is good!" the Malay answered, speaking the words from sheer force of habit, and he eyed Norris curiously with evident surprise. Then his face lighted up with a gleam of recognition, and his lips, parting in a grin, disclosed two even rows of beautiful white teeth,—teeth such as belong by right to every Malay, did not the inexplicable fashion of this people order them to be mutilated with the stone-file and blackened by indelible pigment.

"*Ya Allah, Tuan Nori!* It is thou!" he exclaimed.

The word or two of the vernacular, to which he added the popular mispronunciation of Jack's name, slipped from him unconsciously. An instant later he corrected himself.

"Do you remember me?" he asked in English. "I am Râja Saleh of Pêlêsü. I met you las' at Kâru."

He spoke his acquired language fluently, but with a strong foreign intonation, lengthening the flat English vowels and eliding the last of two final consonants. His words unlocked a forgotten chamber of Jack's memory, and at once the boy himself, his identity, his circumstances, and all connected with him, were made so clear that Norris fell to wondering how it had come to pass that, even for a moment, he had failed to recognise him. Immediately the Englishman and the Malay were busy interchanging news, the former

chatting volubly of men and places with strange names, that surely had never before been spoken on the bosom of the ancient Thames, the latter listening and replying, but with a certain indifference and aloofness that were curious. Once more, from force of habit, Norris spoke in the vernacular. Using the Malayan idiom like his own mother tongue, he had never yet met a native who did not prefer to converse with him in that language, or who was completely at his best when employing the white man's speech. The foreign tongue seems in some subtle fashion to emphasise defects in taste and character which the more familiar vernacular mercifully hides. Iang-Mülia Râja Muhammad Saleh bin Iang-Mahamülia Sultan Abubakar Maatham Shah Iang-di-për-Tuan Pêlêsü, however,—to give his full title to the youth who was known to his English friends by the undistinguished name of "Sally,"—had not heard Malay spoken for years, and he seemed now to shy away from it, as though it were not only unfamiliar, but also, in some sort, distressing to him. It was only at a much later period of their intercourse that Saleh came back to his Malayan tongue, and found in it the only medium of expression with which to convey to Jack an understanding of the feelings that were in his heart.

Now, as the bathers dressed themselves on board the houseboat,—Saleh standing among them all in complete unconsciousness of the nakedness

which would have outraged the sense of decency of the meanest of his subjects,—Jack was busy piecing together all that he could recollect concerning his past meetings with the lad. So again the familiar

surroundings of the home-land faded, and were replaced by scenes that he had looked upon, lived through, years before, and thousands of miles away, on the banks of a mighty Malayan river.

II.

They rose up singly,—these scattered memories of incidents in which Saleh had played a part,—lingered for a moment, and were gone; for the mind, when it wanders in retrospect, knows no trammels of space or time, and, flashing hither and thither at will, throws sudden gleams into the dark places with all the speed and the vividness of lightning. Thus, as in silence Norris dressed himself amid the hum of talk on board the house-boat, the trivial happenings of nearly a score of years were reviewed in less than half as many minutes, each picture rising before him clear-cut and complete to the last detail, glimmering for an instant ere it vanished to give room to another—just as a view cast by a magic-lantern leaps whole and sudden out of the darkness, burns its impression upon our eyesight, and in a flash is blotted out.

Three big wooden houses, raised on piles above the untidy litter of a compound, connected each to each by narrow gangways roofed and walled; three high-pitched pyramids of thatch, the dried palm-leaves rustling and lifting under the full beat of the noontide sun; a big brown river rolling by,

with a dull murmur of sound, beyond the ten-foot fence of wattled bamboos which encloses in its lop-sided square this palace of a native king. In the central house Jack Norris squats cross-legged, surrounded by a mob of expectant Malays of both sexes. The great barn-like apartment is bare, save for the *měngkúang*-palm mats spread upon the floor; and the bellying squares of ceiling-patchwork sagging from the rafters overhead, whence, near the centre of the room, a big hammock also depends, swaying gently to and fro. Above the hammock, in dingy contrast to glaring patterns of the Manchester ceiling-cloths, an old casting-net, whereof the soiled and rent meshes prove that it has seen much service, hangs in an uneven oblong. It is a barrier raised against the assaults of the *Pěn-anggal*—the Undone One—that fearful wraith of a woman who has died in childbirth, and who cherishes for ever a quenchless enmity towards little children. She, poor wretch, wrenched terribly in twain, is doomed to flit eternally through the night,—a dreadful shape with agonised woman's face, full breasts, and nought beside save only certain awful blood-

stained streamers,—bringing a curse of destruction wherever she can win an entry. But the gods, who suffer such things to be, mercifully ordain that her onslaughts upon defenceless babes can only be made from above, and a discarded casting-net dipped in magic-water, it is well known, will often stay and baffle her. Yet even now, perchance, she may be lurking, unseen by impotent human eyes, in the hammock itself, wherefore due precaution must be taken ere the royal baby can be safely laid to rest therein.

As the crowd sits watching, a grim figure strides into the centre of the room. It is that of an aged woman, tall, erect, with a fierce mouth, wild eyes, and a tumble of shaggy elf-locks making an unsightly halo about her lean face, a woman dressed in the male costume of a Malay warrior. It is Râja Anjang—the witch of the blood royal—and at her coming a little wave of tremor ripples over the faces of the Malay onlookers. She is in a condition of trance—possessed by her familiar demons: those unseeing eyes and every rigid muscle in her big angular frame bear witness to her uncanny state, and no man knows with certainty what will befall while this inspired beldam fills the stage. She wanders round and round the hammock, moving with long masculine strides, muttering fearfully words of a forgotten language which none save the wizards know; and her elf-locks, stirring restlessly, seem to be lifted by winds

which should have no place in that still atmosphere. Then stooping, she seizes suddenly upon a reluctant cat, which the onlookers thrust within her reach, and clutches the miauling creature to her flat breasts with merciless grip. A chorus of minor witches squatting on her right breaks into a wild chant of incantation, while the devil-drums sob and pant in time to the rhythm of the dirge. With her disengaged hand Râja Anjang seizes the cord of the hammock and sets it swinging in time to the chant, which grows momentarily wilder and wilder. The women who form the chorus are rocking themselves backward and forward in a kind of hysteria of excitement; the hands that smite the drums are raised between each stroke high in the air with fingers wriggling rapidly in frantic gesticulation; the hair and the garments of the hag by the hammock are agitated anew, as though those unearthly breezes, which are yet unfelt by the spectators, were raging mightily. When the weird song is at its shrillest the cat is dropped into the sag of the hammock, whence it scrambles quickly on to the mat-covered floor. It is promptly recaptured by those nearest to it, and the witch pounces upon it with the spring of a tigress. Again, and yet a third time, the unhappy beast is clutched to that comfortless bosom, is dropped into the hammock, and at the last is suffered to make its escape, spitting and scratching with bared claws and humped back.

A wild cry goes up from the mouths of all the Malays present, and is succeeded by a heavy silence. The witch sinks to the floor in a shapeless bundle, sweating profusely, and rocks to and fro with smothered moans and cries. Her struggle with the ghastly *Pên-anggal* has left her utterly spent. The close atmosphere of the room is heavy with the reek of incense.

A little pause ensues, the stillness of which is tense with the recent excitement, and then from the inner apartment a huddled procession of women makes its way, headed by the king himself, a great rolling figure clad in glaring colours. One of the women carries a tiny burden swaddled in cloth-of-gold, the upper folds of which being presently drawn aside reveal the existence of a minute head. With much state and ceremony the crown of this head is solemnly shaved, the invisible fluff shorn from it being reverently treasured, and when this operation has been performed, the baby is at last placed in the hammock, whence all evil spirits have now departed for their new abode in the body of the miserable cat.

A priest in a green *jubah* and ample red turban, who has sat complacently watching the magic practices which are an abomination to the Prophet's Law, stands erect and recites a rolling Arabic prayer with breathless fluency, his audience sitting with hands on knees and curved palms uppermost, chiming in at intervals with long "Amîns!"

Then the spectators rise to their feet, and each in turn files past the hammock, and looks down at the child as he drops a dollar or two into a basket placed convenient for the purpose. Jack Norris, as he stands gazing down at the infant, sees a small brick-red disk, with a slack, slowly moving mouth, a shapeless button of a nose, a skin all crumpled with puckers, and two big dull eyes made grotesque by enormous arched eyebrows traced with soot upon the wrinkled forehead. The rest of the baby is immobile in its lashing of swaddling-clothes, and is imbedded deeply in a nest of gorgeous Malayan silks.

It is thus that Jack gets his first glimpse of the boy whom his English friends call "Sally."

It is late at night in the audience-hall of the king,—a big bare room without ornament or furniture,—and the monarch, nude to the waist, is squatting on a mat beside a Chinese gambling-cloth. Around him sit a number of his courtiers, and facing him are two yellow Chinamen in loose coats and trousers of shining black linen. In the centre of the cloth there rests a little square box made of dull brass, and presently, at a sign from the king, one of the courtiers begins to draw upward with maddening slowness the outer cover, which fits very closely over the inner box. A dead silence reigns while all eyes are riveted upon the dice-box and the hand that lifts its cover. Little by little, a fraction of an inch at a

time, the outer box is raised, the narrower column of brass within it being disclosed more and more, standing squarely on the mat. At last the cover is free of that which it has encased, and more slowly than ever the courtier proceeds to twist it round in such a fashion that presently a corner of the hidden die will be made visible. The gamblers are leaning forward now with straining eyes; they draw their breaths pantingly; and still the hand gripping the dice-box moves with incredible slowness. The notes and dollars are piled in little heaps all in one quarter of the mat. The obsequious courtiers have followed the inspiration of their king.

There is another second or two of tense excitement and expectation, and then a shout is raised,—a shout which is discordant and angry, tingling with passionate disappointment—a shout with which are blent imprecations and fierce ejaculations of disgust—a shout which ends in a sound like a sob. The king's inspiration has failed him, and he and his courtiers, in consequence, are the poorer by many good silver dollars. It is the last *coup* of a disastrous evening, and the king, who is a prudent soul withal, will have no more of it. The Chinamen gather up their gaming-gear and their winnings, and depart into the night. Their unemotional faces—faces "like wooden planks," as the Malay idiom has it—betray no consciousness of the obvious hatred which they inspire. They are quite indiffer-

ent to it, for the money is duly pouched, and they know that the justice-loving British Government, in the person of the Resident, sits mighty and impassive on the river's farther bank, and takes thought even for the property and the lives of the despised yellow man. A little naked boy, who has been sleeping fitfully with his head pillowed on a courtier's knee, rouses himself, puts on an enormous orange-coloured cap a size too large for him (his only garment), lights a cigarette, and sits listening gravely to the hum of talk about him,—talk of all that might have been had chance proved less fickle. He is Râja Saleh, the king's baby son.

Jack Norris, who has been watching the play with such patience as he can command, sees that his time has come at last. He has visited the palace in order to have speech with the king concerning some of that shameless monarch's most glaring misdemeanours,—matters connected with an abducted wife, an aggrieved husband, and a pack of motherless bairns—a squalid tragedy, in which the king has played the part of an ignoble Mephistopheles. The culprit is curiously insensitive. His feelings, overlaid by many strata of ruffianism and self-content, are things which have to be dug for. He knows now what has brought Norris to his hall, but he evinces no desire that the humiliating discussion about to take place should be conducted in private. In a sense he is somewhat proud of his

achievement, for it is not every man of his years who can be such a devastating *roué* as he, and he enters with gusto into a lurid account of his indiscretions, making display of an unfettered coarseness of speech and thought, while the little angel-faced boy, his son, sits at his side looking preternaturally wise. It is not the first time that the child has been privileged to listen to an exposition of his father's crude notions concerning morality and seemliness of conduct. It is Jack, not the king or his people, who is irked by the boy's presence, and finds the ugly discussion doubly degrading while those big sad eyes are fixed upon him. To the Malays the innocence of childhood makes no appeal: to them there is nothing incongruous in the subject of the talk and its baby audience. But duty may not be shirked; the matter must be threshed out, and before such listeners as the king may select; wherefore ignoble passions, and the wanton cruelties born of them, are freely canvassed for an hour and more. The discussion, as all who take part in it know well, is only a form, but it is deemed to be necessary in order to salve the royal self-esteem and render possible the king's inevitable surrender to a power greater than his own.

When at last the end is reached, sweetmeats of unspeakable nastiness are served, the king, little Râja Saleh, and Norris eating from the same tray, while the courtiers range themselves around others in the order of their precedence and

rank. The child pecks at the unwholesome stuff with the *blasé* indifference bred of long familiarity and the absence of any attempt to restrain his appetites, and all the while his grave looks are fixed upon the white man.

"Why dost thou not wear a hat, Tûan?" he inquires suddenly, gazing with open disapproval at Norris's bare head.

"I follow my custom, little one."

"And thou wearest boots—even in the king's hall!"

"That too is my custom; moreover, it prevents my feet from being bruised by stones on the way."

"I wore boots once, Tûan," says the child proudly. "Shoes of gold cunningly fashioned. That was on the day when for the first time I trod upon the earth. There was a great feast that day because of my boots."

"Men do not think it necessary to feast whenever I put on my boots, nor can I afford to have them fashioned of gold. Did they hurt thy feet, little brother?"

"Yes," says the child thoughtfully. "They hurt me sore; but, Tûan, they were beautiful to behold. Do thy boots hurt thee?"

"No, my boots are soft and comfortable. Thou shouldst wear boots like mine, little one."

"So will I. Thou, Tûan, art doubtless wealthy. Thou shalt send to Singapura and purchase boots for me. Thou wilt send, wilt thou not, Tûan, for I desire greatly to possess them?" He drops his little

head on one side with so insinuating an air that he is altogether irresistible.

"Thou shalt have thy boots, little one, never fear," says Jack.

"Listen, you people," cries the child exultantly to the assembled courtiers. "The Tûan is sending to Singapura to purchase boots for me, stout leather boots, yellow and comely. Armed with them, how gallantly shall I kick! *O Ma'!* there'll be many children with sore stomachs in the king's compound the day I don them!" and he laughs in joyful anticipation.

"There is no need to teach young tiger-cubs how to use their claws," says an old man admiringly, quoting a native proverb, and the king leads the laughter.

"If thou makest any such use of thy boots thou shalt lose them," says Norris; "and now I must take my leave of the king."

"And wilt thou take the woman with thee?" inquires the child. "That will surely anger my father. When I am big I will take all the women I choose and use them villainously—ay, and keep them too, if so I wish!"

"There is no need to teach young tiger-whelps how to prey!" cackles the old man again, and once more it is the king who leads the applause.

Other pictures flit across Norris's memory. Days upon the river with boat and casting-net, or when the natives of the countryside muster to help

drag the great *rêlap*-cord downstream for miles, driving shoals of frightened fish before it, to be caught at last in cunning mazes of bamboo stakes. Days in the fruit orchards, when all the court goes a-picnicking, and the boys gather in little groups to feast gluttonously while they talk knowingly of war and daggers and women. Days in the jungle, when the king and his people go forth to gather flowers, mounted on huge clay-coloured elephants. And in every picture Saleh fills a space, always cutting a pretty figure; always gaily clad in delicate silks; always having as his right the best of everything that is going; always pampered and petted, flattered and adulated; always taught that his whims are above aught else, that his desires are given him to satisfy, not to restrain; always applauded most loudly for his naughtiest deeds and sayings.

Then the recollection recurs of a day in the palace cock-pit when Saleh's bird is mishandled by its *judra*—its keeper—and the young prince in a fury of anger seizes a billet of wood which chances to be lying near at hand, and deals the culprit a sounding blow upon the head. There is, unknown to Saleh, a long rusty nail in the billet, and the *judra* is carried away, a limp burden, with blood streaming down a face gone suddenly grey beneath the brown skin. When Norris comes upon the scene the little *râja* is weeping passionately in a paroxysm of grief and self-hatred, which in his father's

eyes is unmanly, and far more reprehensible than the crime which is its occasion.

The memory of a later day comes next—the day which is the end of childhood for Râja Saleh. There has been much feasting and high revelry for weeks in the palace on the river's bank, culminating in rude horse-play on the yellow sandbank below the high fence, when all the world has been unmercifully soused with water, so that the gorgeous silk raiment of the feasters is drenched and ruined. Late that afternoon little Saleh is circumcised by the palace *mûdin*, and so enters at last upon man's estate. Immediately on his recovery he should celebrate his emancipation, according to the custom of his people, by taking to himself a wife, or at any rate a concubine or two; but this lad, born and bred up in the villainous atmosphere of a Malayan court, has come into the world in an age of many changes. Hitherto the presence of the white men in the land has affected him but little, but now the alien folk step in and demand to have a hand in the ordering of his destiny. A year or two earlier, when the future seemed still so distant that pledges given concerning it could not affect the comfort of the present, the king had consented to the lad being sent to Europe to be educated. Now he repents him of this promise bitterly; but the Resident stands firm; and in spite of the tears of the boy himself and the frantic ravings of the palace-women, he will

not suffer the word once passed to be recalled.

It is a forlorn little figure that stands on the deck of the P. & O. steamer which has just slipped its moorings from the wharf at Singapore, with the keening of the knot of Malays which has come to bid him God-speed wailing in his ears, and with no friend in all the world save the European officer who is to see him safely to his destination. He is bound for that mysterious country concerning which nought is known save that it lies somewhere in that vague quarter which is called "above the wind." The ship moves away with an impassivity, a calmness at once cruel and inexorable. The boy feels himself to be a thing of torn and bleeding roots, plucked wantonly from the soil in which they have won a hold. The consciousness of his helplessness, his impotence, crushes him; he watches his fatherland being drawn away and away from him with eyes wide with despair. What time, in the palace on the banks of the great river,—the palace made suddenly so very empty,—a woman weeps and laments with tears frantic and unrestrained, throwing herself prone upon her sleeping-mat, biting at the flock pillows, and tearing her hair savagely, because her son has been taken from her by the infidels. His going robs her of the sole love of her dreary life, slips the last tie that binds her to her lord and master, who has long treated her with neglect, and has lavished his smiles and his

gifts upon younger and fairer rivals. How vast a work of kindness and of love must the white men do, in exile and bitter travail, to win enough of

gratitude, from those they rule and serve, to outweigh the hatred they have inspired in that one broken woman's heart!

III.

To little Saleh, now some fourteen years of age, that voyage across the trackless seas was in the beginning a sort of dreadful nightmare. During the first few days all other emotions were forgotten in the compelling agonies of sea-sickness, and the boy went through the successive stages of the malady, fearing at the outset that he was like to die, and later that no such good fortune awaited him. By the time the vessel reached Ceylon, however, he had found his sea-legs, and was able to give his undivided attention to his mental miseries.

The first sight of the coast, with its clusters of nodding palms and its shroud of vivid greenery, comforted him a little; for here, at any rate, was land, friendly land covered with forest and fruit-groves such as he had always known, not the vast emptiness of the sea. Colombo itself, too, brought some measure of consolation; for there were Malays here in fair numbers, men with whom he could converse in his own tongue, albeit they spoke a sadly degenerate jargon, whereas on board the ship, since he as yet had no English, he was to all intents and purposes dumb. The white man in whose charge he was traveling spoke Malay fluently, but

Saleh, who had known him hitherto only as a high official, regarded him with awe, and gave him none of his shy confidence. A further acquaintance with Colombo, however, ended by increasing the gnawing home-sickness from which the lad was suffering. His only conception of the whole round earth was as one vast tangle of forest through which the big rivers crawled seaward, wherefore, to him, the dissimilarity of Ceylon to the Malay Peninsula was more striking than its resemblance. The place was, in a disquieting fashion, reminiscent of his fatherland—a land of shadows filled with the echoes of distant voices; but it was to the boy only a mocking reflection of the reality, and its points of difference jarred on him like discordant notes. On every side, it seemed to him, he was met by sorry distortions of familiar scenes. It was as though he looked upon his home in a bad dream, and beheld it hideously deformed and misshapen. He went back to the ship with a heart heavy as lead.

The vessel, her coal-bunkers replenished, put to sea once more, and began to thrust her nose into the boisterous waters of the Indian Ocean. The dreary interminable days, their monotony unbroken by the

smallest happenings, trailed one after the other in slow procession; and Saleh, who did not care to read turgid Malay verse, and was too shy to talk much with the only man on board who understood his language, learned for the first time what is meant by solitude and weariness of spirit. Each dull hour heaped up the burden that was crushing him. He was in the grip of a grinding home-sickness—a yearning so acute that it was as agonising as an aching tooth, forcing itself upon his attention insistently, maddening him with a pain which yet lacked the relief of expression, and haunting his very slumbers. He longed with unspeakable intensity for all familiar things—the faces that he knew, even though they belonged to men and women for whom he cared nothing; for the sound of his mother tongue spoken with the native accent; for the scenes, the colour, the very atmosphere of his home; for the trivial things of every day, so little valued when they were his, which hitherto had made up life for him. The depression, inseparable from lack of occupation or interest, deepened the gloom of the nostalgia which darkened his days; but the emotion that throughout oppressed him most sorely was fear—blank, unreasoning fear. The immensity of the world was a new fact which had been flashed upon his intelligence suddenly, had been revealed to him abruptly with no course of preparation to soften the shock. It smote now upon his under-

standing, numbing, cowing him. He, who hitherto had never wandered more than a dozen miles from the village in which he had been born, who had lived in a land whose every inhabitant was known to him, found himself now adrift upon the bosom of a boundless sea, with countless eyes, he fancied, glaring at him with a cruel glitter from those restless waters, and the dome of the unpitied heavens arching over him. On board the ship he was in the midst of strangers, men who were not only unacquainted with him but belonged to a different race, followed strange customs, professed an alien faith. From time to time some unfamiliar port was touched at,—the blinding, burnt-brick mound of Aden, unsoftened by so much as a single blade of grass, and peopled by naked negroes who resembled Jins; the white-hot sand-sweeps of Suez, where blue-clad Arabs, with scarred faces, lived among strange beasts of burden, the like of which Saleh had never seen—camels and asses; and later still the European seaport towns, with their deafening roar of traffic and steam-cranes, where white men dwelt in numbers past all counting. These new lands terrified Saleh, and caused him to feel outcast beyond redemption; for every step of the way, every turn of the churning screw, bore him farther and farther from the folk he loved, and the only corner of the earth that was dear to him. It seemed to him that he was the merest atom,

a thing infinitely minute, lost past all recovery in limitless space. A sense of that awful vastness—which somehow was interwoven with a sudden perception of the real meaning of eternity—came upon the boy, shaking him with an abject terror. The idea, to his unaccustomed mind, was so immense that the sheer effort required to assimilate it set his brain reeling, tottering. And constantly the haunting question obtruded itself, "How shall I ever find a way back again across this uncharted wilderness?" At that thought a cold despair would seize him, and he would fall to prowling about the ship like a caged beast, his eyes wearing a hunted look, while he endured agonies that were doubly bitter because he had no one in whom to confide his fears. So, when the night came, he would sob himself to sleep, and tossing restlessly upon his mattress when forgetfulness at last had come, would call by name upon his mother and upon others whom he loved, as men in heavy grief murmur in dreams the names of dear ones who are dead and gone.

The utter monotony of a long sea-voyage to one unaccustomed to travel spins out the days in such interminable wise that at the end of a fortnight one is tempted to believe that more than half of life has been passed in the belly of a ship. All the events of our normal existence become faint and shadowy memories—things that belong to some half-forgotten, unreal, former state of

being; things that have little practical value or significance. The world is narrowed down to the limits of the ship, its inhabitants to the number of the men and women who journey in her. There seems to be no special reason why anything should occur to break the dead sameness of the days: it would appear to be quite natural were the voyage to continue to the end of time interminable in its dull routine, its regularity, its idleness. And this, too, was Saleh's experience. With the passing of the third week his native land became something incredibly remote: the men and women who dwelt there little more than moving shadow-shapes that came and went vaguely amidst the haze of memory. The natural adaptability of the boy, and, it may be, something of the innate philosophy and patience of the Malay and the Muhammadan, came to his rescue. He had settled down insensibly into the life of the ship so completely that he might have been a part of her; and though the present manner of his existence brought him no active happiness, he had found contentment of a dull vegetable sort that had in it nothing of irritation, expectation, or hope. He was picking up a little English too,—learning it as a child learns, unconsciously and without effort,—and he had all a child's delight in making display of his new acquirement. He had grown almost callous to the awful conception of the immensity of God's universe,

to the humiliating sense of his own insignificance. These facts had lost their power to terrify and appal. Nor did it now seem to him to matter greatly if, after all, the land of his birth and all that it held had sunk beneath the skyline past the possibility of rediscovery. People were kind to him, and the inertia of his race caused him to shrink from the thought of the huge expenditure of energy which a return to the Malay Peninsula would entail. The conviction was upon him that he could never again bring himself to undertake another voyage like that which he was now making, yet this no longer filled

him with terror or with despair. He had reached the condition which in his own tongue is called *kāleh*—a state of blank torpor and indifference, incomprehensible to the average European, that, holding all things of little worth, lulls the senses as with opium fumes.

Wherefore it came to pass that the end of his journey found Saleh with roots firmly fixed in the life of the ship, parting from it and from the new friends whom he had made with intense discontent; but it found him also weaned already from his own people, for whom in the beginning he had sorrowed so grievously.

IV.

Saleh's first impressions of the white man's country remained later in his mind as a confused and fearful memory. The size, the dingy ugliness, the noise, the hurry of London combined to awe him; the great towering buildings, blackened with smoke, the blurred jumble of their roofs and chimney-stacks half merged in the grey mirk, stood around him in serried ranks, hemming him in, stifling him; the colourless sodden sky, lowering above them, seemed to bear him to the ground through its sheer weight; the danger of instant annihilation, with which at every crossing of the streets the mighty traffic threatened him, set him shivering with an ague of terror; but most of all the frightful isolation, of which the seas of strange faces made him con-

scious, clutched at his heart-strings with a grip that was chill and paralysing. The immensity of the universe had cowed him once: now it was the glimpse he had gotten of the unsuspected multitude of humanity—unnumbered folk who had no thought or care for him—that robbed him of breath. He had never yet felt so utterly lost as now with these packed streams of unknown men and women drifting past him. All his days he had been an object of consideration, the son of a king, with willing subjects ready at his beck and call. He had never walked a yard without a tail of idle pages trailing after him. Now he believed himself to be drowning in an ocean of human beings, yet overwhelmed by an appalling solitude.

A drive in a hansom through the throng of vehicles set his heart in his mouth, his hand clutching vainly at the arm of the man who sat beside him; the fearful speed of trains that rushed along the labyrinths of lines kept him in momentary expectation of catastrophe; but worse still were the crowds of Europeans that stared at and jostled him in the streets—men of an alien race, of pallid unnatural colour, with intent busy faces and hard eyes. Saleh felt much as a white child might feel who was suddenly set down in the midst of vast mobs of gibbering negroes. He was convinced that the blended horror and fear with which his strange surroundings inspired him would last for ever; that he could never become used to an environment so dreadful, so appalling; and all the while his very soul was aching with longing for the soft moist climate, the sunshine, and the lavish greenery of the Malayan land. The bitter nostalgia revived with all its ancient force, but his craving now was for inanimate rather than for animate things—for the familiar places in which his days had been passed, not for the men and women, his friends and kindred, who had already become mere shadow-phantoms to his memory. And still his every suffering was made doubly hard because it was endured in secret and in silence.

After a busy week in London Saleh was sent to Winchester, where a home had been found for him in an English family. This severed the very last link

that still connected him with the old life, for the officer who had brought him to England left him on the platform at Waterloo, after handing him over to the charge of a magnificent-looking personage, who, the boy thought, must surely be one of the great ones of the earth. He was surprised when this brass-bound potentate pocketed five shillings with apparent satisfaction, and addressed him as "Sir"; but in this strange land everything was puzzling, and Saleh despaired of ever getting a grip upon the bewildering customs of the white men. He would have resisted this sudden transfer of himself from the care of a man whom he knew to that of a total stranger, but he was past the power of resistance or protest. He was completely cowed, as a young horse is cowed by an alien environment, and with the innate fatalism of his people he set himself to endure all that might befall with patience and philosophy, which only added to his trouble, since it drove it inward, denying it the relief of expression.

At Winchester the boy was passed on to an immensely tall, upright, grave-faced clergyman, whose stiff black clothes and gaunt, clean-shaven face depressed the lad with gloomy forebodings. It was as though this man were an ogre—the grim custodian of the prison in which he was to be pent. All the passionate love of personal liberty, bred of the free life in the forest lived by uncounted generations of his forebears,

awoke in Saleh, filling him with resentment against all the world, with savage impotent rage, with the instinct of fight, with a sullen desire to hurt some one, any one, because he himself was quivering with despair and fear and pain. When the clergyman held a hand towards him, the boy shrank back, his gums bared for the moment in something like a snarl, his whole body tingling with blended anger and terror, his muscles braced for flight or for self-defence. His new friend, looking down upon him through grave, preoccupied eyes, noted nothing of the lad's discomfiture; and as he shook him by the hand, patted him on the back, and gave him kindly welcome, he was happily unconscious of the fact that the little brown creature before him was long-ing for a dagger with which to stab!

Next, after a short drive in a cab, from the windows of which Saleh saw the effigy of a big black swan, that he decided must be some unclean idol of the white folk, he found himself standing very ill at ease just within the doorway of an English drawing-room. It was the first place of the kind that he had ever seen, and its smallness, its strangely low ceiling, the quantity of furniture, the endless knickknacks and ornaments, seemed to him to be things unnatural, barbarous, stifling. He felt as a wild thing may do when it finds itself in a trap. The narrowness of the confined space set him gasping: he looked about

him with furtive eyes, seeking some means of escape.

The room seemed to him to be packed with people, for Mrs Le Mesurier, the clergyman's wife, was seated beside a tea-table with her family about her. There were three girls with their hair down their backs, and a boy, all of whom stared at the stranger with eyes made round by curiosity.

Mrs Le Mesurier rose from her chair and came towards him, holding out both her hands in greeting. Saleh noticed that she moved as no Malayan woman ever yet moved, with a graceful sweeping carriage that had still the spring of youth in it, and that her eyes were soft and kind. Her thick dark hair fell low upon a broad forehead, parting in two glossy waves; her cheeks had a delicate tinge of pink, that seemed a blemish in Saleh's eyes, for he was accustomed to the even pallor of his own womenkind. Just as at Colombo it had been the dissimilarities rather than the resemblances that had arrested his attention, so now it was the points in which Mrs Le Mesurier failed to conform to the standard set by her sisters in Malaya that at first struck Saleh's eye: yet as she came towards him she appeared to him to be a figure vaguely, elusively familiar, like something seen for an instant in a state of previous existence fitfully remembered. The little feet so daintily shod, the pretty undulating gait, the gentle *frou-frou* of her garments as she moved, the soft delicate hands with their pink palms and

slender nervous fingers, outstretched in greeting, the thoughtful eyes whose gaze was bent upon him, all were quite foreign to his experience of women—of the women whom he had known; and yet . . . and yet, there exhaled from her a subtle air of femininity, of tenderness, of he knew not what, that reminded him irresistibly of his mother. No two human beings could be more unlike, wider apart, could differ more completely in their habit of thought, outlook upon life, in mental grasp, in opinion or in sympathy,—in all things they resembled one another as little as did their outer seem-

ing, yet to Saleh they were strangely, indescribably alike; for, though he knew it not, it was the maternity which these women shared in common that forged between them a subtle link that made them akin. He did not reason or speculate about it then or later, but he was conscious of it, felt it in the very marrow of his bones, and as his hands met her warm clasp his misery was tempered for him suddenly, and something of peace was restored to him. Thenceforth, I think, Saleh was a little less lonely and outcast in the heart of this strange world into which he had been thrust so ruthlessly.

V.

"Why are you crying? Only babies cry."

"Go away!"

"Baby, baby bunting!
Father's gone a-hunting;
Mother's gone to get a skin,
To wrap the baby bunting in!"

"Go away! Damn you! I hate you!"

"Oh, you naughty, shocking boy!" cried Miss Mabel Le Mesurier, *ætat.* thirteen, throwing back her mass of ruddy golden hair with a shake of her pretty head. "How dare you say such wicked words! Where do you suppose that you will go to when you die if you swear like that? If I were to tell father he would whip you."

"No, he wouldn't," said Saleh savagely.

"Yes, he would."

"He wouldn't dare, because

I should kill him," said Saleh, with the calmness of utter conviction, while the tears still stood upon his face.

"You couldn't kill my dad if you tried ever so, he is much too big and strong and brave, so there; but he would beat you worse than anything if he heard the awful wicked things you say."

"Go away! I hate you!"

"I shan't go away. This is my garden-house, not yours. I shall stay here just as long as I like. You are a horrid little savage blackamoor, that's what you are, or you wouldn't be so dreadfully rude and wicked."

"I'm not rude and wicked and a blackamoor," cried poor Saleh, throwing his arms across the little rustic table before him, and sinking his head face-downward between them. "I'm unhappy, and I hate

everybody, and I wish I was dead." His shoulders heaved with a fresh paroxysm of sobs.

Mabel stood looking at him thoughtfully, biting at the corner of her blue pinafore the while. She was a tender-hearted little woman, and she had come there to comfort, not to aggravate, Saleh's sorrows. She had only given way to her natural instinct when she had derided his unmanly tears. She had not intended to hurt him wantonly. Now she stepped nearer to him, and laid a tiny grubby hand upon his shoulder. He shook it off with an irritable shrug, but she declined to take offence.

"Don't cry, Sally. Dear Sally, don't cry," she whispered. "Tell me what's the matter. Why do you hate every one, and why do you say such naughty, wicked things?"

For a time Saleh strove sullenly to repel her advances; but her persistency and his own craving for sympathy at last prevailed, so presently he found himself telling her, brokenly, inarticulately, for the strange tongue still fettered his thought, the story of his misery. To the little girl more than half of what he said was unintelligible, for the things that most irked this oriental boy were to her matters of course, to which custom had inured her from babyhood. Also Saleh, apart from the difficulty he experienced in giving form to his ideas, discovered that it was one thing to be acutely conscious of a sensation, and a wholly different matter to describe that feeling in words.

But the little girl, with the ready sympathy that belongs to womenkind, even to women-kind in the bud, listened to his halting explanations, and made no sign when she failed to follow the meaning which they were intended to convey, while Saleh was aware of a sensible alleviation of his trouble, merely because he had met with some one who was willing to listen to him kindly, some one of whom he was not shy.

The sharp pangs of homesickness had become numbed into a dull ache; the awful fear with which this world of white men had at first inspired him had passed away; in his new home he was treated with kindness, and he no longer felt it necessary to stand on the defensive, no longer had the panic-stricken sensations of a trapped animal. None the less his surroundings were utterly uncongenial to him. Their iron regularity oppressed him. The household was as punctual as a nicely adjusted piece of clock-work, and he, who had never been taught the value of time, chafed at the extravagant importance which the *Le Mesuriers* attached to never being so much as a minute late for meals, play, or lessons. Then discipline—another thing entirely new to him—had come to the ordering of his days. Each hour was ear-marked for the special use to which it was to be put. To Saleh this was the veriest tyranny,—the tyranny of the slave-driver,—and he felt himself to be covered with ignominy because he was

obliged to submit to it. Then, too, this world of the white men seemed to be ruled by ideas, abstractions, which previously had had no meaning to him. Mr Le Mesurier was perpetually putting his son George, and Saleh with him, upon their "honour" to do this, that, or the other, and George would turn upon Saleh, calling him a "cad" with the bitterest contempt, if he sought to break through the impalpable barriers thus arbitrarily set up. Saleh, who in common with most Malays had a keen desire to stand well in the estimation of his fellows, did not want to be looked upon as a "cad," but he could not for the life of him understand why Mr Le Mesurier, of whose general wisdom he was profoundly convinced, had the wanton folly to put trust in any one. Then also he had made the acquaintance of another obscure thing called "Duty." He was constantly being told that it was his duty to do this or that; or it was declared that duty required of him that he should abstain from doing something upon which his heart was set. Here was a notion which as yet was altogether beyond his powers of comprehension; but the children about him accepted it as a matter of course, and were obviously ill at ease, and out of conceit with themselves, when they succumbed to the temptation to sin against its precepts. Those other abstractions, "Right" and "Wrong," were a perpetual puzzle to him. In his own country he had been used to hear of things that were

pâtut or *ta' pâtut*—fitting or not fitting—but they had been largely questions of good or bad taste, matters of opinion dependent upon the point of view of the individual. Among white men, however, Saleh discovered, to his astonishment, that they were hard-and-fast categories into which actions were divided past all possibility of debate, and the simple answer, "It would not be right," sufficed in most cases to deter his new comrades from participating in the most tempting pleasures. Once again, for the life of him, he could not understand it. When he had suggested to George that indulgence in a certain vice—a vice for which in his father's court men and women mainly lived—would relieve the tedium of their studies, the English boy had looked upon him with horror, had threatened to "knock his head off" if he talked like that again, and had shown him with true British bluntness how unfathomable was his disgust.

Honour, duty, morality—straitening things which seemed to clog the feet of liberty, as Saleh had always understood it—had come upon him suddenly, new ideas difficult to assimilate, and in their own fashion more numbing to the brain, more paralysing, more appalling than those other revelations, the vastness of the universe and the multitude of humanity, had been. Then, too, the life in which he found himself was strenuous, earnest, instinct with a restless energy that jarred upon his indolent nature. It seemed to him as

though he had been transported to some lofty mountain-top, and were called upon, without preparation, to breathe the rarefied atmosphere of the upper airs. He stood there morally panting, gasping,—moving with acute discomfort on a plane too high for him. He longed for the denser atmosphere of his fatherland, and he despaired of ever becoming habituated to that which seemingly was natural, congenial, to those with whom he now associated. As to ever winning to a real understanding of the extraordinary points of view of these people, that obviously was a patent impossibility.

Beyond this there were half a hundred minor matters which appealed to Saleh as incongruous. His manhood was offended, revolted, by the position occupied among white folk by the women. Even after weeks of use, his meals were a humiliation to him because Mrs Le Mesurier and her daughters sat at table. Even his own mother would not have dreamed of taking such a liberty with her son. The service rendered by the maid-servants was natural enough, but it hurt his pride and his self-respect to find that he was expected to give way to the daughters of the house in everything, that he was chidden if he neglected to offer to carry a cloak for a lady, if he did not run willingly on trifling errands for Mrs Le Mesurier, if he was not active in forestalling the wants of her and of her daughters. From the moment of

their first meeting Mrs Le Mesurier, by her grace and kindness, had won his heart; but still, to his thinking, she was but a woman,—a being of inferior clay to the material from which he was fashioned,—and he was irked by a system that made of her a central pivot round which the household revolved. This unquestionably was *ta' pátut*—not fitting—yet seemingly it offended the sense of propriety of no one save himself. The absence of all forms, too, struck him as barbarous. All his life he had been hedged about by ritual. Those who had spoken to him had described themselves as *pátek*—thy slave; for was he not the son of a king?—but here all ceremony was dropped, and, shorn of his titles, he found himself answering to the name of "Sally," and being scoffed at and mocked because "Sally" was in England a woman's name. George, the young barbarian, even called him "Aunt Sally" at times, and once at a fair had gravely introduced him to a dilapidated cockshy, which he declared must be one of his near relatives,—a hideous idol of the white men at which certain savage creatures were engaged in throwing missiles with grotesque antics and an outrageous uproar. It was when he next was addressed as "Aunt Sally" that he had first tried to fight George, and finding that the attempt was a failure,—for what could a man do who had no knife ready to his hand?—had retired to the arbour in tears. "Chaff,"

as George would have called it, was again something foreign to Saleh's experience. To him it was simply a rudeness, a brutality—not fitting.

As much of all this as his mental and linguistic limitations could make articulate he now sobbed out to Mabel, omitting only all reference to his disapproval of the undue exaltation of her sex, for Malays are not devoid of a certain instinctive tact. His trouble was of a nature too complex to be readily comprehended by his little listener; but, fortunately for mankind, a woman's sympathy is not always dependent upon her understanding, and Mabel, knowing he was very unhappy, without inquiring too closely into the causes, patted his shoulder and whispered words of consolation into his ear.

"Don't cry, Saleh dear," she said. "We all like you very much, and you are going to live with us for a long time and be very happy too when you get used to us. You mustn't mind George. He is a boy, you know, and boys are like that. He is always trying to get a rise out of all of us. He likes you very much too, really. He was only saying the other day how beautifully you swim, and how clever you are in the gym. He says you can do things on the bar at the first try which it takes English boys years and years to learn. He only calls you 'Aunt Sally' for fun, just as he calls me 'Furze-bush' when I have had my hair in curl-papers."

Saleh shuddered at the re-

collection. His taste, moulded by the lank, sleek, oil-dressed heads of his own womenkind, was grievously offended by the sight of curls.

"And you called me a black-amoor," he said sulkily.

"I'm sorry, Sally."

"You white people are so . . . so proud. You think many things of yourself, but we Malays have beaten you. The English soldiers ran like stags when we ambushed them during the war in Pélésu."

"They didn't!" cried the little girl indignantly.

"Yes, they did. They ran and ran, and our people ran after them and shot them and shouted. I have often heard people talk of it."

"English soldiers are very brave," said Mabel, with proud conviction.

"They are not as brave as the Malays, and they ran away," said Saleh doggedly.

"I don't believe it," cried Mabel. "Besides, we won, didn't we?"

Saleh was silent.

"You called me a black-amoor," he said presently, returning with resentment to his earlier accusation.

"I know I did, and I was a *beast*," said Mabel generously. "And, Sally, I'm sorry—ever so sorry—and I'll never do it again; but you mustn't say that English soldiers ran away, because they never do, you know."

"But they did," objected Saleh.

"O Sally, Sally, you'll make me quarrel with you after all!" cried Mabel pit-

ously. "And I do want to be friends."

"I can not be friend's with people who calls me black-amoor," said Saleh, looking at her and softening ever so little.

"But I won't. And I do like you, Sally, and when you are unhappy don't go away and cry by yourself. Come and tell me all about it, and I'll comfort you. I can help you in a lot of ways, if you'll let me. I know heaps and heaps of things. And I won't tell that you said such wicked words, only promise that you won't go on hating us, and that you won't mind George, and that you will come to me when you have the blues."

She spoke very earnestly, with her kind little hand still resting on the boy's coat-sleeve, and with her bright eyes shining. She was to Saleh like a being from another world, possessed of nothing in common with the women-folk of his own race. Her kindness spoke to him in his desolation, took him by the hand to lead his faltering steps through the darkness in which he was engulfed; and in that moment, I think, he began to understand why in our land the accident of sex causes women to be held in such deep reverence.

During the twelvemonth that followed—the painful first year in which Saleh was finding his level, and fitting in as best he might with the circumstances of his alien surroundings—Mabel's friendship and encouragement, Mabel's advice, admonitions, guidance, made the rough path smooth, and laid

many a high hill low for him. Also it was through the child's eyes, though she was wholly unconscious of it, that this little outlier obtained his first glimpse of the kindness, the sanctity, and the exquisite purity of English family life. It was indeed a serene and wholesome atmosphere that his exotic lungs were made to breathe; but Saleh, the adaptable, learned at last to inhale it, not only with ease and comfort, but with keen pleasure, taking an active pride in living up to the high standard which, having begun by depressing and bewildering him, ended by awaking his appreciation, enchaining his sympathies, and kindling his enthusiasm.

The boy's pliable nature had been taken in time: its *upward* tendencies had been stimulated, given room for development. He had caught the health-giving spirit of the honest English home-life in which his days were spent, and, chameleon-like, he lost the colour absorbed from his environment in Malaya, assuming in its place the duller, more permanent character-tints of the British youngster. Only, by force of contrast, the newer ideal was seen more clearly, was aimed at more persistently, more consciously, with a keener desire to attain to it. Thenceforth, till very near the end of his sojourn in England, the denationalisation of Râja Saleh was a completed fact. The Malayan shell was there, more or less intact; a mist of nebulous memories, hovering somewhere in the background of his mind, told of a Malayan past; but

within the lad the Malayan soul lay dead, or slumbering, and in its stead had been born the soul of a clean-minded, honest-thinking, self-respecting Englishman, possessed of many of the virtues and not a few of the limitations of its kind.

The work which the white men in their wisdom had set themselves to do had now presumably been accomplished in triumphant fashion, with all the thoroughness, the uncompromising completeness which belongs to white men's work. Starting with the axiom that civilisation—that is to say, the civilisation of the Englishman of the twentieth century—is a blessing, they had brought all its forces to bear upon the

defenceless Saleh. They had concerned themselves only with the immediate achievement—the difficult experiment of which Saleh was the victim: they had made no attempt to forecast results, to pry into the future, to foresee in what manner their action would be like to affect the lad himself and his individual happiness. A high standard of civilisation, with its exalted moral code and nobler ideals, was in itself a blessing, a happiness. That was the theory,—a beautiful theory,—and it was for Saleh, since the opportunity had been thrust upon him, to work it out in practice. Even the omniscience and the omnipotence of the white men have their limitations.

(*To be continued.*)

MR GLADSTONE.¹

MR GLADSTONE has at least been fortunate in finding a biographer who has conscientiously devoted himself to the task which he undertook. Lord Beaconsfield has, we all know, been less happily treated. The difficulty of doing justice to either career must be overwhelming; but we doubt if the appointed biographer of the latter statesman would, if he had been true to his trust, have incurred the amount of laborious application to which Mr Morley has submitted. We accept the result with gratitude, which is enhanced by contrast with what might have been, and by imagining, in a manner which circumstances have made vivid, the loss which we should have endured if Mr Morley, as well as others, had abandoned duty. To the last Mr Gladstone's personality interested and engrossed his fellow-men. But the time is come, or is approaching, when the marvellous powers, brilliancy, and charm (magnetism it has been often called) will cease to sway, and the estimate formed of him will depend upon the results of his great career, judged in reference to their public consequences, and as they illustrate that conscious purpose in life which Mr Gladstone himself recognised as the true test of greatness, in his famous

tribute to Lord Beaconsfield's memory.

We have always thought, and this book confirms the impression, that the source of Mr Gladstone's failures was that his transcendent powers were not inspired and guided by any far-reaching political purpose which stretched from one end of his life to the other, but that, on the contrary, he drifted, and was too readily influenced by men of clearer vision and purpose than his own. With unexampled powers of speech and action, he did not, as it appears to us, combine an eye to see, an intuition of genius, a wide reach of understanding, which are necessary to place a man at a height above his fellows. Much of his vast intellectual power was absorbed in bursting through the thick panoply of prejudice with which he started in life. And the cardinal fact of his career is that he missed his vocation. In a letter to his father he declared his conviction that his duty to God and man summoned him, with a voice too imperative to be resisted, to take upon himself the clerical office. In deference to his father he very speedily modified this desire, for he entered Parliament at the age of twenty-two. "The remains of this desire," he said in later life, "operated unfortunately.

¹ Life of W. E. Gladstone. By John Morley. In 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd., 1903.

They made me tend to glorify in an extravagant manner and degree not only the religious character of the State, which in reality stood low, but also the religious mission of the Conservative party. There was in my eyes a certain element of Antichrist in the Reform Act," &c. He adds, and every man of reason must cordially agree, that "it was well for me that the unfolding destiny" (meaning Peel's second Administration) "carried me off in a considerable degree from political ecclesiasticism, of which I should at this time have made a sad mess." In other words, Peel caught him, and diverted him from views as crude as they were absurd, by placing him at the Board of Trade, there to work like a navvy at the figures and details of home and international trade. All through his long life his persistent incursions, says his editor, into the multifarious doings not only of his own Anglican communion, but of other communions as well, puzzled and vexed all his political associates. And in the 'Forties his position was "that of the ultra churchman of the time, and such as no church-ultra now dreams of fighting for." He objected to "any infringement whatever of the principle on which the established Church was founded—that of confining the pecuniary support of the State to one particular religious denomination." And without abandoning any of his ultra-notions he managed to tread the high Anglican road all his life, and

at the same time to reach the summits of that Liberalism which it was the avowed object of the new Anglicans to resist and overthrow as the essence of all evil.

It is of no use commenting on all this. If Mr Morley had been a critical instead of a reverential biographer, we might have had an interesting analysis of this part of his hero's character. He points out, however, that he watched the scientific movement of his age vaguely and with misgiving; and intrenched himself within the citadel of tradition. Mr Gladstone's own account at the time of the main purpose of his life is that "reflection shows me that a political position is mainly valuable as instrumental for the good of the Church, and under this rule every question becomes one of detail only." As he approaches middle life it is time to look forward to the close. He has two prospective objects,—one the adjustment of the relations of Church and State, the other unfolding the Catholic system within her in some fitting machinery. And he adds, "I contemplate secular affairs chiefly as a means of being useful in Church affairs." This testimony simply emphasises what we all knew or could guess at before. What Philip II. was amongst European monarchs, Mr Gladstone was in his early days amongst English statesmen. The religious bigotry was much the same, but in the one case there was free scope for its indulgence and growth, in the other

it was controlled and eventually overridden by the stern vicissitudes of English public life. The force of circumstances, and, we must add, a genuine spirit of Christianity in spite of his theological prejudices, carried him far from his early moorings, though to the last he would not admit it. He accordingly entered public life, not with a dominant political purpose, but with the tendencies of a recluse, a mind that might easily have been accommodated to the cloister, with, as Mr Morley says, "an intellectual chart of ideas and principles not adequate or well fitted" for the voyage before him. He was, so to speak, above his work, and his subsequent career discloses the manner in which, by slow experience, he "inserted piecemeal the mental apparatus proper to the character of the public man"; and under the manipulation of Peel, Cobden, and Parnell devoted his superhuman powers to the accomplishment of their designs. Free trade was his first real political conviction and purpose, and no one suggests that it was not borrowed from others. Before the end of Peel's career Sheil had pointed out that the champion of free trade was on the road to becoming the champion of unrestricted liberty of thought; notwithstanding that only six years earlier he had published a book whose arguments Macaulay had said would warrant the roasting of Dissenters at slow fires.

Let political admirers say

what they will about the spectacle of a fine Christian man bringing piety, religion, and churchmanship to bear on the problems of public life, the real effect would have been more grotesque than it really was, if he had not discovered as time went on that the only use he could make of his principles was to reconcile them as best he could with "the everlasting principles of truth and justice." These latter, therefore, might from the very first have been accepted as a sufficient guide, and it would have saved him the necessity of many a long and painful disquisition. In the absence of what he called a synodical decision in favour of retirement from public life, he had to recognise that his views of serving the Church were becoming wholly unavailable. And in middle life (1865), so far from attaching exclusive importance to the narrow creed of one particular sect, he found on the eve of his accession to the Liberal leadership that he had long cast those weeds behind him, had imbibed a reverence for all the possibilities of truth, and could with absolute sincerity and a fervour of enthusiastic sympathy appeal for their suffrage to every Dissenting sect in the kingdom. This was at the close of his representation of the University of Oxford. It is still more curious to note that in 1847, when he was first elected, both parties, that of the Oxford Movement headed by Dr Pusey, and that of the revolutionary school headed by Stanley and Jowett,

combined to secure his triumph. To the last he retained the confidence of all the contending sects included under those two heads. To the last he never contributed one single word or idea of useful or practical guidance to any of them, though he lived in an age when scientific inquiry and discovery were making havoc amongst the creeds. To the last he adhered pertinaciously to the commonplace prejudices of his youth, and combined therewith a wealth of sentiment and sympathy which conciliated the most diverse sects into acceptance of his leadership and devotion to his person.

It is amusing to see how it worked soon after he had attained to Cabinet rank. Though he was Peel's right-hand man in the Government of 1841, in all matters connected with free trade and revision of the tariffs and railway legislation, his mind, he says, was originally in regard to these subjects "a sheet of white paper"; but, full of Churches and Church matters, he accepted the established conditions in the lump. Of the four revisions of the tariff which fell to his lot he used to say that the revision of 1842 cost six times as much trouble as the other three put together. He surmounted it, and next year was advanced to the Cabinet. But before he accepted it he made difficulties almost insuperable about the East India Company's cultivation of opium and about the union of a couple of obscure Welsh bishoprics which he must

consult Hope and Manning about. He was actually contemplating refusal of Cabinet office on those grounds. In the very next year he wanted to escape from the Cabinet and become a Vatican envoy at Florence or Naples, to open up relations with the Papal Court at Rome. In 1845 he resigned office on account of the Maynooth grant. He did not condemn the policy of it; on the contrary, he voted for it. But it was opposed to a sacred rule laid down in his book of 1838 as to the relations which ought to subsist between Church and State. He explained his resignation to Parliament in a speech which lasted an hour. Cobden remarked that at the end of it he knew no more why he had left the Government than before he had begun. His old friends said that the increased grant was the sin of 1829 over again. Mr Gladstone said that, in opposition to his "deeply cherished predilections," he should give a deliberate and even anxious support to the measure. The incident is characteristic. If every man is to regulate his public conduct with such fanciful regard to his own *amour propre*, how, as Peel complained, could Government be carried on? It appears from this book that even in 1842 he had hinted retirement upon a question of detail on the very eve of Peel's introduction of the principal measure of the Session. Peel, thunderstruck and displeased, told him that it might upset his Administration, and Gladstone, "sick at heart,"

yielded. With his head full of these supralunary matters, he never quite gained a due sense of proportion with regard to purely secular affairs. With the aid of Mr Morley's book and of Purcell's *Life of Manning* we get a full, or at least a sufficient, view of this absorbing portion of Mr Gladstone's life and personality, and it is one which has to be attentively regarded in estimating his career either as a whole or in detail. For instance, his denunciations of the horrors of Neapolitan misgovernment in 1851 were of a character to delight the Paris Reds. Yet side by side in his mind were the reflections that the King of Naples was the bosom friend of the Pope, and that the infernal system which he described was approved by the Roman Catholic clergy. He denounced the catechism used in Neapolitan schools as one of the most detestable books he had ever read, but nevertheless he omitted from his vehement outbursts all comment on the Church from which it emanated.

There is an interesting account of the formation of the Coalition Government, of the jealousies at work, of the difficulties at last surmounted. The Whigs objected to Gladstone at the Colonial Office, "sure that he would sow the tares of Anglicanism in these virgin fields." So he went to the Exchequer, and continued his career as the ardent apostle of free trade. Mr Morley devotes a separate chapter to the triumph of 1853, and "to mark the far-reaching

and comprehensive character of the earliest of his thirteen Budgets." No doubt the Budget saved the Government, and constituted Mr Gladstone as the strongest man in it. But far-reaching his triumphs certainly were not. There is no trace that we can discover of his ever contemplating that which has happened, our becoming a free-trade nation in a world of protectionists, with high walls of tariffs opposed to us, alike in the old world of Europe and the new world of America, and even in our own colonies. The one notion was to fight hostile tariffs with free imports, without a thought of securing open markets for ourselves either within or without the limits of the Empire. Everything was staked upon the conversion of the world to free trade, or if that did not happen, upon protectionist nations and protectionist colonies remaining important customers. The first ground of confidence is hopelessly cut from under our feet, the second is now seriously called in question by many men of light and leading who are qualified to speak as experts on the subject. We have read these volumes attentively, and we do not think that we are wronging their subject in saying that there is no trace of Mr Gladstone's being alive to the necessity of maintaining the open door in any part of the world. We have to do it by force of arms or diplomacy, at the risk of finding it from time to time closed. Even in the colonies nothing was done at their birth to secure our markets, and the

consequence is that they can if they like exclude the mother country, and cannot be prevented without war from according to our rivals preferential rights. It goes without saying that Mr Gladstone carried all before him by his transcendent controversial powers, whether the task was the destruction of Churches, of tariffs, or of land system; but those powers are a different thing from far-reaching and far-seeing statesmanship. No man ever carried so many Acts of Parliament, but his principle seems to have been that when once they were carried Parliament and not he was responsible for their consequences. The excitement of manipulating the forces required to carry his great measures left him little leisure or inclination for forecasting their results.

Far more important, for instance, than his Budget of 1853 were the diplomatic negotiations of that year. At the time Mr Gladstone was the most powerful member of the Cabinet in this sense that his secession would have ruined it. The crisis demanded all the thought he could give it. His biographer says, "We have little more than a few glimpses of his participation in the counsels" which preceded the Crimean war. He was the *alter ego* of the Prime Minister, whom the Queen pressed for deliberate counsel on the policy to be adopted, but who had "no deliberate counsel to proffer." There were Nicholas and Napoleon, Cavour and the Sultan, all making for war, a

divided Cabinet and a Prime Minister without a rudder to steer by. Mr Gladstone is not interested beyond the point of speech-making. His view is that the partition of Turkey is not to follow the partition of Poland. But there is no trace that he understood how the country was drifting,—that, as far as England was concerned, from a want of a definite policy and a firm will at the helm, the reins had fallen into the hands of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and the Turks. They, in the absence of Cabinet guidance, with the temper of the English people rising high, and Napoleon keen for war, had it all their own way. Lord Aberdeen was the victim of "incessant self-reproach"; Mr Gladstone was alive to the importance of maintaining the public law of Europe and of concentrating all our efforts on Sebastopol. Later on in his life he admitted that the four Ministers mainly concerned with foreign affairs were not in harmony, but he would never admit that divided opinions brought on the war. The point is that he himself was with the war party and against Russian aggression, but never appreciated the importance of this country making its course clear and definite from the first, in the midst of so many angry passions and conflicting ambitions both at home and abroad.

When the Coalition fell, Mr Gladstone refused to join Lord Lansdowne, as he was not prepared to serve under any other head than Lord Aberdeen. Down to the close of his life

he bitterly regretted this "gross error of judgment." It led to Lord Palmerston being Premier, as he might have foreseen. It led also to his joining Lord Palmerston, only to be followed by his resignation in a fortnight for no adequate reason. So in the greatest crisis of the century we have the spectacle of Lord Aberdeen always in "great compunction" about the war into which he had "allowed the country to be dragged without adequate cause," and Mr Gladstone reduced to political isolation, at leisure, according to Mr Morley, and surely somewhat late in the day, to gain "a truer insight into the leading facts." He very shortly attained to the conviction that the objects of the war (when minimised to the point which rendered the war unnecessary from the first) had been gained in January 1855, when our military position and that of France were at their worst; and almost immediately on quitting a war Government he made common cause with the peace party. Every one knows how he forfeited public confidence and, as the readers of the *Prince Consort's Life* know, the confidence of his Sovereign. He went into vehement opposition to the Government, and was actually in negotiations with Lord Derby for a junction with him under the leadership of Disraeli. Nothing came of it; but it is a proof to future generations of his extraordinary powers that, in spite of his disastrous blunders, the chiefs of both political parties (the remark

does not apply to the rank and file) were eager to court his alliance.

When Lord Derby became Prime Minister in 1858 the first thing he did was to ask Gladstone to join him; and later on, when Lord Ellenborough resigned, the offer was renewed. Disraeli, it appears, was willing in the 'Fifties to resign the leadership to either Lord Palmerston or Sir J. Graham, but never, as the correspondence shows, to Gladstone, whom apparently he regarded as a man of mere intellect, a dialectician without moral passion, and quite unfitted to govern mankind; but to gain him as a colleague he, in his own words, "almost went on his knees to him." Gladstone seems to have shown considerable indecision. He voted to keep Lord Derby in, hesitated to join Lord Palmerston, and favoured a junction of Lords Derby and Palmerston, dethroning Disraeli from the leadership. Meanwhile Russell and Palmerston came to terms, a new Ministry was formed, and Gladstone joined it as the only possible one under the circumstances. Mr Morley says it is a mistake to treat this act as a chief landmark in his protracted journey from Tory to Liberal. No doubt it was not a conversion. There was no great difference between the outgoing Premier and the new one; but it was the determining act of his life, and settled his party connection for the remainder of it. It gave him the reversion of the leadership.

Next year he took his name off the Carlton, intimating his final secession from his former party. His relations to his new chief were, as we all know, those of mutual distrust; but we fail to find any evidence of those constant resignations of his office which were attributed to him. His constant struggle against the spirit of expenditure, whether wise or not in each particular item, was greatly to his credit, and is sadly missed at the present day, when expenditure, both national and local, increases by leaps and bounds. But unfortunately through attention to details he lost sight of the dependence of totals upon the policy pursued. The cost of the Boer war in a later generation, the inevitable result of his Majuba policy, swamped at a stroke all the result of all his economical zeal.

There is nothing new in Mr Morley's account of Lord Palmerston's Administration. He claims as due to his hero the credit, hitherto accorded to the Prince Consort, for softening the tone of Lord Russell's despatch to Washington in the matter of the Trent dispute. Be that as it may, the really striking incident in the whole of the American Civil War, as it affected Gladstone, was the speech in regard to Jefferson Davis having made a nation. It caused an extraordinary sensation at the time, it figured largely in the Alabama arbitration proceedings. Sir G. Cornwall Lewis was instructed by Lord Palmerston to explain it

away, for unless explained it meant recognition. All the explanation that Gladstone could give at the time was that he was not responsible for such inferences as other people might draw. In a later memorandum (1896) he seems to allude to it as the least excusable error of his life, "a mistake of incredible grossness." No explanation is forthcoming. It was entirely on his own responsibility, without consultation with his colleagues, evidently without an idea of its importance. He thought "it was an act of friendliness to all Americans to recognise that the struggle was virtually at an end." This when the North was determined to win, and believed in its coming success, and we were bound to neutrality! There was a want of common-sense in such a speech, or, in Mr Gladstone's own words, it "exhibits an incapacity of viewing subjects all round in their extraneous as well as in their internal properties." Later on, as the Reform agitation began to rise, he used expressions equivalent to laying down broadly the doctrine of universal suffrage, in a moment of rhetorical ardour, and then was "astounded to find it the cause or occasion for such a row." Later on there was the speech about the Clerkenwell explosion, showing the existence of political zeal, and bringing certain subjects within the range of practical questions—another instance of his curious inability to appreciate the indirect consequences of imprudent language. No doubt it

was very far from his intention to incite to lawlessness.

The death of Lord Palmerston and his own rejection by the University led to his installation as Liberal leader. His first appearance in that capacity was not a success. The House was returned to support a very different man. A very moderate Reform Bill was presented for its acceptance, and a Cave of Adullam was formed. Out of that cave issued the apparition of an orator still greater than himself. Mr Lowe for that one session of 1866, and on the one subject of parliamentary reform, bounded at once into the foremost place; and Gladstone actually met with more than his match. Lowe's ascendancy was short-lived, but it led to the fall of the Government and to the triumph of Disraeli in the following year. In the chaos of discord and insincerity the one man who knew his own mind prevailed. To the end of his life Gladstone remained, to use Bishop Wilberforce's language, "quite awed by the diabolical cleverness of Dizzy." It was, however, high time that the question should be settled. Mr Gladstone, finding that the question had been wrested from his grasp and settled by his rival, immediately brought forward as a counter-move the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, and was carried into power at the head of a majority of 118. There does not seem to be in this book any important addition to our knowledge of the manner in which that measure was piloted through the House

of Lords and eventually became law. It stands out as a marvellous achievement, but whether its results have proved beneficial is a detail with which Mr Gladstone's biographer is not concerned.

This first Ministry of Mr Gladstone's (1868-1874) is the most successful chapter of his life. He carried numerous measures through Parliament, and he maintained peace during an anxious period. The Alabama arbitration, with the indirect claims absolutely submitted for consideration by the tribunal, and the Black Sea modification of the treaty of Paris, greatly disturbed public opinion at the time, but they are ancient history now. The sudden dissolution of Parliament in January 1874, with its offer to abolish the income-tax, is the subject to which one turns for new light. It appears that as early as August Mr Gladstone, who had become Chancellor of the Exchequer as well as Prime Minister, doubtless with a view to a financial *coup*, was forming his design; and on January 8 the idea of dissolution was first mooted. The whole month it was growing in his mind, and when proposed to the Cabinet there was neither opposition nor discussion. No two Ministers at this time gave the same reason for it. Lord Selborne declares that it was simply because Mr Gladstone was liable to pains and penalties for not having vacated his seat when he accepted the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Most people will accept

his own colleague's posthumous explanation. It resulted in complete defeat. Mr Gladstone evidently had no liking for the post of leader of Opposition. He threw himself first into a controversy with Rome about Vaticanism, and afterwards with Lord Beaconsfield's Government over the Eastern Question. Upon this latter point we get no fresh light. He knew that the Crimean war was the result of uncertainty and vacillation by the Coalition Government; he knew, for he said so at St James's Hall, that the policy of Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet was guided by a firm and tenacious mind, and he spent his days and nights in vainly endeavouring to thwart it. His own colleagues forsook him, the Government majority was doubled by his opposition, and the country was piloted safely to peace with honour. And the avowed and obvious policy was to stand on treaties for which Mr Gladstone was either morally or officially responsible, and to insist that the public law of Europe should be respected. We cannot find any real vindication of Mr Gladstone's proceedings in this book, or indeed that any new light has been thrown upon them. The only comment worth making upon it at this distance of time is that it is marked by the same want of sober judgment and inability to estimate the consequence of his words and acts which he exhibited during the Crimean war, the American war, in the Soudan, and in South Africa. Peace with honour crowned the efforts

of his rival; but Mr Gladstone was spurred on to his two Mid-Lothian campaigns, which were rewarded by a decisive victory at the polls, followed by a disastrous Ministry, which proved to be the only interlude of power enjoyed by the Liberal party for the thirty years which have elapsed since the election of 1874.

Probably the greatest triumph of Mr Gladstone's life was the victory of 1880. "All our heads," he wrote, "are still in a whirl. It has given joy, I am convinced, to the large majority of the civilised world. The downfall of Beaconsfieldism is like the vanishing of some vast magnificent castle in an Italian romance." It certainly invested his rival's fall in a sort of dramatic splendour, from the stupendous efforts which it required to effect it. But the attainment of all the weird sisters promised was far from an unalloyed good fortune, and far from achieving the downfall of Beaconsfieldism. The reckless pledges and unsparing denunciations could not be got rid of. The new Ministry began its unlucky career with a blaze of apology. "An acute chill," says Mr Morley, "followed the discovery that there was to be no recall of Frere or Layard." In fact, Mr Gladstone found himself, like Lord Aberdeen, at the head of a Coalition which did not coalesce. The rival parties were headed by Lord Hartington and Mr Chamberlain. Ireland was soon in commotion from one end of it to the other. Mr Gladstone contributed his Land Acts and

other legislative measures, and left to Mr Forster the task of government. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and a thousand Irishmen were arbitrarily thrown into jail, including at a later date, with Gladstone's sanction and probably on his initiative, Parnell himself and some of his colleagues. The position shortly became intolerable. Mr Gladstone's explanation of his own share in it is that he never fell into Forster's extraordinary illusion about his "village ruffian." "He was a very impracticable man, placed in a position of great responsibility." He acquiesced in this suspension because Chamberlain and Bright preferred it to any other method of coercion. His resistance would have broken up the Government, whose mission was to reconstruct the whole foreign policy of the country. The imbroglio led to the surrender at Kilmainham. Mr Gladstone was always impatient of the phrase "reciprocal assurances" as applied to this transaction; but his biographer bluntly says that the object was to find out what action on the part of the Government would enable Mr Parnell to do what he could for law and order. It was the commencement of an understanding which culminated four years later (when Parnell's power had been doubled by the 1884 reforms) in joint action for Home Rule, in the sanguine belief that Ireland would forgive her "unrivalled coercionist," and Mr Parnell would forget his humiliating imprisonment.

Then came the proceedings in Egypt and the bombardment of Alexandria, which cost Mr Gladstone the loss of Mr Bright, who left him, declaring, to Gladstone's indignation, that his Government had broken the moral law. South African affairs carried off the palm in this saturnalia of mismanagement. Mr Gladstone refused to revoke the annexation of the Transvaal, and long after Majuba applauded his own resolution. Obligations, he said, had been contracted to the natives, and, he might have added, to his own countrymen, which could not be set aside. A rising followed, we were beaten at Laing's Nek and Majuba, and we capitulated; for "any other decision would have broken up the Government." The general on the spot was certain of victory. Sir Hercules Robinson said that to yield would render the Boers overbearing and quarrelsome, and that the re-establishment of our military supremacy was essential. The Ministry protested to the House of Commons that these operations of the Boers on our own territory were in reality defensive, and that it would have been unjust and cruel, cowardly and mean, to abstain on that account from negotiation. We all know the result. The Ministry could not have foreseen the accession of strength to the Boers from the mineral wealth of the country; but rather than be broken up they capitulated to rebels with arms in their hands, and victorious on our own soil. No nation, however powerful, can

afford that line of action. It spreads rancour and distrust all round, even if the foe himself should prove to be powerless in the end.

And that no part of the world should be free from disaster under this unlucky Government, there was the affair at Penjdeh with Russia, and in the Soudan the desertion of Gordon. Mr Morley says it was a gambler's throw to send him at all. Mr Gladstone never even saw him, considered him a man totally unsuited for the work which he undertook, but had assented by telegram to his appointment. After he had gone it was soon discovered that he did not feel himself bound by instructions. There were differences as to how he should be dealt with, and matters drifted. Eventually he was killed two days before his relieving force came in sight. To an angry telegram from the Queen all that Mr Gladstone could reply was that many reproaches from opposite quarters might be made, but the most difficult of all to deal with would be the reproach that Egypt was our proper business, that it never was in danger from the Mahdi, and "that the most prudent course would have been to provide it with adequate frontier defences, and to assume no responsibility for lands beyond the desert." To a colleague he said, "It was harder to justify our doing so much to rescue him than our not doing more." These, too, from the man who boasted that his mission and mandate were to

reconstruct the whole tone and spirit of our foreign policy.

Mr Gladstone decided to resign in 1885 rather than dissolve, and the new county voters, exercising the franchise for the first time, chose to reverse the proceedings of the more experienced electors in the boroughs, and so returned a Parliament in which Mr Parnell with his 85 votes was practically supreme. Not a single Liberal was returned in the whole of Ireland. The Land Acts and the Reform Act of 1884 had shattered the power of the landed gentry. Lord Salisbury complained that no institutions had been left by which the country could be governed. Ireland's unrivalled coercionist could no longer resort to coercion after the Kilmainham treaty and the return of 85 Home Rulers. And had not Lord Carnarvon been coquetting with Parnell, and enabling that gentleman to suggest that the Tories must be outbid? "In every letter that he wrote Mr Gladstone pronounced the Irish question urgent." The fact was, the Whigs were mostly disgusted with the results of our reconstructed foreign policy, and were in no hurry to reinstate their leader in office. The Radicals were disposed to leave the Tories in power, disgusted, no doubt, with the treatment of their unauthorised programme. Mr Gladstone was in profound meditation at Hawarden. It resulted in the most disastrous decision he ever made, which dislodged him by one rash and headstrong act from his un-

rivalled supremacy, and consigned him for the remaining eight years of his public life to a struggle with disaster, harassed by growing infirmities, deserted by the best of his old political comrades, in alliance with men whom he had shut up in prison and denounced for marching through rapine to the dismemberment of the Empire.

Mr Morley's account of this last momentous chapter of Mr Gladstone's life is the most interesting in the book, for it deals with transactions during which he was accepted as an intimate friend, and in relating which the "*quorum magna pars fui*" idea is by no means absent. It is quite clear that Mr Gladstone wished that the settlement of the Irish question should be taken up by Lord Salisbury's Government in a minority under his own patronage and support, which he accordingly proffered. His own policy apparently remained locked up in his own bosom, unless it was privately communicated to Lords Granville, Rosebery, and Spencer. Lord Hartington, as soon as he saw a Hawarden kite flying in the air, raised the standard of revolt, in which he was joined by Mr Goschen. When Parliament met Mr Gladstone wished to announce with reasons a policy of silence and reserve; but Lord Hartington wrote to him that he should probably declare his determination to maintain the legislative union. The Government proposed what was called coercion. Mr Gladstone resolved that a great imperial occasion

had arisen, which demanded that he should go forward by himself "without any known or positive assurance of support." In other words, he had resolved to rely on himself as Liberal leader, and should make whatever terms he chose with Parnell, in spite of any opposition which his former colleagues might offer. They mostly declined to follow him. Mr Bright's abstention was most marked. Mr Chamberlain entered the Cabinet, and we are glad to learn, "with reluctance and misgiving." Mr Morley gives a graphic description of the introduction of the measure and its eventual rejection by a majority of 30. It seems that at one time there was a notion of getting the Bill read a second time, on the understanding that it should be afterwards withdrawn or reconstructed. Parnell's opposition to this was silenced by the threat that both Government and policy would be destroyed if he persisted. The Opposition, however, intervened, and rendered the manoeuvre impracticable. It was Mr Gladstone who was determined upon dissolution. The country decisively rejected his scheme, and then occurred what he regarded as a singular scene with his Sovereign, repeated in 1894, when at his closing audience, probably the last in the one case, certainly the last in the other, she pointedly shunned political discussion, and scrupulously avoided any appearance of claiming common cause with him, notwithstanding his protracted services and public life.

During the next six years, in

many respects the saddest of his life, when he was by his own conduct chained to the unwelcome duties of leader of Opposition, he became more and more entangled with his new allies, talked their language, and seemed to confound the British statesman with the Irish demagogue, by no means scrupulously devoted to the cause of law and order. Mr Morley devotes 140 pages to this period of his life, which lies between its two great failures, the Bill of 1886 and the Bill of 1893. One would rather draw a veil over it, except that there is majesty even in the ruin of a career so colossal in its grandeur and power. A large portion of this space is devoted to Parnellism and crime, and the investigation brought about by the agency of 'The Times' newspaper. After the lapse of fifteen years we are treated to a long account of that wearisome investigation, accompanied by a wild shriek of triumph over the forgery of the letter which incriminated Parnell in respect of the Phoenix Park murders. That he and his accomplices were convicted of persisting in an organised system of intimidation, well knowing that it was followed by the commission of crimes, those crimes being murder, arson, and the mutilation of cattle, is a matter of profound indifference; for had not both political parties by their conduct whitewashed him before the investigation. We all recollect the ignoble triumph at the time. If you are acquitted of one conspicuous offence, it

is nothing if you are convicted of being instrumental in hundreds of others which have not individually stirred the public imagination. All things are estimated by comparison, and, as Carlyle puts it, if you are sentenced to be hanged in chains it will be a luxury to die in hemp. But the triumph was shortlived. Not two years later the hero of the new alliance was found guilty in the Divorce Court of a private offence, the details of which Mr Morley does not think it worth while to state.

But the Nonconformist conscience, which had no doubt been grievously strained by the disclosures of the Parnell Commission, now burst into a roar of no uncertain dimensions. Panic prevailed in the counsels of the Home Rule party; a well-founded terror "of decisive abstentions from the polls on the day when Irish policy could once more be submitted to the electors of Great Britain." The party was none too rich in parliamentary candidates; and the "acute manager" came to announce "that three of our candidates had bolted already, that more were sure to follow, and that this indispensable commodity in elections would become scarcer than ever." The whole crisis and its treatment are set out in the minutest detail. No doubt it was one of momentous import in Mr Gladstone's life, possibly in national destiny. It was narrowed down to this, that either Gladstone must retire from public life or Parnell must abdicate. Nothing was further from his

thoughts. He had braved the Parnell Commission, why should he quail now? He fought it out to the end, regardless that it was a question of life and death to his allies, and to the policy of Home Rule. His allies had condoned crime for party purposes, why should he now kiss their rod, when administered by the lifelong foe who had coerced his country and imprisoned himself? The perturbation was profound. Had the Irish members stood by their chief, Gladstone's career was at an ignominious end. But they threw him over, and Parnell's power vanished like smoke. And this was the man in reliance on whom Gladstone had parted with the trusted colleagues of years, and shaped a policy which was scouted by all classes. Parnell revealed himself in his true colours. As Gladstone himself said, "He has been even worse since the Divorce Court than he was in it. The most astounding revelation of my lifetime." It was, however, no revelation to the mass of on-lookers. His outraged ally pathetically observes: "Personally I am hard hit. My course of life was daring enough as matters stood six weeks ago. . . . We are now, I think, freed from the enormous danger of seeing P. master in Ireland." Still, however awake he was to the fearful peril which had been overhanging Ireland owing to his schemes, the net result of the episode was to rivet his engagements to the Irish members more deeply still, for had he not by his conduct

robbed them of their redoubtable chief?

Accordingly the general election of 1892 found him at the age of eighty-three a candidate for power; and he "reckoned on winning by eighty or a hundred." But "there came a depressing week. The polls flowed in all day long, day after day. The illusory hopes of many months faded into night. The three-figure majority vanished so completely that one wondered how it could ever have been thought of. On July 13 his own Mid-Lothian poll was declared, and instead of his old majority of 4000, or the 3000 on which he had counted, he was only in by 690. His chagrin was undoubtedly intense, for he had put forth every atom of his strength in the campaign." He had only a majority of 40 in the new Parliament, including the Irish members. He attributed this result to the schism, and to the fact that Parnell's death had failed to close the schism. It is interesting to know that in November 1892 he regarded it as inadequate to the purpose in hand. He nevertheless brought in his Bill, sat through 82 sittings, eventually closed discussion in compartments, and sent up his measure to the House of Lords, which rejected it by a vast majority.

The ordinary consequence of this would have been dissolution or resignation. We are not told what discussions ensued behind the scenes. The session was protracted till March of the next year, the Commons passing Bills, the Lords mutil-

ating or defeating them. Everything pointed to a dissolution in 1894 on the relations between the two Houses. But all we are told is, that Mr Gladstone suggested this from Biarritz, and received by telegram "a hopelessly adverse reply." Accordingly Mr Gladstone resigned. His age and infirmities were a sufficient reason; but it now appears that he disapproved the Naval Estimates of his colleagues, and would not become a party to swollen expenditure. This was followed on his return by a solemn farewell to his Cabinet, a final speech in the House of Commons, in which he initiated a crusade against the House of Lords, vigorously taken up by Lord Rosebery as his successor, and then left to fizzle out for want of support, and a farewell audience of the Queen. Thus the close of his public life, when oppressed by age, with cataract forming in both eyes, and his sense of hearing almost gone, he quitted office, was marked by disaster, discredit, and defeat. The policy which, in the eclipse of his genius and the decay of his powers, he represented was that of dismemberment, revolution, and weakened naval defences. He had evidently lingered on the stage years after he ought to have withdrawn, to the irreparable damage of a grand reputation, the inevitable personal result of his capitulation to Parnell.

In all probability a later generation will learn more concerning his relations to his Sovereign during the last thirteen years of his life. We can see

in this book that the Ministry of 1880-1885 was a sore trial to the Queen. There were angry telegrams from her in the matter of Gordon, and on one occasion we notice that Mr Gladstone varies his deprecatory replies to her criticisms by a reference to George III. and the loss of the American colonies, which obviously implies some degree of asperity. The last audience is given in detail, and the reader may gather from it a Royal tale of anxiety and disapproval, a sense of perils escaped, of relief for the years to come. "I received various messages," says Mr Gladstone, "as to the time when I was to see the Queen, and when it would be most convenient to me. I interpret this variety as showing that she was nervous." He adds, "When I came into the room and came near to take the seat she has now for some time courteously commanded, I did think she was going to 'break down.'" Then came conversation on indifferent subjects, about eyes and ears, German and English oculists, and various nothings. "There was not one syllable on the past except a repetition, an emphatic repetition, of the thanks she had long ago amply rendered for what I had done, a service of no great merit, in the matter of the Duke of Coburg." This was, as Mr Gladstone pointedly observes, at an audience which closed a service of fifty-three years, after he had first become a Privy Councillor. No reference was made to the question of his successor; if there had

been, Mr Gladstone would have recommended Lord Spencer. "Was I wrong," says Mr Gladstone, "in not tendering orally my best wishes? I was afraid that anything said by me should have the appearance of *touting*. A departing servant has some title to offer his hopes and prayers for the future; but a servant is one who has done or tried to do service in the past. There is in all this a great sincerity. There also seems to be some little mystery as to my own case with her." In her written acceptance of his resignation the Queen was equally silent as to the past, but thought he was right "in wishing to be relieved at his age of those arduous duties." Next year came the crushing overthrow of his party at the general election. We are not told anything of the effect which this produced upon his mind. It would have been interesting to know whether he regarded it as a final rejection of his Home Rule policy, or whether it was merely a lesson to his colleagues of the consequences of not seizing the exact psychological moment for dissolution afforded by the summary action of the House of Lords, which had so accurately anticipated the verdict of the nation.

There is much that is painful in this disastrous close of a most eminent career, which was full of illustrious achievement and disclosed power of intellect and force of character far in excess of those ordinarily vouchsafed to mortals. The last thirteen years of his life, from

the moment of his Mid-Lothian triumph, seems to be one long record of disaster, personal and political. He did not start in life with a dominant political purpose, nor did he ever show in the course of his career that the exercise of his marvellous powers was from time to time subordinated to any far-reaching aim, whether of Empire or any other practical policy which could be formulated or handed down to his successors. He began life with vague religious aspirations largely personal to himself, and finding that they could not be introduced into politics, he arbitrarily combined them with a strong love of liberty, which they in reality precluded. With this convenient array of opinions and sentiments he managed to command the allegiance of all the religious bodies in the country, from the most exclusive Ritualist down to the most political Dissenter. Without a guiding purpose, he was free to swoop down with concentrated energy on the topics of the hour, and his constant change of opinion and aim was lost sight of in wonder at his matchless achievements. When he became a party leader, the whole aim and object of his being seemed to be to catch votes. As leader of the movement which overthrew Lord Beaconsfield, he succeeded admirably, and he fully believed that he had brushed aside to an ignominious grave the policy of *imperium et libertas* which is associated with his rival's name, and has grown in strength and intensity ever since his fall. And no doubt

his expected triumph, with the aid of Parnell and his 85 votes, in reversing the policy of union inaugurated by Pitt and since approved by all British statesmen, would have derived additional zest from its rout of both factions which divided his second Cabinet, and its emphatic rejection of Lord Beaconsfield's memorable warning to the country at the dissolution of 1880.

There is insuperable difficulty in correctly appraising such a career and character as that of Mr Gladstone, and no doubt widely different estimates will be formed of them as long as they continue to command attention. Two things seem to be tolerably certain. One is, that his authority has visibly and steadily declined since his retirement from public life. It needed the support of his extraordinary personal magnetism (as it was called) and of his incessant personal achievement. Now that they have ceased, the leading features of his career stand out with increasing prominence. There is considerable doubt whether any of his more striking legislative achievements have been of any permanent good, such as a devoted biographer can dilate upon with pride and satisfaction. The other certainty is, that his capacity for government was small, for a harassed England dislocated his first Ministry, a coerced and disaffected Ireland upset his second, his third and fourth were only prevented by the sound sense of the democracy and the resolution of the Lords

from inflicting irreparable mischief. His foreign policy all over the world was either a failure or discredited. The colonies lost all confidence in him. Lord Salisbury's long tenure of power was devoted to clearing up the muddle, and repairing the disastrous consequences of his later Administrations, and restoring to its ascendancy the policy of Lord Beaconsfield. Gladstonianism at least led to one beneficent result, the establishment in power of a Unionist majority. That this confederation may not be seriously impaired by differences on fiscal policy is the main anxiety as to the future. The democracy which both political parties concurred in establishing has successfully dealt with the momentous exigencies of Irish Home Rule and the Boer war. The latter has emphasised the peril of the former, and we feel convinced that the problem of so far modifying the free-trade policy of two generations as shall render the Empire self-sustaining and give a more durable foundation to British trade will not exhaust the resources or baffle the political wisdom of our political masters.

Nor is it over-sanguine to cherish the belief that this result, which seems to strike professional politicians as momentous, can be accomplished without breaking up the Unionist majority. The maintenance of that majority appears to us to be of paramount importance, in the interests of Ireland and South Africa, and through them of the Empire. We do not

want to be relegated to the discussion of Home Rule as a practical policy, for we may conclude with saying that, according to Mr Morley's own account, the result of protracted parliamentary and Cabinet discussion was that its crucial difficulty was not overcome. That difficulty was, and always will be, the Irish representation at Westminster. To get rid of the Irish members was the temptation, but it involved complete separation and the loss of a constitutional right to tax the Irish people. To include them for all purposes would give them a power to interfere in English and Scottish affairs, while we are no longer to meddle with theirs. To include them for limited, say Imperial, purposes would give them power to turn out the Government, and therefore to hold the balance between political parties. That crucial difficulty passes the wit of either Mr Gladstone or Mr Morley to solve; and until it is solved a Unionist majority is essential to prevent our affairs from being thrown into confusion. Mr Gladstone's most enduring legacy to his countrymen is the conviction of the impolicy and impossibility of Irish Home Rule, and we trust that that conviction will be, whatever happens, the stay and

sure support of a dominant Unionist majority.

We cannot part from these volumes without again expressing our gratitude to their author. Long as the book is, it is always interesting, and it is a valuable addition to the history of the period. If it had been delayed we might have had more personal disclosures, but meanwhile a new generation would have grown up with less interest in them. It is confined to Mr Gladstone's active political career, leaving out of view his various incursions into literature. It avoids a detailed history of his theology and churchmanship, but a clear view is given of both in, as might have been expected, a strictly impartial spirit. And except a single expression of impatience about the two Welsh bishoprics, we cannot recall a single instance of that perplexing, and even exasperating, part of the subject being dealt with in other than a most reverent spirit. If we may presume to say so of such high literary authority, the author has risen to the full height of his task, and has executed a memorial of his friend and chief which is worthy alike of the hand which wrought it and of an illustrious career.

THE WAR IN THE WEST.

"And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound."

A LOVELY land is that which lies between Reading and Devizes; almost an unknown land, moreover, to most people. The motorist, it is true, blinks at its beauties from the midst of his pillar of dust on the great Bath Road and its larger tentacles; and the cyclist, pedalling for Stonehenge, sees as much from the same highways as the motorist will let him. For the rest, of non-residents, a few schoolboys and a few fishermen know something of the glories surrounding their studies and their sport. Only the thoroughbreds, however, know them properly, they and the mannikins who grip their wiry sides every misty morning on the Lambourn and Kingsclere Downs, north and south of the Bath Road. From these places leagues of grass roll inwards triangular-wise towards Calne to the westward, bare and breezy on their outer edges, spotted with copses, with lonely little farms, and scored by deep lanes on their inner, where the great trunk-road, with all the fuss and circumstance of its towns and traffic, plods on to Bristol like a vast column marching through the veld, with strong bodies at Reading, Newbury, Hungerford, and Marlborough, and many little connecting-files of villages between. The River Kennet, like

a flank-guard thrown out to the southward, flows alongside the highway, in parts somewhat puzzled to know how much of it is itself, how much the canal which winds parasitically in and out of it. Join Swindon, Wantage, Wallingford, Kingsclere, Devizes, and Swindon again, and you have the boundaries of a landscape so beautiful, "so vapoury and melting," smelling so sweetly of down grass, wood-fires, and of old, unspeakably old happenings, that it should be more fitly the musing-garden of a poet than the cock-pit of contending armies. Yet the antitheses of human workmen, the soldier and the bard, demand, after all, the same tools for their tasks. A grim ridge is a strong infantry position as well as an inspiration; a lofty plateau will do as finely for the batteries as for a plinth on which to imagine a monument of God; vedettes share the pinnacle with the red lances of the setting sun; and from the old church-tower, heavy with ivy and memory, the look-out man may achieve a very satisfactory visual reconnaissance when the mist has rolled away from the valley road, where it has slept all night. All of which commonly ends in the soldier's becoming a sort of a poet himself, for no one can use beauty as a

weapon without being wounded by it. Even a picture-dealer has been seen in a thoughtless moment lost in admiration of a work which was not for sale!

The characteristics of this dreamland between Reading

and Devizes are thus as favourable for military operations as for poetry. What more natural, then, than that 40,000 horse and foot, thirsty for war, should turn towards it when a god from a machine (it was a



NIGHT POSITIONS OF RED AND BLUE.

SEPTEMBER 14TH TO 17TH.

twelve-horse Panhard), answering their prayers, suddenly blew war from north, south, east, and west into their faces? Terrible news reached London on September 11. The invasion of England had

been decided on; worse, it was actually in progress. For the unmentionable thing had come to pass, a hostile fleet had thrashed the Channel Squadron, and the walls of Jericho were flat. But if the populace,

as well they might, had lost their heads at such tidings, the Intelligence Department, in spite of War Commissions and similar guillotines, had kept its own. The invading hordes were not yet knocking at the door of the prone defences (the D.M.I. was an Irishman); the conquering ironclads had so far spued up on our shores only two raiding forces, whose mission was to mislead the British Army as to the real place of disembarkation of the host behind. One of these,¹ attempting a landing on the east coast, had failed altogether in its object. But the other, in strength about two divisions and a brigade of cavalry, had actually captured the port of Bristol. And the British Army? Rushing westwards in express trains to wash down the streets of the city of "bird's-eye" with the blood of the invader? No; that were a ludicrously unreal anachronism in a mimicry of British war. The British Army was, as it always has been when bolts fall upon the nation from the blue, "in course of mobilisation," with two precious days yet to elapse before it could be ready for action. During those

two days the hostile general (that famous foreign soldier Sir Evelyn Wood), scarcely daring to believe his luck, or perhaps, like Wellington after the fall of Badajoz, unable to re-organise his troops, flushed with their conquest and Harvey's champagne, had fortunately pushed out no farther than Bath by the 13th—a very travesty of raiding. But his orders were of a nature to make any general who remembered his Bismarck² nervous. His transports were to be sent back at once, and Bristol, prize as precious as a woman's first baby, instead of being retained as a base, was to be abandoned and left in rear, so that he might sweep on to Reading with none of the sordid worries of lines of communication on his mind, dealing as he went "with such weaker forces of the enemy as he might discover before they could combine against him." "Swindon," however, hinted the orders delicately, "contained large quantities of supplies." Secret agents at Bristol warned him of two British divisions lying between Aldershot and Farnham, and a detached brigade with artillery and mounted troops encamped

¹ Cavalry brigade = 3 regiments and 1 battery R.H.A.

² infantry divisions = 4 brigades = 16 battalions.

15 batteries R.F.A. = 90 guns.

3 " R.H.A. = 18 guns.

A pontoon troop.

5 companies Royal Engineers.

4 " Army Service Corps.

3 detachments R.A.M.C.

1 battalion Mounted Infantry.

² Who said that he could invent a hundred ways to get into England, but not one to get out again.

near Chipping Norton on the night of the 12th. His specific object must be to lure the former and keep the latter from the southern coast, for there, about the 19th, it was designed to disembark the whole of the great hordes, at whose proud feet England was at last to lie a suppliant.

Small wonder, then, if the victor of Bristol's movements from the city were hesitating, and the voice with which he "proclaimed his intention of marching on London" quavered somewhat. A pretty plot, no doubt, for the great host on the 19th, but a very scurvy one for him and his "baseless fabric" of a raiding force; with some tidy marching to do before even Reading, much less London, could be reached, and hostile forces on both his flanks. The job, in short, misliked him consumedly, and on the night of the 13th, behold him, after another bootless capture, Bath, encamped no farther east than the line Corsham-Holt, with his advanced cavalry at Bowood and sprayed out through Devizes, Calne, and Sutton Benger. On the same evening the main British Army,¹ mobilised at last under the

command of General French, lay at Petersfield, as correctly reported by the scoundrelly "agents" of Bristol, and its cavalry under Scobell watched the line Bramdean-Clanfield, whilst the detached brigade,² led by Sir Bruce Hamilton, came down to Burford, sixty-five miles to the north-west. Before French, who was on his way to the Hampshire coast to deal with the threatened big invasion, had arrived in camp, a despatch telegraphed from London put a new complexion on his plans and orders. He was now to turn his attention to the enemy on the west, whose cavalry were reported on the high ground east of Bath, the brigade at Burford was placed under his orders, and he was to use it to "draw the invaders into such a position that by combined action he might be able to inflict on them a crushing defeat." The postscript to this document is worth recording in full, for the sake of the infinitely precious soot-stain (as Carlyle would have called it) of its concluding sentence:—

"P.S.—Information just received that all the enemy's transports have put to sea

¹ Cavalry brigade=3 regiments and 1 battery R.H.A.

2 divisions of infantry=4 brigades=16 battalions.

15 batteries Field Artillery=90 guns.

3 " Horse Artillery=18 guns.

2 companies Heavy Artillery (4.7's).

A pontoon troop.

6 companies Royal Engineers, with telegraph, searchlights, &c.

8 " Army Service Corps.

5 detachments Royal Army Medical Corps.

² 1 brigade Infantry=4 battalions.

3 batteries Field Artillery=18 guns.

1 battalion Mounted Infantry.

again this morning, and Bristol, which is reported clear of the enemy, *has been reoccupied by our local forces.*"

The italics are ours, but would that the enjoyment of the vision they conjure up might be shared by all a world too starved in mirth! Imagine those local forces and their reoccupation! Imagine their stealthy emergence from attic and cellar, where they had lain trembling whilst Wood's bravoos made the streets re-echo with their carousings, the doffing of non-committal corduroys, the donning of volunteer uniforms, the search for the captain under the counter, for the bugler behind the bar, where perhaps he had but yester-eve dispensed liquor to his conquerors; the cautious peering out of door, the side-long stalk a-down the street, with infinite danger of a foreign cavalry squadron around every turning, whilst the tail of the triumphant army corps wagged innocently out of the eastern end of the town, unconscious of the tin pot in process of attachment to its tip. Imagine all this, and imagine if you can folly so crass and unlikely as that which permitted the foreign commander to leave any such "local forces" unmasticated in his rear, or, knowing them left behind, to neglect to lay Bristol city, as he had no use for it himself, in a welter of smouldering ruins. Many a time during the subsequent fighting, amidst the belching batteries and the hurly-burly of deploying brigades, the thought of those military atoms concouring fortuit-

ously behind Wood's conquering army occurred to the writer's mind, and an irrepressible cachinnation arose above the stately noises of warfare.

By the rules of the war there was to be no movement of troops until midnight; but all through that non-combatant 13th of September the brains of the opposing generals battled with each other, like Marconigram and Hertzian wave, across the aerial miles which separated them. Was the force at Chipping Norton a bait or a prey? pondered Wood; whilst French would have given his medals to have known his enemy's decision on the point. Considered as a bait, Hamilton was safe; but if as a prey, it made a soldier shudder to think of his weakness and isolation, a single brigade seventy miles from help. But, Hamilton apart, did Wood mean turning southward to clear the Hampshire coast for the disembarkation of his countrymen still on the seas, in which case he, French, was very well where he was; or would he turn northward up the Severn valley, when nothing could be done but follow him, with perhaps a prod or two at his flank by Bruce Hamilton on the way; or, thirdly, was London his objective, in which eventuality neither French, bothered by the Kennet and canal, nor Hamilton, impotent from his numbers, and in as great danger as ever, could hope to do very much separately? In war the most uncomfortable outlook is probably the correct one: if it looks like rain, rain it will; if

that may be either a waggon or a beast of a big gun creeping up to the sky-line, boom! it is the biggest cannon yet employed in the field. "London it is!" quoth he of Kimberley, and straightway set himself to consider how the only possible counter-move, a junction of Bruce Hamilton and himself, could be contrived. Seventy miles! Nothing for it but marching, and as hard as possible, since two big rivers, two canals, and a whole county of formidable positions must be made good before the enemy can reach and hold them. A telegram to Burford, a word to the best-looking brigadier extant of civilised cavalry, and French's strategical Euclid was over, its agonising *quia et ergo* crystallised for good or ill into *faciendum*.

No living wight could possibly find himself beset by a more unfortunate conjunction of circumstances than any sluggish soldier serving with the British Army at this crisis. French, Bruce Hamilton, Scobell, each individually a byword for the generation of indecent speed by night and by day; together, a triumvirate to overcome the inertia of the Pyramids. Miles and shoe-leather disappear equally with such *écorcheurs*, so Scobell set out northward from Petersfield to devour the former, and Bruce Hamilton southward from Burford to consume the latter, at precisely the same moment, the stroke of midnight. The moon was up, the night was cool, over the silent country hung that low, thin breath which

in autumn smells now so much like mist, now so like the smoke of dead leaf-fires, that no night-wanderer has ever yet discovered which it is. Scobell fairly flew. Pressing through Winchester, to the west of which he threw out the 14th Hussars even to the River Test (halting then at Andover), he did not draw rein except for temporary adjustment of intervals until Whitechurch, thirty miles distant, was reached. Half an hour for food and water here, then straight into Newbury, where at 10 A.M. a strong position, the Kennet bridges, and the practical safety of Bruce Hamilton rewarded one of the most dashing night-rides ever accomplished in peace or war. An officer who can lead, and troopers who can follow, for forty-two miles without a foundered or even an overtired horse, may not know all there is to know about "horsemaster-ship," but they know enough to carry on with. Nor did Scobell stop to mop his brow at Newbury. Far and wide beyond it bored his patrols, the men looking rather worn and wide-eyed in the sunshine after their sleepless night, out nearly to Hungerford on the west, where they got a shot or two at Wood's advanced scouts, to the huge astonishment of the latter, and far enough northward to shake hands, this side of Wantage, with Bruce Hamilton's Mounted Infantry. That general's performance had been in its way as remarkable as Scobell's. Twenty-two miles, at over

three miles an hour, is a fine night-march for an infantry brigade with or without baggage, and the soldiers who marched into Wantage at 7 A.M. could have got to Newbury before midday, if required, without a casualty, so fit and cheerful were they in the pleasant meadow behind the Manor farm. Tactically speaking, they had better have done so. There was not a sign of the enemy, it is true; but the camp lay in a punch-bowl, over whose smooth rim the appearance of Long Tom and a cantering commando seemed a military certainty. But the detached brigade reposed in peace, while French with the main body rolled up by two roads to Avington, three miles north-east of Winchester. Nett result, distance between main bodies reduced from seventy empty miles to thirty-five, bridged by mounted troops, a strong *point d'appui* secured midway, the southern coast still watched and covered, and the London route lying like a nut between the jaws of a cracker.

While Scobell trotted and Hamilton strode through the darkness, the enemy had spent the night in a manner sufficiently foolish for "raiders, marching on London"—i.e., in hoggish slumber. Not until 6 A.M. on the 14th did the cavalry move out, a portion to the north, to capture Swindon, other portions to Liddington Castle, Ramsbury, and Froxfield, to do—nothing. Having accomplished which, they actually went *back* nine

miles to West Overton to do still less—to camp.

Swindon, with its "large quantities of stores," fell, of course, though of what value it was to a commander expressly enjoined to keep himself free from the trammels of a base it is hard to say. Had it been war, moreover, its population of Great Western navvies and mechanics would assuredly have made mincemeat of the handful of troopers sent up to enslave them. The infantry record is still more harmless, one division moving from Corsham to West Overton (18 miles), the other following placidly on its heels only as far as Blacklands (11 miles), where it subsided into laager plumb behind, and half a day's march from the van. Wood, therefore, having done so little, it is proper to consider how much he might have done, our datum being his orders and knowledge of the initiatory strength and positions of his enemy's two forces. Now, from Chipping Norton to Petersfield (known camping-grounds of Hamilton and French respectively on the 12th) is seventy-six miles, and nothing was more certain than that the forces thus widely separated would attempt a junction. Was it not possible, then, for Wood to seize a place between them nearer to himself than to either of his opponents, and thus to keep them apart? It was perfectly possible. Newbury itself was only thirty miles from his cavalry at Boxford, whereas it was twenty-nine from the purely infantry

force to his north,¹ and, as we know, forty-two from the cavalry of French's main army. Had Lowe marched along the magnificent highway as Scobell had done along the byroads from Petersfield, and Rundle and Knox made as good time from Corsham as Bruce Hamilton from Burford, the whole of the road from Devizes to Newbury had been in Wood's hands two hours before Scobell's foremost scouts rode up to the latter town, and Bruce Hamilton at Wantage would have been lost if he advanced, or useless if he retired. Yet if Wood had done nothing for manœuvres, it is only fair to remember that he had perhaps done enough for war. The extinction of Bruce Hamilton, though enjoined in his orders, was, after all, an object subsidiary to that of luring the British Army northward, and muddling around Marlborough was at least likely to effect that. Nevertheless, how much more would a rush at Bruce Hamilton have done the same, — a rush which, with its own splendid chances of success, would, even if it missed its aim, have cut the British Army in two and set the portions groping for each other, each in the greatest insecurity?

Next day, the 15th, Hamilton, after a rest of twenty hours, which in war had assuredly been as uneasy as un-
sured, stole out of camp at 4 A.M. to resume his march to-

wards French. Fifteen miles still lay between him and Newbury, and even the presence of Scobell's cavalry, who at 5 A.M. were out on his exposed flank, by no means freed his movements, now become a flank march in the face of the enemy, from anxiety. His long baggage-train, at any rate, gambled with fate for hours, and its escort had many a bad quarter of an hour as splutters of musketry were borne faintly to them from the far right, where Scobell's squadrons, frail enough barriers between three miles of crawling waggons and an advancing army corps, hovered restlessly all day. But Wood's northern cavalry seemed paralysed. That cavalry are the eyes of an army is a truism so true that no newspaper reporter in the world has ever been able to deny himself the statement. But they are also a weapon; their swords should be as keen as their sight, for the escorts of baggage-trains are not, like the swains of Pope's Belinda, to be killed with glances. Yet Allenby's troopers at Liddington Castle, to quote the chief umpire's remarks, did no more than "watch the march of Hamilton's column as far as Sheffield," and by evening the detached brigade, baggage and all, was safe in camp at Speen (Newbury), "detached" no longer, in danger no longer, blocking the road to Reading, the most efficient counterblast

¹ Hamilton's force, it is true, had, unknown to General Wood, come down meanwhile to Burford; but this, though it reduces the mileage to Newbury from twenty-nine to twenty-four miles, in no way affects the argument, which is, that priority in occupying Newbury was his key to success.

imaginable to any windy "proclamation of marching on London." Thus ended the most interesting strategical and tactical exercise ever worked out in British manœuvres.

There are fishermen who, having felt the electric throb of a salmon's first wrench at the fly which has deceived him, recognise that they have known the zenithal instant of piscatorial life, and hand the rod over to the gillie for the clumsy consummation of killing him. So too in the military world there are exquisites who find the brain-work of warfare a more delicate joy than the bludgeon-work, and were there any such at Newbury on the night of September 15, doubtless he took the next train home with the taste of a pretty problem undisturbed on his intellectual palate. But to us of coarser taste, though what was to come was but leather and prunella compared to Hamilton's slide across the enemy's front and French's masterly logistics, nevertheless it by no means lacked interest. Before Hamilton was in, indeed, Wood, so phlegmatic on his left, was operating down in Hungerford, on his right, in a manner that brought about a most exciting ebb and flow of trouble in the pretty little town. The 14th Hussars (Red), it will be remembered, had been dropped by Scobell at Andover, and these, swooping upon Hungerford, engaged in sharp battle the less numerous Blue cavalry (composite regiment), who held it for Wood. The Blues had to fly, not, however, until they

had blown up the canal bridge in the face of their adversaries, and the victorious Red regiment settled down complacently to rebuild the ruined structure. No sooner was the job completed, however, than a host of Blue infantry, appearing over the rise west of Hungerford, surged through the narrow streets of the town, which they scoured of Red troopers as a flood washes sticks from a dry ditch. The 14th Hussars fired a little, then galloped a lot; up into the air thundered the bridge again, out of the eastern boundary melted the surprised regiment. Safe? Yes, safe enough! Prisoners to a man at Rundle's saddle-bow, in war to languish mad with exasperation, mad even with the kindness of their treatment in a foreign fortress; in manœuvres to remain with mingled feelings out of action for twenty-four hours or so. A nasty stroke this of Wood's, with very little bearing on the general situation, however, for nobody particularly wanted Hungerford now that Hamilton was out of harm's way. Meanwhile French's main body, as yet unblooded and all unconscious of these events, marched nineteen miles to Kingsclere, whilst of Wood's two divisions the 6th lay the night at Ramsbury, and the 5th with their captives at Froxfield. The Blue cavalry, in some wonderment as to what had become of Hamilton, still watched from Lambourn, and Scobell, having accomplished his object of covering the march of the detached force, withdrew to New

bury, "puzzled to death" at the fate of his missing regiment, and vowing vengeance for the morrow.

General French's caution in withdrawing Hamilton so far back as Newbury, instead of allowing him to march to a position more directly southward, though it caused much comment, was nevertheless the best stroke of all in an excellent day's safety play. The position of the enemy's masses of infantry was unknown, or at least undefined, and French, acting again on the "most uncomfortable outlook" theory previously mentioned, feared to try the kindness of fortune too far. So he shut his eyes to the temptations of Shefford, and well it was he did so, for Shefford is fourteen miles from Kingsclere, whereas it is but five from Hungerford, where (though French did not know it for certain) lay, or could have lain, the whole 5th Division of the enemy.¹ These had tasted blood and victory, and would certainly have made a meal of Hamilton, of whose proximity they could scarcely have remained in ignorance. Thus would Hamilton have been lost at Shefford in the very pride of his escape at Wantage, and the whole combination have crumbled like a Conservative Cabinet. It was pleasant, indeed, to see General French exhibiting such tactical restraint and singleness of purpose under the eye of the

venerable Field-marshal, by whose side he had learned these, as he had learned many more of the high qualities of a commander. It takes a brilliant general to do a dull thing because it is the right thing, especially in manœuvres, where all the world is agog for scintillation and sensation.

As soon as light would let him, on the 16th, Scobell, mourning for his lost children, the 14th Hussars, lunged hard at Hungerford, where, as 'The Police News' says of strayed infants, "they had been last seen." But there was hard stuff in the village, and Scobell, after getting more than he received, was not sorry to be called off to the other flank. The vicinity of Hungerford was indeed no place now for cavalry, for a hostile infantry division, desirous of using it for themselves, had already fallen in on the far side of it, awaiting the order to march. Wood's plans were changed. Suspecting (though so poor was his Intelligence that he did not know it for certain) that French and Bruce Hamilton were now "two single gentlemen rolled into one," he gave up for the present all idea of forcing his way to Reading, burnt all unissued "remainders" of his precious proclamation anent London, and decided, instead of striking at the Reds himself, to await their inevitable stroke in a strong position as far northward as possible.

¹ Owing to the exigencies of peace manœuvres the 5th Division did not actually go to bed in Hungerford, as on service it would have done, but some three miles back in the camp previously prepared near Froxfield.

He would thus at any rate fulfil part of his contract—i.e., to keep French's eyes off the southern coast, and should victory attend him after all, Reading would be his automatically, and he might be in London even before the typewriters could reel off a fresh batch of proclamations. A suitable position having been selected on the Lambourn Downs, Knox's Division, marching by Eastridge House and Cheynes, was directed to seize and intrench it, whilst Rundle, moving out of Hungerford with the 5th Division, would march up the road to West Shefford and cover Knox's digging from any interference by the enemy approaching along the Lambourn-Newbury Road. A project well conceived in all but one particular, the vital military particular of "time and space." Neither French nor Hamilton were fixtures; if Rundle could march, they could march too; moreover, the heads of their columns moving westward would be pointing at the flank of Rundle's moving north, a very undesirable geometrical arrangement for the latter. But though Rundle reduced his chances to a minimum by starting late and moving slowly, fortune let him off with a mere reverse instead of the annihilation he merited. He gained West Shefford and deployed his troops east of it, astride the Newbury Road, unmolested, then hearing that Bruce Hamilton was just showing his head about Boxford, Rundle advanced boldly towards Welford to meet him.

A mistake of Rundle's if the advance was spontaneous, of Wood's if it was enjoined in orders. To attempt to crush Hamilton before he could be reinforced by French was desirable, no doubt, but not essential and extremely risky. What was essential was to cover Knox digging for dear life up on the Downs, and this could have been effected better by a stand than by an onset. Moreover, French was not located. He might easily have arrived on the actual battlefield by the hour of Rundle's attack. Which was precisely what he did. For a time Rundle's line of battle flowed forward smoothly enough, and a pretty sight it was until to a soldier all its beauty vanished in its absurd shallowness. One long streak of skirmishes through the hedge—spluttering musketry like a spilt and ignited box of wax-matches: look out for the next! But there was no next. With no power, no weight, as puncturable everywhere as a pneumatic tyre, the line rolled on until it rolled upon a flint, and then it collapsed. Bruce Hamilton alone was almost strong enough to throw back the attack, and when about noon the heads of French's columns began to butt at Rundle's feeble flanks, enfilading and even actually circumventing portions, the Blue Division vanished into thin air. Only above Lambourn village was there any semblance of a covering fight, the *raison d'être* of the whole operation, and here the Blue troops did indeed hold their own for a time. But

the unnecessary disaster to the right at Wickham and Nienocks took all the sting out of what might have been a very vigorous thrust, and must in real battle have seriously affected the *moral* of the whole division.

But though fault must thus be found with the grand tactics of Rundle's division, there was very little amiss with the minor tactics. His men and regimental officers worked with incomparable skill and *élan*, in spite of the difficulties imposed by the restrictions of British manœuvres. Especially was this noticeable on the defeated right, where Henniker-Major handled his battalions, and his battalions managed themselves, in a manner which was a pure delight, and this though every chance of success was rendered impossible — firstly, by the harum-scarum nature of the manœuvre itself, and, secondly, from the fact that their only cover, a line of copses, was denied to them by an outrageous poster upon every one of them, "Out of bounds." Both the pheasants! In what country but this is the discomfort (for it is nothing more) of a thousand fowls weighed more heavily in the balance than the instruction of 40,000 fighting men? The writer is no iconoclast of classes, and he is as fond of shooting as any man in these islands, nevertheless he holds that owners of large coverts

in districts where military manœuvres have been decided upon should not be besought but compelled to throw them open to the troops, being compensated, of course, for the loss of the profits they would have drawn from the poulterers by a liberal dole from the manœuvre vote.¹

Fall of night² saw the Blue 6th Division strongly intrenched on the great spurs from Ewe Hill, north of Lambourn, down to Eastbury on the Newbury Road; whilst the 5th Division, the covering force, had fallen back much battered, one brigade to Poughley, the other to the heights north of East Garston, the Newbury Road thus running between them. Outside of and in advance of the 6th Division lay the cavalry, who could have settled down into their blankets with little pride in their share in the day's fighting. Having received as early as 7.30 A.M. the inspititng order to go out and find the enemy's cavalry and fight them wherever found, they had not been moved at all until noon, and then once more only to use their eyes instead of their swords, which were surely rusting in the scabbards. Right in the face of the Blues French had shepherded the Red army into a position wonderfully compact considering the ragged nature of the day's operations. On the left Douglas's division

¹ As a matter of fact, the brief occupation of a covert by troops has been proved to do very little harm to birds, except, of course, during the nesting season, which, needless to say, is not in September.

² The troops, though they really retired for the night to the prepared camps at Shefford and Lambourn, were presumed to bivouac in the positions in which they found themselves at the close of the day's fighting.

with its outer flank on the Roman Road at Nienocks, next Scobell snug at Oakhanger, between Douglas and Bruce Hamilton, beyond whom Paget's division closed in the right, with Godley's Mounted Infantry outside of all about Chaddleworth.

Wood now issued orders calculated to pull his army together to resist the inevitable attack on the morrow. It was evident beyond a doubt that the Red forces had effected their junction and were confronting him shoulder to shoulder. His prospects were not over-bright. Up on the downs, it was true, his 6th Division, which had not fired a shot, lay in its trenches unshaken; but the 5th had suffered terribly, and its situation, far in front of the position, its two brigades separated and in closer touch with the enemy than with each other, filled him with anxiety. To keep them where they were was to sacrifice them, to retire them an operation of the extremest delicacy, for the Reds would scarcely allow them to disengage unscathed. Nevertheless retirement was the only possible course, and orders were sent to them for the morrow to that effect. Henniker-Major must fall back from Poughley to Row Down, making what stand he could on the intermediate positions of Hayercroft Hill and White Shute, whilst Franklyn, drawing northward by Pound's Farm, should endeavour to reach the heights of Nutwood Down, to which Law's reserve brigade of the 6th Division would move to

give him a hand. But Wood, though all the signs pointed to his being more struck than striking, still thought of the offensive, and cheered his troops with hints of counter-strokes. Law and Franklyn, once together, were enjoined to keep themselves in readiness for an instant advance, and the cavalry and Horse Artillery on the left flank were to secrete themselves between Longdown and Bower's Mill for purposes as yet undisclosed. Thus, to wax Virgilian, does the wounded buffalo, crouching in wait in the jungle close by the path of his pursuer, forget his hurts in the anticipation of a bloody turning of the tables.

Dawn of the 17th came up, as dawn has so often crept upon armies waiting for it to resume fighting by, with mist and a faint snap of frost, the round downs, damp and grey up in the twilight, sending up little spirals of evaporating dew to meet the ascending sun. At no time is war so solemn as in its breathing-spaces: an army belching fire and thunder at high noon is a spectacle less terrible than when it stirs restlessly in its sleep over dark leagues of country or arises in silence from the bivouacs before the moon fades to the break of day. And on this morning, as again has happened more than once to armies which have been at grips overnight, there seemed an unwillingness on both sides to break the silence, and for a time the long lines of battle stood to arms and faced each other as silently as did the blood-weary thousands of Lee

and M'Clellan on that dreadful September morning forty-one years ago,¹ all but a day. Not until ten o'clock did the first gun, a 4·7, clang like a great gong from somewhere near Boxford, answered through the haze from the Shefford side by a piece with a voice like the falling of a stack of drums. And then the chorus joined in, gun by gun, rifle by rifle, battalion by battalion, and the wet hedgerows shook a million drops from their rough hair as the bullets tore through them. And then, after a sonorous quarter of an hour which woke the Lambourn Valley from end to end, began the Red advance upon Rundle's hopeless division. Douglas, on the Baydon Road, moved straight upon Henniker-Major, and with his heavy divisional fist staggered the Blue brigade at the first blow. On his right Hamilton stood fast, thundering shot and shell both at Henniker-Major on his left front and Franklyn on his right, whilst on the right Paget, who was designed to be the Jackson of this Chancellorsville, turning north, with Scobell's and Godley's horsemen outside him, began a wide turning movement against the Blue left, meaning to slew frontwards again by Chaddleworth. Franklyn's brigade gave at once, as well it might, for it lay nearly at the bottom of a valley over whose lip Douglas's battalions were pouring down, and behind it sloped upwards the long, plane fingers of the Garston spurs, the only

line of retreat. The climb up these spurs was a massacre. Lloyd's guardsmen pressed hard on Franklyn's heels, and from across the valley tore a hail of musketry from the excellent covering line in front of St Margarets. Nevertheless Franklyn withdrew, disappearing amongst the copses on Kite Hill, "probably to a second position in rear," as certain Red soldiers, remembering Pieters and Diamond Hill, gloomily prognosticated.

Henniker-Major gave more trouble in the closer country below Eastbury, and, though bothered on his left by Graham and on his right by Plumer, managed to reach Haycroft Hill with some power still in his elbow. But Henniker-Major, now facing south instead of east and with the river behind him, was already back in line with Knox's reserves; Plumer was nearing Baydon, and the Blue right was turned. Meanwhile Paget had turned westward again in front of Chaddleworth and was slowly forcing back the enemy's left, with Lloyd's brigade pushing the left of Lomax's, and Alderson's wheeling around the right to envelop the whole position. Godley, manœuvring his mounted infantry with consummate skill on the right of Alderson, coquetted with Lowe's inanimate cavalry, and Scobell hid his thousand horsemen in a fold behind Wooley House, from whence he peered intently, watching for a chance at Lowe.

¹ Sharpaburg, September 18, 1862.

He had not long to wait. The end of the operations was approaching, an end which all precedent demanded should be signalised by a charge of cavalry. Reader, if ever on the ultimate day of any manœuvres, whether British, German, or French, you should become aware of straw hats and tailor-made skirts converging mysteriously towards any given point in motor-cars or Raleigh carts, take the advice of one who knows, and follow those trim oriflammes to the last: follow them, I say, for they, the daughters of the great, have had "the tip," and will lead you to the scene of the death-ride of many horsemen. Thus it was up at Wooley House, and a pretty sight the ladies looked, waiting, like the women of Rome, for the entrance of those about to die. Now upon the recreant Lowe, bunched up at Littleworth, began to descend a rain, not of shrapnel, but worse—of hints and messages from every high general but his own. "Aren't you going to do something?" "Now's your time!" &c. Lowe stood it for a while; but when the messages began to assume a "Come!-we-can't-wait-here-all-day!" tone, he grew desperate. Wildly he looked around. Far to his right the infantry were at it ding-dong, locked in each other's arms, friend almost indistinguishable from foe; nothing to be done there evidently. Any batteries within reach? No. Any cavalry? Not a sign of lancer or dragoon, and Lowe wondered dismally where Scobell might be; for

if he must break his neck, it were sweeter to do so against a wall of squadrons than in any other way. And still the slips of paper from the gods, "Do, for Heaven's sake do *something*! the ladies are catching cold!" Stay. An idea! The mounted infantry to his front! They commanded the valley, were posted in strong copses, and were generally impregnable, nevertheless they were *something*, a target, and the straw hats would see it all. "Blue cavalry, charge!" What need of more? Great squalls of musketry whistled through their ranks, wire fences shut them in and kept them in close formation, the smoke of bursting shrapnel canopied their death-bed. Nevertheless some rags of the brigade did reach Wooley House, and were galloping below it, when Scobell's squadrons, pouring like a thunderous waterfall down the slopes of Latton Down, dashed against their left flank and stormed over the place where they had been.

But yet the day was not all lost to the Blues. Scarcely had the ladies ceased chirruping over Lowe's pageantal doom than the great voice of the battle raging to the southward rose suddenly to a yell, fresh hurricanes of musketry and the hurried beating of many guns bearing witness to some new development. Then Scobell's victorious horsemen, looking towards Kite Hill, saw a sight which made them stand to their horses in a twinkling, and with startled faces. On the distant height infantry

were moving *east*, not west, and rapidly, running — nay, rushing — spitting musketry the while, streaming down through the close oopses on the summit like water from a colander. It was a counter-attack, and a strong and clever one. For Wood had come to the last arrow in his quiver, and, scanning the hostile line with desperate but practised eye, looked earnestly if there might be a joint in his enemy's armour at which to launch his shaft. One joint there was, and one only — Bruce Hamilton's shallow line, strung out thinly along the position to which it had now advanced in front of West Shefford, and with a very vulnerable interval between its right and the left of Lloyd's Guardsmen on Kite Hill. French, out - Africing Africa, had starved his centre to pamper his flanks, and one glance was enough for the old Blue commander, whose eye had looked for fifty years on war. Straight for the gap went the brigades of Franklyn and Lomax, with Law's supporting; Lloyd's flank and Hamilton's front curled and crumpled like the plates of a cruiser to

the blow of a battleship's ram, and the Blue troops, bursting through them, swarmed over Kite Hill straight for the guns behind. But there were many guns — over a hundred — and they fired hard. Moreover, Kite Hill narrowed like a forefinger towards them, and Wood's soldiers became the more massed the closer they ran into the typhoons of shrapnel and the fearful eruptions of the lyddite shells. Away to the northward, too, Scobell and Alderson, the former with triumphant, the latter with almost unengaged troops, could turn at any moment and bear down on the flank of the disordered ranks of the counter-attack. Wood's thunderbolt had saved his honour but not the day, and his two brigades, reeling under the shell-fire, were just about to turn to face the terrible task of getting back, when once more a god from a machine (from the war balloon this time) intervened to stay the slaughter his brother (on the Panhard) had invoked, and over all the bloody field the "cease fire" sounded. The manœuvres were over.¹

MARTINI.

¹ Where so much praise is due, to designers, judges, and executive of the best training operations ever practised in this country, it is perhaps invidious to select any one department for especial mention. Nevertheless, there is one to which the unofficial spectator should record his thanks, not only for its consideration in supplying him with what it had to give, but for the excellence and completeness of its wares. The outsider, anxious to share in the enjoyment and instruction of British manœuvres, is often baulked by the difficulty of obtaining the indispensable maps, "Field States," and "Special Ideas," but he need have no fear so long as the distribution of these things is in hands so obliging as those of General Hildyard and his officers of the Military Education Department.

THE PORTRAIT OF AN AMERICAN.

THE name of William Wetmore Story has come to be (and was indeed before his death, in 1895) associated less with the products of his chisel and pen than with the Barberini Palace, for forty years the centre of English and American society in Rome. The older of 'Maga's' readers at least keep a niche in their grateful remembrance for "Graffiti d'Italia," the "Conversations in a Studio," and other writings of his, vivacious and versatile, which first appeared in these pages. The Cleopatra and the Libyan Sibyl (to mention the two best known of his marbles only) would seem to have in them the essence of popularity, so far as the work of the sculptor ever is popular, for any uncritical generation, and not merely for that which admired them so ardently in the Roman Court of the Exhibition of 1862. His sculptured memorials of great men, being mostly of the great among his own countrymen, serve as memorials for himself in America chiefly; yet here daily occasion to remember him is given to the thousands who pass and re-pass his dignified statue of George Peabody, now a little grey and grim, in the shadow of the London Royal Exchange. Fame, however, in its inexor-

able way, has fixed his place, not for his statues and books but for his friendships, and justly has associated with him in it his wife. It is not W. W. Story whom it keeps alive so much as "the Storys," as indeed it is they, quite as much at least as the artist and the poet, who live in the letters and records of their circle and contemporaries.

In this verdict Mr Henry James, Story's biographer,¹ has acquiesced, we do not doubt without much hesitation. He does not conceal, but exhibits with an amiable irony, the limitations (as he conceives them) of Story as an artist. With the temperament and the personal and social conditions with which they interacted, these limitations constitute what Mr James calls Story's "case," and he cannot help weighing and pondering it, as he would one of his own creation, though never, be it said, with any failure in loyalty to a friendship. His portrait, as may be imagined, is not an example of the photographer's inferior art. The obvious features are nowhere obviously rendered. Mr James never comes any nearer doing that than when he speaks of Story as carrying about with him everywhere in his wide circle "his handsome, charming

¹ William Wetmore Story and his Friends. From Letters, Diaries, and Recollections. By Henry James. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1903.

face, his high animation, his gaiety, jocosity, mimicry, and even more than these things, his interest in ideas, in people, in everything—his vivacity of question, answer, demonstration, disputation.” It may as well be said at once that the biography is not specially one to reward the literary rag-picker: the “finds” in it at any rate are not of a scandalous kind. One can anticipate also the objection, which literary collectors and gossips like to keep on tap, that it contains little that is new; the critics in this case referring specially to the provision it makes, or rather fails to make, in the way of “facts.” Let us quote here, from the biography itself, Mr James’s recollection, *à propos* no less a person than Abraham Hayward, of a lesson he learned in his earlier London days,—the lesson “that the talk easily recognised in London as the best is the delivery and establishment of the greatest possible number of *facts*, or in other words the unwinding, with or without comment or qualification, of the longest possible chain of ‘stories.’” The passage is to the point, and also admirably exemplifies the alternative fare which Mr James himself provides.—

“One associated Mr Hayward,” he says, “and his recurrent, supereminent laugh thus with the story, and virtually, I noted, with the story alone—taking that product no doubt also, when needful, in the larger sense of the remarkable recorded or disputed contemporary or recent event, cases as to which the speaker was in possession of the ‘rights.’ What at all events remained with one was a contribution, of a kind, to the

general sense that facts, facts, and again facts, were still the thing dearest to the English mind even in its hours of ease. I indeed remember wondering if there were not to be revealed to me, as for the promotion of these hours, some other school of talk, in which some breath of the mind itself, some play of paradox, irony, thought, imagination, some wandering wind of fancy, some draught, in short, of the *idea*, might not be felt as circulating between the seated solidities, for the general lightening of the mass. This would have been a school handling the fact rather as the point of departure than as the point of arrival, the horse-block for mounting the winged steed of talk rather than as the stable for constantly riding him back to. The ‘story,’ in fine, in this other order,—and surely so more worthy of the name,—would have been the intellectual reaction from the circumstance presented, an exhibition interesting, amusing, vivid, dramatic, in proportion to the agility, or to the sincerity, of the intellect engaged. But this alternative inquiry, I may conclude, I am still conducting.”

Readers of this biography will find that Mr James, at any rate, does not fail to handle the fact as a point of departure; his difficulty rather, as he ruefully admits, is to get back to it as a point of arrival, once he has mounted his winged steed. Draughts of the idea, wandering winds of fancy, circulate between its solidities, to such a lightening of the mass, indeed, that sometimes it seems it must float above our matter-of-fact heads.

Mr James, in a word, has essayed in these very charming and individual volumes a task harder even than that of painting a portrait—as opposed to taking a photograph, or as it is vulgarly called, a “likeness”—of an American of high culture

and very varied artistic gifts. His ampler purpose is to reproduce Story among his friends, and to reproduce him and them as constituting, or as representing, at least, "a vanished society." In particular, Story is taken as the type of those precursors who have made Europe easier for later generations of Americans. The old relation, social, personal, æsthetic, of the American to Europe is to Mr James's view as charming a subject as the student of manners, morals, personal adventures, the history of taste, the development of a society, need wish to take up; and one, moreover, that never has been "done." And so, he explains, a boxful of old papers, personal records and relics, all relating to the Storys, having been placed in his hands, "in default of projecting more or less poetically such an experience as I have glanced at—the American initiation in a comparative historic twilight—I avail myself of an existing instance, and gladly make the most of it." The entertainment, he has to admit, is particularly subjective. The biography, in consequence, opens out and flowers, as it were, in autobiography of the biographer. To Mr James's wistful eyes the lot of these pioneers fell upon golden days, on the vision of which his fancy dwells with a playful tenderness. So that in these volumes his business is not only with Story's "case" and with those of his friends; but taking a further subtle step, he occupies himself—fancifully, ironically, shyly,

under our enjoying eyes—with his own peculiar "case" as the custodian of this boxful of ghosts whom it is his pious duty to evoke!

First of these delightful evocations comes that of the New England life amidst which William Story was brought up. It was represented for him by his father, a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States and a lawyer of world-wide repute, and in no way, says his biographer, could it have been better expressed than in the character and career of that distinguished man. "All the *light*, surely, that the Puritan tradition had to give, it gave, with free hands, in Judge Story—culture, courtesy, liberality, humanity, at their best, the last finish of the type and its full flower." He never visited England, though once towards the end of his life he was so near sailing that the invitations were "out" on this side to the most luminous lights of the law to meet him at the tables of Lord Denman and Lord Brougham. Mr James, as may be imagined, catches for purposes of contrast the simpler conditions of life—the homeliness of the ways and the admirable manners—of this "lovable great man"; who, as he says, wore this character on the very basis of his world, as it stood, without borrowing a ray, directly, from any other; yet of whom it was told that, to the surprise of an English traveller one evening at Cambridge, Massachusetts, he was able promptly to "place" some small street in London of which

the name had come up in talk, but of which the traveller was ignorant. Judge Story, in other words, knew his London because, even at that then prodigious distance from it, he had a feeling for it. Story's mother was the daughter of another American judge, and the granddaughter of General Waldo who commanded at the siege of Louisburg, and on its fall was rewarded with the grant of a whole county in Maine. Young Story was ten years of age when his parents left Salem, where he was born, and went to Cambridge (near Boston), Lowell's birthplace. Salem, and its judge, "by his type and above all by what we have called his amenity," remind Mr James of something once said to him by an accomplished French critic,

"who, much versed in the writings of Englishmen and Americans, had been dilating with emphasis and with surprise upon the fine manner of Hawthorne, whose distinction was so great, whose taste, without anything to account for it, was so *juste*. 'Il sortait de Boston, de Salem, de je ne sais quel trou'—and yet there he was, full-blown and finished. So it was, my friend surely would have said, with the elder Story. He came, practically, out of the same hole as Hawthorne, and might to the alien mind have been as great a surprise."

Young Story entered Harvard, of course, and perhaps to appreciate the proper quality of the biographer's references to his college life one must have known something of it in detail from other sources, which are not wanting. Out of it at any rate sprang Story's marriage at twenty-three with Miss

Emelyn Eldredge, the happiest of unions, and friendships that were to be lifelong with, among others, Charles Sumner and J. R. Lowell, whose young wife also belonged to the sunny circle of these Arcadian days, the vision of which he himself has fixed in his 'Fireside Travels.' Our volumes contain many letters from both men, Sumner's always "going a little large" we may think, but full of the writer's personality, and Lowell's gay, sincere, heart-warming, as all things about Lowell seem to be, and of course inveterately punning. Nine years after graduating at Harvard were occupied in the study and practice of Law by day and all the Arts by night. The Story of the many-editioned 'Story on Contracts' was the same Story who sang, danced, made verses, mimicked, painted, and modelled, causing the elder folk of Cambridge and Boston to shake their heads over his irresponsibility, and even Lowell to laugh at him (as we have read somewhere) for wishing to be an Admirable Crichton. So that he was thirty, married, and successfully entered upon a legal career before, changing the plan of his life, he settled in Rome, fairly launched on his "long marmorean adventure," as Mr Henry James calls it.

To continue following the biographic outline, the first stage of that adventure was one of discouragement in his work, which ended with the enthusiastic recognition and purchase for large prices of the Cleopatra and the Libyan Sibyl, already referred to, in the 1862

Exhibition. But these years anchored him in Italy, in spite of one or two attempts to slip away. The correspondence and diaries belonging to them show the rapid widening of interests and friendships that bound the Storys to it. In Florence, a month or two only after sailing from Boston, they met Mr and Mrs Browning, who were soon to find and move into Casa Guidi, and there sprang up immediately a warm and intimate attachment between the two households, as one had learned already from Mrs Browning's published letters. In one of these to Mrs Jameson, it may be remembered, occurs a touching reference to the death of Story's six-year-old boy, the ache of which loss never was quite removed for the father. The verses entitled "The Sad Country," among his later lyrics, are evidently, as his biographer notes, "the persistent echo, after years, of the least endurable of the writer's bereavements." When the boy took ill his sister was sent over to the Brownings' house, and there she also was struck down, and for a while lay at death's door. It was this little maid, in her convalescence, whom Thackeray, seated on the edge of her bed, between daylight and dusk, amused by reading, chapter by chapter, his as yet unpublished 'The Rose and the Ring.' And to the same occasion partly refer the following touching recollections of another visitor:—

"Hans Andersen, whose private interest in children and whose ability to charm them were not less marked

than his public, knew well his way to the house, as later to Palazzo Barberini (to the neighbourhood of which the 'Improvvisatore' was able even to add a charm); where the small people with whom he played enjoyed, under his spell, the luxury of believing that he kept and treasured—in every case and as a rule—the old tin soldiers and broken toys received by him, in acknowledgment of favours, from impulsive infant hands. Beautiful the queer image of the great benefactor moving about Europe with his accumulations of these relics. Wonderful too our echo of a certain occasion—that of a children's party, later on—when, after he had read out to his young friends 'The Ugly Duckling,' Browning struck up with 'The Pied Piper'; which led to the formation of a grand march through the spacious Barberini apartment, with Story doing his best on a flute in default of bagpipes."

Save Lowell's, no name is so constantly recurring in these pages as the Brownings. Story sends the former a crisp little sketch of them as they appeared to him at the beginning of their acquaintance:—

"He . . . straight black hair, small eyes, wide apart, which he twitches constantly together, a smooth face, a slightly aquiline nose, and manners nervous and rapid, . . . has a great vivacity, but not the least humour, some sarcasm, considerable critical faculty, and very great frankness and friendliness of manner and mind. Mrs Browning used to sit buried up in a large easy-chair, listening and talking very quietly and pleasantly, with nothing of that peculiarity which one would expect from reading her poems . . . her eyes small, her mouth large, she wears a cap and long curls. very unaffected and pleasant and simple-hearted is she, and Browning says 'her poems are the least good part of her.'"

Later on the families are together for long periods, at the Baths of Lucca, for instance, and at Siena and Rome.

Browning, his wife writes, has taken to modelling under Story at his studio, and "is making extraordinary progress." That was in the autumn before her death, of which Story writes to C. E. Norton in language that shows how deeply he was affected. "Never did I see any one whose brow the world hurried and crowded so to crown, who had so little vanity and so much pure humility." Touching Mrs Browning's passion in the cause of Italy, Mr James asks how it is that it should not leave us in a less disturbed degree the benefit of all the moral beauty, and answers himself in this searching passage:—

"We wonder at the anomaly, wonder why we are even perhaps slightly irritated, and end by asking ourselves if it be not because her admirable mind, otherwise splendidly exhibited, has inclined us to look in her for that saving and sacred sense of proportion, of the free and blessed *general*, that great poets, that genius and the high range of genius, give us the impression of even in emotion and passion, even in pleading a cause and calling on the gods. Mrs Browning's sense of the general had all run, where the loosening of the Italian knot, the character of Napoleon III., the magnanimity of France and the abjection of England were involved, to the strained and the strenuous—a possession, by the subject, riding her to death, that almost prompts us at times to ask wherein it so greatly concerned her. It concerned her of course as it concerned all near witnesses and lovers of justice, but the effect of her insistent voice and fixed eye is to make us somehow feel that justice is, after all, of human things, has something of the convenient looseness of humanity about it—so that we are uneasy, in short, till we have recognised the ground of our critical reaction. It would seem to be this ground, exactly, that makes the case

an example. Monstrous as the observation may sound in its crudity, we absolutely feel the beautiful mind and the high gift discredited by their engrossment. We say, roughly, that this is what becomes of distinguished spirits when they fail to keep above. The cause of Italy was, obviously, for Mrs Browning, as high aloft as any object of interest could be; but that was only because she had let down, as it were, her inspiration and her poetic pitch. They suffered for it sadly—the permission of which, conscious or unconscious, is on the part of the poet, on the part of the beautiful mind, ever to be judged (by any critic with any sense of the real) as the unpardonable sin. That is our complaint: the clear stream runs thick; the real superiority pays; we are less edified than we ought to be. Which is perhaps, after all, not a very graceful point to make (though it must stand). . . ."

With Browning himself the Storys kept up a close friendship until his death, and their later correspondence echoes the "felicities and prosperities" which attended the rich and ample period of his life "that cast the comparatively idyllic Italian time into the background, and seemed superficially to build it out." One of his letters to them full of London news tells of Thackeray's resignation of the editorship of 'The Cornhill' and that it has been offered to himself. Mr James is nowhere else so felicitous as in his explanation of this transformation to "the wonderful Browning we were so largely afterwards to know—the accomplished, saturated, sane, sound man of the London world and the world of culture":—

"The poet and the 'member of society' were, in a word, dissociated in him as they can rarely elsewhere

have been ; so that, for the observer impressed with this oddity, the image I began by using quite of necessity completed itself : the wall that built out the idyll (as we call it for convenience), of which memory and imagination were virtually composed for him, stood there behind him solidly enough, but subject to his privilege of living almost equally on both sides of it. It contained an invisible door through which, working the lock at will, he could softly pass, and of which he kept the golden key—carrying the same about with him even in the pocket of his dinner-waistcoat, yet even in his most splendid expansions showing it, happy man, to none. Such at least was the appearance he could repeatedly conjure up to a deep and mystified admirer."

In these earlier years came excursions into Austria and Germany, visits to Paris and London, and to the old Bostonian circle, all fruitful in entertaining records. Story's pen illustrates his roving interests and the keenness of his romantic sense. It can turn off a comical portrait, too, with a few strokes in the grotesque. One of Neander, in a letter to Lowell from Berlin, has a story attached of how the German great man arrived home one day complaining of being lame and of having had to hobble along the streets. He had no pain, but he *was* lame, for he had hobbled all the way home. His sister and next a physician examined him, finding nothing wrong. Still, he insisted that lame he was, for he *had* hobbled. All were in perplexity, till some one who had seen him returning solved the mystery by stating that he had walked home with one foot in the gutter and one on the side-

walk ! Mrs Story's pen as well as her husband's is busy with great effect about their London experiences. There is a morning concert at the Opera, with Pasta, Castellan, Viardot, Tamburini, Mario, Ronconi, and Grisi—surely an incomparable constellation. Story dines with John Forster, and meets Talfourd, a man "with the keenness of polish and education," but not elegant at all—he ate with his knife ! Hardwick tells a story about Turner eating shrimps out of the lap of an old woman, with his back turned upon a glorious sunset, which his companions are watching with delight. Nature was creeping up, he, too, might have explained. An "evening at Mrs Proctor's" is the signal for one of Mr James's most successful evocations. "Perpetuator, for our age, of the tone of an age not ours," that lady is for him historic, not merely in the superficial sense of her associations and accretions, "but in the finer one of her being such a character, such a figure, as the generations appear pretty well to have ceased to produce. It was her tone that was her value and her identity, and that kept her from being feebly modern ; her sharpness of outline was in *that* in the absence there of the little modern mercies, muddlements, confusions and compromises." But the reader must go to Mr James's pages themselves to see how this ghost walks again at his summons.

One other shade among the many called up from these

earlier years must not slip by unobserved. When Browning, as has been often told, found Walter Savage Lander in a Florence inn, a broken-down, poor, houseless old man, it was to Siena, beside the Storys, that he brought him. Mrs Story jotted down her recollections of their neighbour and of his table-talk, from which, with a regret that we may not extract more, we take these two plums, not the juiciest by any means:—

"I once sat next Lady Stowell at dinner [Lander is speaking], and I asked her to take wine, after trying to engage her in talk. 'For the love of God let me alone and don't bother me so, Mr Lander,' says she; 'I don't know what I'm eating.' 'Well, my lady,' said I, 'you're a long time making the acquaintance': for she ate like a tiger and in great quantity. . . . I met Tom Paine once at dinner—his face blotched and his hands unsteady with the wine he took. The host gave him a glass of brandy, and he talked very well; an acute reasoner, in fact a monstrous clever man. I went at that time into very grand company, but as I was a young man some of my relations who wanted to put me down said, 'Well, we hear you know Tom Paine—Citizen Paine we suppose you call him, with your ideas.' 'To persons with *your* ideas I call him *Mister* Paine,' says I."

We are left little space in which to follow Story through the second stage of his career; but that matters less, because it was one of general serenity, and a general serenity, as Mr James says, gives small advantage to the biographer. "Happiness eludes us, and Story was as happy as a man could be who was doing on the whole what he liked, what he loved, and to whom the gods

had shown jealousy but in the one cruel occasion of the death of his eldest boy." The English public (with its objection to the nude, on which Mr James descants divertingly) had surrendered to his interesting gift in sculpture, and had readily proclaimed it genius; and he was, in time, to overcome the American view of himself as "only a poetaster, dilettante, and amateur," which he complains of in his earlier letters. That view was entirely erroneous, no doubt, yet there were in Story's case elements that make the error at least understandable. It was, after all, by an accident that sculpture became his particular work, and not engaging in it, seriously at least, as we have seen, until he was nearing middle life, he suffered in never having served an apprenticeship. A plain power of hard work, among other things, assisted him to make up to some extent for the rigour of technical education which he had missed; but, again, his energy was dissipated over a too varied field of interests. It drove him into every kind of literary experiment and speculation. He used to say: "Sculptors profess much admiration of my writings, and poets amiably admit that my great talent lies in sculpture." Such, ever, is the fate of the Admirable Crichton, and that Story was likely to play that rôle, without pose, indeed, and unconsciously, except in the intense consciousness of his interest in everything, Lowell appears to have detected in their college days together.

"Full of all sorts of various talent" is Mrs Browning's description of him in one of her letters to Mrs Martin. "Not with the last intensity a sculptor," says his present biographer, and continues: "he was as addicted to poetry as if he had never dreamed of a statue, and as addicted to statues as if he were unable to turn a verse. . . . It was, æsthetically speaking, a wonderful sociability."

We are getting nearer the "rather odd case," Story's particular exhibition of the "famous 'artistic temperament,'" which, as we have remarked earlier, Mr James sifts so shrewdly, and with such an interest as one of his own creations might inspire in him. The results, taken together, are an admirable contribution to criticism, at which we can do no more than hint. Insistence, he says,—meaning by that the act of throwing the whole weight of the mind, and of gathering it at a particular point (when the particular point is worth it) in order to do so,—is on the part of artists who are single in spirit an instinct and a necessity, and the principal sign we know them by. "They feel unsafe, uncertain, exposed, unless the spirit, such as it is, is, at the point in question, 'all there.'" And Story, restlessly and sincerely æsthetic, was yet constitutionally lacking in this insistence. It is the biographer's point too, that, in regard at least to the want of it in his literary work, it was of all places least likely

to be supplied in "the golden air" of Italy. "Subjects float by, in Italy, as the fish in the sea may be supposed to float by a merman, who doubtless puts out a hand from time to time to grasp, for curiosity, some particularly iridescent specimen. But he has conceivably not the proper detachment for full appreciation." In an air less golden, so little golden even as Story found that of Boston to be when he revisited it, the picturesque subject might more readily have yielded all its inspiration. This latter stage of the career we have been following was one of entire felicity; but there exists regarding it the question whether the felicity had not to be paid for. "It is for all the world as if there were always, for however earnest a man, some seed of danger in consciously planning for happiness, and a seed quite capable of sprouting even when the plan has succeeded." Such at any rate is the moral, not too solemnly expounded, which the biographer finds suggested by the artistic "case" which he so inimitably displays to us.

Our intention, we hope not entirely unrealised, has been to indicate the variety of these fascinating volumes, which we believe will take a high place among Mr James's works. Story, with his relish of life, his good talk, on the topic of the day or on any other, his powers of mimicry, his notable prejudices, his stores of knowledge and especially of impressions of Rome, an altogether charming and sprightly person-

ality, appears in the circle of his friends, themselves in many cases among the finest spirits of their time. A loyal but wonderfully intimate and searching critic is at our ear as we watch him at work. The evoked group is placed against the background of the Italy of a departed golden age; "the vanished society," in its pride and pathos, and the air in all the goldenness of its appeal to Mr James himself, are recovered by him with all his art of suggestion. The whole canvas is brushed with extraordinary delicacy and finesse. We cannot resist anticipating the pleasure of the reader with one more passage; especially as it touches on a subject to which the writer constantly returns,—the fluctuation of taste. Story in his German diary records having seen a ballet at the Berlin opera, "in which Marie Taglioni, a woman whose ankles were as great as her name, flung herself about clumsily enough."

"But for this untoward stroke [Mr James comments] we might have invited Marie Taglioni to flit across our stage, on the points of those toes that we expected never to see compromised, as one of our supernumerary ghosts: in the light, that is, of our own belated remembrance, a re-

membrance deferred to the years in which, as a very ugly and crooked little old woman, of the type of the superannuated 'companion,' or of the retired and pensioned German governess, she sometimes dined out, in humane houses, in London, and there indeed, it must be confessed, ministered not a little to wonderment as to what could have been the secret of her renown, the mystery of her grace, the truth, in fine, of her case. Her case was in fact really interesting, for the sensitive spectator, as a contribution to the eternal haunting question of the validity, the veracity from one generation to another, of social and other legend, and it could easily, in the good lady's presence, start a train of speculations—almost one indeed of direct inquiry. The possibilities were numerous—how were they to be sifted? Were our fathers benighted, were ravage and deformity only triumphant, or, most possibly of all, was history in general simply a fraud? For the Sylphide had been, it appeared, if not the idol of the nations, like certain great singers, at least the delight of many publics, and had represented physical grace to the world of her time. She had beguiled Austrian magnates even to the matrimonial altar, and had acquired, as a climax of prosperity, an old palace, pointed out to the impressed stranger, in Venice. The light of testimony in the London winter fogs was, at the best, indirect, and still left the legend, at the worst, one of the celebrated legs, so often in the past precisely serving as a solitary support, to stand on. But to read, after all, that she flung herself about, with thick ankles, 'clumsily enough,' is to rub one's eyes and sigh—'Oh history, oh mystery!'—and give it up."

A PERILOUS RIDE.

BY PILGRIM.

FRAMPTON was a forest officer in India. He was a great friend of mine, and often asked me out for a few days' shooting, if his camp was anywhere within reach, and in a country where game was abundant. One cold weather he was camping in the *Dun* (pronounced *Doon*), combining sport with survey work, and I was spending a week with him. The *Dun*, or Dehra *Dun* as it is generally called, is one of the best known and most beautiful valleys in the whole of Northern India. It is some fifty or sixty miles in length by about fifteen or twenty in breadth: bounded on the north by the mighty Himalaya ranges, on the south by the lovely Sewalik hills, on the west by the river Jumna, and on the east by the sacred Ganges. It is traversed, besides, by numerous lesser streams issuing from the mountains, and in many parts is covered with dense grass-jungle and heavy forest. It can be well believed that such a country must be a veritable paradise for game of every description, and such, indeed, was once the case. But partly because it has been so constantly shot over, and partly because advancing civilisation, represented by settlers, tea-planters, roads and railways, has caused much of the land to be drained and cleared, the "bags" are not to be made

now that were formerly common in this happy valley. Still even now excellent sport is to be had. Elephants still are found in the more remote covers. They are, however, strictly preserved. Tigers are still to be encountered; and the *Dun* tigers are fierce and famous fighters, as this narrative will show. The lordly sambhur and the beautiful cheetah stag still frequent the forest glades and the breezy slopes of the Sewalik hills, while smaller game of every kind yet abounds. Hence a chance for a shoot in the *Dun* is still gladly accepted when it comes, and hence it was with the pleasantest anticipations that one bright February afternoon I rode into Frampton's camp, pitched in the shelter of a mango-grove on the banks of the Sooswa river.

These forest officers do know how to make themselves comfortable in camp. No scrambling about in 80-lb. tents, as we poor soldiers do. No rousing at awful hours in the morning, long before daylight, to make dreary dusty marches, as we have to. Their camps are picturesquely laid out in shady dells, by babbling streams. Their tents, ample as to size, various in design, and many in number, flock the green forest with their spotless white, as they nestle under some ancient tree, amid whose

spreading branches querulous doves and timid green pigeons coo their amorous plaints, and the grey squirrels chase each other up and down the gnarled and twisted limbs; while flocks of shrieking parrots dart in and out unceasingly, like hungry passengers trying to snatch a hasty mouthful at a crowded buffet, and afraid of getting left unless they hurry. Let us peep inside the tents and see how they are occupied. Begin with this big "Swiss cottage." A curtain across the centre divides it into two rooms. In one a table is laid for dinner. No roughing it here. Observe the spotless napery, the bright silver, the shaded lamps, and the beautiful flowers fresh from the dewy jungle. Pass through the curtain. Here is a drawing-room comfortable even to luxuriousness. Soft carpets, easy-chairs, tea-tables, books and flowers and lights; and, yes—a lady's work-basket! Ah, that accounts, then, for all this refinement and cosiness. Mrs Frampton is in camp with her husband. He does not always tour in this Sybarite style; but if his wife accompanies him, as she often does, then he travels *en grand seigneur*. A little way off are the sleeping-tents, each with a dressing-room and bath-room attached. In another direction there is the big square office tent in which Frampton and his native clerks transact their business. During the daytime there is always squatting outside it a circle of patient villagers, who have come in—many of them

long distances—to see the Sahib: some with complaints, some with news and reports, some simply to pay their respects to the great man; a few perhaps because they are in trouble, charged with trespass, theft, or assaulting a forest ranger. Frampton will have a busy time to-morrow. Away to the right, our horses are picketed, and a little beyond them some elephants, eight or nine, borrowed from neighbouring landlords. But one of them is Frampton's own property. Piyari, "the Beloved," is a female, shapely, swift, and staunch. Many a time has she stood like a rock before the charge of an infuriated roaring tiger, confident in the unerring marksmanship of her master in the howdah on her back. Her mahout, or driver, old Ali Khan, has been with her as long as any one can remember, and under his guidance she has never flinched from any danger, and displays an intelligence almost human. The old man loves her with devotion, and always rewards her at the end of a long day with toothsome balls of brown sugar and flour, and sticks of juicy sugar-cane. He is pleased and proud that we should admire and praise his "Beloved" one, and is ready to tell us many instances of her prowess in the field. But the shades of night are descending. We must get ready for dinner, a repast as well cooked and as daintily served by the well-trained servants as if we were comfortably housed in cantonments, instead of encamped in the

heart of an Indian jungle. After dinner we all three sit outside in easy-chairs under a *shamiana*—a great awning upheld by four poles at the corners; and while Frampton and I smoke our pipes, we all talk of many matters, but chiefly of the jungles and sport. Frampton is going to be busy in camp all day to-morrow with office-work, but he suggests that I go out after breakfast on Piyari, with the rest of the elephants to beat, and shoot the grass covers to the west of the camp. There is not likely to be any big game in that direction, but there will be heaps of partridges, and pig and hog-deer, and very likely cheetul, so I ought to get fair sport. Mrs Frampton says she will come too, and bring her camera, and lunch, and make a regular picnic of it. She often goes with her husband in his howdah, and is not at all a nervous woman, so I am delighted that she should accompany me, and the details of our excursion are soon settled. The head shikari and old Ali Khan are called up. Orders for the morrow are explained to them, and soon after we all turn in.

The next morning about ten o'clock, after a good breakfast, we make a start. I am on Piyari; Mrs Frampton is with me, in the back seat of the howdah. The rest of the elephants have merely pads on their backs. Old Ali Khan is stopping in camp, his son, Ahmed Khan, a boy of fourteen or fifteen, taking his place on Piyari's neck, and acting as mahout for the day.

The old man says he was ill in the night, and as we are only going to shoot small game, —black partridges, hog-deer, and pig,—he wants to take a day off. His son is quite as competent to manage Piyari as he is. Frampton makes no objection, so all being ready, we file out of camp, and he waves us "Good-bye," and sits down to his work.

About three miles from camp we get into a likely looking bit of grass, so I form the elephants into line, four on each side of Piyari, and we move slowly through it. Partridge and jungle-fowl begin to get up, and two or three brace are picked up before we have gone very far. Then the boy, Ahmed Khan, points with outstretched finger where the moving grass shows that some animal is passing swiftly through it, and says softly, "*Dekho, sahib! janwar!*" ("See, sir! an animal!") I imagine it is a hog-deer, though I see no horns. I put down my gun and take up my rifle, and just for a second catching a glimpse of something yellowish barely forty yards away, I pitch up the weapon and fire. To my amazement, the shot is answered by a loud roar of rage and pain, and a huge tiger bounds forward, showing himself clearly as he springs through the grass. I give him the second barrel on the instant, but miss him in style, and with fierce coughing growls he disappears into some heavy cover some distance ahead.

Mrs Frampton is the first to speak. "Oh, what luck!"

she says. "Won't George be disgusted that he wasn't with us? Wasn't he a beauty?" "He was indeed," I answer; "but we have not got him yet!" "No, but we soon will have him," she replies. "He was badly hit by that first shot of yours, and we can soon beat him out of that grass." That's true; but as soon as the first excitement has a little subsided, I reflect that, plucky as Mrs Frampton is,—I did not know till later *how* plucky,—I would rather she was not in my howdah while we are beating up a wounded tiger. And then how about the boy, Ahmed Khan? Is he to be trusted? Driving for hares and partridges is one thing; beating up a wounded tiger is another. So we hold a council of war. Ahmed Khan is very indignant that we should suppose for a moment that he is not to be trusted. The other mahouts support him. They know what a liberal distribution of bakshish will follow the death of a tiger. Mrs Frampton is urgent in her implorings that we should follow up the animal at once; so I, as anxious as she is to take the splendid chance thrown in our way, and not dreaming that an accident is possible, give my consent. The line of elephants is re-formed, and cautioning every one, particularly the boy, Ahmed Khan, to be steady, we move forward.

It does not take us many minutes to reach the spot where we had last seen the tiger. Hardly have we entered the

grass at this point when with a wough! wough!! wough!!! he charges straight at Piyari. I am using a light 450 express rifle, and I hit him with the first barrel, fair and square in the chest, but it does not stop him. And then, before I can fire again, an awful thing happens. Ahmed Khan loses his head and *turns Piyari round!* The next instant, with a blood-curdling roar, the tiger makes a desperate spring, and lands on the elephant's back, just behind the howdah. Trumpeting shrilly with fear and pain (for she feels his sharp claws), and curling her trunk high over her head, Piyari, the hitherto invincible and fearless one, *bolts!*

Reader, have you ever been on a runaway elephant? It is an experience, I promise you, and makes you think of things! For the time being, the huge beast, ordinarily so docile and tractable, is absolutely bereft of its senses, and amenable to no persuasion or authority. It rushes blindly across country, smashing or trampling down whatever it may encounter. If its mad career takes it through forest, the danger is really great, as the howdah and its occupants are pretty sure to be swept into space by overhanging branches. Fortunately, here we were in grass-jungle. There were very few trees about. But the mere jolting and pitching caused by the unwieldy animal's terrified flight made it very difficult to avoid being flung out of the howdah. Mrs Frampton was safe enough for the moment as far as the tiger was concerned,

for it was all the brute could do to hold on himself during this wild ride; but I was in terror lest she should be thrown out. I called out to her encouragingly to "Hold tight!" She answered bravely, "I'm all right. Don't mind me!" but had hardly spoken when, with a sickening lurch, the howdah swung over to an angle of 45°, and, with a gasping little shriek, out she went! Almost immediately afterwards, the tiger, unable any longer to maintain his precarious hold, dropped off too! And still Piyari urged her headlong course! My feelings at this moment may be imagined, but cannot be described. It was only by a supreme effort that I had saved myself when the howdah lurched, and now I was clinging on with both hands like a drowning mariner to a hen-coop. What had happened to Mrs Frampton? Was she maimed or killed by the fall? or—horrible thought!—attacked and mangled by the tiger? I was frantic as I thought of these things, and felt how utterly helpless I was to move to her aid. In vain did Ahmed Khan beat Piyari on the head with the heavy iron *ankus* (goad) and command her to stop. He might as well have whacked the side of an iron-clad with a drum-stick, and ordered the wind to cease from blowing! Still, even a frightened elephant cannot keep running for ever, and by the time we had covered another mile, over desperately bad ground, she slowed down to a walk, and at last we stopped her. I was prepared to be very

angry with Ahmed Khan, but the poor boy was so ashamed and distressed that I could not say much. Besides, to seek Mrs Frampton, and ascertain her fate, must be our first care. We made Piyari sit down, and I looked in despair at the state of the howdah. It ordinarily takes four men to put a howdah on an elephant and to girth it up properly. How could we two do it by ourselves? But it had to be done, and at last by dint of stupendous exertions the feat was accomplished. My gun, and binoculars, and bag of cartridges, &c., had all gone overboard during our exciting flight; but I had managed through it all to save my rifle, and most fortunately I had a few rifle-cartridges in the pocket of my shooting-coat. So all being in readiness, we retraced our steps, consumed with an anxiety indescribable, and fearing the worst. Imagine, then, my relief and thankfulness, when, as we neared the spot where the catastrophe had occurred, I espied Mrs Frampton making her way towards us as quickly as she could, apparently quite unhurt. It was not long before I had her once more safe in the howdah. I could hardly believe that she was not even scratched, or bruised! The long grass had broken her fall, she said; and as for the tiger—"Do you know he fell quite close to me, and wasn't I frightened? But I lay quite still: I hardly dared to breathe; and he is wounded, you know, very badly: I saw a lot of blood on him, on his chest, and dropping from his mouth" (hit

through the lungs, thought I); "and he was pretty sick, too, with his ride and his fall; so he just stared about in a dazed kind of way, and then, thank goodness, went slowly off in another direction away from me; and when I had given him time to get well away, I got up and ran — *didn't* I run just? And here I am, and there's the tiger: I know exactly where; and now let us go and get him."

Well, did I not say she was a plucky woman? She insisted that we could not go home now without that tiger, and that Piyari and Ahmed Khan must be given a chance to retrieve their tarnished reputations. By this time the pad-elephants had all joined us, so, hardening my heart, we reformed line, and once more advanced into action. Needless to say, we found our friend "at home," and though he was desperately wounded, he came at us at once as fiercely as before. But Ahmed Khan kept cool this time, and Piyari stood firm, so I stopped the charge with my first barrel easily, and laid the great striped cat low with my second.

Then we felt very joyful in-

deed, and refreshed ourselves with cooling drinks and sandwiches, while, with much shouting and gesticulation, our late foe, beautiful still in death, was hoisted on to one of the pad-elephants. Then, feeling we had had excitement enough for one day, we returned to camp, and related our adventures. Frampton did not say much, but he realised, as indeed we all did, that a great danger had been happily come through. Poor old Ali Khan was terribly distressed when he heard how the accident had happened. I think he would have severely chastised his son unless we had interceded for him, and he sat up half the night bathing Piyari's wounds, talking to her, caressing her, and feeding her with sugar-cane and other dainties. And we, *nous autres*, how we talked that evening over the walnuts and the wine! How we dwelt on our "most disastrous chances, moving accidents, and hair-breadth 'scapes!" How we killed that tiger over and over again! And how we toasted Mrs Frampton, and congratulated her on coming so splendidly out of her perilous ride!

THACKERAY AND HIS CRITICS.

It will be remembered how, upon returning home from India, Thomas Newcome found the literary idols of his youth cast down, and others erected in their stead. He learned that Byron was no great poet, though a very clever man; that Dr Johnson talked admirably, but did not write English; that Sir Walter was a poet of the second order; that young Keats was a genius to be estimated in future days with young Raphael; and that young Mr Tennyson of Cambridge might take rank with the greatest poets of all. If the Colonel could revisit Lamb Court, Temple, in this year of grace, he might conceivably find some of these revolutionary opinions pooh-pooh'd as antiquated and unintelligent; and his experience serves but to illustrate the vicissitudes through which, in the normal course of events, the reputation of every great writer passes. First comes the period of indiscriminating enthusiasm; next comes the period of reaction, bringing with it, perhaps, depreciation equally indiscriminate. It is only after the lapse of a good many years that a true balance can be struck. We are all creatures of the age to which we belong: so much, at all events, has been ascertained, after unheard of exertions, by modern science. A critic born in the 'Sixties of last century—his green un-

knowing youth engaged by the work of Mr Swinburne—can never apparently cherish quite the same feeling towards the poetry of Tennyson as the offspring of the 'Thirties or the 'Forties, whose undergraduate sensibilities were first awakened by the music of "In Memoriam" or "The Idylls of the King."

There are exceptions to the general rule—cases in which an author, after undergoing a systematic course of contumely or neglect at the hands of his own generation, has ultimately found his reward in the belated adoration of men by very much his juniors. But Thackeray is not one of these exceptions, though he cut the string of his balloon a good deal later in life than the most famous of his rivals. The general tendency of all criticism worth taking into account was for long uniformly in his favour. Then came the cool fit, when the romantic ideal had once more asserted itself through the medium of Mr Stevenson and others of his way of thinking. It will be forty years come next Christmas since Thackeray passed away; and we may hope that a stage has now been reached at which a comparatively impartial view of his achievement may be taken. We are encouraged in the belief that this is so by a careful perusal of the latest contribution to Thackeray

literature.¹ We do not profess to see eye to eye with Mr Whibley in everything; but his book is a thoroughly sound piece of work—vigorous, independent, and penetrating. Here and there we seem to have detected a slip. Thackeray assuredly did not intend to “paint Pope all white,” or to wish the “*Dunciad*” unwritten, when, speculating upon what would have happened had Addison loved Pope better, he conjectured that “the best satire that ever has been penned would never have been written then, and one of the best characters the world ever knew would have been without flaw.” The description of Charles Honeyman as an “accomplished, aristocratic Stiggins,” does not strike us as peculiarly felicitous, though we see what Mr Whibley means, and that he merely desires, rightly or wrongly, to emphasise the strong element of caricature in the delineation of the incumbent of Lady Whittlesea’s chapel. Also we are ashamed to confess that we cannot recollect having come across Thackeray’s “touching and sympathetic introduction to ‘Emma.’” But these are trifles, and do not substantially detract from the excellence of a work whose chief merit lies in the consistent and emphatically successful attempt to sketch Thackeray in relation to the period in which he flourished. Mr Whibley has already approved himself an “authority,” as it is called, on the early Victorian era; and his thorough acquaintance with its social and political history, its modes of life and thought, its literary and artistic predilections, has stood him here in very good stead. Nothing could be more admirable than the passages which touch on Thackeray’s life in Paris, or reveal the *quellen* of Barry Lyndon’s memoirs; while the digressions upon the “wicked” Marquis of Hertford and John Wilson Croker are at once relevant and satisfying. If Mr Whibley’s generalisations are sometimes a little hasty, that is a fault from which the most brilliant and plausible generalisations are often the least exempt.

It is indeed a far cry from the dispassionate commentary of Mr Whibley to the heated and panting dithyrambs of “Currer Bell.” For the ingenuous Miss Brontë, Thackeray was as the son of Imlah before the throned kings of Israel and Judah. She raves of the “Greek fire of his sarcasm” and the “levin-brand of his denunciation.” She detects in him “an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries have yet recognised.” She regards him as “the first social regenerator of the day.” Such praises would be ill to bear, did not nature mercifully endow all authors with a prodigious swallow. Finally comes the amazing dictum that Thackeray “resembles Fielding as an eagle

¹ William Makepeace Thackeray. By Charles Whibley (Modern English Writers Series). Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1903.

does a vulture": a judgment echoed by Lord Houghton, who ought to have known a very great deal better, in the stupendous lines:—

"Fielding—without the manner's dress,
Scott—with a spirit's larger room."

This is a couplet to which it is manifestly impossible to do justice here or anywhere else. But Miss Brontë was not a professional critic, and it is scarcely fair to take her wild and whirling words as typical of the Thackeray devotee in his rational moments. Probably there has been no better spokesman of that class than James Hannay, whose writing was never deficient in intelligence. True, he esteemed George Warrington to be the "best character in 'Pendennis'"—a sufficiently astounding pronouncement. Yet aberrations of this sort are atoned for by flashes of insight, such as the comparison of the unmistakable gift of poetry "inside Thackeray's fine, sagacious, common-sense understanding" to the "*impluvium* in the hall of a Roman house, which gave an air of coolness and freshness to the solid marble columns and tessellated floor." The scholar and the gentleman, the "Christian Horace," and the "favourite writer of the cultivated classes," made an irresistible claim upon Hannay's reverence and admiration, and not upon his alone. Like the member of Parliament in 'Martin Chuzzlewit' (the simile is Mr Henley's), Thackeray represented the gentlemanly interest, and at one

time unquestionably he carried the votes of not a few on that account. In one sense, the fact must be imputed to him for righteousness. Lord Steyne, as Thackeray was the first to suggest, may something smack of our old friend, the "wicked nobleman." His portrait is, as Miss Brontë might have said, "less unique" a piece of art than Lord Monmouth's in 'Coningsby.' Nevertheless, what may compendiously be termed the "high life" in Thackeray is immeasurably superior in vividness and truth to the wretched attempts directed towards the same end which may be found in the writings of so many modern novelists.

In surveying the mass of Thackeray's work, it has always to be borne in mind that the labours of the literary resurrectionist have in his case been exceptionally persistent and productive. His earliest compositions, which himself ignored, have been ruthlessly disinterred and thrust under the eye of an inquisitive public. 'Fraser' and 'Punch' have yielded up their buried trash or treasure. The process goes merrily on; and each new edition of his works as it issues from the printing-office professes to contain some scraps of poetry or prose which no one has had the temerity or bad judgment to reproduce for sixty-odd years. We do not contend that such collections are wholly worthless. They enable us for one thing to see how Thackeray learned his trade, and what a quantity of indifferent stuff he turned out in the process. This

should be highly encouraging to the literary aspirant, especially if he has made himself master of the arts of spelling and grammar. No doubt the novelist was "making himself" during the Grub Street years, and some of his youthful performances were perhaps worth resuscitating for their own sake. To borrow Hannay's metaphor, the broad arrow of his sovereignty was on the biscuits no less than on the anchors. But we doubt if the world has gained on the whole by the industry of the archæologists. Thackeray's reputation has not, for the crudeness of many of his opinions, as well as the frequent petulance of his tone, has been unduly obtruded. For ourselves, we should be willing to accept the library edition of 1869 as the final canon, and to rest our judgment of the author upon what its twenty-two volumes contain. It is certain that no subsequent edition is preferable in point of appearance and legibility.

A judicious devil's advocate, if it were proposed to canonize Thackeray, would probably pounce upon the 'Book of Snobs' for the foundation of his argument. That the work is readable and amusing cannot be gainsaid. It is equally beyond dispute that Thackeray has stamped upon the word "snob" a specific meaning which before his papers in 'Punch' it did not necessarily possess. "Cad" or "bounder" seems to be the nearest modern equivalent for the primary signification of a word originally connoting little more than

inferiority in status or deficiency in good breeding. Thus 'The Snob'—the title of the University periodical to which Thackeray contributed—properly means 'The Townsman,' as opposed to 'The Gownsmen,' which, as a matter of fact, was the name of its successor. Did not Captain Crawley describe his father as "an old *put*, an old *snob*, an old *chawbacon*"? To have fixed a precise connotation upon a hitherto somewhat vague term is something to be proud of. Nor can it justly be alleged that, in selecting his theme, Thackeray had not a sufficiently common foible to attack. Snobbery, as we now understand the expression, assumes many a subtle form; but whether its phenomena are obscure or recondite, it is a failing incident to every form of human society except that in which there prevails a rigid system of caste. In proportion as the caste-system is relaxed, the vitality of snobbery increases. It is always certain to reach its maximum among peoples whose ideal is the *carrière ouverte*—to "get on in the world," or to "rise in the social scale," as the phrase goes; and no one therefore need be surprised or shocked if it has flourished in a society like ours, where there is no hard-and-fast distinction between ranks, and where the professional and mercantile classes, in respect of their standard of living and manners, merge by minute and imperceptible degrees into the aristocracy at the one extreme, and into the *bourgeoisie* at the other. It is the penalty we

have to pay for a social organisation more elastic, and yet more conducive to stability, than almost any other in the world.

How, then, does Thackeray proceed to assail this familiar enough defect? He brings anger, scorn, and venom against it, and that is all right. There is, indeed, a species of so-called satire—the Horatian—in which the observer of men and manners is content to note and smile. But we do not suppose that at this time of day any one will have the hardihood to pretend that the bulk of Thackeray's satire belongs to this comparatively rare class. In nine-tenths of successful satire—just as in nine-tenths of successful caricature—malice, if not malignity, is an indispensable ingredient; while a really vindictive disposition and a thoroughly sharp temper are the most valuable items in the satirist's stock-in-trade. But the temper must be kept well in hand, and this is just the condition which Thackeray so often neglects to fulfil. As he does not follow consistently the example of Horace, so neither does he follow the example of Swift, whose genius he seems to have been constitutionally incapable of appreciating. He does not sit apart like a god, keeping outwardly cool, and blast the pigmies with an imperturbable contempt. On the contrary, he fusses and fumes, and shows that he is really very much put out, and indicates most plainly how transcendently important in his eyes are the innumerable

petty cares and annoyances and worries of everyday life. He rants like a mere Douglas Jerrold against the constitution of civil society, and one can scarce tell why. He will gird at one man for living up to his income, and at another for living below it. He sneers viciously at high birth when combined with mediocre talents; and he sneers no less viciously at high intellect in the person of one whose father was a tradesman. His picture of the Pontos is savage, inhuman, and inartistic; for who would not take sides with Ponto against his detractor and guest? Here, then, we have Thackeray the "cynic": here we have the true St Barbe—not the least masterly achievement in portraiture which proceeded from a master's pen. Mr Whibley has not spoken one iota too strongly about the faults of temper and tone which disfigure this pitiful 'Book of Snobs,' and which it would be idle to deny have left their mark on many of the greater works as well. No less admirable were the remarks on the same topic of Mr Trollope, whose monograph on Thackeray, often disparaged by the superior and the volatile, abounds with illuminating flashes of common-sense.

Thackeray himself, we conceive, was not unaware of the weak spot in his harness, and so made haste to disarm his opponents by the half-jocular, half-serious avowal that he too was a snob. But this ingenious device will not do. The truth is that the defect in Thackeray

to which we have referred was seriously aggravated by other peculiarities in his mental constitution. He was a rank utilitarian, and had eagerly imbibed the crude Liberalism of opinion which came into fashion after the downfall of Buonaparte. He once succeeded, it is certain, in catching the spirit of a by-gone age, and in reproducing it with a fidelity and liveliness which have rarely if ever been excelled; but the age was not a very distant one. He sneered at the feudal system and the Middle Ages; and of him who does that it may confidently be affirmed that he has no adequate apprehension of the supremely majestic, yet infinitely entertaining, panorama of human history. Though many of his instincts were sound, he was content to hold himself out for little better than a Mr Cobden. He cherished the delusion, so characteristic of his age, that you could draw a hard and fast line between the mid-nineteenth century and all that went before; and in certain moods he was the incarnation of that ineffable British air of moral superiority which has so endeared us to our Continental neighbours. The result is often deplorable. Hence his insufferably patronising and admonitory tone in regard to Fielding; hence that piece of "hortatory theology" (more interesting, it must be owned, than most other specimens of its kind), 'The Four Georges.' To be sure, these lectures were originally manufactured for transatlantic consumption, but Aytoun never

uttered an apter witticism than when he advised the lecturer to "stick to his Jeameses." Thackeray, in short, had most of the mental limitations of the middle-class Liberal; and it is among the members of that species, as well as among the other amateurs of equality, that one must seek for snobbery in its most engaging forms. To dine with Dukes forms a delightful interlude to the business of reviling them; and it is undeniably provoking to be slapped on the back by your powerful ally, Tom Garbage, that tried friend of the people, and able editor of the well-known organ of reform and progress, 'The Kennel Review.'

There are some critics, and we rather gather that Mr Whibley is one of them, who find fault with Thackeray's favourite habit of interrupting his narrative in order to discourse, in the manner of a chorus, upon the behaviour of his puppets. That the thing can be overdone we freely admit: it is grossly overdone in 'Philip,' a work redeemed from hopeless failure only by Philip's father and the Talbot Twysden family. But here we must venture, like counsellor Crossmyloof, to take a distinction. So long as the chorus confines itself to a bantering commentary on the story, we can scarcely have enough of it. It does not for us destroy the illusion of the scene, or impair the reality of the personages. Many of Thackeray's choicest and most charming passages will be found in these interpola-

tions, the excision of which would mean a very sensible diminution of our pleasure. "Where are you, O Hoskins, bird of the night? Do you warble your songs by Acheron, or troll your choruses by the banks of black Avernus?" Who would be so tasteless as to rob us of "asides" such as that, though they may retard rather than accelerate the action? The cackle is almost as attractive as the horses. But when the chorus sentimentalises, or moralises, or does both at once—why, that is a different matter altogether. Thackeray, alas! like Miss Crawley, is always ready to be sentimental; and, unlike that lively spinster, is equally ready to be moral. No man in reality was ever better fitted than he for the use of the ironical and dispassionate method. To a gift of humour only less rich and catholic than Fielding's he added a delicacy of touch only less exquisite than Miss Austen's. "Instead of which," he prowls through his novels, as it were, firing off sermons wherever he espies an opportunity, solemnly lecturing his puppets on their moral shortcomings, exhorting his readers to take warning by their terrible example, and harping on emotions which can by no possible stretch of indulgence be described as "manly, sir, manly." Who can forget how, after Becky's immortal letter to Amelia from Queen's Crawley, the author is at great pains to explain that it is not *he* who is laughing at the custom of family prayers? Had he been the creator of

Fielding's benevolent postboy "who hath since been transported for robbing a hen-roost," ah, my brothers! to what edifying rhapsodies should we have been treated! Had the Misses Snap been the children of his imagination, by heavens! my fellow-wayfarers, how the occasion would have been improved! He was too fond, in short, of playing "the man and the brother." He forgot, as Mr Whibley bluntly but truly remarks, that the head and not the heart is the safer place wherefrom to write. This invincible craze for edification at all costs is the most serious defect in his equipment as a novelist. He struggled gallantly to overcome it in that early masterpiece, 'Barry Lyndon,' but the effort was of little avail, and, fortified by the approving taste of the public, the habit grew more powerful as he grew older.

It cannot be contended that construction was Thackeray's strong point, or that his plots betoken an "intelligent anticipation of events." He wrote from hand to mouth, and this congenial mode of composition was encouraged by the practice of serial publication. We defy any one to work out the chronology of 'The Newcomes' with consistency, and the resurrection of old Lady Kew is but the most celebrated of many slips which, when all is said and done, it would be the merest pedantry to regard as of much moment. It is in the drawing of character that Thackeray pre-eminently excels, and his gallery contains

many superb examples of the art. He uses the method of caricature as well as the method of realism, and so skilfully can he combine them that the employment of both in the same group rarely if ever produces an impression that the picture is out of drawing. Sir Pitt Crawley, for instance, though Mr Whibley justly points out that he might have stepped out of a Revolution comedy, fits into 'Vanity Fair' like a glove. It would be waste of time to enumerate the most notable specimens from his brush. Our readers have doubtless their old-established favourites. We will only say that Mr Whibley appears to take a very just view of their comparative merits, though he *does* pronounce the younger Sir Pitt "monstrous," wherein it is not easy to agree with him. That budding statesman, with his strong evangelical opinions and his pamphlet on Malt, has always been one of our delights. We greatly rejoice, however, to note that Mr Whibley is a true admirer of Ethel Newcome—one of the noblest and most captivating heroines in fiction. As regards another character for whom we have a profound admiration—we will not go so far as to say a sneaking affection—we are more sorry than surprised to find Mr Whibley siding with the majority. Much can be urged with justice against the younger Pendennis. He is a prig: his life is circumscribed by convention: he is vain and weak—heroic neither in his virtues nor in his vices. The Fanny Bolton

episode is best described as fatuous. All this is perfectly true; yet the fact remains that he is what is called "intensely human," and that, to our thinking at all events, he is one of Thackeray's great successes. By a thousand subtle and intimate touches the author has depicted with marvellous fidelity a type with which most men of Pendennis's rank in life must plead guilty to having had a good deal in common in their youth. And if Pen falls short of the absolute perfection of his uncle, the Major, who does not?

While Thackeray's portraits, then, are wonderfully vivid and true to life, no less admirable is their setting. The felicity of his nomenclature, for one thing, is notorious, and the convention of his dialogue, for another, could scarce be improved upon. We doubt if there is much that is better in its own way in the whole range of the comedy of manners than Barnes's first conversation with the Colonel at Mrs Hobson's evening party. Similarly, the contrast between the respective *mondes* and *ménages* of Lady Anne Newcome and her sister-in-law is manipulated with incomparable skill; and future generations will probably derive from 'The Newcomes' as adequate a conception of what London society was like in the middle of the nineteenth century as they will from any other source. The picture is still substantially true, *mutatis mutandis*, and the *mutanda* are fewer than might be supposed. Mr Whibley cites the description of Baden-Baden in

the same work as an illustration of Thackeray's dexterity in presenting a scene and suggesting an atmosphere. Another almost equally good is the end of the ball at Gaunt House in 'Pendennis,' when the skies are already tinged with pink, and the summer morning rises on the departing guests, stark and clear over the black trees of the Square.

Which is the greatest of Thackeray's great works? Mr Whibley, like many other critics, has no hesitation in plumping for 'Esmond,' chiefly, we think, because in it he recognises more plainly than in the rest the results of artifice as well as of temperament. "He seldom gives you the impression," says Mr Whibley, "that he has studied to produce a certain effect." We do not propose to embark upon the important discussion which this sentence provokes. Enough to say that we incline to the old maxim, *Ars est celare artem*. The perceptibility of effort has never occurred to us as at all a satisfactory test of artistic accomplishment; and, without questioning the supremacy of 'Esmond' in point both of coherence of plan and accuracy of execution, we are not ashamed to confess that we have derived equal pleasure from some of its fellows. The complaint that Thackeray chose his subjects and characters from within certain well-defined limits, and cast less wide a net than, say, Balzac, belongs in our view to the vainest form of criticism. The question is, not whence he

procured them, but what he made of them once they were procured. Even so with his style. The "bow-wow" manner was not for him. But his easy, quasi-conversational, and thoroughly idiomatic vein of English, despite a few trivial inaccuracies in grammar, is highly refreshing in an age which is surfeited with "style" of quite another sort, and which has made the quest of the *mot propre* its great business in literature. We should have liked, we own, to see Mr Whibley taking up a somewhat different attitude as to these matters from what he seems to do. But one last cordial word of praise may be permitted ere we part from his stimulating and suggestive book. Nothing in the past has poisoned the stream of criticism on Thackeray so much as the all-too present consciousness of the contemporary existence of Dickens. Comparisons express and implied have been instituted between these two great men with the most unprofitable results. Of this folly Mr Whibley's pages are wholly innocent, and we are heartily glad of it, having never been able to see that the warmest admiration for the one author is inconsistent with the warmest admiration for his fellow. There is no rule which enjoins that we should hold to the one and despise the other. And therefore, so long as the claret is good, we shall continue to do ample justice to it, careless whether it be Adamson's or Carbonell's.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL BIOGRAPHY—MR MEYNELL'S 'DISRAELI'—THE WORTHLESSNESS OF GOSSIP—A CONSISTENT STATESMAN—THE REPEAL OF THE CORN LAWS—M. DE BLOWITZ—THE CORRESPONDENT AND THE PRINCESS—GOVERNMENT BY JOURNALISM—AN AWFUL WARNING.

MR Wilfrid Meynell, in describing his book¹ on Benjamin Disraeli as an "unconventional biography," is guilty of a two-fold error. In the first place, the book is in no sense a biography; in the second, it is so conventional, that had it appeared in one of our weekly rag-bags, it would have escaped the notice of the most diligent reader. It is, indeed, a deliberate attempt to reduce Disraeli to snippets, to present his wit "day by day," as the cant phrase goes. Mr Meynell boasts that he dwells in the camp of the orthodox. He is a "true-blue Dizzyite," whatever that wild-fowl may be, and he signs a gushing preface with "yours in Dizzy." But devotion does not mean understanding, and Mr Meynell proves his complete lack of tact and taste upon every page. His method, indeed, ensures failure. Of the five hundred pages which make up the work, some fifty purport to be the sayings of Disraeli, the remaining four hundred and fifty are pure Meynell. A single line is often an excuse for pages of inapposite commentary, for long citations

from the works of Cardinal Newman, for anything save illumination of Disraeli's career. Again, Mr Meynell disdains system. Time and place are alike indifferent to him. He flits from Disraeli's relations with Peel to a superfluous analysis of 'Sybil,' so that what little interest his collection of snippets might possess is hopelessly scattered. Most of the letters which he prints are without significance. What useful end is served by the presentation of notes such as this: "Dear Sir,—I thank you for your telegram, and I congratulate you on your triumph." Is there a word here that is characteristic, that might not have been written by Sir William Harcourt, say, or by Mr Meynell himself? Surely it need not be explained at this time that the mere scrawlings of a great man have no value, or that a little respect should save the most ardent admirer from the preservation of inanities. But Mr Meynell is guilty not merely of inanity, but of complete misapprehension. He complains, for instance, that Disraeli knew nothing about the enthusiasms

¹ Benjamin Disraeli. An Unconventional Biography. London: Hutchison & Co.

By Wilfrid Meynell.

of the cliques. "From Rosetti," says Mr Meynell, in an astounding sentence, "poet or painter, he had no real illumination." Why should he? He was an imaginative politician, whose habit it was "to think in empires," and who did not concern himself with what is now known as culture.

But Mr Meynell commits yet greater indiscretions than these. On one page he tells us that Disraeli "loved" Lady Blessington, though of course Disraeli's letters, being couched in the terms of fashionable politeness, prove that between him and the lady of Gore House love was out of the question. Still more astonishing is his pronouncement that a "confidential" letter addressed to Lady Ely, and intended for the Queen's eye, is "as near a love-letter as circumstances permitted." It is true that Disraeli declares that he "loves" the Queen; but his love was such as a loyal subject might properly lay at his sovereign's feet, and there is not a syllable in the letter which justifies Mr Meynell's absurd interpretation. Apart from the fact that in 1879 Disraeli and Queen Victoria were both advanced in years, there is a verb *φιλεῖν* as well as a verb *ἐρᾶν*, and Mr Meynell's innuendo can find no excuse. But throughout the book Mr Meynell writes with an irrelevant familiarity. He is of those who deem it humorous to describe the country in which he lives as "the Island," and if he use this word in derision it is singularly out of place in a

book devoted to Disraeli, who, though of Jewish descent, still regarded the country which he so nobly served with loyalty and respect.

Mr Meynell, therefore, has executed the task which he set himself very ill indeed. But had the work been performed with a delicacy far beyond Mr Meynell's reach, it would still have been worthless. To present scraps of conversation and tags of epigrams without their context, is to commit a wanton outrage upon genius. You may not surprise the character and temperament of a great man in the sayings attributed to him by others. Gossip and rumour present a man not as he is, but as fools would like him to be. Again, an epigram struck off in conversation is generally characteristic rather of the man that hears it than of its utterer. A wise man answers the fool according to his folly; and Disraeli's sayings, reported by Sir William Fraser, to give a single instance, throw little light upon the great Minister, but they tell us more even than we wish to know of his interlocutor. Of the retorts ascribed to Disraeli, then, not all are authentic, and many are unworthy: they have been handed down from busybody to busybody; they have been scrambled for by reporters in the lobby; and not the slightest care has been taken to trace them to their true source, or to preserve them in their true shape. If a man wins the reputation of having a quick tongue, imbecilities are in-

stantly fathered upon him, and nothing short of legal evidence can prove the authenticity of an epigram. A single ear-witness is worthless. It is part of our human optimism to believe what we wish to be true, and many an honest man, who in all else would scorn a lie, is ready to swear that he himself heard what never was said. He deceives himself as well as the world, but the deception is none the less because it includes its author. And even if all these tags—"biographical fragments of the daily Disraeli" Mr Meynell calls them—were authentic, they would still mislead. A man is not upon oath when he flashes a repartee across a table; words spoken in jest are but a poor illustration of character—in fact, they prove nothing else than a man's skill in converse or his delight in fence.

Disraeli is reported to have said that he did not like women with rabbit-mouths. He shared this prejudice with the most of his kind, and we do not care to be reminded of it. On another occasion, Mr Meynell tells us, he declared that Mr Chamberlain "wears his eyeglass like a gentleman." It is not likely that he ever said anything of the sort. But what matters it if he did? Surely this is whittling away the brain of a great man into the sorriest chips. "Tell So-and-so to come and see me; I like him very much." It is hardly credible that such a trivial sentence should be gravely set down in print. It were as wise to quote, "It has

been a fine day, and I have enjoyed my dinner." It proves nothing; it suggests nothing, save that Mr Meynell had very little material wherewith to eke out his two volumes; and its commonplace is especially unjust to one for whom the commonplace was abhorrent. "The Evelyns always had good mothers." Had they? It is possible; but there is no sparkle in the plain repetition of this plain statement. The truth is that conversation, even of the wisest and wittiest, must have its small change. There are certain simple things which kings and chimney-sweeps, Prime Ministers and scavengers alike, must say, and there is no merit in their utterance. But some there are curious enough to gather these simple sayings as they would collect the prince's cherry-stones or other foolish relics of the great. Doubtless they thus gratify a snobbish temper; doubtless also they are indifferent to the injustice they do to their hapless victims.

And Disraeli suffers more than most from this simple process. For there was in Disraeli a unity of conduct and purpose which is obscured rather than revealed by capricious illumination. With him the part does not express the whole; and though he was sincere in word as in deed, we can construct but a partial image from the snippets of his conversation. His books foretell the policy which was to be his. His measures justify the argument of his books. His famous home-let-

ters, unmatched of their kind, display the warmth of his heart, the unfailing amiability of his temper. But these tags of Mr Meynell's collecting indicate his boredom, or accentuate his love of display, till what was a virtue appears a vice. There is an episode set forth by Mr Meynell which will explain our meaning. It was once Disraeli's pleasure to receive a messenger of State in a forest-glade. To his romantic imagination the contrast was delightful, and, regarded as a piece of his career, it seems consistent with his dignity and his seriousness. But, isolated, it assumes an importance which it did not possess, and helps to explain the blasphemies of the enemy. The old charges, now worn out, that Disraeli was a charlatan, or a man of mystery, or an Asiatic conjuror, were all based upon the unfair consideration of single acts or accidental sayings; and though we acquit Mr Meynell of any evil intent, his book places a new weapon in the hands of the enemy.

Now, the truth is that Disraeli was, above all things, a grave and consistent statesman. His mind, like that of Pitt, "dwelt habitually and by choice in the regions of high policy." The novels which he wrote in his youth were packed with political wisdom, mature and convinced, and from the time that he first stood for Parliament he never deviated far from the policy which he had sketched for himself. He did not offer himself for election

vacuous and uninformed, nor did he assume the burden of politics merely to feed his ambition. He had a definite theory of government, which he wished to put into practice. When he declared at High Wycombe that he was "a Conservative to preserve all that is good in our constitution, a Radical to remove all that is bad," the phrase, as he knew, was good enough for the hustings. But while he descended thus to tickle the electors' ears, he shaped his course by history and tradition. He at any rate did not trace the steam-engine back to the tea-kettle. He sought his precedents in the august careers of Bolingbroke and Pitt. Bolingbroke above all was his guide and mentor. In a letter addressed to 'The Times' in 1835—one of the few serious citations made by Mr Meynell—he clearly sets forth his purpose and ambition. When he stood at Taunton, he declares, three years after the failure of Wycombe, his opinions were the same, but his situation different. He had in the meantime become a partisan, and with good excuse. "The Tory party," he wrote, "had in this interval roused itself from its lethargy; it had profited by adversity; it had regained not a little of its original character and primary spirit; it had begun to remember, or to discover, that it was the national party of the country; it recognised its duty to place itself at the head of the nation; it professed the patriotic principles of Sir William Wyndham and Lord Bolingbroke, in whose writings

I have ever recognised the most pure and the profoundest sources of political and constitutional wisdom." This passage strikes thus early the note of Disraeli's policy. He looked at the politics of his time from the standpoint of history, and he asserted, with much truth, that his political contemporaries misunderstood their business. For him 1832 was but a repetition of 1688. He saw that after the Reform Bill the Whigs intended to become masters for life of England, and against that domination he was prepared to fight with all the energy and eloquence which were his. To strengthen the people at the expense of the nobles had been the policy of many kings since Louis XI.; and, as Disraeli clearly recognised, this was the settled intention of the English Whigs. Therefore it was that he espoused the cause of the landed classes. He would oppose to the merchants of Manchester, who represented power without responsibility, the nobles of England, who in those days willingly assumed responsibility as the price of their power. But while he would have discouraged the middle class, which was growing rich in obedience to the teaching of Manchester, and was eagerly buying in the cheapest market to sell in the dearest, he declared that the rights of labour were as sacred as the rights of property. Indeed, had he realised his dream he would, with the help of those aspiring heroes who made up the party of Young Eng-

land, have restored to England the lost glories of feudalism. To this dream he was ever faithful, and it was with a perfect truth that he prided himself on his consistency. This early doctrine was echoed by him again and again, and nowhere with greater clearness than in the peroration of 'Sybil' "Toryism," he wrote, "will rise from the tomb over which Bolingbroke shed his last tears to bring back strength to the Crown, liberty to the subject, and to pronounce that power has only one duty—to secure the welfare of the People."

From this serious position Disraeli never retreated, and it was because he held these firmly established and plainly elucidated opinions that he opposed Peel's repeal of the Corn Laws. Not only was the landed interest imperilled by the new Conservatism; it aimed a blow also at the people. It was legislation for the capitalist, and was designed to ensure at any cost the overwhelming prosperity of the manufacturer. With perfect justice the party of Lord George Bentinck foresaw the country districts depopulated and the land fallen out of cultivation; and they opposed Peel with all the force and wit which were theirs—not because they hankered after a "dear loaf," but because they knew that too big a price might be paid for a cheap one. That price has been paid, and the inevitable reaction has come upon us. To-day we have gone back sixty

years. The year 1903 is precisely the same as 1843, and we have every prospect of repairing or mitigating the harm. So it is that Disraeli's early career has an immediate interest. We are fighting over again the battle which he fought and lost—for a while. The speeches which he delivered in the years preceding the repeal of the Corn Laws might be delivered to-day with admirable effect and without the change of a syllable. Peel, like the newly made convert that he was, referred from his own wisdom to the judgment of posterity, and Disraeli dismissed the reference with a proper scorn. "Sir, very few people reach posterity," said he. "Who amongst us may arrive at that destination I presume not to vaticinate. Posterity is a most limited assembly; they who reach it are not more numerous than the planets." Among them without doubt is Disraeli—not a Joe Miller, as Mr Meynell would represent him, but a statesman with a policy that still lives, a Minister with a theory of government which to-day is nearer practice than ever it was.

For his opponents he had always a ready answer. When Cobden, unmasking his design, asserted that the "repeal of the Corn Laws meant the transfer of power from one class to another,—to the manufacturers of England," Disraeli indignantly protested. "I believe," said he, "that the monarchy of England has its roots in the hearts of the people," and the truth of that pronouncement

has now been abundantly vindicated. Again, when the supporters of the Government ridiculed the pretensions of political philosophy, and would have narrowed the debate within the limits of a business agreement, Disraeli put his famous question. "Whenever the young men of England allude to any principle of political life and parliamentary conduct," he asked, "are they to be recommended to go to a railway committee?" No doubt he took his share of the drudgery; but he never forgot that statesmanship was something more than obedient attendance in the division lobby, or useless punctuality in the committee-room. He, at least, was fighting for a principle, and was never content merely to discharge the duties of a political hack. Nor did he ever slacken his energy during the eventful years which preceded the triumph of Sir Robert Peel. His speech upon the third reading of the Corn Importation Bill shivered the free-traders, and left them shivered. And when the fight was lost, he resumed in his incomparable biography of Lord George Bentinck the history of the fray. In that book he told the tale without passion or acrimony. He related the events, in which he took so large a share, with a lofty detachment. Being an artist, he recognised that the study demands a quieter style, a larger charity than the House of Commons. It is interesting to compare his estimate of Peel, arrived at after mature reflection, with the flaunts and jibes

which he threw at that Minister in the rough-and-tumble of debate. But here there is no divergence of opinion. It means no more than that Disraeli could adapt his genius to perform the duty either of the judge or the advocate. And best of all is the great passage, in which he represents the Prime Minister deserted by his distinguished friends, and breaking the party to which he owed his power and influence. It has been quoted many times, and is of course familiar to the readers of a magazine which has always been faithful to the cause advocated by Disraeli, and which with excellent foresight predicted the many evils which Mr Chamberlain has at last set himself to correct. But it can bear quotation once more. Disraeli is describing the fateful division which left Peel in the position of "a general without an army." The question has been put, and nearly eighty members have followed Lord George Bentinck.

"But it was not merely their numbers"—thus runs the passage—"that attracted the anxious observation of the treasury bench, as the protectionists passed in defile before the Minister to the hostile lobby. It was impossible that he could have marked them without emotion: the flower of that great party which had been so proud to follow one who had been so proud to lead them. They were men to gain whose hearts and the hearts of their fathers had been the aim and exultation of his life. They had extended to him an unlimited confidence and an admiration without stint. They had stood by him in the darkest hour, and had borne him from the depths of political despair to the proudest of living positions. Right or wrong, they were

men of honour, breeding, and refinement, high and generous character, great weight and station in the country, which they had ever placed at his disposal. They had been not only his followers but his friends; had joined in the same pastimes, drunk from the same cup, and in the pleasantness of private life had often forgotten together the cares and strife of politics. He must have felt something of this, while the Mannerts, the Somersets, the Bentincks, the Lowthers, and the Lennoxes passed before him. And those country gentlemen, 'those gentlemen of England,' of whom, but five years ago, the very same building was ringing with his pride of being the leader—if his heart were hardened to Sir Charles Burrell, Sir William Jolliffe, Sir Charles Knightly, Sir John Trollope, Sir Edward Kerrison, Sir John Tyrrell, he surely must have had a pang when his eye rested on Sir John Yarde Buller, his choice and pattern country gentleman, whom he had himself selected and invited but six years back to move a vote of want of confidence in the Whig government, in order, against the feeling of the court, to install Sir Robert Peel in their stead. They trooped on: all the men of metal and large-acred squires, whose spirit he had so often quickened and whose counsel he had so often solicited."

The party, thus shattered, long ago reassembled; but it is noteworthy that the Mannerts and the Lowthers are still true to a cause which, after sixty years, is within a reasonable distance of victory.

So the Corn Laws were repealed, and it remained for Disraeli himself to put together the pieces of the broken party. Henceforth he might help to realise the dreams of his youth, to govern the country which he loved in accord with his long-cherished principles. And in all things he remained the grave and serious politician that

he was at the beginning. Those who did not understand him judged him merely by the outside. They dubbed him charlatan, as they had once dubbed the elder Pitt, because they misunderstood the motive of his display, the meaning of his repartee. Now neither the strange costume of his youth nor the mystic sayings wherewith he embellished his conversation were the essence of Disraeli's conduct or character. They were but the springs to catch attention. He knew, as Pitt the elder knew, that a politician cannot succeed without influence, and that influence in a democratic state must be won at the outset not by worth but by notoriety. Pitt was carried with pomp and circumstance into the House of Commons. Disraeli wore brilliant waistcoats and massive chains. But to call either of them a charlatan is to misunderstand not only them but human nature. No one who has read Disraeli's novels needs to be told that his was a romantic temperament; and knowing the need of fame, he captured it after his bent by the splendour of his apparel. But he recognised the precise worth of these trappings as well as the shallowest of his critics. They were but a means to an end—never an end in themselves; and they were so brilliantly successful, that he was very soon able to dispense with them. They had attained the object he had in view—they had made him flit on the tongues of men, and the foolish ones of the earth, unable to

look below the surface, could see in Disraeli nothing but a dandy. But to himself and to those who understood him his seriousness was never doubtful, and it is this seriousness which makes Mr Meynell's method of presentation monstrously unjust. Disraeli's epigrams served the same purpose as his waistcoat. That is to say, they were accidental, not essential, to his greatness. If they increased his momentary fame, they added nothing to his policy, they did not affect the purpose of his life. In brief, no man that ever lived is so ill adapted to the contrivance of a jest-book as Benjamin Disraeli, whose grandeur may be better measured in his romances, his speeches, and in his political achievements than in epigrams of doubtful authenticity preserved by rumour and commented upon by gossips.

A greater contrast to Disraeli could not be found than M. de Blowitz, whose astonishing 'Memoirs' (London: Arnold) have recently been published. Disraeli would have sacrificed his life for the country where his ancestors had found refuge; Blowitz, a citizen of the world, could not feel the throb of patriotism. A naturalised Frenchman, devoted to the service of an English journal, he could know no other than a personal loyalty. The triumph of France was never his preoccupation, and doubtless he would have seen her fall in ruins with composure, if only he might send to London the first intel-

ligence. Possibly he gloried in the glory of 'The Times'; but the one genuine passion of his life was early news. To know something before the rest of the world seemed in his eyes the superlative advantage; and however harshly we judge his career, we cannot deny that he won the success which generally rewards the single-minded. Exclusive information reached him by a hundred channels. Anonymous correspondents and great diplomatists joined in the anxious furtherance of his scheme; and perhaps it would have been strange if Blowitz had not speedily come to believe that Europe was administered, if not by him, at least for his sole and peculiar profit.

Had the 'Memoirs' of Blowitz come sudden upon the world, the courage and resource of this remarkable man would have astounded us. But unfortunately for our pleasure and his reputation, the sensation has been largely forestalled. Not only did the correspondent of 'The Times' make the affairs of France an excuse for autobiography, but he did not disdain to reveal in the pages of a magazine the inmost secrets of his craft. And a very sorry craft it is. To suborn a clerk who should reveal what he heard in the strictest confidence was to Blowitz a reputable performance. We believe that the great correspondent had not humour enough to be cynical; otherwise, his own account of how he got the Treaty of Berlin might be regarded as a masterpiece of cynicism.

There were assembled in conclave the solemn Ministers of Europe, pledged to respect the secrets of their States. To publish those secrets was not of the smallest advantage to any one save the curiosity-monger. Yet Blowitz believed until his dying day that in tricking the Chancellors of Europe he had performed a brave and meritorious action. He writes of it in a style which is dithyrambic; he explains all the paltry details of changed hats and eavesdropping with a glow of pride. When he tells us how on his departure from Berlin he sewed the document, to which he had no right, within the waistcoat of Mr Mackenzie Wallace, he cannot contain his admiration of his own cleverness. Nor is our astonishment checked when the Treaty is published. We are as yet but on the threshold of sensation. If we may believe M. de Blowitz, Bismarck sent his emissaries up and down Europe, that they might discover how the Treaty was stolen. There is a chapter in the 'Memoirs' of Blowitz, which might have been extracted word for word from a romance of the late R. H. Savage. The scene is a masterpiece of intrigue. On the one hand is M. de Blowitz, stern to preserve his own secret. On the other smiles the Princess Kralta, seductively beautiful, and full of dangerous confidences. To draw the secret from Blowitz' breast she revealed some of the mysteries of her own career. She told the correspondent of the delicate missions on which

the German Emperor had employed her, and Blowitz felt that in return he could do no less than surrender the truth, which he had so long and so jealously guarded. Confession was upon his tongue, when suddenly a candle on the table in front of the sofa began to flicker. The suspicions of the correspondent were instantly aroused. The doors and windows were all closed. Whence could come the current of air? Blowitz lost no time in approaching the candle, and a draught there was no mistaking fanned his honest cheek. Treachery was evident, and its method was not long hidden from the eye of Blowitz. Behind the candle stood a mirror, and between the two halves Blowitz detected a gap. He was the victim of Bismarck's deathless curiosity. Behind the mirror was an emissary of the great Chancellor, who, through the carelessness of the Princess, had once more overreached himself. The Princess put forth her hand to remove the candlestick, and Blowitz with great dignity interposed. "Madame," said he, "it is unnecessary. You see that I have understood."

This charming anecdote is characteristic, and is doubtless related by M. de Blowitz in good faith. For, as we have already hinted, the correspondent of 'The Times' was wholly destitute of humour. He seems to have honestly believed in his own greatness. He had so often been the tool of diplomats that he grew to think himself a sort of universal

plenipotentiary. He fondly imagined that he governed Europe through the newspaper which employed him, and he probably died in the faith that Bismarck was more than half afraid of him, and that the Pope was his most obedient humble servant. There is no particular harm in these fantasies; or, rather, there would have been no particular harm had they not emboldened Blowitz to take a monstrously false view of his functions. It cannot be too often insisted that a journalist is the servant, not the master, of the State. If we once concede to the pickers-up of news the right to use that news to the detriment of others, we shall admit into our public life a species of blackmail, which will make sound government and honourable journalism alike impossible. When Disraeli complained that the merchants of England were acquiring power without responsibility, he had not dreamt of that other irresponsible power—the journalist—who was soon destined to disturb the peace and dignity of political life. It is less than half a century ago that the way was first made plain for such men as Blowitz, and in the history of manners there has been no more pitiful decline than is therein implied. For a while, at least, the servant is master, and that he is so is largely due to the influence of the zealous correspondent, who served 'The Times' only too well. It is unnecessary to point out at length the inconvenience of government by journalist.

A statesman discharges duties to which he has been trained. If he fail in their discharge, he may be impeached, and though this heroic method has unhappily fallen into disuse, he is soon rendered innocuous by the withdrawal of popular support. But the journalist has but one misfortune to fear—dismissal; and he need have little fear of this so long as he provides the readers of his sheet with excitement. For it should be understood that the statesman and the journalist are not pursuing the same end. The statesman, though he may be wrong-headed or incompetent, still desires what in his judgment is the good of his country. The journalist, on the other hand, seeks nothing but the good of his journal—a doubtful advantage, which, more often than not, is opposed to the interests of the State. The State, therefore, that is governed by journalism cannot hope to escape disruption, and it is because M. de Blowitz, both in theory and practice, aspired to rule rather than to inform, that he set an ominously bad example to the world.

And with increased power the journalists have adopted a tone of singular arrogance. It is impossible to read the 'Memoirs' of Blowitz without being astonished and amused at his assumption of grandeur. He holds that the ambassadors and statesmen, whom he took the greatest pains to approach, should not waste the time of a correspondent unless they have some useful information to give him. Moreover, he reproaches

the diplomatists, to whose complaisance he owed the most of his success, with invariable ingratitude; and in bringing this charge he forgets that, while the diplomatist is an essential element in politics, the journalist is an accident, which it would be most often wise to avoid. Nor does the evil influence of a special correspondent always end with his death. It has often been said that the historian of the future will seek his material in the files of ancient newspapers; and it is scarcely too much to say that those newspapers, if by chance the material survive on which they are printed, will contain nothing that is worthy of credence save the verbatim reports of speeches. We do not suppose that M. de Blowitz regarded falsehood with anything else than horror, yet there is not a chapter of his 'Memoirs' in which we can put an unreserved faith. In the first place, he trusted to his memory, which most certainly played tricks upon him. In the second place, his imagination was so vivid that he could never have been a competent judge of the truth. Much of his posthumous book seems to be a pure fairy story. With the best will in the world, we cannot put faith in the lady who disappeared over the cliffs of Normandy, leaving nothing behind her but an ostrich feather or two; and we do not suppose that his serious accounts of international politics will bear examination any better than the tragedy of *Les Petites Dalles*. The truth is, that the journalist is worth

as little to the historian as to the statesman. His function should be strictly limited to the supply of plain and easily verified information. If in discharging this duty he is able to amuse an idle reader, so much the better. But the world will not again be the pleasant place to live in that once it was until it be recognised that it is as heinous an offence to steal a treaty or surprise a secret of State as it is to break into a house or pick a pocket. So it is that the career of M. de Blowitz may best be regarded as an awful warning. On all hands there

are signs of a reaction. The more ambitious correspondents have defeated their own end by a contempt of the truth, an immature divulging of half-heard confidences. The journals from which falsehood is not rigidly excluded cease to be believed even when they cease to lie; and it is quite possible that before long we shall return to an older and saner method, that the extravagant ambitions of M. de Blowitz and his kindred will presently be remembered as nothing better than the follies of a vain and credulous generation.

THE FLUTE: A PASTORAL.

From the French of José-Maria de Hérédia.

EVENING! A flight of pigeons in clear sky!

What wants there to allay love's fever now,
Goatherd! but that thy pipe should overflow,
While through the reeds the river murmurs by?
Here in the plane-tree's shadow where we lie

Deep grows the grass and cool. Sit and allow
The wandering goat to scale yon rocky brow
And graze at will, deaf to the weanling's cry.

My flute—a simple thing, seven oaten reeds
Glued with a little wax—sings, plains, or pleads

In accents deep or shrill as I require;
Come! thou shalt learn Silenus' sacred art,

And through this channel breath'd will fierce desire
Rise, wing'd with music, from the o'er-laboured heart.

THE EMPIRE IN MARITIME WAR.

THE Report of the Royal Commission on the War in South Africa has made it perfectly clear that British administrators show a very decided disinclination not only to prepare for war, but even to consider seriously what preparations might be needed in certain eventualities. Ours is a representative Government, and in respect of this rooted dislike to consider possible war problems there can be no doubt that the rulers are merely reflecting the normal state of mind of their constituents. We are not a warlike people, we like to look forward to a long period of peace; and if any one has a nightmare dream that this halcyon period of perfect peace may not be eternal,—that it may not even last his time,—such a thought is pushed on one side, with the confident trust that in such an unlooked-for event some heaven-born genius will arise, or that the spirit of the nation will manifest itself, and all will come right in the end. And so the uncomfortable idea of war is put in the background, the daily work is resumed, and all arrangements are made as if peace was never to be broken. Neither the average citizen nor the average administrator considers that a state of war comes within his province: the citizen makes his arrangements for trading or earning his livelihood during peace, and the administrator for ruling and

directing under various conditions and vicissitudes, but not during a condition of war.

But surely, it will be urged, a glance at our Budgets should dispel any such idea as has been promulgated above. Why is it that such enormous amounts are voted year after year to the Army and Navy, if our administrators do not appreciate the necessity, the urgent necessity, of being prepared for war, whether afloat or ashore? Granted that the money is duly voted, whether willingly or unwillingly, but this done, there the matter is left. Certain experts are called in to utilise the money as best they can; but both the administrator and citizen thereupon banish the subject from their minds, fully assured that the expert will do all that is necessary, and that at any rate they themselves have done their part, and that they can go home with the conscious sense of security, and of duty well performed. And if the naval or military enthusiast or faddist should make himself unpleasantly prominent by the advocacy of certain measures that will really be very troublesome, and will interfere with business, or, more important still, with the leisured recreations of the citizen, such an unpleasant person must be sent off to swim his boats or play with soldiers in some out-of-the-way corner where the real business of the nation, its

money-making trade and amusements, will not be interfered with.

And, it may be said, a war that will really affect the citizen and his trade is most unlikely. England has been constantly at war in one direction or another during the last half-century, and none of these wars has seriously interfered with our commerce. Indeed, since the Empire has been recognised as such, and the Colonies have become essential parts of it, all the wars that have taken place have left our trade and communications untouched. Naturally the cause is not far to seek. In all these wars the supremacy of the Navy has been unchallenged, and there has therefore been no difficulty in the transport of troops hither and thither, so that the fighting power of the Army could be brought to bear on any point where the enemy was exposed to attack from over-sea. In the last half-century we must have had fully a million men engaged in various campaigns, and all these were carried by water to and from the scene of operations without let or hindrance, because we held the command of the sea undisputed.

Thirty years ago there was only one other sea-Power besides Great Britain. France alone maintained a powerful force at sea. The navies of Spain, Italy, Austria, and Turkey contained a few ironclad ships. The powerful coast-defence ships which the United States had built during the Civil War were rotting in

harbour. Germany had practically no navy, and Japan had scarcely been heard of. Contrast the state of things at present, when outside the British Empire there are four great sea-Powers—France, Germany, the United States, and Russia—each of which has a fleet approaching to half the size of the immensely increased British Navy. Besides this, Italy and Japan have each a formidable force; and if the navies of Spain and Turkey have disappeared, Chili and Argentina now possess compact little fleets. The Austrian navy remains much what it was, a force not to be despised in the narrow seas that border her shores; whilst the Scandinavian Powers and Holland maintain a force sufficient for coast-defence purposes in their somewhat intricate waters. Thus it can no longer be taken as a matter of course that in our next war we shall find the seas as free and open as we have done in time past, whilst there are additional reasons for making it probable that under certain conditions maritime war will be more common in the twentieth century than in the latter part of the nineteenth.

To all civilised Powers the burden of a land war is overwhelming. The higher the civilisation the greater the burden and the more intolerable is the pressure exercised by an army in occupation. As our recent experience has taught us, it is difficult to bring pressure to bear on a scattered rural population, whilst exactly the opposite takes place when

the country which is the theatre of war contains a number of large towns. Hence it comes to pass that Continental nations shrink from war in their own countries; but the same nations might not object to engage in a maritime war if they thought there was some possibility of succeeding. The recent enormous expenditure on the building of war-ships points to the fact that warfare afloat is not dreaded to the same extent as a Continental war. There are more nations than one which might well consider that to venture their fleet in a contest for sea-power was not such a very serious matter, and a class of adventure which would be greatly preferable to engaging in a gigantic encounter on shore, with hundreds of thousands on each side.

It is idle to deny the fact that recent additions to the four great navies outside the United Kingdom are distinctly of an offensive nature. In the last generation the navies of Russia, Germany, and the United States have completely changed. Twenty-five years ago they consisted mainly, if not entirely, of coast-defence ships, and were in this respect very similar to the forces now maintained by Austria, Holland, and Sweden. At present these Powers are mainly building first-class battleships and armoured cruisers—ships which are especially suited to contending for the command of the sea. It cannot be said that it is deliberately intended by all or any of these nations to seek to wrest her sea-power from

Great Britain; but their building programmes distinctly indicate that they intend to make their power felt over-sea, and that they aspire to something more than the mere preservation of their shores from insult.

History makes it clear that there is considerable risk that Great Britain may be drawn into any maritime war that may break out. It behoves us, therefore, to be on our guard, and resolutely to examine the weak points in our national armour. Needless to say, when I use the term nation I do not exclude our fellow-subjects who live beyond the seas. It would be absolutely monstrous were I to do so. In case of war, international law places the various States in two classes only—the belligerents and the neutrals. It was, I believe, an ingenious Cape rebel who, finding it somewhat dangerous to join the enemy, made the suggestion that he and his fellows should be neutral. As a declaration of neutrality must be a national act, it then became apparent that any such declaration by a coterie or party would be as much an act of rebellion as if they had joined the enemy. Hence the suggestion was put forward at the Cape that the Cape Colony should be neutral. But a declaration of neutrality is the act of a sovereign State, and the Cape community, though self-governing, has merely the status of a Colony. And when the parent State becomes a belligerent the Colonies must needs be belligerents also. So that when war was declared between the British Empire

and the two Republics, all the British Colonies, such as Australasia, Canada, and New Zealand, became belligerents, whether they would or no.

It is not urged that it is absolutely necessary for a belligerent community to fight. Instances have occurred in which war has formally been declared and yet no fighting has ensued; but these are exceptional, and are likely to become less common in the future than they have been in the past. In nearly every such instance the declaration of war was in connection with some alliance either real or nominal, and the allied State, though commonly held in readiness, never really joined in, nor was it attacked. Colonies and dependencies frequently escaped the brunt of war in a similar manner, and thus a fallacious idea has sprung up that the mother country may be at war and the Colony at peace, or that the Colony has nothing to do with wars away from its territory. On the other hand, there are many instances, especially in maritime war, in which the heaviest blows have been struck in the attack or defence of Colonies which had nothing to do with the *casus belli*, and which might have considered themselves as completely out of the sphere of warlike operations. Whatever may be said or thought by those ignorant of international law, and of warlike operations, war with an empire means war with every part of it, and it is utterly impossible for any portion of the empire to evade

this fact. That this fact is ignored daily does not make it any the less a fact. We may talk of England's wars, of England's foreign complications, and of England's dangers from foreign aggression; but in all these matters Canada, Australia, and India are equally involved, and the first result of a declaration of war against England may be an attack on Canada itself, or, more likely still, on its trade or communications with the mother country, though the dispute that led to the war may have occurred in the far East, not only geographically remote from Canada, but entirely out of the ken of nine-tenths of the Canadians. The various portions of the British Empire are so accustomed to go their own way in peace, and to devote their undivided attention to their local concerns, that it is continually forgotten that in war we must stand and fall together, and, more than this, that the English Foreign Office is the Foreign Office of the British Empire, and that negotiations carried on from London not only materially affect Edinburgh and Dublin, but also Montreal and Sydney. Moreover, if the point of the Empire most open to attack be very distant from the centre, it is there that the enemy's blows will be most felt, whether or not that particular fraction of the Empire was or was not interested in the cause of the quarrel.

This article does not profess to be a political one, so I will leave the question of the Foreign Office alone, merely repeating

that, whether the Australian or Canadian realises it or not, the British Foreign Minister, to whose salary he does not contribute one farthing, and in whose appointment he usually takes no interest, is just as much his representative as if he lived in the City of London.

The case I am considering is the case where negotiations have failed, and where war is upon us, and at this period it is not the diplomatist that is important but the fighting man. And what I wish to accentuate is the fact that the fighting man, wherever he may be domiciled, whether at home or in the Colonies, belongs not to his own little corner but to the Empire. It is for the Empire that he must be ready to lay down his life. It is the prosperity, nay, the very existence, of the Empire that will depend on his efforts. Conversely, every citizen of the Empire should regard every fighting man and all the organisation of navies and armies as specially devoted to his service, to safeguard and shield him and his interests, and indeed to act on his behalf when force becomes the only effective remedy—a state of things which may be regrettable, but is likely to be pretty frequent whilst the world is in its present imperfect state.

We are, however, a hard-headed race, not given to over-much sentiment, and it may be necessary to point out some facts which tend to show that the common idea that the English Navy and Army are only for the defence and glorifica-

tion of England is entirely a mistaken one, and that the distant colonist is as much dependent for his safety and wellbeing on the fighting forces of the Crown as if he was a merchant at home. It is true that the idea that the colonist, in leaving his own country, also left behind him his country's difficulties and entanglements, is founded on a good deal of solid fact, but it is none the less entirely erroneous when applied to present-day conditions. The early colony and the early colonist still govern the imagination of those who fancy that a colony is still a thing apart. Let us look for the moment at the old-time colony and its citizens. Separated from all civilisation by wide seas, traversed at rare intervals by small, ill-found, slow-sailing traders, the hardy, self-reliant pioneers of our ancestors' time with few wants were extremely difficult to subdue. With no money and no means of equipping an offensive force, the colonists of the early days of our over-sea dominions might well be disregarded as belligerents. They were not worth attacking, and could not give any assistance when co-operation was required in offensive operations. Very far otherwise is the condition of the denizens of King Edward the Seventh's dominions beyond the seas. The present-day Colony has relatively a larger town population than even the mother country, and towns are specially vulnerable in war. Moreover, a very considerable proportion of the towns are situa-

ted on the coast, and are therefore especially open to attack from over-sea. We all recognise the importance of the trade of the mother country, that without over-sea traffic she cannot exist, and that an effective blockade would therefore be fatal. Do we also realise the almost entire dependence of the Colonist on his trade over-sea. Most of our eleven million fellow-citizens over-sea have afloat a greater value of trade per head than even those who live in the United Kingdom. The great length of the average voyage to a Colony would cause the amount of goods actually afloat at any given time to be very high, even if the flow of trade was not great. But as a matter of fact it is very large indeed. In the British Islands the aggregate value of imports and exports comes to about £23 per head per annum, but in Australasia and New Zealand it rises to £30. In Canada it is scarcely so much; but still in every case the whole livelihood of the modern Colonist depends on the possibility of selling his produce to over-sea customers, whilst his clothes, most of his machinery, and a very large proportion of his necessaries come to him by sea.

Nor is the modern Colonist poor and resourceless for operations outside his territory. The paper read by Sir R. Giffen before the British Association shows that the average income of our fellow-subjects in Canada, Australasia, and South Africa is about £48 per head, as compared with £42 per head, the

corresponding figure for the United Kingdom. Sir R. Giffen remarks that in the Colonies there is a larger proportion of the population in the prime of life than at home. Again, there is little doubt that physically the Colonists are fully equal, and probably superior, to the dwellers in the United Kingdom. How is it, therefore, that eleven millions of such people as these are looked upon as not worth considering, when it is a question not of peace but of war and war conditions?

Mention has been made of cases in which a country has declared war and has never fought. Russia was at war with France when Nelson commanded in the Mediterranean, but he could not induce them to attack. Shortly afterwards we were at war with Turkey, but our fleet did not engage, as we were unwilling to fight our old allies. In both these cases no fighting took place, because an engagement would not have furthered the policy of the nation which was in a position to take the offensive, and the other side were not in a position to fight with success. Thus either the will was lacking or there was disability to effect anything. Those who regard our colonial fellow-citizens as absolute non-combatants must evidently do so because they consider that they either lack the will or have not the power to join effectively in a war in which the Empire might be involved. How far is such an idea justified? As to the first supposition, the action of the

great self-governing colonies in 1899-1900, when the Empire was attacked by the Boer republics, completely confutes the impression that the colonists are indifferent to the welfare of the Empire. It is true that the contingents which were sent were paid almost exclusively by the residents in the United Kingdom, and in this respect they placed themselves in the category of mercenaries, as our German friends duly informed us. But this arrangement was proposed by the United Kingdom, and there is no proof that the Colonists, if left to their own initiative, would not have done what little Sardinia, for example, was ready to do in the Crimean war, namely, not only to share in the contest, but to take their full share, by equipping, paying, and maintaining the forces which they sent to the front. There might in this case, however, have been some difficulty as to command and subordination, which brings us to a very real stumbling-block in the co-operation of the Colonies, namely, that the United Kingdom has always been so ready to furnish officers to take command over Colonial forces that there is no real career open to the ambitious Colonial cadet, unless he leaves his own home and becomes practically an Englishman. And there is no avenue by which a Colonial seaman can remain Colonial and yet serve in his king's navy. But though all this shows a great lack of organisation, there is no evidence that the Colonies are not far readier than is

generally supposed to take up the white man's burden of responsibility and self-sacrifice for the safety of the Empire to which they belong.

It may, however, be urged with far more truth that as at present arranged the Colonies have not the power to take their place in the world, when the union-jack becomes a beligerent emblem. The recent inquiry into the war at the Cape has made it absolutely clear that a nation that does not prepare for war is of comparatively little account at the outbreak of hostilities; and if this is the case on shore, it is far more markedly so at sea.

At present there are no white men on the entire globe who prepare so little for war as do the eleven million Colonists under the union-jack. They in fact do little or nothing to safeguard themselves and their fellow-subjects from the risks that war must bring. Their principal danger, as I shall presently show, is on the sea, to avert which the average contribution in money to the Imperial navy by each Colonist is about one-twentieth of what is contributed by an inhabitant of the United Kingdom. The shipbuilding and repairing facilities in the Colonies are about in the same proportion. The expenditure on land forces is greater, but it is still only about one-fifth of that spent by those at home. Besides actual expenditure on the fighting force, there must also be taken into account the time voluntarily given by citizens to prepare themselves for taking up

the defence of their country in time of war. Here alone does the Colonial stand on about the same footing as the rest of his fellow-subjects in the old country. It is indeed possible that the time voluntarily given to drill and preparation for war is relatively somewhat greater in the Colonies than at home, but there is no very marked difference, and the total amount of training is very small—certainly not one-tenth of that given in Switzerland. The natural result of the neglect of defence measures in time of peace is that in considering the fighting strength of the British Empire the Colonies are practically ignored by both friends and rivals. Of course in time an efficient fighting force might be developed from such communities as those we are considering, but time is just what will not be granted by a capable enemy.

During the last fifteen years, whilst the sea-power of Germany, the United States, Russia, and Japan has been increasing by leaps and bounds, the vulnerability of our Colonies has also increased very considerably. In the first place, there has been a most notable increase in sea-borne commerce, and a far greater dependence thereon. Secondly, there has been a very remarkable increase in the size, wealth, and importance of the coast towns, which are specially open to attack from a landing force carried in fast transports and escorted by a cruiser squadron. The old adage, "*Divide et impera*," also applies strongly to the conduct of a war in which

a sea-Power is opposed to a European State with valuable colonies. It is almost inevitable that discontent will arise from time to time in the best managed Colony. It is absolutely certain that, as the United States becomes fully populated, the stream of emigration from Europe will set towards the outlying territories under the British flag, and we shall have large numbers of Teutons, Central Europeans, and Italians in our Colonies, none of them bound by birth and upbringing to be specially loyal to the British Empire. With no organised system of defence, our rich possessions offer a most tempting bait to a nation which has at the same time a large army and a large fleet,—whilst their extensive trading transactions must needs give rise to complications in various directions that may very well lead to war. Europe is becoming year by year more dependent for its food on countries across the sea. Germany is at present a very large importer of food, and the amount is increasing year by year as the population and manufactures increase, whilst the produce of the soil remains stationary. Much of this food comes at present from her Continental neighbours, but this cannot last; and the time must soon come when, like Great Britain, her principal supplies of food will come across the seas, and there will be a strong feeling that not only must this trade which is vital to her be protected *en route*, but it would also be of the highest importance to ob-

tain control over the granary from whence the food is procured. Canada will shortly be a most important source of supply, and recent experience has shown us that it is not far to seek for differences between Canada and Germany.

Recent developments in the Far East have altogether altered the balance of sea-power in that part of the world. When in the year 1888 special attention was first directed to the provision of a naval force for the Australian Colonies, the British ships east of Suez outnumbered those of all other nations put together. At present, owing to the rise of Japan and the enormous development of the Russian fleet based on Port Arthur, as well as to the advent of the United States and Germany with naval bases in the Far East, the British force in these waters is now less than one-third of the aggregate fleets based in Eastern waters. At one time the Australians might well say that they were so distant from the scene of possible conflict that they could well afford to take a Quaker's point of view of warfare in general, as a matter with which they would have nothing to do. Not only, like the Quaker, could they devote themselves exclusively to peaceful pursuits, but they could go further still, and leave others to pay the lion's share of the expense of the defensive force needful for safeguarding their trade and protecting their shores. Now, there is no part of the world where the British fleet is so weak as compared with foreign

rivals as in the Far East. Of the thirty-four ships of and above 10,000 tons in these waters, only eight are British. We have, of course, our treaty with Japan, which doubtless accounts to some extent for our relative weakness in a part of the world where there is so much at stake. But it can scarcely be considered satisfactory that, as regards the balance of sea-power in the East, we must fain rely far more on the fleet provided by Japan than on one provided by our fellow-subjects, notwithstanding their resources. Japan not only maintains a most efficient army, but with a revenue which does not reach that of the Australasian colonies by some millions, she has a navy some twenty times as powerful as the minute fraction of the British fleet, say one-hundredth, maintained by Australasian contributions.

Our other great dependency in the East—namely, India—does out of its poverty make an adequate contribution to the common defence of the Empire. True that not a rupee is credited to the Naval Estimates, but some eighteen millions annually is devoted to the maintenance of a most efficient army, which is our principal land force in the East, and on which we must mainly rely for maintaining our ascendancy in any complication that may arise in Asia or in the Asiatic islands. Equally with the Colonies, India has a large sea-trade on which she is in measure dependent, and therefore there should equitably be some contribution to the

Navy. But India is very poor, and could not possibly give much in the way of money with which to buy and man ships, which must, moreover, be built in other lands and manned by white men. It is far better that India, with her splendid supply of coloured soldiers, who cheerfully accept very modest pay, should secure the route between the East and West by furnishing garrisons to the naval bases east of Suez. As long as we hold Egypt—and there is no more vital position on the whole line of communication to the East than the entrance of the Suez Canal—India can greatly assist the Navy by co-operating in the defence of the isthmus, and thus securing a safe passage for our ships from the Mediterranean to the East and *vice versa*.

Our South African possessions must needs devote their energies for some time to come to making good the ravages caused by war. But in course of time, as their resources are developed, they will naturally contribute to the sea-power of the Empire. At first this contribution will be a monetary one; but later on the Cape may become an extensive repairing-station for the ships which guard the alternative route to the East and Australasia. Hitherto the United Kingdom has provided all the sea forces for the defence of an enormously extensive Empire, but signs are not wanting that this unequal state of affairs cannot long continue. The eleven millions in the Colonies will certainly be fifteen millions within the next

ten years, and it cannot possibly be supposed that this large number of highly civilised people, inhabiting regions which must needs be coveted by more than one sea-Power, can much longer remain exempt from the common burden that rests upon the whole civilised world—namely, the sacrifice of ease, time, and money in peace-time, and their lives in time of war—in order to safeguard their country, their country's trade, and their fellow-subjects' well-being. If they continue to belong to the British Empire, their burdens will certainly be lighter than if they secede from it; so that even if there was no sentiment in the matter, there is the strongest reason, namely, that of self-interest, making it desirable for them to look the facts of war fully in the face, and to prepare during peace for the part they intend to play.

If the sea defence of the British Empire be considered, it will be at once clear that an immensely long line has to be defended, extending from Canada and the West Indies to Great Britain, and thence through the Mediterranean or round the Cape to India, Australasia, and Hong-kong. At the western extremity of this line we have the Dominion of Canada. At present, notwithstanding that five millions of a vigorous stock people the Dominion, and that their loyalty to the Empire is undoubted, this great principality is a dead drag as regards the Empire's sea-power in the Atlantic. Not a cent is de-

voted to the provision of fighting ships, so that, so far as the Dominion is concerned, there is nothing to prevent a raiding squadron from occupying almost any of the ports and inlets on either the Atlantic or Pacific coast, and thence making their cruises to attack the trade on which the prosperity of the Dominion mainly depends. Immediately this occurred there would be a vehement call on the United Kingdom to hunt down the raiders, or at least to drive them away; and however much Canada was willing to spend after war had broken out, no new ships would be procurable for two years or so, during all which time the Canadian seas would be at the mercy of that sea-Power that held the ascendancy in the Atlantic or Pacific. Whether or not the Empire can maintain that ascendancy will depend on the efforts of all its citizens; but it is naturally more the business of those living on the shores that are threatened than of those in the Eastern hemisphere. That Canada could be indifferent in a struggle for the command of the sea over which her trade is carried seems impossible, and yet we have the extraordinary fact that she takes no part whatever in the preparations that are being made by every nation that has ports looking on the Atlantic or Pacific. In the ports of the United States, France, Germany, Russia, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, there are at present eighty good-sized men-of-

war building, to say nothing of an equal number of torpedo craft, the total cost of which may be estimated at about 75 millions; whilst the United Kingdom has on hand for the service of the Empire some forty ships and forty torpedo craft, worth 40 millions. All the seamen in France and Germany and a very large proportion in all the other European countries named are pledged in war to give their lives in their country's service. Moreover, these enrolled men have been trained for years to fit them for their part in war, their pay whilst serving being less than half of that which a Canadian seaman bargains for.

All this preparation and self-sacrifice is an essential part of the struggle for the command of the sea which goes on in peace-time. And on all this Canada looks apparently quite unconcerned. It is a high and notable testimony to the absolute childlike trust that the great Dominion has in the mother country. Childlike she does not look forward, and does not consider the burden that she is throwing upon the shoulders of the somewhat overweighted parent, who is indeed ready to devote all her powers to the protection of the family. Perhaps the simile of an infant clinging to its mother's apron-strings may be considered inapposite, or even somewhat derogatory. But deeds and not words are what carry weight in time of war, or in a peace which includes preparations for war. And in these war-preparations Canada, so

far from arming like a lusty youth ready to take his stand with the warriors, is content to sit in the house with the women, whilst the stuff is protected by the still hale parent from across the sea. There was a time when the land frontier of Canada was the main source of anxiety, and it was considered that if attacks from this quarter could be met, all would be well. But the rise of the sea-power of Canada's great neighbour places her face to face with another disturbing factor. In the great struggle between North and South the influence of the Northern sea-power in conquering and subduing the South was enormous, if not decisive. Canada is far more dependent on sea-power for the integrity of her position than she was fifteen years ago, and it appears absolutely inevitable that she must presently realise the obvious inference that she cannot maintain her self-respect unless she contributes to the Empire's sea-power. The very fact of her present feeling of indifference is at any rate an evidence of her loyalty to the flag. For if there was the least idea of joining the United States, it would be at once apparent that she could not be received under the stars and stripes without taking her fair share of the burden of maintaining the necessary fleet, which, indeed, would require to be increased with the increase of responsibility which such a large accession to the Union would bring with it.

I do not undertake to fore-

cast as to how the awakening of the Colonies to their position and responsibilities is to be effected, or how the Parliament of the Empire is to be formed in which the administrators of the United Kingdom can take council with those from other parts of the Empire; but with the great mass of our fellow-countrymen I can heartily indorse the eloquent words of the greatest of Colonial Secretaries when addressing the Prime Ministers of the self-governing Colonies: "Gentlemen, we do want your aid. . . . If you are prepared at any time to take any share, any proportionate share, in the burdens of the Empire, we are prepared to meet you with any proposal for giving to you a corresponding voice in the policy of the Empire."

In war the policy to be adopted must needs be greatly affected by the Colonies, their position, their strength or weakness, and more still by the preparations they have made or neglected to make. In the West, as we have seen, ships are being hurried forward, money is being lavishly poured out, men are being trained in hundreds of thousands. Every principality, from the great German nation to little Denmark, is feverishly busy in improving their resources in fighting ships and fighting seamen. Canada alone seems to stand aloof. What is the meaning of this? Must our plans be made as if nothing is to be expected of her. Must "the weary Titan continue to bear his burden alone"? One

way or the other, this question must be answered. It does not do to hesitate in war, and at present we must assume that no help can be immediately available from across the Atlantic; the fleet at present is that contributed by England alone, and for some time to come this state of things cannot materially be altered. But it should be explained clearly and frankly that under these circumstances Canada can scarcely expect to be placed on a par with the home country if the struggle becomes severe and something has to be abandoned. Recent developments have greatly increased the sea-power of those who may be hostile to us in the West. We hope and pray that differences may never become acute with the United States, but that differences will arise is inevitable, and our position in the West would be far stronger if Canada was equal in sea-power to Argentina, a far poorer and less resourceful State, where, moreover, there is compulsory military service, from which the Canadian is entirely exempt. Similarly in the East the great blot on the Empire's preparation for war is the condition of Australasia. She is apparently indifferent to the growing power of foreign fleets in Eastern seas, and to the responsibility which her expanding trade and increasing importance lays upon her. She too, like Canada, needs to be awakened to her true position.

It is above all things important that this awakening

should come before war is upon us. The absolutely disastrous result of waiting till the declaration of war before taking measures for defence which were of extreme urgency has been made sufficiently apparent by the Cape fiasco, and yet, both at home and the Colonies, we charm ourselves into torpor by reiterating, "Peace, peace: it is not my affair." The awakening must come, but will it come in time? That must, humanly speaking, depend on those having authority and influence in the Colonies. The enlightenment of nations must come from within.

And when the awakening has come, what then? Sea-power cannot be built up in a year. No; but we have only to look at the world around us to see many, many object-lessons, showing that a self-respecting and patriotic people has only to realise the need of sea-power, and its achievement grows apace. Argentina and Japan are excellent examples. They found that the ships of foreign States were becoming very numerous in the seas bordering their shores, and that their commerce needed protection, so they determined to make the necessary sacrifices and to build and equip a suitable force. It was impossible to build the ships at home. Chili, Greece, and even Russia have found the same; but that was no reason that they should not be built, so orders were given abroad. Concurrently with the building of the ships the training of men proceeded, the necessary instructors being

in many cases also procured from abroad, and the work progressed satisfactorily. The Colonies need not go outside the Empire to get their ships built, and their own fellow-subjects will come to them as instructors. The officers and men themselves should decidedly be Colonial from the first, so that their fellow-Colonists may realise that they indeed have a share in the Empire's sea-power.

It will be urged that any suggestion of this sort must lead to a petty local navy. The answer is, that the day of local navies has passed away. Japan's excellent fleet is composed of ships fit to go anywhere and do anything. Chili and Argentina have a number of thoroughly sea-keeping ships, equally fit for any service. There is no reason whatever that it should not be the ideal of a smart Canadian ship to demonstrate her smartness and efficiency in the Channel Squadron, whilst the latest Australian battleship would in the Mediterranean or China make it clear that the Australians were as good at preparation for war as they are at cricket or racing. If we have to wait until there is a Feder-

ated Imperial Parliament, the Empire may go into the next war with a quarter of its best citizens paralysed and incapable, owing to atrophy of their naturally splendid fighting qualities. Once get our fellow-subjects to sea in good ships of their own providing, and difficulties of command and jurisdiction will be smoothed away. We had Portuguese ships doing good service under Nelson in the Mediterranean, and our own fellow-subjects will equally render prompt and willing obedience to a capable commander-in-chief. This will assist the politicians to frame their constitution, and will facilitate the necessary arrangements for giving all the citizens of our great Empire their fair share in its maintenance, defence, and administration. A maritime war may make or mar the Empire: the former is far more likely to occur if the Colonists, immediately war breaks out, are not only able to contribute enthusiasm and patriotism, but first-class ships manned by highly trained crews, as their natural and proper contribution to the sea-power of the Empire.

ACTIVE LIST.

MR CHAMBERLAIN'S TARIFF.

MR CHAMBERLAIN has spoken straight to the heart of the Empire, and his opponents have so far answered him mainly with "pop-guns." Friend and foe acknowledge that his four speeches, at Glasgow, Greenock, Newcastle, and Tynemouth, were epoch-making. The first of the series not only rekindled all the imperial emotions to which he appealed so effectively at Birmingham five months ago, but it took a long step in advance, and gratified the practical instincts of a Scottish audience with a definite scheme for a new departure. In other words, Mr Chamberlain sketched out the new tariff which he would adopt as the basis of his operations.

This "sketch tariff" looks very simple on the surface, and its simplicity has proved a manifest disappointment to its critics. It needs to be minutely examined in order to perceive how cleverly it has been constructed from Mr Chamberlain's point of view. His overruling thought has been to obtain for the colonies all the vantage-ground that our import trade can furnish. He has aimed at getting for them every possible benefit, not only from the new duties to be imposed, but from the existing duties to be remitted. At first blush even a tariff expert might be puzzled to say whether the colonies would gain most by the preferences proposed on corn and meat or by the remissions on tea, sugar, and coffee.

Mr Chamberlain has not forgotten, and evidently he never will forget, that in this matter he holds a special brief for the colonies. He does not pretend that he can invent a customs duty which will benefit the colonial producer and the home consumer at the same time. But he believes in, and we think he will be able to prove, the possibility of framing a tariff of which one section will encourage colonial trade and another section will encourage home trade. His argument in effect is, "Let us make certain concessions to the colonies on their staple produce, and recoup ourselves by new taxes on foreign manufactured imports." Then he shows how liberal and valuable such concessions to the colonies might be made, without entailing any material sacrifice on taxpayers at home.

It will be observed that this is an issue by itself, which might be discussed and decided altogether apart from retaliation. It might, if we wished, be treated as a purely colonial question, though of course it is not likely to be. The compensation of a 10 per cent *ad valorem* duty on foreign manufactures might be imposed as a matter of business, without giving any foreign country ground for a word of complaint. It would warrant no threats of retaliation from Governments which already tax British manufactures to the tune of 40, 50, 60, and 80 per cent *ad valorem*. If retaliation

tion were to become necessary at a later stage, it would require much more than a 10 per cent duty to render it of much effect. And the colonies need not be concerned in it at all, for their special concessions would be safe in any case.

With calm contempt for the squealing of the free-traders about the little loaf, Mr Chamberlain adheres to his corn-tax, but it is to be limited to the insignificant rate of 2s. per quarter. Moreover, he makes an important exception in the case of maize, a food-stuff not grown commercially in this country, but of great value for fattening cattle and pigs. It may very properly be treated as a raw material of the beef-growing industry. Flour would of course have to bear a corresponding tax, which for two special reasons might be made even higher in proportion than the corn duty. Not only would it, as Mr Chamberlain observed, help to re-establish the ancient industry of flour-milling, but the offals or millers' refuse would be another incidental advantage to the farmer. This fact was strongly impressed on the late Chancellor of the Exchequer when he pettishly swept away the 1s. corn duty. He was begged to leave flour alone, even if the corn duty had to go, but, with the narrow-mindedness of a "convinced free-trader," he had to be consistent, at whatever expense to an important industry.

The second item of Mr Chamberlain's tariff scheme—the 5 per cent *ad valorem* duty on foreign meat and dairy produce—says even more for his cour-

age than the first. The free-traders had challenged him specially on this point. They had taunted him with inconsistency in taxing foreign corn and letting meat come in free. But here also he has dared to be thorough. He has studied the subject too carefully not to have discovered that foreign meat and dairy produce afford a wider basis for preferential treatment of the colonies than any other colonial export. The colonies differ greatly in their production of cereals, but nearly all of them are meat-growers, or can be made so in a comparatively short time. Canada, Australia, and New Zealand would at once benefit substantially by a preferential duty on meat, while South Africa, if not already a cattle country, is destined to become so.

To the generally expected items Mr Chamberlain has added two which had not been thought of beforehand—colonial wines and fruits. Very probably in including them he had South Africa and Australia specially in view. During his recent tour in South Africa he must have been deeply impressed with the boundless possibilities of its wine and fruit industries. If in our *laissez faire* days, when everything colonial was sneered at, from colonial bishops to colonial port, these industries had received a little more encouragement, there might to-day be half a dozen prosperous Charentes and Girondes in Cape Colony alone. As for Australia, it could in a comparatively short time grow wine enough for the world's consumption.

But it would require to be treated differently to what it was when Mr Gladstone flooded the British market with shilling clarets from across the Channel, but maintained the half-crown per gallon duty on the much more wholesome and nutritious wines of our own colonies.

This first suggestion of a preferential duty in favour of colonial wine comes late in the day, but if it did nothing else than efface the memory of the anti-colonial preference given to French wines in 1860 it would be a wise and statesmanlike concession. For its moral effect alone it should be welcomed. But it ought to have some practical effect as well. The colonies have done their share toward supplying us with wholesome wines at moderate prices. They have for many years past had special agencies among us pushing their best known vintages, and though the results may not be commensurate with their energy, still they are making headway. Their share of the $15\frac{1}{2}$ million gallons of wine we import annually is now close on a million gallons. Ten years ago that would have been thought an immense sale, but a moderate preference such as Mr Chamberlain suggests may easily double or treble it in the next five years.

Mr Chamberlain entered into no details as to how he would carry out the colonial preference on wine and fruit. He did not even say whether or not he would alter the existing scale of duties on foreign wines. It is very moderate, and would

easily bear a little screwing up. Light wines—namely, those under 30° of proof spirit—pay only 1s. 3d. per gallon. But between 30° and 42° the rate is 3s. per gallon—a rather violent jump. A fair proportion of colonial wines, we understand, are light enough to enter under the minimum duty, but the kind which should be most encouraged are over 30° when they reach our Custom-House, and have to pay the 3s. rate.

Among Mr Chamberlain's critics there was at first a tendency to sneer at colonial fruits as an element in imperial reciprocity. Another case of "jam and pickles," some of them suggested. But it may surprise them to learn how much the United Kingdom spends yearly on imported fruit. Our bill for green fruit last year (1902) was £9,308,000, and the gross weight recorded at the Custom-House was 14,045,000 cwt. For dried fruit the respective totals were £2,428,000 and 1,791,000 cwt. Here is an import trade of nearly 12 millions sterling a-year which our tropical and semi-tropical colonies are well adapted for, and in which it would be easy to give them a substantial preference. Only dried fruit is at present taxed (currants, 2s. per cwt.; figs, plums, prunes, and raisins, 7s. per cwt.) Very moderate duties on green fruit from foreign sources, with exemption for the corresponding colonial products, would be a further encouragement to the fruit-growing sections of the Empire. It might require a good deal of negotiation with the colonies

affected, but they will be ready for business if we approach them in a business spirit.

For the present, however, colonial wines and fruits are only provisional items in the proposed tariff. The preferential duties on them cannot yet be worked out, as the duties on foreign meat and bread-stuffs may be. It is easy enough to calculate what the 2s. per quarter on foreign corn (excluding maize) and the 5 per cent *ad valorem* duty on foreign meat and dairy produce would bring into the Exchequer. The former would be equivalent to

6d. per cwt. on corn and 10d. per cwt. on flour, or exactly double the rates which the late Chancellor of the Exchequer threw away last April. Last year's importation of the six principal grains that would be taxed (wheat, barley, oats, peas, beans, and rice) amounted to 132 million cwt. (see table below), of which 103 million cwt. were of foreign origin and less than 29 million cwt. were colonial. Imported flour was entered at 17½ million cwt. foreign and 1,943,000 cwt. colonial—total, 19½ million cwt.

A.—IMPORTED BREAD-STUFFS, 1902.

	Total. cwt.	Colonial. cwt.	Foreign. cwt.
Wheat . .	80,925,886	22,687,178	58,238,708
Barley . .	25,199,312	...	25,199,312
Oats . .	15,857,157	590,958	15,266,199
Peas . .	1,746,210	1,047,163	699,047
Beans . .	2,065,499	...	2,065,499
Rice . .	6,375,570	4,554,366	1,821,204
	<u>132,169,634</u>	<u>28,879,665</u>	<u>103,289,969</u>
Flour . .	<u>19,478,199</u>	<u>1,943,214</u>	<u>17,534,985</u>

Some odd mistakes have been made in calculating the probable yield of the 2s. duty on the above imports. Rice has generally been omitted, though it would of course be dutiable also.¹ It will be found in the list of grains liable to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's 1s. duty. Flour, again, has been counted simply as wheat, whereas it should be rated at nearly double. Then the 2s. per quarter has been taken literally instead of the rate per cwt.,

which would be the legal form employed. In the tariff of 1902 (see Statistical Abstract for the United Kingdom, 1888-1902, p. 28) the duty on wheat, barley, oats, rye, buckwheat, rice, &c., was 3d. per cwt., and on flour or meal from any of these grains 5d. per cwt. Maize, which Mr Chamberlain exempts, was charged 1½d. per cwt., and maize-meal 2½d. per cwt. Mr Chamberlain's 2s. duty would be exactly double last year's rates—namely, 6d.

¹ Mr Chamberlain in reply to an inquiry has explicitly stated that the 2s. duty would apply to all grains except maize.

per cwt. for grain and 10d. per cwt. for flour and meal. The yield on 103,290,000 cwt. of foreign grain at 6d. would be £2,532,249, and on 17,534,985 cwt. of flour at 10d., £730,624; total, £3,262,873.

Foreign meat and dairy pro-

duce would yield on a 5 per cwt. *ad valorem* duty another 3 millions (see Tables B and C), making altogether about 6½ millions sterling of new food taxes, to be counterbalanced by remissions of food taxes already in operation.

B.—MEAT IMPORTS (1902), BACON AND HAMS EXCLUDED.

	Total.	Colonial.	Foreign.
Live animals . . .	£8,269,175	£1,756,553	£6,512,622
Beef, fresh . . .	7,905,144	533,115	7,372,029
" salted . . .	244,002	...	244,002
Mutton, fresh . . .	6,914,911	3,762,290	3,152,621
Pork, fresh . . .	1,446,145	...	1,446,145
" salted . . .	305,587	...	305,587
Meat, preserved . . .	2,785,529	...	2,785,529
" unenumerated . . .	1,199,140	...	1,199,140
Rabbits . . .	734,326	420,127	314,199
Fish, canned . . .	3,548,576	1,252,666	2,295,910
Poultry and game . . .	1,059,060	...	1,059,060
Lard . . .	4,118,990	...	4,118,990
	<u>£38,530,585</u>	<u>£7,724,751</u>	<u>£30,805,834</u>

C.—IMPORTED DAIRY PRODUCE, 1902.*

	Total.	Colonial.	Foreign.
Butter . . .	£20,527,934	£2,531,149	£17,996,785
Cheese . . .	6,412,420	4,433,393	1,979,027
Eggs . . .	6,299,934	209,316	6,090,618
Margarine . . .	2,569,453	...	2,569,453
	<u>£35,809,741</u>	<u>£7,173,858</u>	<u>£28,635,883</u>

* Further details as to the sources of our imported food-stuffs, the foreign and colonial supplies respectively, and the annual consumption per head of the population will be found in supplementary tables in the Appendix.

The estimates which appeared in the daily press have invariably omitted margarine. Probably the writers were uncertain whether to treat it as a dairy product or a manufactured article. For choice it ought

perhaps to figure in the 10 per cent list, but we have admitted it provisionally among dairy products. The yields of the duties on foreign grain, meat, and dairy produce may now be summed up thus:—

Foreign grain	cwt.	103,289,969	6d.	£2,532,249
" flour . . .	"	17,534,985	10d.	730,624
" meat	<u>£30,805,834</u>		
" dairy produce	28,635,883		
		<u>£59,441,717</u>	5%	2,972,085
				<u>£6,234,958</u>

The above £6,234,958 would be the maximum amount of new food duties that could be levied, with our imports on their present basis. In reality they would never reach that level, as from the outset the duty-free colonial produce would be sure to gain at the expense of the dutiable foreign produce. That there is ample scope for the colonies to increase their share of our food-supply may be seen in every line of the above tables. They furnish exactly a tenth of our imported flour and not much more than a fifth of our imported grain. Of our meat imports their share is again only a fifth, and it is limited to five out of twelve staple articles. The other seven are left entirely to the foreigner.

In dairy produce the colonies have of late begun to make a rather better show. They now control fully two-thirds of our cheese-supply; but in butter they are still far behind the foreigner. Their share in 1902 was only one-eighth of the whole.

But the chance which even these very moderate preferential duties would give the colonies should soon alter their position. They ought in a comparatively few years to become our principal meat and grain purveyors. As their supplies increased and those of foreign growers decreased, Mr Chamberlain's food taxes would gradually diminish. But to start with, they would be more than counterbalanced by the following remissions of existing taxes:—

FOOD TAXES TO BE REDUCED.

Tea duty	£6,361,017	
Of which three-fourths to be remitted		£4,770,763
Sugar	£5,064,097	
Cocoa	259,207	
Coffee	205,673	
	<u>£5,528,977</u>	
Of which one-half to be remitted		2,764,489
Total reductions		<u>£7,535,252</u>

If we strike a balance of the above new duties on the one hand and the reductions on the other, we shall find that, instead of paying anything for preferential trade with the colonies, we should as taxpayers save by it about $1\frac{1}{4}$ million sterling. Conversely, the Treasury would lose that much, but Mr Chamberlain, in order to allow for the inevitable decrease of foreign food imports, estimates the deficit at £2,800,000.

This he would meet by a 10 per cent average *ad valorem* duty on manufactured imports, which he under-estimates at 9 millions sterling. Our manufactured imports in 1903 are likely to exceed 100 millions sterling, and a 10 per cent duty on them would yield at least 10 millions. The ultimate result of the whole operation would be a surplus of $6\frac{1}{4}$ millions sterling for further remissions of taxation. It

ought to be rounded off with a drastic reduction of public expenditure, beginning in the first year with 5 millions sterling. This added to the 6½ millions would make over 11 millions of a surplus — just enough for another 4d. off the income-tax!

It is not, however, the income-tax payers alone who might benefit by Mr Chamberlain's programme. All the remissions he proposes would at the same time afford so much relief to hard-pressed Indian and colonial industries. The 4d. per pound off tea would be the most substantial boon India has received from the Imperial Legislature for many years. Some of Mr Chamberlain's opponents have during this controversy been lavish of verbal sympathy with India. They have been dreadfully afraid lest she should be made a scapegoat for Mr Chamberlain's sins; but she will know how to choose between a friendship which saddled her with nearly 5 millions sterling of additional tea-duty and one which promises to take that 5 millions off.

Nor are Mr Chamberlain's special *protégés* in the West Indies overlooked. To the substantial benefits he has already bestowed on them he would add a relief of over 2½ millions sterling on the sugar duty. In the elaboration of his scheme, his skill and earnestness are most conclusively proved by the colonial colour given to every item in it. At every step he shows himself the champion of the colonies. Such a persistent devotion to their interests as was never

heard of before in Downing Street could not possibly fail to win their gratitude and their confidence.

The North of England speeches were less prominently colonial than the Scottish ones. Or, rather, we might say that they seemed less colonial because Mr Chamberlain presented the question more from the home side. He addressed himself to the home taxpayers, especially to the working men, and assured them that in making the concessions he advocated to the colonies they would be acting in their own interest as well. They were not being asked for gratuitous sacrifices or for one-sided preferences. Our best markets now, he said, are our colonial markets. "Our whole prosperity is based on our increasing colonial trade." The plan he proposed for the development of that trade would be worth paying for if necessary, but he believed in his heart that in the end it would cost us nothing. He was not asking for more taxation, but for a transfer of taxation from one article to another. The budget of the working men would not be increased by a single farthing.

Direct proof of this contention of Mr Chamberlain will be found in the tables illustrative of his tariff which follow this article. We direct special attention to the last table but one, which gives the quantities per head of the principal foods imported in 1902, the respective proportions of foreign and colonial, and the amount of duty per head on each class of

imported food proposed to be taxed. It will be seen that the aggregate of the new duties is 3s. per annum, while the aggregate of the duties to be remitted is 4s. per annum. The net result would be a saving to the taxpayers of one shilling per head per annum. From the food argument Mr Chamberlain passed naturally to the more important question of work. He gave to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's twelve millions on the verge of hunger their true significance, in declaring that they were not underfed because of corn taxes or any other taxes, but because they have not got enough of employment.

Mr Chamberlain does well to keep this part of the issue constantly before the working men, who, as we pointed out last month, are to be the final arbiters of his policy. With the British working classes on one side of him and the colonies on the other—including India—he is bound to win the day. Between them they will decide that the empire is to be maintained and consolidated. Neither of them will in the end refuse to pay the price when they realise what the ultimate gain is to be. Every new speech of Mr Chamberlain impresses on them more clearly the grandeur of the object in view and the smallness of the sacrifice required to attain it.

India has been a sad stumbling-block to many fiscal inquirers, but not to Mr Chamberlain. His handling of the tea-duty scandal contrasts vividly with the treatment it received from certain friends of

India when they were in office. On both sides very hazy ideas as to the commercial relations of our great Eastern dependency have been exhibited. Perhaps the most remarkable of them all are to be found in Lord George Hamilton's letter of resignation on retiring from the Secretaryship of India. With amusing forgetfulness of how, while in the Cabinet, he submitted without a protest to two successive increases of the duty on Indian tea, as well as of the fact that Indian tea is now the most heavily rated article in the British tariff, Lord George protested that his conscience would not allow him to expose India to the risk of being retaliated against by foreign countries who might find themselves hit by Mr Chamberlain's scheme! This late-born concern for Indian trade, which again figured in his speech last week at Ealing, is not only inconsistent with his official record, but it does not square with the facts of the case.

During the fiscal debates in Parliament last summer an ex-Viceroy of India, Lord Northbrook, made a rather effective use of this same bogey, so it may be worth examining. It proceeds on the assumption that all the foreign countries in the world might declare fiscal war not only against us but against the whole British Empire if we returned to preferential duties. As a matter of fact, there are less than a dozen countries which would be seriously affected by any conceivable change in our tariff. Our trade with the others is

too small to be worth fighting about on either side. The "hostile-tariff" countries are a comparatively small group, embracing Germany, France, Russia, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Spain, Belgium, the United States, and one or two of the South American Republics. These are the only countries that could be much hurt by retaliation on our part, and which would consequently have any excuse for retaliating either on us or on India or the colonies. The total exports of India in 1902 were valued at 1212 million rupees, and the respective shares of the above group were as follows:—

	In million rupees.
Germany	101·6
France	88·7
United States . . .	83·6
Belgium	47·1
Italy	29·1
Austria-Hungary . .	23·7
Spain	4·1
Russia	2·1
Total	<hr/> 380·0 <hr/>

The eight countries from which alone is there the slightest fear of retaliation against India take, it will be seen, less than one-third of the total exports of Indian produce. The United Kingdom itself takes very nearly as much (304 million rupees), and the purchases of the British Empire as a whole amount to 445 million rupees a-year. So much for the suggestion that India is in a special degree dependent on foreign markets. If we examine the principal exports of India, we shall find still stronger proof that Lord George Hamilton's fears are imaginary. For

the most part they consist of commodities which the consuming countries are as eager to get as the producing countries are to supply them.

STAPLE EXPORTS OF INDIA, 1902.

	In million rupees.
Total exports . . .	1212
Rice	139·2
Wheat	32·5
Tea	81·5
Coffee	12·5
Spices	7·4
Oils	6·9
Opium	85·2
Cotton, raw	144·2
Jutes, "	117·9
Seeds, chiefly oil . .	167·7
Hides and skins . . .	82·3
Indigo	18·5
Lac	9·6
Wood	8·9
Wool, raw	7·9
Silk	6·6
	<hr/> 928·8 <hr/>

More than three-fourths of the Indian produce exported consists of food-stuffs and raw materials. The latter alone amount to 538 million rupees, or nearly half of the total 1212 millions. If any hostile-tariff country is to retaliate on them, it will be hurting itself a great deal more than it can hurt India. As for Lord George Hamilton's second argument, that Indian exports "are of such a character and volume as to be beyond the normal demands of the British Empire," would he be pleased to point out the particular export which the British Empire does not furnish an adequate market for? Is it the raw cotton, the jute, the wool, the wheat, or the oil-seeds?

Mr Chamberlain can count on India with much better

right than those who are posing as India's champions against him. The "convinced free-traders" have never been happy in their Indian relations. Their 120 per cent duty on tea was not the first illustration they gave in that quarter of their peculiar ideas of justice and fairness. Years ago they had a difficulty with India about cotton duties. The most convinced free-traders in the United Kingdom are Cobden's old friends—and Mr Morley's—the cotton-spinners of Lancashire. Quite lately they proved the vigour of their free-trade doctrines by promptly declaring against fiscal change of any kind. In these matters they claim not only freedom for themselves, but freedom to dictate to India how she shall conduct her fiscal affairs. When she imposed a modest *ad valorem* duty of five per cent on imported cottons, they insisted on the Imperial Government vetoing it. When the Imperial Government demurred, they forced it into a compromise, under which India had to counterbalance its import duty with a corresponding excise duty on the output of its own mills! That is fiscal freedom as understood and enforced at the present day in Lancashire. But since Mr Chamberlain published his preferential tariff, India may say that almost for the first time under British rule her commercial rights have been frankly recognised.

Before Mr John Morley paid his latest visit to Manchester we had been accustomed to think of the Lancashire people as exceptionally shrewd, but it

appears that they are also very simple-minded. So is Mr Morley himself for that matter when he gets into his best Cobden vein. His speech in the historic Free Trade Hall was one of the most self-complacent and ingenuous contributions that have been made to the fiscal discussion. Not only was its reasoning of the homeliest sort, but its constitutional history was very weak—as weak almost as Mr Andrew Carnegie's, which is putting it on the lowest conceivable level.

A short time ago Mr Carnegie, in his patronising way, warned this poor old country not to offend the Americans, or they might at once shut off our chief supplies of raw material by putting export duties on them. But some unextinguished Englishman had spirit enough to call Mr Carnegie's attention to a clause in the constitution of the United States which forbids export duties of any kind. Will it be believed that Mr Morley, who might have been expected to know by heart the classical work of his friend Dr Bryce, has tripped over these same export duties? He has come even a worse cropper over them than Mr Carnegie did, for one of his strongest arguments against Mr Chamberlain was based on this mare's nest! "Suppose," he said, "the Americans, indignant at your retaliation policy, put a farthing a pound, or a half-penny a pound, upon your raw cotton?" We leave the "supposing" on this difficult point to Mr Morley's friend Dr Bryce. Mr Morley, in well-feigned innocence—or perhaps

it was real?—asked, “What is wrong with 1846?” We respectfully reply that there is nothing particularly wrong with 1846, except that from an economic point of view it is dead and buried, and we are living now in 1903.

Is there no difference between 1846 and 1903 which even the simple mind of “Honest John” has not been able to perceive? Have we not during the past month or two heard something about a crisis in the Lancashire cotton trade? Was it a protectionist slander that mills had been closed and other mills put on short time, that thousands of mill hands were out of work, and that acute distress prevailed in the principal cotton centres? Mr Morley must have heard at least a faint echo of these distressing facts, for in the course of his speech at Manchester he alluded in a casual way to “the difficult time and cloudy time through which Lancashire was now passing.” Then he proceeded to show that he had not alluded to the “cloud” for the purpose of expressing sympathy with its victims, or of inquiring into its causes, but in order to be able to defy “any one in this hall, or out of this hall, to tell him that it was due to free trade.”

No one has ever said it was due to free trade, but surprise has been expressed more than once that such calamities should be possible under a free trade régime, whose special boast it is to give workers of all classes the maximum of happiness and comfort. Cotton

famine or semi-famine is no rarity in the history of Lancashire. It has happened again and again since 1846. It may occur again next year or the year after. Over half a million of “workers,” and three or four times as many dependants, draw their daily bread from the cotton-mills, and the “cloud” which Mr Morley referred to so casually means to most of them semi-starvation. Whatever they may call themselves—free-traders, Cobdenites, Old Englanders—the mill-owners who have gathered around them these millions of people owe them a duty as employers and fellow-citizens. There is an implied contract with them that reasonable diligence, energy, and foresight will be used to provide them with continuous employment.

The chief requisites of continuous employment are ample and reliable supplies of raw material. If free trade were the alpha and omega of economics, and if free-traders possessed, as they seem to think, the master-secret of commercial success, why these periodical famines in the most rabidly free county in the United Kingdom? No protectionist régime could possibly have reduced Lancashire to a more dangerous and humiliating dependence not only on foreign cotton-growers but on foreign speculators than she occupies at this moment after sixty years of *laissez faire*. But not a shadow of self-reproach on that score seems to have crossed either Mr Morley's own mind or that of his audience at the Free Trade Hall!

Cotton famines are simply "clouds" on the Cobden horizon! Any suggestion of a sounder and farther-sighted policy is "tariff Jingoism, the backwash of the war." There must not be even a whisper of retaliation, or indignant Americans may in defiance of their constitution clap an export duty on cotton! These periodically pinched mill-workers of Lancashire must be simpler even than Mr Morley takes them to be if they can be satisfied with "backwash" like that. Mr Morley had nothing else to give them: not a statement or an argument to throw any light on their "difficult and cloudy time." He was a "convinced free-trader of 1846,"—only this and nothing more!

The self-governing colonies have not as yet made any formal replies to the preferential tariff, but Mr Chamberlain was justified in the proud boast he made at Tynemouth: "The colonies are with me almost to a man." If he has not already received their mandate, he has no doubt about it. South Africa had so much confidence in him and Lord Milner that she committed herself beforehand to his entire fiscal policy. The question is virtually settled so far as the South African colonies are concerned. Allowing for the difficult position in which their own fiscal conflicts placed them, the Australians have also responded well. The most advanced leaders of native industry have combined with free-traders in reciprocating Mr Chamberlain's overtures. Friendly and unfriendly journals alike have

borne testimony to that surprising fact.

One of the most vehement anti-Chamberlain dailies published alongside the report of his Glasgow speech a cable from its Melbourne correspondent informing it that "the sentiment in favour of reciprocity within the Empire has been growing in the past few days to an extent which will have a material effect upon the Federal elections." As a specimen of the popular feeling, he quoted some strong remarks that had been made by Mr Kingston, the ex-Minister of Customs, in addressing a labour meeting at Geelong.

"Let the colonies," said Mr Kingston, "receive the outstretched hand with warmth and cordiality, but at the same time Australia must be mindful of her own. . . . We had proved our right to be called Britishers, and in commerce as in war we would hold out the right hand to England, but let us not reduce the tariff which was necessary for our existence. . . . As for the free-trade policy of cheap! cheap! cheap! no matter where it came from,—Hindoo, Hottentot, or Chinese,—away with it!"

Canada is at present in an even more peculiar position than Australia on the fiscal question. The Laurier party came into power on a free-trade platform, which they have had to modify from time to time to meet current exigencies. In other words, they have had to be opportunists on fiscal questions. Their proceedings have therefore to be judged from a free-trade standpoint, and it is hardly an injustice to Sir Wilfrid Laurier to suggest that his voluntary concessions

to the mother country of tariff rebates were partly intended for moral effect at home. When the Conservatives return to power, as they no doubt will in the ordinary course of political events, they will have a freer hand to offer to Mr Chamberlain. Their leaders, Sir Charles Tupper and Mr Borden, have already thrown themselves into the Imperial trade movement with characteristic energy. Mr Borden's comment on the Chamberlain tariff was that "no measure short of mutual preferential trade could be considered final or satisfactory."

Canada is all right as far as political sentiment goes, but there is another and more powerful factor in the case. A rival suitor is in the field, and has been for years. Canada has the choice of two kinds of reciprocity—Imperial and American. If the Americans had foreseen the rise of a British statesman of Mr Chamberlain's stamp, they would not have played fast and loose with Canadian reciprocity. They would have arranged it years ago, on terms satisfactory to the Canadians. Since Mr Chamberlain opened his campaign they have become very much afraid he may forestall them, and an agitation is again on foot for renewing the reciprocity negotiations. An American paper of recent date gives some rather remarkable examples of its rapid spread. It is said to be a live issue in the Middle West, and to be gaining many adherents in New England. "The Middle West," says the writer, "is ready for almost anything that will bring

about a freer trade with Canada. Trade between Canada and the United States should be absolutely free; but so long as our politicians stand in the way of a condition so desirable, we are ready to accept a reciprocity arrangement as the next best thing."

Ten years ago American editors talked in a very different and less respectful strain of Canada. They regarded her as a big apple, which had to fall into Uncle Sam's mouth as soon as it was ripe. There might have been some ground then for the alarm of the Little Englanders about giving offence to the great Republic. Mr Ritchie would have met with more sympathy from his constituents then than he got the other night for his declaration that "the one thing which this country should desire to guard against, and would regret almost more than anything I can imagine, is that we should give the United States any ground for raising anything like resentment on their part against us." But to-day such exaggerated prostration before the American eagle can only excite ridicule, and nowhere will the ridicule be more pungent than in Canada itself.

Canada to-day is mistress of her own destiny, as she never hoped to be in the pre-Chamberlain days, when Downing Street was a soulless suzerain to her. She is no longer shut up to the alternatives of Anglicanism or Americanism. She can carve out a career for herself, and is doing it, to the no small envy of the same Americans who till the other day

pitied her for her British torpor. The Canadians of to-day are "live men," and "live men" will be required in Downing Street to deal with them. The personal equation has become of much greater importance on both sides than the dry statistical equation.

Might we ask Mr Ritchie how it happens that Lord Strathcona, Lord Mount-Stephen, Sir William Van Horne, and the other strenuous Canadians who have opened up the great North-West and given the Empire new provinces there, all rally round Mr Chamberlain? Is it not because they find in him a man after their own heart—an empire-builder of their own breed? Is it strange that they should be more drawn to him than to Little Englanders? They do not talk with bated breath about the danger of "raising anything like resentment against us" in the United States. Neither does Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Liberal and free-trader though he be. He has the courage of true statesmanship, and no man has done more to make the Canadians feel that they are a nation with a future of their own, which need be neither British nor American, unless they so choose.

We, on our side, require statesmen of the same mould—men who dare to think and to say that the British Empire is to be in future what the British people at home and abroad choose to make it: not what Americans or Germans or any other foreigners may frighten us into making it. Mr Chamberlain gave the right answer

at Greenock to that sort of Little Englandism. With withering contempt he dismissed it as "a craven argument." Had Englishmen listened to it in the days of Wolfe and Lord Chatham, there would have been no British Canada to-day. If we listen to it, there may be no British Canada twenty years hence.

Thus we come to the ultimate question, How do the British people stand to-day on the issue which Mr Chamberlain has put before them? The issue is now before them in black and white. Mr Chamberlain has not only defined his policy, but he has worked it out in detail, and framed a "sketch tariff," as he termed it, to show exactly what changes in our fiscal system it might involve. With a lucidity and precision never before approached in a great national discussion, he has marked out his ground. Nothing remains to be added to his main principles. All are now open to the attacks of his opponents. From ex-Ministers to trade-union leaders they may come one, come all, and he will be ready to meet them.

These four memorable speeches have given every one of us cause to "think furiously." They were in the largest sense an inquest of the nation. They did not present the case against free imports in sections, as most of Mr Chamberlain's predecessors in the same field have hitherto done. They stated it fully and comprehensively, including in the indictment all our staple industries. Mr Chamberlain did not even over-

look the greatest and oldest industry of all, which no free-importer would ever mention if he could avoid it. He dared to speak to a city audience of our ruined agriculture—the chief skeleton in the Cobden cupboard. But his critics have of course carefully avoided that allusion. The soil of the country is the last thing that people will concern themselves about nowadays. They take far more interest in income-tax assessments, the excess of our imports over our exports, and other statistical conundrums which even experts get muddled over, than in the untilled fields and ruined cottages they see everywhere around them. The moral of the untilled fields and the ruined cottages is so plain as to need no discussion, therefore we push it on one side to make room for questions we can argue about!

Mr Chamberlain's programme has been three weeks before the public. During that time it has almost monopolised the attention of the Empire—we might with little exaggeration say of the world. What progress has been made in its discussion? As we asked before, How do the British people stand to-day on the great issue it has raised? The most important of those on whose judgment it must stand or fall have placed their verdicts beyond doubt. It has been emphatically indorsed by the Liberal Unionist party. It has been welcomed with greater or less enthusiasm by all the self-governing colonies. It has made a profound impression on the everyday public, whatever

their political bias. It has excited mingled envy, admiration, and alarm among foreign nations. It has practically extinguished the free-food cave on the Government benches. Greatest wonder of all, it has reduced the big and little loafers to deferential silence. Some of them have even dropped the little loaf, and begun to nibble at other branches of the inquiry.

All this is of course a great gain for Mr Chamberlain and his cause—greater than in his most sanguine moments he could have hoped for. But it has done almost as much for Mr Balfour and his reconstructed Cabinet. Two men above all others stood to win or lose politically by the fiscal campaign—the Prime Minister and Mr Chamberlain himself. Had it proved a fiasco at the outset, as hostile observers fondly hoped it would, they would have had to share the blame—Mr Chamberlain for forcing it on, and Mr Balfour for allowing it to be forced on. In some respects Mr Balfour's risk was the greater of the two, and his position more trying. When he found his Cabinet definitely divided upon it, he had to choose between two perils—the break up of his Government or the break up of his party. Before him there were two sinister precedents—that of Sir Robert Peel in 1846 and that of Mr Gladstone in 1886. For the sake of Corn Law repeal Sir Robert shattered his party, and for the sake of Home Rule Mr Gladstone did the same. Mr Balfour preferred

to take the other risk, and he chose rightly. He saved his party without wrecking his Government, though he came very near to it.

Now that the truth begins to leak out about the secret as well as the public difficulties he had to contend with all through last session, those who jeered and badgered him in the House of Commons ought to be the first to acknowledge the skill and patience with which he fought his way through. His original Cabinet seems to have been, fiscally speaking, a "happy family" from the start. Under any other chief it could hardly have held together for as many weeks as it lasted months. Mr Ritchie, with a superhuman lack of humour, told his constituents by way of self-defence that when the Prime Minister "did me the great honour to offer me the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer, I somewhat hesitated to accept it, because, as I told him, this question of preference would come up, that I had myself looked into the matter, and that, *as far as I could see into it at that time*, I could not be responsible for any such policy." A rather halting confession of faith, it must be admitted, for a convinced free-trader.

But Mr Ritchie's convictions, if rather nebulous to start with, strengthened in course of time. And, strange to say, they matured without any help or provocation from Mr Chamberlain. He informed his constituents—with increasing lack of humour—that it was he himself who had thrown down

the challenge. "The next time that question arose," he said, "was with reference to the 1s. corn tax"—in other words, when Mr Ritchie, in framing his Budget, proposed to take off the shilling, and Mr Chamberlain objected. He (Mr Ritchie) insisted, and even threatened to resign—a threat which his friend 'The Standard' unkindly regrets now that he was not allowed to put in execution. "As things have turned out," remarked the organ of the Unionist free-traders, "it would have been better if Mr Balfour had allowed him to retire at that time."

After his naïve admission that he had forced on the issue by "the stiffness of his somewhat overstrained orthodoxy" ('Standard' again), Mr Ritchie's other complaint that he had been misled into resigning answers itself. It was a back-handed stroke not only at Mr Chamberlain but at the Prime Minister, and it was, in fact, first directed against the latter in a most disgraceful form by the Little England press, which innocently regards Mr Ritchie as a valuable recruit. Mr Balfour was clumsily accused of having "tricked" the seceding members of his Cabinet by not letting them know before they went that Mr Chamberlain was going also. It has evidently never occurred to them that, quite apart from Mr Chamberlain, the Prime Minister may not have been particularly anxious to retain some of them.

But the ridiculous story has been killed by Mr Chamberlain at Tynemouth. There, with

the King's permission, he told exactly what had taken place in the Cabinet during the Budget crisis, which was the real origin of the fiscal campaign and of all the Ministerial troubles that followed. On the question of taking off the shilling corn duty there were two opinions—one that it should be repealed absolutely, and the other that it should be taken off colonial grain only. Needless to say Mr Ritchie's opinion was the first. He objected not only to the duty, but still more to any colonial preference. In Mr Chamberlain's own words: "*Mr Ritchie threatened to resign unless he was permitted to take off that corn tax without giving any preference to the colonies.*" He and his supporters in the Cabinet were not merely Free Fooders but they were anti-preferential duty men. The latter was the rock on which the Cabinet ultimately split, and the colonies now know who took the lead in insisting that they should continue to be treated as foreign countries.

Mr Ritchie has evidently cooled a little since he returned to private life, and he now professes to be no longer sorry that the Prime Minister allowed him to go when he did. He told his constituents at Croydon that he could not have stayed after Mr Balfour's letter to the Duke of Devonshire. What the public wonder at in connection with that notable correspondence is why the Duke did not accompany Mr Ritchie, instead of gratuitously aggravating the mystery of the situation, as well as the cruel ordeal which he knew the

Prime Minister to be passing through. If he had left along with the other free-fooders when, according to Mr Ritchie, he and they met after each of the Cabinets on Monday and Tuesday and decided to resign, all the harm would have been done at once. Looking back over the whole episode—from Mr Ritchie's "overstrained orthodoxy" on the corn-duty down to the day when the Duke of Devonshire awoke to find that his friends had left him behind in the Cabinet—it cannot be said that either of the seceders showed excessive consideration for their chief.

The Duke's secession was chiefly remarkable for the laborious and prolonged mental struggle which led up to it. He did not, like Mr Ritchie before entering the Cabinet, measure up his fiscal convictions and inform the Prime Minister exactly how far he could go in the event of special demands being made upon them. Unhappily for him he neglected that painful operation until the emergency arose, and then he had to perform it under fatal disadvantages. For a whole fortnight after his friends had left him he continued his microscopic search for a metaphysical limit of deviation from the Cobden creed. This limit of deviation he had thoroughly discussed with the Prime Minister, both before and after the first batch of resignations. Mr Balfour went down to Sheffield and spoke there under the distinct impression that an understanding had been arrived at between them which he was

entitled to consider final. Not only so, but the basis of the understanding existed in black and white in the memorandum which he had taken the trouble to put in print, first for the use of his colleagues and afterwards of the public.

Any one can judge for himself to-day whether in his Sheffield speech Mr Balfour went beyond the lines there marked out. The universal answer of fair-minded readers will be that he did not. But the Duke of Devonshire thought he did, and on this wire-drawn scruple he at the last moment deserted a Cabinet which he had taken an active part in forming. It was, in fact, his Cabinet almost as much as Mr Balfour's. In his letter he did not take the slightest objection to it or to any of Mr Balfour's new arrangements for carrying on the Government of the country. His Grace retired on a split hair. He retreated before a verbal shadow. He discovered when it was too late that his metaphysical limit of deviation had been drawn a fraction of an inch further out than he liked, and so it must be abandoned altogether! There was no question of principle raised or even hinted at. The difference between him and Mr Balfour was one of hairlines.

Without underrating for a moment the serious loss which the reorganised Cabinet has sustained through the belated defection of the Duke of Devonshire, there is equally little need, on the other hand, to ignore the fact that it involves compensations. If it increases for Mr Balfour the difficulty of

an already difficult position, it gives him at the same time a freer hand. Every fresh secession of Burgraves has weakened the drag upon him, and relieved the Cabinet from a certain amount of internal friction. The new Ministers may be lighter weights than some of their predecessors, but they will be able to bring to bear on their task a more united and harmonious energy. The day of conflict and compromise will be over. The fiscal movement may now go steadily ahead without wobbling and zigzagging.

The Prime Minister's own progress toward the final goal will no doubt be accelerated. If he has lost the Burgraves, he learned at Sheffield that he has still the Unionist party solid behind him. The National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations not only gave him a practically unanimous vote of confidence, but it showed itself prepared to go even farther than he had done. Mr Chamberlain's full programme, had it been put to the vote, would have been carried by an overwhelming majority. So completely were the free-traders extinguished that Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr Winston Churchill deemed it necessary to explain to the reporters that they had taken no part in the division!

Here it may be opportune to remind the Free Food Cave in the Unionist party that they might have spared themselves and others a lot of trouble if they had paid a little more attention to the party principles as affirmed year after

year at the Conferences of the Conservative and Constitutional Associations. Free food was never among those principles, but preferential trade within the Empire always was. Mr Vince, in his exposition of Mr Chamberlain's proposals, recalls that when the Associations met at Birmingham twelve years ago they adopted almost unanimously a resolution in favour of the "extension of commerce upon a preferential basis throughout all parts of the Empire." Nearly every year since a similar resolution has been voted, with hardly a dissenting voice.

Mr Chamberlain was surely entitled to assume that the Unionist Associations meant what they said in these annual resolutions, and that they had a right to speak for the party, being its recognised official representatives and agents. He was also justified in supposing that the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Goschen, Mr Ritchie, and other leaders of the party were cognisant of these resolutions, and sanctioned them by their silence if they did not actively support them. Above all, he had no reason to apprehend that in a Unionist Cabinet presided over by a Minister who twenty years before had denounced the existing form of free trade as a mockery there would be free-traders more Cobdenite than Cobden himself. Far from having sprung a new policy on unsuspecting colleagues, he simply required them to live up to the official policy of the party, or at all events not to fly in the face of it. When they refused, he ap-

pealed to the country against them.

Now, however, that point has been placed beyond any further doubt or peradventure. No loyal Unionist is ever likely to try and go back on Mr Balfour's speech at Sheffield, or on the resolution indorsing it which was adopted next day by the Conference of the Conservative and Constitutional Associations. Far from being dazed like the Duke of Devonshire, the Conference promptly realised its position, and strongly impressed on its leaders, especially the ambiguous section of them, what that position really is. Officially, openly, and we believe almost unanimously, the Unionist party is against sham free trade and in favour of the genuine article.

Scotland may pride itself not a little on the yeoman service which several of its Unionist members have rendered to the new policy. The answer of Mr Bonar Law to Sir Henry Fowler's speech at Glasgow left very little of that shallow performance standing. Mr Law's business experience and his knowledge of the Board of Trade gave him in such a contest a great advantage over a London lawyer, but his speech was something more than polemical. His audience must have found it exceedingly instructive. It gave them chapter and verse for the serious deterioration that is going on in our foreign trade. It re-stated Mr Chamberlain's figures, which had been disputed because they were for the wrong year, or the wrong

trade, or on some other fanciful ground. It compared them with other years, it took quinquennial averages, it varied them in several ways, and always arrived at substantially the same result—exports either declining or stagnant. On the German branch of the subject Mr Law was exceptionally effective, and he had something to say about “dumping,” which the argufiers of the Cobden Club have discreetly ignored. He gave examples within his own knowledge of cheap German yarns having in due time been succeeded by cheap German cloth, and the British maker having been ousted from both branches of his business.

Sir Lewis M'Iver, in his exhaustive and closely reasoned speech to the Imperial Union in Edinburgh, attacked the free importers in what they consider their strongest position, the prosperity of the country. Those who use this special argument against Mr Chamberlain admit by implication that they have their doubts about the regulation weapons in the Cobden Club armoury. They evidently cannot trust themselves altogether to the little loaf and the “magnificent import” shibboleths. They catch at the glittering shadow of wealth seen in the income-tax assessments, and demand triumphantly how it is to be explained away. Sir Lewis M'Iver neatly cut the ground from under them by asking what good it was to working men to know that “millionaires are still millionaires, and that the wealthy

and comfortable classes are still fairly wealthy.” The real question, he said, was if our national progress was not being arrested, and if in the process great losses were not being incurred by the working classes. Certainly the working classes will feel the pinch of a reaction long before it reaches the income-tax payers, and are they not beginning to feel it already?

Another idol pulverised by Sir Lewis was the fancy figuring indulged in by the Cobdenites, including even so shrewd a man as Mr Haldane, as to how much larger our exports would be on the basis of 1872 prices. Of course they would be, and at the prices of 1822 they would no doubt be still larger. But the exports of our international competitors would also be proportionately higher if they were calculated at the prices of 1872; and the question is not so much the actual value of the exports of any country in a given year as the respective rates of progress of the chief industrial countries. This and various other much obfuscated points Sir Lewis contrived to clear up for us.

Mr Chaplin has taken the agricultural side of the new policy under his special charge, and no one has a better right. After many years of prophesying in the wilderness, he finds himself at last within the sphere of practical politics.

The Little Englanders have been hard put to it to maintain a passable show of answering

Mr Chamberlain, or "pulverising" him as they term it. They may, indeed, be all that Lord Tweedmouth in a moment of enthusiasm called them—"a solid, united, outraged (!) aggressive, and determined Liberal party." Their aggressiveness is certainly unquestionable. They have been "aggressing" all over the provinces, and in every conceivable variety of tone and style. If solid arguments have been scarce among them, the variety of their vituperation has been boundless. Each of them attacks Mr Chamberlain with a different kind of weapon, and they hit each other quite as frequently as they hit him.

Lord Rosebery at Sheffield, far from condemning Mr Chamberlain's federation policy, put in a prior claim to its parentage. He and some friends of his were, it seems, federationists twenty years ago, but "they found that it was foredoomed to failure," as his lordship's happy thoughts so often are. His fear now is apparently that Mr Chamberlain may succeed where he not merely failed, but did not even make a beginning. Two days later the "other Liberal leader," Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, went to Bolton and hit right and left, not only at Mr Chamberlain, but, by implication, at Lord Rosebery and all the other federationists of whatever colour. He denounced federation as a mere blind to lead us back to protection, and "I oppose protection root and branch, veiled and unveiled, one-sided or reciprocal," exclaimed the indignant Sir Henry.

Earl Spencer, the special guardian of Liberal deportment, delivered his reply to Mr Chamberlain in the patrician atmosphere of the Eighty Club. "Alas!" he said, "they knew from past experience that when Mr Chamberlain was on the war-path they had to deal with a reckless and unscrupulous opponent, who never hesitated to use any weapon which he thought would advance his cause or belittle the reputation of his adversaries." A slander which must have a very illuminating effect on the fiscal problem!

Sir Henry Fowler, when his turn came, went to Glasgow and disclosed to his Radical friends there a Guy Fawkes plot which had been carried out at Sheffield a fortnight before. "The Ministry," he said, "was broken up, then it was patched up, and then a meeting took place at Sheffield, at which the Conservative leaders displayed astounding and amazing military tactics [the "amazement" that the Radical leaders have gone through this year, according to their own account, has been enough to drive all thinking power out of them, and almost seems to have done so], and the result was that the official Conservative party was committed to the reversal of the policy which had hitherto been unchallenged. The party were committed to protection." Every Conservative who was at Sheffield, or who read even a Radical newspaper report of the proceedings there, knows that what took place was

exactly the reverse of Sir Henry Fowler's assertion. The official policy of the party as regards preferential duties was not reversed, but was reaffirmed.

Finally Lord Goschen came along, and had his dig at the Chamberlain programme. He chose for it a peculiar place and a still more peculiar occasion. It might have been thought that regard for his own reputation and his status as a practical financier would have induced him to prefer an audience capable of following him in a comprehensive and thorough discussion of the whole question. His former constituents in the City would have welcomed an address from him of the kind he frequently favoured them with during his active business life. Such an address would have commanded universal attention, and it would have been discussed by competent critics. But for some mysterious reason he preferred the Passmore Edwards "Settlement" in Tavistock Place, and instead of taking up the main issue he adopted the piecemeal tactics of 'The Daily Mail.'

Lord Goschen took for his text "Food Prices in Relation to Poverty," and for an hour he discoursed on the abstruse question, Who pays the taxes on food—the consumer or the producer? The upshot of his microscopic inquiry was that they were paid sometimes by the one and sometimes by the other; exactly the conclusion most of us had already arrived at from every-day experience of

the food-markets. His lordship learnedly explained how the tax would "enter into partnership" with "all the economic causes which affect the world's market," and though we might not always see it, still it would be there. What then? The very worst that can happen to the consumer is that he has to pay the tax, and Mr Chamberlain has never told him or led him to believe that he will not. But, with all respect for his lordship, "the economic causes which affect the world's market" frequently act in such a way as to transfer the tax, or part of it, to the foreign producer. Nothing more than that is claimed by intelligent advocates of a corn-tax, and when all is said it makes very little difference either way to the main issue.

Lord Rosebery, alone of the Opposition "spellbinders," has attempted to come to close quarters with Mr Chamberlain, and his speech at Sheffield might have had considerable effect, but for the Burnley spectre which rose behind it and made a mockery of its finest periods. The two Lord Roseberys of Burnley and Sheffield, cynically giving each other the lie, was no ordinary self-contradiction. There were painful features about it which no patriotic self-respecting Scotsman could regard without some feeling of shame.

Time was and not so long ago when Lord Rosebery was the ideal Scotsman of his day. He embodied all the typical virtues with which Scotsmen are generally credited and on

which they particularly pride themselves. He was a national hero as well as a statesman, but now, alas! he has given up both heroism and statesmanship and taken to screaming. Could any one imagine the Lord Rosebery of ten or even five years ago perpetrating such a Red Indian shriek as his letter of apology to Lord Tweedmouth for being unable to attend Sir Henry Fowler's meeting at Glasgow? "We find ourselves in an unprecedented and amazing position. Suddenly, without preparation or notice, the nation has been brought blindfold to the brink of protection."

Lord Rosebery might have reserved his amazement for his own speech on the following night at Sheffield. In spite of all the shouting and cheering he received, that was not an occasion of unmixed happiness for him. He plaintively confessed to the meeting that he had been badly put out by the reprint of passages from his Burnley speech in that morning's 'Times.' No doubt it was an awkward prelude to an ovation intended, as a Radical organ said, "to pulverise the fiscal inquiry." With Burnley behind him and Sheffield in front of him, Lord Rosebery did indeed find himself in a position to which nothing short of his own favourite adjectives "unprecedented and amazing" could do justice. Not only was he on the "brink of protection," but he was in a very nasty dilemma as well.

Under the painful circum-

stances there was nothing for it but bluff, and Lord Rosebery bluffed. "If I had to make that speech again," he said, alluding to the Burnley speech, "I should make it as I then made it." In that case Lord Rosebery would have one fiscal policy for Burnley and another for Sheffield; he would be a statesman in Lancashire and a screamer in Yorkshire. His excuse that "much has happened since then," goes a very short way toward bridging the gulf between the position he took up last May and the one he reappeared in a fortnight ago. Not only were the circumstances changed, but principles and convictions had changed a great deal more. Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde were not more unlike each other than are the two Roseberys of May 19 and October 12, 1903. The later Rosebery could not have more vigorously and viciously contradicted the earlier one if the latter had been Mr Chamberlain himself. A few specimens will show how violent were the contrasts:—

Burnley, May 19: "He was not a person who believed that free trade was part of the Sermon on the Mount, and that we ought to receive it in all its rigidity as a divinely appointed dispensation."

Sheffield, October 12: "I may sum up by saying that commercially speaking I will not exchange the open air of free trade for the hot-house of protection."

—Burnley, May 19: "He thought it could not be denied that under free trade large tracts of country had been turned out of cultivation; that our own food supply had been diminished; that the populations which had been reared in the rural districts

had ceased to be reared in those districts, and he feared that they would not be so again reared until some possible change could be devised."

Sheffield, October 12: "I have spoken to little purpose if I have not made it clear to you that I cannot accept this new policy. I cannot forget the long agony with which we passed from the protective commercial system which had brought us near to famine and to ruin into the better and freer conditions under which we now exist."

—Burnley, May 19: "All he pleaded for (!) was, that they of that Chamber should carefully weigh the disadvantages in a cool and calculating spirit before they adopted one course or the other in regard to this proposal."

Sheffield, October 12: "In fact this idea is no more new than the idea of retaliation, and colonial tariffs are experiments that we have tried in the past and have recalled because of their disastrous effects."

Before the "Diagonal" Line.

Burnley, May 19: "The subject raised in that speech [Mr Chamberlain's] was not a matter of party politics *as yet*, and in one sense *he did not think it ever would be a matter affecting politics as at present existing, because it cut across the line diagonally and not by the ordinary separation of English party lines.*"

After the "Diagonal" Line.

"I am frank enough to say that I would rather take a sound policy from a recumbent or even bedridden statesman than an unsound policy from the most energetic and enthusiastic statesman that ever lived. In fact I am sometimes reminded, in looking at Mr Chamberlain's career, of the epigram passed by an American on another very distinguished American whom respect forbids me to name. He said, 'I think Teddy So-and-So would make a very good President of the United States, but I have to ask myself what would be left of the United States after Teddy had been President?'"

If we keep our eye on the

"diagonal" line above alluded to and follow it attentively it may lead us to the discovery of an interesting secret. It was an invention of Lord Rosebery for a little purpose of his own, and he first introduced it to the world at Burnley. His hope and expectation then was that Mr Chamberlain's new departure would split up existing party combinations and make room for new ones, in which the "live men" of both parties might come to the top and the deadheads go to the bottom. Among other possible results was a "diagonal" Cabinet, with Mr Chamberlain in one corner and Lord Rosebery in the other. Not only did his lordship draw "diagonal" lines himself, but his personal organ in the halfpenny press was scored all over with them. For a time the "diagonal" craze was so strong that everything from the Balfour Cabinet to the London Fire Brigade was threatened with "diagonal cleavage." But the political firmament did not fall in after all, and the "diagonal" Cabinet-makers missed their mark.

He claims to have anticipated Mr Chamberlain's discovery years ago. His Imperial Federation League was working, he says, on the same lines twenty years since, *but in vain*. How characteristic of Lord Rosebery that "*but in vain!*" He might adopt it as his political motto. "We always broke our teeth," he said, "against this final obstacle that we did not believe any Minister could be found to advocate taxation of food and raw materials,

and we knew perfectly well that there was no means of giving preference to the Colonies unless you taxed food and raw materials." Mr Chamberlain believes that it can be adequately done by the taxation of food only, and by merely readjusting our present food taxes without increasing their aggregate amount. But there was another and more important respect in which he differed from his predecessors of twenty years ago. He had the courage of his opinions, but they had not.

The upshot of Lord Rosebery's starring in the provinces is that he has fallen as usual between the two stools of Imperialism and Cobdenism. But his Radical delegate, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, has realised that there may be a still more ignoble fate for distressed politicians. At Bolton he fell between the two stools of self-respecting Liberalism and Little England. To do him justice, he is not, like Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Fowler, a purely negative critic. He has something ready to put in place of the policy he rages against. The protection which he denies to ruined or decaying industries he would extend gladly to disestablishers, passive resisters, trade-union boycotters, and all fanatics of approved types. They are a rather motley assemblage of protégés; but, as an illustrious friend of Sir Henry observed in a similar emergency, "the great thing is to be right." And Sir Henry is perfectly sure that the right people to protect are not sons

of the soil or hard-working men of any kind, but the gentlemen who know how to combine the privileges of labour with the genuine precepts of Radicalism. His gallant determination to live and die an orthodox Radical in all things—a true Chartist, a "convinced" free-trader, a resolute Liberationist, and an incorruptible Irreconcilable at large is beyond criticism.

While Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman "held the crown of the causeway"—and made vigorous use of it, Mr Asquith plodded along through the Kingdom of Fife on his fiscal circuit. He is the professional link between the two divergent wings of the party, and his business is to elaborate the points which "divide us least." He has his own special mixture of chaff, sophistry, and debating society smartness, which serves him well in the absence of anything more solid. His besetting sin is inability to forget that he holds the principal brief for the defence of *laissez faire*, and that it is in all respects the same brief from which he spoke to so little purpose five months ago. If his reply in June last to Mr Chamberlain's opening speech at Birmingham did little to check the movement then started, his many and various rejoinders to the Glasgow speech will be even more powerless.

Mr Asquith is, in fact, to be compassionated on the barren and negative task assigned to him. He can do nothing with a purely defensive brief but quibble and try to trip up his

opponents. This was his rôle at Cinderford, and every consideration must be allowed him for the narrow limits in which he had to work. The amount of time he wasted at the opening of his speech in personal banter of the Prime Minister and Mr Chamberlain—all clever enough in itself, but rather stale at this time of day—did not indicate very great eagerness to get at the heart of his subject. The moment he approached it he became once more a special pleader, bent on making small points and satisfied with plausible retorts. He knew there was no other special pleader present to tackle him, or he would not have ventured to assert that retaliation has been “proved by experience to be fatal as a weapon of offence, and in the vast majority of cases to be infinitely more mischievous to those who use it than to those against whom it is directed.” Where did Mr Asquith find his “vast majority of cases,” and how many could he have mentioned on the spot had he been challenged to do so?

The Sugar Bill of last session was the only example he could give from his pretended abundance, and it was an unfortunate choice. It proved that what he in popular language calls retaliation is in fact self-defence, and, further, that as a weapon of self-defence it may be most effective. The first hint of it brought the “dumpers” of bounty-fed sugar on the British market to their bearings at once. They were told that if unfair and illegitimate com-

petition by means of State bounties were not abandoned, countervailing duties would be imposed on all such imports. The result was most satisfactory—to all but Mr Asquith and the “jam and pickle” section of the Liberal party. France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, and all the other bounty-feeders (save Russia) came to terms promptly. An international agreement was entered into, binding all the beet-sugar growing countries to compete honestly with the cane-sugar growing countries. The agreement is in full operation at this moment, with the most satisfactory results. There was no retaliation; a simple remonstrance was enough.

Instead of tariff wars having been provoked by our threat of countervailing duties, it might be more correctly said that a new principle of international commercial law has been established by the Sugar Convention of 1902. This is the one solitary case of so-called retaliation in our recent fiscal history. If not, we shall be glad to hear from Mr Asquith of another. In his “vast experience” he ought to have at least a second. He might at the same time inform us how he, as a man of education and a responsible law-maker, can justify false arguments based on the misuse of words. While he was talking to his Cinderford audience of “retaliation,” he must have been well aware that every man of them attached to it its popular meaning of hitting back. He must also have known that in its fiscal appli-

cation it has a very different meaning. When one Government is aggrieved by the fiscal action of another Government, it does not hit back in a fighting sense. It simply withdraws some fiscal privilege which it had previously allowed to the offending State.

The admission of foreign goods into a State is in public law a favour—a matter of courtesy. To qualify or even to withdraw it is a right which, if courteously exercised, need give no offence. That politicians and economists should speak of such a thing as “retaliation,” only proves the looseness of the British vocabulary and the carelessness of its users. But the inventor of the false meaning can never have suspected that a political leader would in the course of a great national discussion take it literally, and build up elaborate arguments on it. All Mr Asquith's special pleading against “retaliation” falls to the ground as soon as we perceive that he is fighting a shadow, and that the “retaliation” he warns us against is a figment of his forensic fancy.

It may have sounded well as

a rhetorical question at Cinderford — “Who says that the House of Commons is not perfectly free at this moment to deal with any case that may arise on its own merits?”—but Mr Asquith evidently overlooked the *reductio ad absurdum* he was laying himself open to. Why have a fiscal policy at all, if every fiscal question that arises is to be dealt with by the House of Commons on its merits? Why have a military policy, if every military question that arises is to be dealt with by the House of Commons on its merits? Has there not been in our recent experience a little too much dealing with questions as they arise, and sometimes of not dealing with them before they had arisen, and got beyond our control? Mr Asquith—unintentionally no doubt—would extend the hand-to-mouth methods of the War Office to the foreign trade of the country. If the foreign trade of the country is to be protected from such methods, let us be warned by a statesman who looks ahead and prefers a fiscal policy to “muddling through” difficulties as they arise.

APPENDIX.

TABLES TO ILLUSTRATE MR CHAMBERLAIN'S TARIFF.

The following tables have been drawn up (from the Board of Trade Returns) to show the sources of our imported food, and to distinguish the colonial from the foreign supplies. They will be useful to students of Mr Chamberlain's tariff proposals:—

	Wheat.	Flour.	Barley.	Oats.
Total values . . .	£27,058,049	£8,947,747	£7,130,992	£5,041,321
From Colonies . . .	7,668,554	869,933	...	183,656
From foreign countries .	£19,389,495	£8,077,814	£7,130,992	£4,857,665
Germany . . .	£79,122	£7,437
Russia . . .	2,146,906	...	£2,564,092	£2,863,073
Roumania . . .	758,605	...	1,276,661	...
Turkey . . .	104,537	...	1,229,066	...
France	286,424
Austria-Hungary	393,290
United States . . .	14,475,061	7,219,846	936,691	357,763
Chile . . .	84,999
Argentina . . .	1,463,981
Other countries . . .	276,284	170,817	1,124,482	1,636,829

	Peas and Beans.	Maize.	Rice.	Potatoes.
Total values . . .	£1,370,857	£11,710,773	£2,212,960	£1,589,533
From Colonies . . .	340,728	29,503	1,473,865	481,134
From foreign countries .	£1,030,129	£11,681,270	£739,095	£1,108,399
Germany . . .	£59,617	£44,994
Russia . . .	27,285	£1,733,036
Roumania	4,805,414
Turkey . . .	180,235
France	626,271
United States	561,230
Argentina	3,549,729
Morocco . . .	138,943
Egypt . . .	207,119
Other countries . . .	416,930	1,031,861	£739,095	437,134

	Live animals.	Beef, fresh.	Mutton, fresh.	Pork, fresh.
Total values . . .	£8,269,175	£7,905,144	£6,914,911	£1,446,145
From Colonies . . .	1,756,553	533,115	3,762,290	...
From foreign countries .	£6,512,622	£7,372,029	£3,152,621	£1,446,145
United States . . .	£6,506,382	£5,204,057	...	£572,328
Argentina	1,723,732	£2,273,027	...
Holland	780,520	752,089
Belgium	83,722
Other countries . . .	6,240	444,240	99,074	38,006

	Rabbits.	Bacon.	Beef, salted.	Hams.
Total values . . .	£734,326	£13,426,967	£244,002	£3,859,002
From Colonies . . .	420,127	1,203,280	...	420,319
From foreign countries.	£314,199	£12,223,687	£244,002	£3,438,683
United States	£8,239,522	£227,283	£3,422,004
Belgium . . .	£226,300
Denmark	3,749,108
Other countries . .	87,899	235,057	16,719	16,679

	Pork, salted.	Meat, unenumerated.	Fish, canned.	Poultry and Game.
Total values . . .	£305,587	£1,199,140	£3,548,576	£1,059,060
From Colonies	1,252,666	...
From foreign countries.	£305,587	£1,199,140	£2,295,910	£1,059,060
United States . . .	£187,134	£259,900	£878,612	...
Holland	623,649	13,748	...
France	251,612	£225,160
Portugal	312,826	...
Norway	260,133	...
Russia	218,459
Belgium	281,063
Other countries . .	118,453	315,591	486,756	334,378

	Butter.	Cheese.	Eggs.	Hops.
Total values . . .	£20,527,934	£6,412,420	£6,299,934	£798,588
From Colonies . . .	2,531,149	4,433,393	209,316	...
From foreign countries.	£17,996,785	£1,979,027	£6,090,618	£798,588
France . . .	£2,233,122	£113,611	£717,434	...
Germany . . .	145,619	...	1,260,851	...
Holland . . .	1,973,960	668,303
Denmark . . .	9,302,362	...	1,366,073	...
Sweden and Norway .	995,838
Russia . . .	2,196,234	...	1,500,961	...
United States . . .	252,874	962,112	...	£360,793
Belgium	827,914	...
Other countries . .	896,776	235,001	417,385	437,795

	Lard.	Margarine.	Sugar, refined.	Sugar, raw.
Total values . . .	£4,118,990	£2,569,453	£9,708,466	£5,027,907
From Colonies	942,393
From foreign countries.	£4,118,990	£2,569,453	£9,708,466	£4,085,514
France	£117,853	£1,196,188	£658,378
Germany	7,009,349	2,316,837
Holland	2,409,207	1,372,472	110,317
Sweden and Norway	14,918
Belgium	87,071	242,774
Austria-Hungary	126,342
Philippines	14,880
Peru	57,182
Brazil	191,376
Argentina	304,812
United States . . .	£3,834,639
Other countries . .	284,351	27,475	43,386	62,616

	Tea.	Wines.	Spirits.	Tobacco.
Total values . . .	£8,837,880	£4,947,767	£2,038,921	£5,799,810
From Colonies . . .	7,981,280	158,985
From foreign countries.	£856,600	£4,788,782	...	£5,799,810
France	£2,544,155
Germany	59,847
Holland	265,103
Spain	601,469
Portugal	1,204,488
Italy	60,779
China . . .	£491,297
United States	£4,715,965
Other countries . .	365,303	52,941	...	1,083,845

IMPORTED FOOD PER HEAD, 1902. DISTINGUISHING FOREIGN AND COLONIAL, AND SHOWING PROBABLE DUTY PER HEAD.

	Total per Head. lb.	Colonial per Head. lb.	Foreign per Head. lb.	New Duty per Head. s. d.
Wheat . . .	216	60	156	...
Oats and oatmeal . .	44	1·5	42·5	...
Rice . . .	21	12·2	8·8	...
Other grains, &c. . .	82	0·6	81·4	...
Total grain dutiable	363	74·3	288·7	1 3½
Flour . . .	52	5	47	0 4
Maize and maize-meal .	119	0·3	118·7	free
Beef, mutton, and pork	21·4	3·0	18·4	...
Other meat . . .	5·1	0·9	4·2	...
	26·5	3·9	22·6	0 9

IMPORTED FOOD PER HEAD, 1902—*continued.*

	Total per Head. lb.	Colonial per Head. lb.	Foreign per Head. lb.	New Duty per Head. s. d.
Bacon and hams	17·6	1·6	16·0	free
Butter and margarine	13·2	1·4	118	...
Cheese	6·8	5·0	1·8	...
Lard	4·4	...	4·4	...
	<u>24·4</u>	<u>6·4</u>	<u>18·0</u>	<u>0 7½</u>

Total new duties, 3s. per head per annum.

	lb.	lb.	lb.	Reduced duty. s. d.
Tea	7·0	6·3	0·7	2 7½
Sugar	84·0	5·0	79·0	1 2
Coffee	0·8	0·4	0·4	0 1
Cocoa	1·4	...	1·4	0 1½
	<u>93·2</u>	<u>11·7</u>	<u>81·5</u>	<u>4 0</u>

Total reductions in food duties, 4s. per head per annum.

IMPORTED FOODS CONSUMED PER HEAD OF POPULATION, 1840 AND 1901.

	1840. lb.	1901. lb.
Bacon and hams	0·01	19·87
Beef, salted and fresh	12·59
Beef, killed on landing	9·37
Butter	1·05	9·85
Margarine	2·55
Cheese	0·92	6·82
Cocoa, raw	0·08	1·02
" manufactured	0·18
Coffee	1·08	0·76
Currants and raisins	1·45	4·09
Meat, preserved	1·90
Mutton, fresh	9·72
Pork, salted and fresh	2·76
Potatoes	0·01	18·53
Rice	0·90	11·43
Sugar, raw	15·20	32·18
" refined	56·81
Tea	1·22	6·16
Tobacco	0·86	1·89
Wheat and wheat-flour	42·47	247·08
Maize	137·60
	<u>65·25</u>	<u>593·16</u>
Eggs	No. 3·65	49·25
Wine	gals. 0·25	0·37
Spirits	" 0·14	0·21

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. MLVIII.

DECEMBER 1903.

VOL. CLXXIV.

A GREAT ADVENTURER: THE DUKE DE RIPPERDA.

BY WALTER B. HARRIS.

THERE is no little fascination in these prosaic days in turning back to the lives of the old adventurers, whose careers, impossible in these times of railways and telegraphs, abound with that touch of romance which—fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be—is so strikingly absent from public life to-day. Yet it is not so long ago that the political atmosphere of Europe gave ample scope for the abilities of such men as the Duke de Ripperda. To-day, when every embassy in Europe is directly administered by the Foreign Office of the country it represents, when even the remotest corners of the globe are connected by the electric telegraph, such intrigue as existed in the early part of

the eighteenth century at the Courts of Europe is an impossibility. Publicity and a more due sense of the rights and wrongs of international relations have almost cancelled the opportunities for the brilliant, if often unscrupulous, diplomacy of those days; and with the fall of Napoleon, and the great change that took place all over Europe in the days immediately succeeding it, the possibility of such careers as that of the hero of this article disappeared. Disapprove as one may of such lives as these great adventurers lived, it cannot be denied that there pervades them a certain indefinable charm, whether their successes or failures were owing to sheer ability, sheer pluck, or sheer

wickedness. Generally it was only by an amalgamation of all three of these characteristics that such men as Ripperda rose to pre-eminence, though in his particular case must be added a personal fascination which rendered him then, and would have rendered him to-day had he been living, the temporary idol of the countries that at various times he served. Had he been our contemporary, he would probably have found opportunities to be little more than a suave and brilliant diplomatist, eventually to retire covered with honours and decorations. For this reason—this very lack of opportunity—one cannot regret that his life was passed nearly two centuries ago in an epoch that permitted full scope for his undoubtedly exceptional individuality. Unbending in his belief in his own capacities, insatiable in his ambition, alternately reaching the pinnacle of fame—the idol of the people—and again suffering such reverses as would have broken the spirit of less ambitious and less persistent characters, the Duke de Ripperda showed throughout his whole career the spirit of the real adventurer. Ready as he was at a moment's notice to change his manner of life, his policy, his nationality, and his religion, he was throughout acknowledged by his contemporaries as a man of brilliant, if unscrupulous, ability.

Born in the province of Groningen in Holland, a Roman Catholic by birth and upbringing, he appears as a young man to have lived the life of an

ordinary well-educated gentleman until his ambition was stirred by his election, as deputy for his province, to the States-General. Moving in the society of the capital, his undoubted ability and still more undoubted charm of manner brought him favourably to the notice of the foreign ambassadors, and he lost no opportunity of gaining their goodwill. He seems to have been equally successful in his relations with the authorities of his own Government, for he was appointed in 1715 as Minister to Madrid, having a few days previously abjured the Roman Catholic faith and become a Protestant,—a step without which his appointment by a Protestant power to a Catholic Court would have been impossible. Within six months of his arrival at Madrid he was made an ambassador. There is no doubt that of all the countries of Europe, Spain in those days offered the greatest opportunities for a political adventurer. While most of the Governments of Europe were making strides toward a more modern regard for politics—and the power of the democracy and public opinion were already becoming felt—Spain had remained stationary. Her sovereign and her rulers still clung to a conservative mediævalism, of which as a matter of fact more than the mere echoes are apparent to-day in Madrid. It was in the Spanish capital *par excellence* that intrigue reigned supreme; cardinals and women still possessed strange influences at Court; Rome, for

motives as selfish as they were unpatriotic, worked for her own ends by means of her Nuncios and her Jesuits, while the traditional relations, good or bad, of the Catholic kings and the emperors, added an active factor to the politics of Madrid that was happily less apparent in the other capitals of Europe.

Cardinal Giudice, an Italian as unscrupulous perhaps as Ripperda himself, was at this time Prime Minister of Spain. Already he had once fallen from power, to be again reinstated; and there is little doubt that both his fall and subsequent rise were owing to the influence of ladies whose charms gained favours at Court. Giudice was not slow to discover the abilities of Ripperda, and the two adventurers, one just ending his career, the other on the point of beginning his, became fast friends. This friendship was to avail Ripperda but little, for Giudice's second and final fall from power occurred in 1716, when Ripperda, owing to the relations which existed between the Court of Madrid and the States-General, was recalled to Holland. But the influence of Cardinal Giudice had made its impression, and had awakened in the breast of Ripperda the hopes for a like but more successful career. He remained but a short time in Holland,—just long enough, in fact, to settle up his affairs for a prolonged absence; and having abjured his recently adopted Protestantism and reverted once more to the Roman Catholic faith, he set

out for Madrid, not as an accredited ambassador, but as a private individual who came to claim the fulfilment of promises undoubtedly made to him there, that if he would forsake his heretical faith and his nationality, a career of surpassing opportunities awaited him.

On his arrival he was publicly received back into the Roman Church, in the presence of the king and queen, and on their majesties' recommendation was immediately taken under the protection of Cardinal Alberoni, who had succeeded Cardinal Giudice as Prime Minister. Just as Giudice had not been slow to perceive the natural abilities of Ripperda, so they were not lost upon Alberoni, and he quickly became the confidant, and probably the only confidant, of the scheming cardinal. But their united plans were destined to failure. A plot was discovered to have been hatched in Madrid to carry off the Regent of France, and Alberoni was implicated. War broke out between the two nations, in which England and Austria sided with France. French troops invaded Spain, and the British fleet, under Admiral Byng, routed the Spanish navy. Alberoni fell from power, and in December 1719 left Spain in disgrace, and Ripperda, his sworn friend and associate, disappeared at the same time from active life, retiring to a country house at Segovia, where he took to horticulture with the same assiduity that he had exhibited in intrigue. It is at this point that Madame de Ripperda first enters upon

the scene. The biographers, it is true, say little about her, but that little is sufficient to allow the surmise that she was an able abettor in her husband's schemes during the earlier part of his political career, for whatever fortune he encountered, whatever change of nationality or religion he embarked upon, Madame de Ripperda was not slow to express her supreme pleasure at the event, and her preference for the latest phase of his career. She assisted her husband to tend his garden in his country retirement with the same affable spirit of contentment that she had exhibited in playing the great lady at Madrid. No sudden rise to power, no misfortune, seems at this period to have ruffled the temper of this estimable lady, who, when eventually Ripperda's final fall occurred, managed with no little skill to maintain for herself the respect of the Spanish Court and the public of Madrid.

Ripperda's first disgrace was of short duration, and it was not long before he issued from his retirement to accept at the hands of his Catholic majesty a post that cannot have failed to be uncongenial to so ambitious a character. He was appointed Minister of Trade and Manufactures, and sent touring Europe in the hopes of attracting skilled labour into Spain. This drudgery, however, was not to occupy him long, for he was soon afterwards sent as Ambassador to Vienna—a difficult and arduous post taking into consideration the relations of the Emperor and the King of Spain. It was in this ap-

pointment that Ripperda's real ability came to the fore, for not only did he restore amicable relations between the two Courts, but he negotiated the "Treaty of Vienna," which, though in favour of Austria, was well received in Madrid. In the Austrian capital Ripperda became the most popular of ambassadors. His infinite tact, his affability, his generosity, and his magnificence attracted every degree of the population of the capital. His extraordinary powers of conversation, his knowledge of the world, his mastery of languages, astonished and dazzled the Austrian Court during the period in which he negotiated the treaty and awaited its confirmation from Madrid. At length the royal couriers arrived. The Spanish king had signed the treaty, and had created Ripperda a duke.

On his return to Madrid fresh honours were thrust upon him; but Ripperda had studied under Giudice and Alberoni, and nothing short of the position they had in turn held would satisfy his ambition. He played his cards with tact. He did not allow his new honours to crush his geniality and affability; if anything he became more genial, more affable, than ever, and drew fresh friends around him, until he was thoroughly assured of his position. Then, and not till then, he adopted the haughty dignity of a Spanish grandee. He became difficult of access; he broke off his intimate relations with his friends; he dictated to the Council; he lectured his sovereigns. The Jesuits alone he confided in,

and they were his sole advisers. He realised that he was necessary to the Spanish Government, and that at last he had reached power. His wife admirably supported him. She ruled the ladies of the Spanish Court as sternly as he did the men. She played the rôle of *grande dame* with equal success to that of the *châtelaine* at Segovia. Her change of manner and ideas led to a witty saying, apropos of her husband's recent honours, that "Madame Ripperda left Madrid just before the Duchess de Ripperda arrived there."

The Duke's success increased daily. To the many dignities he already held Philip V. added those of Secretary of State and Minister of War, and eventually bestowed upon him the power of revising all sentences and transactions, by which he became in reality the supreme head of the Spanish Government. Such an accumulation of positions and honours had never probably been previously held by a Spaniard, much less by a foreigner, at the Spanish Court.

Ripperda did not hesitate to act up to these dignities, and so overbearing did he become in his manner that he raised up a host of enemies. No form of intrigue was left untried against him. A lever was made of the "treaty of Hanover," concluded between Great Britain and the Electors and Princes of the Empire, which undoubtedly injured the efficacy of the treaty of Vienna that Ripperda had negotiated, but in vain. Ripperda's position seemed unassailable, and

his intense confidence in his own ability to maintain it no doubt assisted to retain him in power. Meanwhile he had served Spain well in more than one way. He had successfully introduced manufactures into the country and increased trade. In 1726 he was even able to clothe the Spanish infantry in locally manufactured cloth, whereas a few years previously no such industry existed in the country.

The details of the events that brought about Ripperda's fall are not known, except it was owing to the intrigues of his former friends the Jesuits. As to what had passed between them to cause his former confidants and associates to bring about his ruin has never been fully disclosed. This much alone is certain, that the Society of Jesus was able to persuade the king of Ripperda's disloyalty, and in this they must have received the aid of his many enemies. After a pathetic interview with King Philip, Ripperda retired once more into private life at Segovia, and the Duchess again pronounced herself as "charmed" at the change.

The public, who until this time had been inclined to regard Ripperda as the champion of their interests, now threatened to tear him in pieces. His fall had turned loose all their passions, and the passions of the public of Spain in the eighteenth century were not to be trifled with. Ripperda fled for protection to the British Embassy in Madrid, and threw himself upon the mercy of Mr

Stanhope, the Ambassador of England.

This naturally led to complications, and Mr Stanhope referred the matter to the Spanish king, who assured his Excellency that his Government had no designs upon Ripperda's person, but only demanded the return of certain valuable State documents of which they accused him of being illegally in possession. Mr Stanhope referred the matter to Ripperda, who in fear of the populace and with little or no confidence in the promises of the king and Government, refused to leave the Embassy. A day later guards were placed in the streets near by to prevent Ripperda's escape, an act much resented by Mr Stanhope. Even the placid Duchess broke down under these insults. She had hysterics in the Embassy drawing-room, tore out her hair in handfuls, and attacked everybody and everything with great vehemence and no pretence at decency.

Mr Stanhope having protested against guards being placed on the British Embassy, the king in a despatch again assured him that no harm should befall Ripperda, but that he should be allowed to pass the rest of his life in peace—in a monastery, the last spot in the world that the Duke would choose to end his career in. On returning a refusal to the request that the Duke should leave, the king became exasperated, and two days later Ripperda was forcibly arrested in the presence of Mr Stanhope, who strongly protested against this outrage on the British

Embassy. There is no doubt that this forcible entry by officers and troops into the precincts of the residence of the Ambassador was contrary to the spirit and letter of the laws of nations, yet it is curious to note that England never obtained reparation or apology for this insult. Mr Stanhope, in his letter of protest to the Marquis de la Paz, stated that he had referred the matter to his Government and his sovereign; and he concluded this sternly worded document with the sentence, "I hope his Catholic Majesty will not take it amiss, that for the present I appear not at Court."

This letter called forth a reply which was forwarded to the Spanish Ambassador at the Court of St James, in which amongst other explanations of what had occurred the Marquis de la Paz asserted that the expediency of his Catholic majesty's action was clear, for unless example had been made of this particular case, any of his Catholic majesty's Ministers might at any time seek a safe refuge in the residences of any of the foreign ambassadors—an argument that does not tend to show the security of the position of the high officials of the Spanish Court. The Marquis concluded his letter by stating that "the Duc de Ripperda was conducted in his coach, guarded by some life-guards, to the castle of Segovia; to the end that he may be secured there at his full ease, and free from the insults which he, vainly and without ground, apprehended." A delicate

manner of expressing that he had been forcibly seized in the British Embassy and thrown into prison.

Mr Stanhope's courier was, by order of the Spanish Government, detained for several days on the frontier, so that the first news of the incident received in London was through the Spanish Embassy. The Duke of Newcastle was, however, in no wise appeased by the Spanish Ambassador's excuses, and replied in a lengthy and severe despatch dated June 20, 1726, in which, after a statement of the whole case, he demanded reparation for the outrage committed on the British Embassy. The relations of England and Spain were, however, undergoing so great a change that the incident seems to have been lost sight of in more important affairs.

We must return for a moment to the Duchess de Ripperda, whom we had left in hysterics in the Embassy reception-room. A quiet period of thought, in which no doubt she reviewed the whole situation, decided her that her husband's downfall was final. She became inconsolable, spending her time in acts of charity and in constant companionship with the priests. She took great care to maintain for herself the esteem of the world, and more particularly of the Church, through whose influence she may still have hoped that some amelioration in the Duke's position might possibly be brought about. But as she grew to realise that the Duke's career in Spain was ended, and that there seemed little likelihood of his ever leav-

ing his prison, she followed the side of public opinion, neglected to visit the castle of Segovia, and even agreed with the world in general that it was the Duke's unprincipled ambition that had brought about his ruin. With this confession on her lips, she became more popular than ever, and as the contemporary biographer states, "her extraordinary Economy, her great Piety, her extensive Charity, and her profound Obedience to her Ghostly Directors secured to her an universal Applause."

Meanwhile Ripperda remained incarcerated in the fortress of Segovia, where his ambitions and irascible temperament, added to constant attacks of the gout, rendered his confinement hard to bear. He was, it is true, well treated, was accompanied by his valet,—who had followed his master's example throughout, even in his changes of religion,—and was allowed to receive visitors. He spent some of his spare hours in drawing up an "apology" for his conduct of affairs, in which he so violently attacked his enemies that a contemporary stated it was difficult to know which to admire the most—"the Poignancy of his Malice or the Elegancy of his Genius."

It was during his imprisonment at Segovia that he met with a person who was to play no unimportant part in his later life. This was a young Spanish girl, of very attractive appearance and pleasant manner, who became celebrated as the "Fair Castilian," and who followed Ripperda through

the strangest of his adventures. At Segovia she became his mistress; and it was owing to her ingenuity, joined to that of the valet, that the Duke, although suffering at the time from a severe attack of the gout, was able to escape from his prison by climbing the high walls by the aid of a silken ladder that the "Fair Castilian" had herself woven. Entering a coach, Ripperda, the lady, and the valet, hastened with all possible speed to St Andero on the coast, where a vessel awaited him. Immediately they were safely on board the ship proceeded to sea, and laid her course for England.

There is no doubt that Ripperda chose London in preference to other places of refuge on account of the strained relations which existed at that time between England and Spain. He hoped by aid of his name and influence to stir up the anti-Spanish feeling which existed there already to no mean degree, and by this means to avenge himself for his misfortunes by bringing about a state of war, in which eventually Spain could not fail to suffer. It appears that the overruling ambition which had formerly dominated all his actions was changed to a malvolence equally as strong. He cared not to what extremes he might proceed, or what he personally might be called upon to suffer, could he only bring about the desire that reigned supreme in his heart. But he failed to take into account the common-sense of the English people. If he looked in London for Spanish temperaments and

Spanish hot-headedness he looked in vain. The Ministry listened attentively to his arguments, appreciated his versatility, and acted on none of his recommendations. His residence in Soho Square—then the height of fashion—became the resort of people of position. He was rich and lived handsomely. He was lauded by the people for his generosity. He was ridiculed by the London press. In fact, he entered systematically into fashionable life as it existed in the earlier part of the eighteenth century.

But Ripperda had not come to England to retire from the world. His insatiable hatred of the Spaniards, his ambition, his love of intrigue, forbade him to accept a refuge where he might have ended his days in peace. His sole pleasure, it is said, during his residence in London was in gambling in stocks, a form of adventure—one of the only forms of adventure—that remains to-day. He wearied even of this excitement, and, having persuaded the "Fair Castilian" to follow him, he made up his mind to seek a career in other and more favourable lands. Again it was his desire to avenge himself upon Spain that decided his purpose. He paid a secret and hurried visit to Holland in 1731, where by arrangement he met Admiral Perez, a personage of importance in the Government of Mulai Abdullah, the Sultan of Morocco. A few weeks later he chartered a vessel and set sail for Tangier. He wisely invited to accompany him certain Moor-

ish Jews who happened to be in Holland at the time, from whom during the voyage he learned much about the country in which he had determined not only to take up his residence but also to play a leading part.

On his arrival at Tangier he spent only a few days at that port, and, after visiting Tetuan, he set out for Mekinez, the capital of Mulai Abdullah. His journey gave him evidence that the Jews were a despised race in Morocco, and that their friendship would impede rather than aid his aims and ambitions. It was on this account that, on his arrival in Mekinez, he took up his residence with a French merchant, whose wife, a young Spanish lady, became at once the devoted friend of the "Fair Castilian." The merchant gave no glowing account of the reception Ripperda was likely to meet with from the Sultan, and in this respect he did not misinform him. The audience took place, and the Sultan listened attentively enough to the Duke's plots and plans against Spain, but refused to engage upon any action until he had given the matter mature consideration. Meanwhile he advised Ripperda to see the error of his way and embrace Islam. This appears to have offered no great obstacle to the Duke, who, it will be remembered, had already several times changed his religion; and on his return from his interview with Mulai Abdullah he broached the subject to the merchant, much to the latter's horror and indignation. He

wisely, however, expressed no more than his surprise, but forthwith took steps to rid his roof of so unwelcome a guest. He introduced the Duke to a certain French renegade, known to the Moors by the name of Ali. This estimable character was a renegade monk whose debaucheries had made his residence in a Roman Catholic country impossible, upon which he had emigrated to England, where, much to his surprise, he found that even amongst Protestants there appeared to be some idea of a code of morality. He then tried Morocco, and with more success. Between Ali and the Duke a friendship soon sprang up, each realising that the other could scarcely fail to prove of use.

Ripperda's second interview with the Sultan proved more satisfactory. Considerable state was observed, and the Duke appeared in a suit of red velvet embroidered in gold, and on taking his leave presented his majesty with a novelty in the shape of a watch set in a finger-ring, a marvel unknown at the Moorish Court, and probably a great rarity in those days. It is curious to note that the Sultan spoke Spanish fluently, and there is no doubt that the interior of Morocco was more open to Europeans then than it is to-day. At the present moment no Europeans are allowed to reside in Mekinez, except as lodgers in the houses of the Jewish quarter, while at this period there seem to have been no small number of them living in comfort and ease in the Moorish town.

Ripperda now left the merchant's house, and, adopting the costume of the country, took up his residence with Ali, where the "Fair Castilian" had as companions the two wives of their host, one of whom was a Spanish girl, taken captive by pirates, and presented to Ali by the Sultan as a token of esteem. It must be noted to the Duke's credit that he never followed other renegades' examples, but remained true to the "Fair Castilian," who moved in the European society of Mekinez as the Duchess de Ripperda.

The Duke's skill in diplomacy, his personal fascination and his power of intrigue, were not long in making themselves felt at the Moorish Court. In a short time he had persuaded the Sultan not only to listen to his advice, but also to act upon it, and he had gained the good opinion of Mulai Abdullah's native *entourage*. In spite of the immense jealousy that always surrounds an oriental monarch, Ripperda had made friends everywhere. His very disinterestedness, his apparent desire only to further the aggrandisement of the Empire of Morocco, ensured his popularity. He had the power of letting every one think that they were his greatest, almost his only, friends. A subtle meekness, a skilful flattery, and a deference to the ideas of others, assisted him not a little. For a European, however great his prestige, in so short a time to have become the dominant spirit at the fanatical Moorish Court speaks almost more for Ripperda's abilities than his sudden

rush to power in Spain. That he could have felt any sympathy for the surroundings that he found himself among is almost impossible. Opportunities for the state of luxury in which he had lived in Spain, or his love of ostentation and praise, must have been strangely wanting in Mekinez, where the simple life of the Moorish Court, as it is known to have existed in those days, could have offered him little in exchange. Yet his intense and malign desire for vengeance on Spain not only persuaded him to bear the many discomforts of such a life, but even to appear to enjoy his existence. His failure in London, and the pent-up energy of his baffled desires, rendered him more vindictive than ever, and he entered heart and soul into the furthering of his schemes. To him the Moorish Sultan, the army, the treasury, were but a means to an end, and he had no hesitation in sacrificing them all, as he undoubtedly did sacrifice them, rather than abandon his malevolence. One cannot but admire the stubborn persistence of the man, while regretting that his ability was not more laudably employed. He must have been aware that any injury which Morocco could impose upon Spain could not be of long duration or really serious; yet he was content to suffer himself, and to make thousands of others suffer, in order to have the satisfaction of doing what could not really amount to more than causing serious annoyance to his enemies.

Before engaging in any active plans Mulai Abdullah

awaited the return of Admiral Perez, with whom, it may be remembered, Ripperda had already had an interview at The Hague. On the Admiral's arrival the Duke was not slow to renew his friendship, and with such success that Perez supported his ideas so strongly at Court, and spoke so highly in Ripperda's favour, that the Duke was forthwith appointed a "Basha," and given entire command of the Moorish army as well as of the conduct of the forthcoming war. The man who as a diplomatist had negotiated the treaty of Vienna, now found himself a Commander-in-Chief. But there were certain formalities to be gone through before Ripperda could be legally appointed to his new post. His adoption of the Moslem faith still required certain acts before it could be considered legal. Ripperda hesitated, or rather postponed the day, and meanwhile the "Fair Castilian" was brought to bed of a son. This but added to the Duke's difficulties, for his mistress was a devout Catholic, and his devotion to her, and the fear of breaking her heart, deterred him from receiving the child into the faith he had so lately adopted. On the other hand, to baptise his infant as a Christian might upset all the schemes on which he had so steadfastly set his heart, by awakening suspicion in the Sultan's eyes. However, he took the latter course, and spared the "Fair Castilian" the mortification of seeing her son a Moslem. The child was secretly baptised.

Ripperda had acted without due consideration for the ideas and opinions of his Moslem friends and supporters, and strong objections were raised to his action. The Duke, however, was never wanting in ingenuity, and before his protesting friends left him he had carried out a bargain. For the mother's sake the child was to remain a Christian, but he agreed that his valet should at once adopt the Moslem faith, and go through every formality necessary under the circumstances. The servant did not hesitate, seeing a possibility of promotion in the service of the Sultan. Ripperda's formal reception into Islam was again announced. He feared certain details of the ceremony, but at length, seeing that it was necessary to his ambition and his schemes, he pretended that the Sultan's personal instruction had convinced him of the truth of the Mohammedan faith, and with great feasting and rejoicings the ceremony was carried out. Mortified and indignant, the "Fair Castilian" for a time refused even to see him.

The Sultan and his Court now gave their entire attention to the proposed war with Spain, and Ripperda's plan for the investment of Ceuta, a Spanish possession situated at the south-east corner of the Straits of Gibraltar, was agreed upon, and 10,000 men were raised for this opening episode of the war.

It was not to be expected that Spain would remain idle under the circumstances, and she prepared a counter-move against Oran, which at that

period was included in the Empire of Morocco. Ripperda hurried to the spot, put the town in a condition to withstand the threatened siege, and massed an army in its vicinity. After considerable difficulties the Spaniards succeeded in landing their troops, and by a skilful march outflanked the Moorish troops, who laid down their arms and fled, abandoning not only their entire camp, but also the town with its stores and munitions of war. It seems to have been owing to no fault of Ripperda's that this disaster came about. The army under his command consisted almost entirely of raw tribal levies, with little or no idea of fighting, and still less of discipline.

The news of the victory was received with great rejoicings in Spain, and Ripperda was solemnly degraded in Madrid by the cancelling of all his honours and his rank of Duke and Grandee of Spain. Ripperda hurried back to Mekinez, terrified lest the wrath of his new master at so serious a defeat should wreak itself upon him. Torture and various kinds of cruel deaths were common enough in Morocco, and the Duke's journey to Court must have caused him many an anxious moment. However, his fears were groundless. He was received with high favour by Mulai Abdullah, and even the "Fair Castilian" did not conceal her joy at seeing him once again. The Duke, in spite of his adoption of Islam, had made no signs of instituting a harem, and this tended to the happiness of his devoted mistress. But, through no fault of Rip-

perda's, her jealous nature was to receive a shock, for the Sultan's mother, a lady well on in years, suddenly displayed an unconquerable devotion for the Duke. So indiscreet did the royal lady become that Ripperda not only ran the risk of losing his head, but raised such a flood of jealousy in the breast of the "Fair Castilian" that he "lost all hopes of quiet at home and abroad."

It was not long before the Duke had an opportunity of recovering the prestige which he had lost by the defeat at Oran. A rebellion broke out in the interior of the country, headed by a certain prince, Mulai Ahmed by name, and so serious grew the rising that the throne was threatened. Taking command of the legitimist troops, Ripperda routed the rebels in two successive engagements, and put a successful end to the revolt. Mulai Abdullah, saved from this new danger, was not slow to reward his deliverer, and Ripperda was appointed Grand Vizier of Morocco, with absolute authority over every department of the Government, civil and military.

The new Grand Vizier must have known that his appointment would cause great jealousy, and he played his cards accordingly. He sent for his friends, renegades and Moors, and thanked each severally and secretly for the assistance they had given him in reaching his high position, stating that he was fully aware that had it not been for their aid he could never have succeeded. He asked each in turn to look upon

him as their lasting friend, and promised to guard and further their interests. This skilful flattery, likely enough assisted by more worldly considerations, not only stifled their jealousy, but also gained him their support.

It was about this time that we bid adieu to one of the minor characters of this article. The Duke's valet, who had been employed as a spy at Ceuta, was eventually caught by the Spaniards. Threatened with torture, he confessed to being in Ripperda's employ, and to carrying information to the commander of the Moorish troops which were investing the town. Pardon was not to be expected, and the unfortunate man was handed over to the Inquisition in Spain for having abjured his faith and adopted Islam. His end is unknown, but can be surmised. The tender mercies of the Inquisition were on a par with those of the Moors themselves. When the "Fair Castilian" learned the fate of this unfortunate individual she was much distressed, and in a torrent of abuse accused Ripperda of having brought it about. His reply is preserved by his contemporary biographer. He lectured her on the fortunes of war, spoke of the risks he personally encountered, and concluded by bidding her mind her own business.

Ripperda was again despatched to Oran, and as his position of authority was stronger than ever, he instituted severe measures in attempting to instil some idea of discipline into his troops.

He hung any soldier guilty of pillage or looting, and by this and similar repressive measures succeeded in introducing some order amongst the Moorish army. Leaving the siege of Oran to be carried on by his lieutenants, he proceeded to Ceuta, where, after various successes, the Moorish forces were disastrously routed.

Ripperda was once more in fear of his life; but his influence with the Sultan's mother and his popularity amongst the officials at Court stood him in good stead. Mulai Abdullah decided to take command of the troops himself, and forthwith set out for Ceuta. He had been absent from Mekinez but a short time when rebellion again broke out in the country, and the Sultan was obliged hurriedly to return to his capital. Meanwhile Mekinez had been the scene of a revolt. The palace had been unsuccessfully stormed, and the Sultan's mother had died half of terror and half from a chill that she had caught by hiding at night in one of the palace gardens. Mulai Abdullah's revenge was complete. Wholesale strangulation and every form of torture instilled fear and loyalty into the population, while renegades accused of participation in the rebellion were thrown alive to the lions.

The insecurity of life which existed at this period, and at most periods, in Morocco is illustrated by the following anecdote. The Basha of Taza, an official of importance and influence, was dining one night

with Ripperda when an officer from the Court arrived. Ripperda trembled with terror, fearing his last hour had come, for he had recognised the officer as a messenger of death. His fears were groundless. It was the head of the Basha of Taza that was required, and he was forthwith strangled in the presence of the Duke and the other guests.

Ripperda had failed again in his desire for revenge upon his Spanish enemies. He had succeeded only in impoverishing the country that he had used as his instrument, and in rendering the Sultan unpopular by the exactions which these disastrous wars had necessitated. Mulai Abdullah had given way to fits of melancholy, and Ripperda, fearing a change in his likes and dislikes, hurried back to Mekinez. This must be said for the Duke, that he always acted with courage. He escaped danger oftenest by proceeding to where danger seemed most to threaten him. He still held his unchangeable belief in his own capacity and his own personal fascination, and more than once upset the plans of his enemies, who were undermining his influence at Court, by appearing in the Sultan's presence unexpectedly and in the nick of time; and on each occasion his personality won the day.

Arrived at the capital, he threw himself upon the mercy of the Sultan, asked to be released, on account of age and infirmities, from duties that he found himself incapable of

performing satisfactorily; and just as, probably, his fall was certain, he escaped it by a voluntary retirement. But he still was actively engaged in other matters. He traded largely and successfully, and by persuading the Sultan from time to time further to debase the coinage, he amassed a fortune. But he foresaw all along the threatening danger. Discontent was rife amongst his people, the Sultan and his throne were threatened, and Ripperda took his precautions accordingly. He secretly removed his property to Tetuan, where he had purchased the firm friendship of the powerful Basha of the place. Thence, when affairs at Mekinez came to a head, he retired, without even notifying his intention to the Sultan. Ripperda had timed his flight with ability. The authority of the Sultan had become so weakened that it was almost impossible for him to bring about the fugitive's arrest, and Mulai Abdullah's sole revenge for his favourite's desertion was, like that of the King of Spain, to deprive him of all his honours in an imperial edict. This was almost the last public act of the Sultan, for within a very short space of time he too was flying for his life to the oasis of Tafilet, brought to these straits through having followed throughout the advice of Ripperda in carrying on a long and costly war against a superior enemy.

Once settled on the throne, Mulai Ali, the new Sultan, despatched messengers to Tetuan summoning the Basha of that

place and Ripperda to proceed to Mekinez. Not only did these two refuse to go, but promptly removed to Tangier, where they put the town into a condition to withstand a siege. The fortifications which the English had left there on their evacuation in 1684, although nominally destroyed before they left, were with some repairs sufficient to protect the town from an attack by tribal soldiers. But even a stronger argument with the troops that Mulai Ali despatched to the place was the ready money which Ripperda and his ally distributed amongst them. They returned to Mekinez with nothing accomplished; and as the result of negotiations with the Court, the Sultan accepted a handsome present in money, of which he was much in need, and came to terms with the Basha and Ripperda.

His public life was now over. Suffering much with the gout, and feeling his increasing years, Ripperda abandoned his schemes and his ambitions, and, still accompanied by the "Fair Castilian," he retired once more to Tetuan, certainly the most pleasant of Moorish cities in both situation and climate. There he resided in much luxury, on terms of great intimacy with his friend the Basha, each entertaining the other in turn with lavish expenditure.

As Ripperda felt his end approaching he became uneasy in mind, and eventually decided once more to return to the bosom of that Church which he had so often abandoned. As his illness increased he sent for

a priest, on whose arrival he was immediately confessed and absolved. He then took the last sacrament and made his will. So little difficulty had been placed in the way of his full and speedy absolution that one is not surprised to find that this document contains large bequests to convents and churches, without which perhaps the absolution might have been a matter of more serious difficulty. To each of his servants he left a small legacy, and the residue of his property, a very considerable one, to the "Fair Castilian" and her children.

A few days later, on October 17, 1737, Ripperda died, and the following morning his house was sacked by the population of Tetuan, but craftily the Duke had removed all his valuables shortly before his death. The same day the funeral took place, with full Moslem rites,—for his reconversion to Christianity had been kept secret,—and the Imam harangued the assembled notables on the high example and many virtues of the deceased's life. Salutes were fired from the forts, and amidst a large concourse of people his body was interred.

The "Fair Castilian" did not long survive him, but died within a year or two in Spain.

Twenty - two years—from 1715, when Ripperda was appointed Minister of the States-General to the Court of Madrid, till his death in 1737—had sufficed for all the successes and failures, all the vicissitudes, of this extraordinary career.

OXFORD REVISITED.

THE sensations with which a middle-aged man revisits the haunts of his youth are no novel topic for the rhetorician or the essayist. Many writers, great and small, have attempted to describe the curious mixture of joy and sadness characteristic of such occasions; and the melancholy, yet not wholly unpleasing, recollection of the "days that are no more" has often supplied the poet and the sentimentalist alike with his golden opportunity. These feelings are apt to be unusually poignant when the scene revisited is that in which adolescence passed by imperceptible degrees into manhood, in which the intellectual faculties suddenly awoke to the startling consciousness of their own existence, and in which hope and ambition for the last time reared their heads in blissful security from the bludgeoning of the world. Even the common tourist, it seems, is unable to behold Oxford without emotion. How much deeper, then, must his needs be who spent within its venerable precincts the momentous and happy years that immediately precede the introduction to the active business of life! But to indulge in wistful and vain regrets is the privilege of those *in statu pupillari*. As we grow older, we learn to let the dead past bury its dead. Above all, we cease to regard the existence of others younger and fresher than ourselves as a sort of personal affront. And

thus—though the place is poorer by the loss of some with whom in our memory it will ever be identified—though the noble presence of Liddell no longer lends a new majesty to the House, nor Jowett any more saunters round the Fellows' Garden: nay, though death has robbed us of companions of our own whom we ill could spare—sorrow must not be permitted to predominate over cheerfulness. We toast the old College, the old Dons, the old friends. *Nunc est bibendum*: to-morrow we return to the Temple or the Treasury, to the Senate or the desk.

It may be doubted whether term-time is the best season for paying a long-deferred and long-anticipated visit to the University. Certainly the summer term is not; for the summer term is little better than one continuous picnic, and the finer the weather, the more do bread-and-butter misses and their mammas abound. The prudent veteran will shun Commemoration, unless indeed he is to receive an honorary degree; while as for College balls, no doubt the supper and the wine are "undeniable"—they have been looked after by some true connoisseur: but O! how juvenile seem the men! and O! how atrociously they dance! If so be, however, that you can capture two or three fine days just after Commemoration, you had best take advantage of them for your outing. The

resident members of the University whom you happen to like will possibly not have gone down; and those whom you happen to *dislike* can be avoided, or are already on the wing for the localities in Switzerland which they successfully conspire, with schoolmasters and the clergy of all denominations, to render impossible as places of resort for the rest of their fellow-countrymen in the months of July and August. The undergraduates will also for the most part have gone down, a circumstance attended with a twofold advantage. In the first place, you will be able to get a bed in College; and in the second place, you may be spared the sight of those changes in dress and manners which have taken place since your time. The Panama hat, to be sure, is ubiquitous, and your eyes may chance to see—as ours have seen—a scholar, in full academic garb and white tie, lighting his pipe on the steps of the Schools from which he has this instant emerged; but you may escape the shock that cannot fail to be given to every well-regulated mind by the unholy combination of Norfolk jacket, commoner's gown, and tweed shooting-cap, which, if all tales are true, is the regulation costume for going to lecture in. Even so were the men of an ancient generation horrified when they learned by report that the modern undergraduate presumed to walk about the streets in flannels on his way to and from the river or the Parks.

As regards external and visible changes, it is plain

that the restlessness and ingenuity of man have not been by any means idle. The Green Barge is no longer to be found below the Gut, but has been relegated to a position on the Cherwell. There are new buildings at Trinity, at Brasenose, at Magdalen, and at New College. A large boarding-house for sectaries, called a College, has sprung up somewhere behind Holywell. Certain portions of the High appear to have been rebuilt with fairly satisfactory results, and all that represents the Church at Carfax is a tower. The rapid and persistent growth of the town during the last quarter of a century has been most remarkable; and the rateable value of the city must have increased enormously. We can testify at first hand that a street of houses extends very nearly the whole way to Iffley. Good, commodious houses, too, they seem to be of their kind, with rentals ranging, we should surmise, from £60 to £80 per annum. Who live in them and where they come from, are questions that might have baffled the curiosity of Herodotus himself. On every side of Oxford matters are said to be the same. For a variety of reasons it seems to have become one of the most popular residential towns in the southern midlands of England, and the pre-eminence of Cheltenham and Leamington in this respect is menaced, if not altogether overthrown. Yet, amid all these and similar changes, the essential charm of the place remains unim-

paired, unless perhaps by the tramway-cars, which have been disfiguring Magdalen Bridge for more than a score of years, and are now a greater necessity of existence than ever. The gardens of the several Colleges are assuredly as beautiful and inviting as they used to be, and a flourishing growth of ivy and other creepers has toned down the aggressive newness of some modern edifices. Electric light may have been installed in certain of the Colleges; but the furniture is as simple, unpretending, and battered as of yore. One recalls with a smile the pious American mother who wrote a piteous letter to 'The Times' a little while ago to complain of the more than Spartan inconveniences to which her darling offspring would be exposed if she suffered them to live in College.

Your citizen of the United States, at least if he is peripatetic in his tastes, has for long taken a prodigious interest in Oxford, and has signified the same in his accustomed fashion. Oxford is for him a species of shrine, whither he repairs on pilgrimage in much the same frame of mind in which he wends to Stratford—a spot which we have never seen, and devoutly hope never to set eyes on. This distinctive mental attitude of his is admirably exemplified in a little volume, which is adorned by some really graceful illustrations.¹ Mr Hutton, the author, owns that

it is the outcome of a six weeks' holiday spent in the University town, whose every street and lane he has perambulated "hat in hand, in his reverence for the memories of the men who have trod them in days gone by." Besides consulting hundreds of volumes in its preparation, he has, it seems, asked hundreds of questions "of Deans and Dons, of Graduates and Undergraduates, of Scouts and Hall-porters, of Antiquaries and Topographers." We can only express our sorrow on behalf of the persons interrogated, for the result of these elaborate inquiries is scarcely commensurate with the trouble to which they have been put. That Mr Ruskin's rooms at Corpus were No. 2 Fellows' Building, one pair left, we do not for one moment doubt, but the fact appears to us to be neither interesting nor material; and it does not strike one as being of any great consequence that Mr Walter Pater once "lodged on High Street, after he was graduated from Queen's." Had he "lodged on" King Edward Street, or the Broad, or Museum Villas, or Wellington Square—had he dwelt in Jericho or St Giles's—we had been equally unmoved. Our sympathies, to be perfectly frank, are wholly with the Jesus porter, who had never heard of Mr John Richard Green, and with his brother of Magdalen, who confessed to a little uncertainty as to the precise whereabouts of the rooms once occupied by Charles

¹ *Literary Landmarks of Oxford.* By Laurence Hutton. London: Grant Richards. 1903.

Reade. And so we chiefly value Mr Hutton's work less for its good intentions or its well-worn facts, than for the inimitable example it contains of that species of blunder which proceeds from the unwarrantable affectation of familiarity with things to which the writer is a total stranger. Miss "Belinda Blinders" has entertained us a good deal by her "story of Oxford Life,"¹ which is conceived in the old-fashioned spirit of riotous extravaganza. But in her most happily inspired moments it probably never entered her head to speak, as Mr Hutton does, of the illustrious College which claims Alfred the Great for its founder as "'Varsity."

Very different from Mr Hutton's performance is Mr Corbin's,² which is based upon practical experience of life in the University derived from actual residence at Balliol. Mr Corbin knows what he is talking about, and he is impartial and open-minded. He discovers no desire unduly to "crack up" his native country, and in truth the picture which he incidentally draws of her Universities is the reverse of flattering. We do not think that there are many inaccuracies in his pages: gross blunders, we believe, there are none. Yet nothing could be more erroneous and misleading than the impression produced by the book as a whole. Not once has the

author succeeded in suggesting the true atmosphere, in catching the right note; and his want of success is due, not merely to a fondness for superfluous jocularity or to the habitual employment of Transatlantic neologisms, but to something that goes much deeper. It is no easy matter for any one to give a just or adequate account of the spirit of a foreign institution, however closely he may have studied its external working. This observation is peculiarly true when the institution happens to be one so complex and subtle as the University of Oxford; for the shades of tone and feeling are too delicate and elusive to be reproduced by any hand save a master's. The failure of so intelligent and candid an observer as Mr Corbin should once more put us upon our guard against receiving without a due measure of reserve even the most plausible and best vouched for tales of the philosophic traveller.

A good instance of the way in which Mr Corbin sometimes gets hold of the "wrong end of the stick" is afforded by what he has to say about "Greats." He is a believer in the view that "brilliant and laborious students too often come off with a bare third, and happy audacity has as often brought the careless a first." That such things *have* happened is likely enough; to suppose that they

¹ Sandford of Merton. By Belinda Blinders. Edited by Desmond F. T. Coke. Oxford: Alden. 1903.

² An American at Oxford. By John Corbin. Boston, U.S.: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1902.

have happened frequently is absurd. Here is how Mr Corbin describes the process by which he thinks that distinction in the school of Litteræ Humaniores is mostly readily achieved:—

“Passages apt for quotation are learned by rote; phrases are polished until they are luminous; periods are premeditated; paragraphs and sections prevised. An apt epigram turns up in talk or reading—the wary student jots it down, polishes it to a point, and keeps it in ambush to dart it at this or that possible question.”

Nothing, we are confident, could be a more ludicrous travesty of the fact. A candidate who worked upon these principles, and peppered his answers with all the smart things he had come across in the newspapers during the last twelvemonth, would be rewarded for his pains by a third at most, and very possibly a fourth class. All examiners are not wise, but they may be assumed to be astute enough, as a rule, to detect whether the examinee has or has not some real comprehension and knowledge of the subjects he professes.

Mr Corbin's grave indictment against Greats is echoed at home by Mr Percy Gardner in the portentously solemn little volume¹ in which he has sought to point out to the University of his adoption the way wherein it should go. Mr Gardner is obviously of those who have been stirred to the inmost depths of their being by the

penny-trumpet-tongued utterances of the Arch-inefficient. Such expressions as “the dividing of the ways” and “this great crisis of the national life” come trippingly to his pen. He demands “a careful reconsideration of our position”; he bids us “bestir ourselves” and “put our house in order.” He is a great believer in congresses, and deplores that the students of the Humanities do not hold them. He expatiates on the religious, reverent, and modest spirit of modern science, and recommends “a plunge into the stream of the actual” as an “anæsthetic for the small troubles of life.” When the kitchen-chimney goes on fire, we suppose you should read Whitaker's invaluable Almanac. “Every fact,” Mr Gardner assures us, “however humble, is sacred. . . . Any truth, however minute, is a brick in the magnificent palace of history.” Moreover, “it is recognised that he who in any direction pushes back in the least degree the walls of ignorance does a service to the cause of science.” Here in effect will be found, within laudably brief compass, most of the current catchwords concerning Universities and Education; and if a larger stock of catchwords on any other subject is turned out by busybodies of every description, we are curious to learn what that subject is.

Mr Gardner, then, can find little that is good to say of

¹ Oxford at the Cross Roads. By Percy Gardner, M.A., Litt.D. London: Black. 1903.

Greats and the Greats curriculum, though he scarcely goes the length of Mark Pattison's famous dictum, that a man working for his class in the Schools "is positively doing himself an intellectual injury." The "rhetorical" element is too strong in it for his taste. Not enough importance is, in his opinion, attached to accurate scholarship. Matters are going from bad to worse. "Thirty or forty years ago the training in *Litteræ Humaniores* was more self-consistent and more effective than it is at present." That is very like what some critics were telling the last University Commission five-and-twenty years since, and very like what other critics were telling the first University Commission five-and-twenty years before that. Greats, like 'Punch,' are not so good as they used to be, and, what is more, they never were. They foster self-complacency and the habit of concealing ignorance. Writing essays, indeed, plays the very mischief with young men, though it is grudgingly admitted that "the mere faculty of putting things, apart from solid knowledge, would certainly not go so far to-day as thirty years ago." Essay-writing, like Socrates, is a corrupter of youth. It teaches them to write plausibly on subjects about which they know little, and to teach them that is "not merely inexpedient but radically immoral." And what, pray, is the great remedy for this distressing and alarming state of affairs? Mr Gardner prudently declines to formulate

a detailed programme of reform, but he indicates plainly enough the nature of his panacea. He happens to hold the Lincoln and Merton chair of Classical Archæology, and by a remarkable coincidence his prescription turns out to be (the reader will never guess what)—plenty of classical archæology! The murder is out. A competent acquaintance with the political institutions and history of Athens is, it would appear, of less moment than a knowledge of Hellenic pottery. "The life-giving and ennobling ideas which are embodied in Greek civilisation are to be traced even in the most modest works of the Greek workman, the terra-cotta figure made to be broken at the grave, the lady's mirror, the coin destined for the fish-market." If we had ventured to try this sort of eloquence upon our college tutor in a Greats essay, we should have spent a most unpleasant quarter of an hour. No; classical archæology is most excellent in its way, and as a matter of fact he who chooses may take it up for Greats as a special subject; but Mr Gardner has yet to convince us that its study is a sovereign specific against rhetoric—at all events, against rhetoric of the University Extension lecture type.

Grumblings akin to Mr Gardner's have found loud expression in the course of the last few months in the columns of 'The Times.' Correspondents have been permitted to denounce in large type the lethargy of the University, and

the Thunderer himself has deigned to scold and lecture that institution for hesitating to readjust its ideals and its scheme of education upon the model of a celebrated *Encyclopædia*. Many of the complaints so uttered were inspired by the barest utilitarian motives. Oxford, it is said, must move with the age, and instead of producing scholars for whom the age has no demand, must produce superior plumbers and electrical engineers. Classical archæology must retire to Saturn, in company with Plato and Aristotle, with Thucydides and Tacitus. The manufacture of aniline dyes, Mr Corbin informs us, has become practically a monopoly of the Germans, because Oxford has not turned out a sufficiency of able and pushing chemists to retain the business in this country. According to our free-traders, it is true, if the supineness of the University is really responsible for this result, it has conferred no small blessing upon the British community; for old England will never be thoroughly happy until all her industries have been driven across the seas. But, not to dwell upon an argument which is pressed upon us week by week with so much unction, our answer to the utilitarians would be simply this, that it is not the function of Oxford to produce consulting chemists. The case against the claims of those who favour a strictly "bread-and-butter" curriculum with a corresponding degree was never stated more felicitously than by Dean Mansel in a communica-

tion addressed to the first Oxford Commission:—

"In an age of great competition of all trades and professions, few parents will send a son to spend three years at the University in the general enlargement of his mind, when he might be concentrating his faculties on his own business in the office, the counting-house, or the surgery. It gives his competitors too great a start in the race of life. Nor would this be in any way obviated by making University education more professional. The University must undertake to supply all the technical details of each special apprenticeship, or she will be unable to compete with any as a training-school for money-making. Such a teaching of technicalities is not desirable, and, what is more to the purpose, it is not practicable: the working part of every business will be best learned on the spot where it is exercised. Even as regards theoretical study, I believe that the minute cultivation of special branches of knowledge is as incompatible with the local grouping of all on the same spot as with the possession of universal information by a single mind. . . . If the whole tendency of the age is to regard education as a means of earning a living,—if, relatively to that purpose, practical experience is everything, and if centralisation of all branches of knowledge is not the best means of gaining practical experience in one only,—general University extension is in this respect a backward, not a forward, step; and the amiable enthusiasm which dwells fondly on the memory of 30,000 students in the days of Henry III. must rank with the mediæval dilettanteism which sighs for the bygone days of hobby-horses and Abbots of Unreason."—(Report of Oxford Commission, 1852; Evidence, p. 19.)

We are far from saying that no University should minister to the handicrafts in the manner proposed, if it is at liberty to do so. Our contention is, that the University and the Colleges of Oxford are by

no means too well off; that an ample amount has been already expended upon the teaching of natural science and the ill-advised attempt to found a medical school; and that to divert good money from the existing courses of study to the establishment of laboratories and the endowment of workshops would be at the worst to betray a sacred trust, and at the best *vivendi perdere causas* without the excuse of doing so *propter vitam*. Beautiful new Universities have been founded in many English provincial towns, notably in Birmingham; and it is to them that we look to initiate those extremely interesting experiments in education which, in the belief of their advocates, are to maintain for England her supremacy in commerce, in learning, and in thought.

Mr Gardner, despite his passion for "fact" and his admiration for the spirit of modern science, is entirely out of sympathy with the utilitarian or bread-and-butter point of view. But, being like most of us more apt at criticism than at construction, he is a little vague, as we have hinted, in his proposals for the new order which is to work such wonders. The truth is, that all the reformers are at sixes and sevens. What is meat and drink to one is poison to another; and what to the reformer of one era spells salvation, becomes anathema to the reformer of the next. If there is a solid and tangible advantage that has flowed from the labours of the Commission which reported in 1852, it is the

disestablishment of the private tutor, and the bringing of the college tutorial system to an unprecedented and most creditable pitch of efficiency. But Mr Gardner fears that that system has become "fatal to the independence and originative power of the pupil." Codlin's the friend, not Short—the professor, not the tutor. Again, if there was anything for which the mid-Victorian reformer was prepared to go to the stake, it was the efficacy of examinations, particularly as a means of ascertaining the fitness of a candidate for a fellowship. "It is hardly necessary to add," say the Commissioners (Report, 1852, p. 169), "that an election to a fellowship should always be preceded by a *bonâ fide* examination." Nowadays such a notion is repudiated with horror by the advanced party, and the qualifying condition for a fellowship is held to be the accomplishment of some piece of original investigation. Ever since Lord Selborne's Commission, "Research" has been the watchword of the ardent reformers. But what the term means—what are to be the favoured objects of research, and how it is to be endowed—is still a matter of violent controversy. Our old friend is now presented to us in the new garb of "post-graduate study." The imminent advent to Oxford of certain beneficiaries under Mr Rhodes's will is apparently considered a seasonable opportunity for putting forward its pretensions. Had Mr Rhodes's true intention been to revolutionise the Oxford

system, it might well have been the bounden duty of the authorities to refuse his proffered bounty. Fortunately their strength of mind was put to no such test. Although, as Mr Gardner opines, he had no knowledge "of the great mental movements of our day" (wherein his state was haply but the more gracious), he was not exactly a fool, and he generally knew what he was about. It can scarcely, we think, be disputed that his wish was, not that the University should adapt itself and its arrangements to the ideas of the students whom he summoned from the Colonies, from the United States of America, and from Germany, but rather that they should adapt themselves to, and benefit by, the normal life of Oxford as he himself had known it. The advantages of the scheme might no doubt be mutual, but it was the benefit of the new-comers that he principally sought; and that it should be so is the highest compliment he could possibly have paid to his Alma Mater.

Oxford is described by Mr Gardner, and has often been described by others, as a place where "the forces of conservatism and the power of inertia" are exceptionally strong. This is a high compliment, and we rejoice to believe that in the main it is not undeserved. It would be well, however, if the Dons would glory in the charge, instead of becoming restive under it. Whatever is to be thought of their business capacity, it may be questioned if in any of the

learned professions there is a harder working and less adequately remunerated set of men than the college tutors. But they have inherited a quasi-Liberal tradition, which for the honour of the thing they feel bound to keep up, and hence they are terribly nervous of being thought to be the enemies of "progress." The consequence is that, instead of leaving well alone, they are perpetually tinkering the examination system. Practical reforms in matters of detail, with which none can be so familiar as they are, must sometimes be highly desirable; but that should not prevent the assumption of an unflinching conservative attitude when revolutionaries from within or from without are propounding their dangerous nostrums. We sometimes sigh for the creation in sober earnest of a "Non-placet society," pledged to resist all innovation to the uttermost. From all that we can hear, the party of common-sense is much better organised and therefore much more effective at the "other shop," and we sincerely trust that it will inflict a signal defeat upon the authors of the latest attempt to turn the University upside down.

The mission of Oxford today, as it always has been, is to promote the great object of education; and that object was well said by Archdeacon Williams to be "to kindle the imagination, to chasten the judgment, to refine the taste, and to render the pupil anxious to distinguish himself in after-

life as an intelligent and rational being." But circumstances alter cases, and there are obstacles and dangers ahead of the University which did not exist in the old days. The temptations to extravagant living; the absence of a widely diffused taste for the things of the mind; the low standard in matters intellectual which is said to prevail in the average British home,—these are an old story, and on each point, with the possible exception of the last, we believe the University to be in much better case than it was fifty years ago. The danger which seems specially to confront the University at the present time arises partly from the relaxation of the rule of celibacy formerly imposed upon Fellows, but even more from the fact, already adverted to, that Oxford has become a great residential centre for certain classes. The reactionaries who would fain have kept the railroad away from the vicinity of the "dreaming spires" were perhaps not so far wrong after all; and the University suffers because the town is readily accessible. It is averred that any undergraduate who chooses to apply himself to that "line of business" may dine out every night of the week, and may go to dances on three

evenings out of six. This is probably an exaggeration; but even so, it points to a real mischief. To go freely into miscellaneous society forms, or ought to form, no part of the purpose with which a young man goes to Oxford; and it is needless to point out how the corporate life of a College must be impaired if its members are suffered habitually to partake of the too generous hospitality dispensed by the villas that cluster round the Parks. Nay, more; nothing could so powerfully conduce as the present conditions to the formation of those boy-and-girl attachments which in most cases fortunately come to nothing, but in the majority of the others result in singularly ill-assorted and therefore miserable unions. This formidable evil, then, must be faced by the authorities with tact and firmness. We have confidence in them, we have confidence in the good sense of the undergraduates, and we have still greater confidence in that mysterious yet potent influence, the *genius loci*. Oxford is reserved by a wholly beneficent fate to be the "home of lost causes," and she will never prove false to her destiny. For lost causes are the only causes worth fighting for, if they happen to be causes at all.

OUTSIDE PETS.

HAVING it in my mind to write of pets other than dogs or human beings, I know not exactly where to begin. Not one of the five acts of life's drama which I have run through—in years, that is, for soldier or justice I have never been—has failed to be cheered by the society of a pet of some sort, walking either on two or four legs as the case may be, or even crawling. For it is in my memory that, in addition to sundry starlings, jackdaws, magpies, and other less notable birds, when a small boy I dearly loved a snake which I had caught and tamed, as well as sundry newts and tadpoles which in that halcyon period that comes halfway betwixt infancy and school-life I captured in a handy "pit" and kept in a large glass bowl. While I forget what became of the tadpoles, and can only trust that they duly eschewed their tails and developed into sensible frogs, I have a distinct recollection that my newts not only discarded and, I fancy, swallowed their skins from time to time, which was the right and proper thing to do, but—and this was distinctly improper and immoral—they occasionally played truant, escaping from confinement, and wandering about the house, to the great disconcertment of the female domestics, one and all of whom failed to recognise the charms of a really good-looking and wholly amiable newt which happened to be

taking an airing. It never appealed to my sense of justice that an elderly housemaid should have been held justified in having a fit of hysterics, and threatening to give warning merely because she chanced to narrowly escape treading upon a wandering newt, or that I should be held responsible because our fat cook most unnecessarily dropped a dish when a frog jumped out of my pocket as I was talking to her.

Dire was my rage and bitter my grief when later on in life my snake was maliciously killed by a schoolfellow, and though I found temporary consolation in soundly punching the murderer's head, the sense of loss rankled in my heart for many a long day afterwards. It was a good snake, as tame and intelligent as Crusoe's man Friday, accepting gratefully the bread and milk which I smuggled out of hall for its benefit, and yet in virtue of its snakehood and imaginary connection with Satan it failed to find popularity in ordinary society.

But now—to take my creatures in a more regular order—I will commence with cats, though I write the word in fear and trembling. For there is ever present in my mind the certain knowledge that anything I may say in favour of a cat will be eminently distasteful, if not incredible, to one in high authority—I am not alluding to the Commander-in-Chief of H.M.'s forces, but to

the Editor of 'Maga,' for my present purpose a far more important personage.

Nor do I for a moment affect to believe that the cat—*qua* cat—is a popular character. It is indeed a matter of history that "puss" as a general principle is as much an enemy to the ordinary boy as "dog" is a friend. For, though a sister's cat or the family cat or now and again a boy's own cat may be a privileged animal, the unknown outside cat is promptly greeted with a stone or other handy missile, where the unknown outside dog is approached with blandishments. As there is no effect without some producing cause, so there is no doubt that puss has many habits that do not commend her to the mind masculine. Her very gait, stealthy and aggressively meek, excites a feeling of repulsion, and she is at once as ubiquitous as a telegraph-boy and as inquisitive as a district visitor. That she should be abhorred of gamekeepers is only natural, for a cat which has once tasted the joys of poaching is of all criminals the most adventurous and incorrigible. *Per contra* she is entitled to rank as the tutelary goddess of maid-servants, who manage to pile upon her back a good many of their own sins, whether of omission or commission; but I am afraid that an occasional hard knock from the housemaid's broom is about the sole reward puss gets for many unconscious services.

And yet, though I feel that it is rank heresy to say so, the cat in the way of companion-

ship possesses sundry points of superiority over the dog, having a greater sense of cleanliness and refinement, less ostentatious vulgarity, and being less noisy and more tactful. Where both animals are habitually dishonest, there is this point in favour of leaving the cat rather than the dog in a room with a plate of bread-and-butter, that whereas the food, in either case, would disappear or be rendered uneatable, the dog would not be perfectly happy unless he had broken the plate into the bargain. Though the cat commonly poses as a timid, and the dog as a lion-hearted animal, there is probably little to choose between the pair in the matter of animal courage; and if cat meets dog in hand-to-hand encounter, for her weight the former, to whom nature has assigned a double portion of offensive armour, is the stronger fighter.

"He'll kill a cat any day of the week," says the sporting butcher of his bull-terrier. But were it possible to put the latter evil-looking creature in a thirty-foot ring with a feline of his own size and weight, the boot would be on the other leg altogether. And in a natural battlefield it is perfectly certain that an army of cats, as possessing greater mobility and power of resource, would outlast and defeat, by the process of exhaustion, an army of dogs. Even mankind, when in foreign parts he encounters one of the cat genus as large as a Newfoundland dog, prefers, if unarmed, to

pass by on the other side, in the hope that the animal will ignore his presence.

But, it may be urged, the cat is a one-sided selfish beast, and will only fight for her own hand, whereas the faithful dog will act as guard as well as companion to his master, and fight to the death on his behalf. Probably herein lies the gist of the whole matter, and probably again Mr Rudyard Kipling has lately given us the real key to the cat's comparative unpopularity. Even though nominally domesticated, the cat to this day is essentially an animal "that walks alone," and commonly declines to enter into a hard-and-fast partnership with *homo* because it is unwilling to follow the example of the dog, and put up with the whims and extravagances of one who, in virtue of his claim to be called the lord of the creation, insists upon the right to "boss the whole show." Board and lodging, man's ordinary contribution to the partnership assets, are from puss's point of view very minor considerations. That is a very poor-spirited or very much-pampered cat who cannot support herself, and a sheltering roof is the last thing that she requires by way of habitation.

In one way, be it said, mankind pays an involuntary tribute to the independent nature of the cat. For where it is taken for granted that a dog, if it misbehaves, will accept with submission a formal chastisement, the cat, under similar circumstances, comes off com-

paratively scot-free, for the simple reason that the infliction of formal chastisement is fraught with considerable danger to the would-be operator.

It was in my petticoat days that I saw an attempt at formally chastising a cat result in a miscarriage of justice.

"What are you going to do with pussy?" I inquired, when I met our gardener carrying by the scruff of the neck a large black cat who belonged to the establishment.

"Shove her in coop along wi' an old hen for five minutes, acos she've been ating of her chickens."

"But won't she eat the old hen too?" I inquired in all innocence.

"Not she," was the confident reply. "You'll see as she'll dust her jacket for her."

Like the Pythia of old, the gardener had unwittingly given a reply which fitted either issue of a short but eventful contest.

The lid of the coop was lifted, and the cat, unceremoniously thrust in, promptly scored "first blood" off the gardener's hand, into which she managed to drive her claws well home as he released her.

"D—n the cat!" ejaculated the man, and a moment later the hen must have felt inclined to echo the remark. For the cat, immediately assuming the offensive, saluted the proposed executioner with two vicious blows on either side of the head, and then, in an instant squeezing herself between two apparently impossible bars, was safely ensconced in the branches

of a handy tree, where she at once set to work to perform an elaborate toilet, by way of emphasizing her contempt for her two thick-witted and clumsy antagonists.

Enough, then, of cats in general. Of particular cats, who have come within my personal ken, one stands out as a remarkable contradiction of the common theory that a locality, rather than an individual, is the object of a cat's regard. For the amusement of a sadly crippled child, many years ago, a kitten, a commonplace little thing with no pretensions to high-breeding or good looks, was procured. The animal at once fell in with the requirements of the situation, and in a few days so attached herself to her mistress that the two were practically inseparable. Now and again the child, who was a great sufferer, in a fit of childish temper, occasioned by frequently recurring pain, would strike at her play-fellow with a whip or any handy weapon. But the dumb animal, as though entirely appreciating the fact that her dearly loved mistress could not have the heart consciously to hurt her pet, would immediately jump on to her lap to find shelter, and the short-lived and wholly one-sided quarrel would terminate with mutual caresses. For three years the friendship continued, and during that period the cat was the most frolicsome, light-hearted, and the most loud-purring of her species. At the end of that time the child died after a short illness, and, from the day

of her death, the cat, who had never during the illness lost an opportunity of stealing to her mistress's bedside, was absolutely broken-hearted. Though she lived to a great age, and passively acquiesced in two changes of residence, it is a fact that she never really purred again, and to all intents and purposes lived the life of a misanthrope, rather resenting than courting kindly advances made to her by any member of the household.

One of her kittens, who filled the post of second cat to the establishment, attached herself almost as warmly to the master of the house, and never seemed entirely happy if she was not either watching him as he sat at work in his study or trotting after him as he smoked his cigar in the garden. To such an extent did her affection and confidence in his good-nature carry her that puss invariably selected a cupboard in his room, where newspapers were commonly stored, as the scene of her nursing operations, and maugre the combined efforts of all the servants in the place, produced kittens there with unfailing regularity. On the whole, I am inclined to think that she chose a more comfortable and less generally inconvenient cradle than did the late lamented Poo, long cat regnant of my own establishment, who, with a pertinacity which deserved to command respect rather than universal reprobation, insisted on depositing a succession of singularly ill-favoured families in an almost inaccessible spout.

Inheriting some of my father's fondness for unobtrusive companionship in working hours, in later years I gladly accepted the offer of a handsomely marked tabby kitten, which, equally to the surprise of myself and the donor, eventually developed into a very long-haired and bushy-tailed cat. It rejoiced in the name of Chedorlaomer, being so called for the better edification of a dear old housekeeper, whose pronunciation of lengthy words was quite quaint enough to repay cultivation.

"I hope you will always call Chedorlaomer by his proper name, Mrs Page," I remarked. "I want him to learn to answer to it."

The old lady promised faithfully to comply with my wishes; but when I wanted my cat to keep me company in my room, and asked her to call it, I used to leave my door open and listen.

"Kitalarmer! Kit, kit, kit, Kitalarmer! Poor little kit, then, Kit, Kit, Kit!"

During two years' residence in a country town, Chedorlaomer was a really beautiful animal to behold, always sleek, well fed, and taking a proper pride in his personal appearance, in addition to being gifted with rare dignity of movement. But later on, when he was transported to country pastures, alas! his moral character and smart appearance sadly deteriorated. For whereas in old days living a blameless life, he had been well content to sit and watch me working in my room till bedtime came round,

in his new home he shortly developed a habit of mysteriously disappearing at nightfall, only to present himself at the breakfast-table in the morning hungry, tired, draggled, and generally disreputable. Of him, as of Hector in the vision of Æneas, it might well be said—

"Quantum mutatus ab illo."

If not his beard, at any rate his tail was matted and unkempt, and too often his locks were blood-stained—things that seemed to tell a tale

"of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes."

Nor were other signs wanting to show that Chedorlaomer, led astray from the paths of virtue by the seductions of country life, had become a habitual vagabond and poacher. Where, however, in other respects, the animal's whole nature seemed to have changed, I found that I still retained a strong hold on his affection; so that I was genuinely sorry, on returning home after a short absence, to find that he had been missing for several days. Probably he was trapped or shot by a keeper. For if a keeper has his wits about him, that incorrigible criminal, a poaching cat, is seldom long-lived. Chedorlaomer was the last cat which I owned myself, for I never cared to replace him; but as years rolled by with silent step, I was in course of time called upon to feign an interest in a rapidly shifting succession of nursery kittens, either begged,

bought, or stolen for my small daughter's benefit. Misfortunes seemed to dog the footsteps of these creatures, who disappeared almost as suddenly as they came; and, as the post of nursery-kitten was never long vacant, I am inclined to fancy that the supply of this commodity in our part of the world must outrun the demand. The solitary kitten that survived to blossom into cathood was Poo, of evergreen memory, of whom it may be said that force of character, grimness of purpose, and a distinct vein of originality commanded an amount of respectful, and in some cases servile, admiration to which her personal appearance in no way entitled her. She had originally been selected by my rather unconventional daughter out of a bunch of some half-dozen kittens proffered for her acceptance, on the ground that the creature's want of personal attractions would stand in the way of her chances of life. And in Poo's case the promise of youth was abundantly fulfilled in maturer years, when the ugly kitten had developed into a singularly ill-favoured cat. Yet to Poo's credit be it said that she so far appreciated the kindness of the thought, which had possibly prolonged her life, that even under the most trying circumstances she, who was habitually at loggerheads with the world at large, submitted to be pulled about or carried like a shawl by the child, though she would have scratched like a fiend and sworn like a trooper if any-

body else had attempted to take the same liberties with her. While I could not help admiring the creature's independent spirit, and generally managed myself to be more or less on speaking terms with her, so uncertain were her moods that I never exactly knew whether she was of a mind to scratch or to purr. But there were times, again, when I positively loathed her, and could have wished her at Jericho, or at the bottom of the sea. For being, as I have said, a cat of character, she not only "bossed" the other animals of the establishment, but having gathered round her a *clientèle* of cats from other houses, she used to entertain them at a series of smoking concerts given about once a fortnight in a small yard which forms a sort of amphitheatre exactly under my bedroom windows. These entertainments generally commenced at midnight, and as the favourite soprano made a hideous hash of the high notes, and Poo, herself a bass, invariably sang out of tune, the results were less pleasing to myself than to the performers; and when, after employing much bad language and every available missile weapon, I had induced the mob to "move on," they merely adjourned to another convenient locality just out of range.

Though intolerant of dogs, Poo, in contradistinction to any other cat that I ever saw or heard of, had borrowed one leaf from their book. For

while other cats, if not inclined to be sociable, will run away at the approach of a strange man or woman, Poo stood her ground and evinced her dislike by growling; and I always felt in my own mind that when she elected to sleep in the house we were safe from the assaults of the midnight burglar. To be savagely growled at by an animal whose colour made her in a dim light practically invisible, is calculated to upset the nerves either of burglar or of honest man.

Death by misadventure in the ordinary execution of her duty was destined to be our Poo's fate. For, having been missing for two days, she was at last discovered by her mistress with her head crushed between two blocks of wood in a stack haunted by rats and mice. Though she had been the mother of many kittens, all reared in the water-spout, it cannot be definitely said that any of her stock remain to perpetuate her memory in the house, though up to a year ago one Tabby Tom, who had inherited a double portion of his mother's independent spirit, was in the habit of quartering himself on our hospitality for a few days in the course of each year. He was always a welcome guest, and inducements to remain, in the form of milk and bones, were freely offered to him; but he evidently preferred to live a roving life, and declined to accept a permanent position in the establishment.

The death of a four-footed

friend must always leave a scar on the heart of any one who really cares for animals, whether it comes of accident, of merciful deliverance from hopeless illness, or in the ordinary course of nature. Many a day has, alas! to be marked with black chalk, with the blackest chalk of all, so far as the death of an animal is concerned,—a day on which was perpetrated a most “foul and unnatural” murder. Many a long year back a working man brought me a tiny leveret, rather an appropriate gift for my then locality, inasmuch as a window in the parish church perpetuates the memory of Cowper and his hares. I nursed the little thing through its infancy, and found in it the tamest, most affectionate, and most docile of pets. And then, in an evil day, being myself rather a bird of passage, I hardened my heart to give it away to the small son of a dear friend, in whose care I believed that it would find a happy and permanent home. It went to my heart a little that, calling one day to inquire after the hare's wellbeing, I found that although I had trained it into being a perfectly mannered house-pet, it now roamed at large in a huge granary. But I was assured that the child came in daily to play with it, and there was no manner of doubt that the animal was fat and well-liking; so on the whole I felt that it was better off where it was than in my own rather narrow quarters. Some three or four months later, I

made an opportunity to call again.

"Well, how's the hare?" I inquired of the groom, who had shown me to the granary before.

"Best hare as ever was, sir," was the reply. "Us had him for our dinner on Christmas Day."

The child had tired of his playfellow, and it had been consigned to the tender mercies of the groom, whom may Heaven forgive, though I doubt his claim to go there.

A similar act of almost equally brutal gormandism disgraced an otherwise estimable gardener; but I will admit that inasmuch as gardening was his vocation, there was in his case a shadow of excuse. For two or three weeks I had been watching with some interest the growth of a family of young missel-thrushes. The mother, careless in the first instance of the safety of her young ones,—for she had built her nest in a low and very unguarded position,—seemed to take it as a matter of course that I should be at the trouble of feeding the hungry little creatures rather than that she should perform this obvious duty. Nothing loth, I conscientiously filled the office of feeding-nurse; but was not a little surprised that the gardener, whom I knew to be, where animals were concerned, an austere man, now and again would take the trouble to save a few worms while he was digging, for the express purpose of supplementing my efforts.

As there were two or three

stray cats about the place, I was rather anxious for the day to arrive when my nurslings should be able to fend for themselves and vacate their dangerous premises.

"Hurrah!" I exclaimed one morning on finding the nest empty. "Do you know," I shouted to the gardener, "that our thrushes have flown?"

"They ain't flied far," he replied stolidly.

"How do you know? Have you seen them about?"

"Yees, and tasted on 'em, too. I had 'em in a doompling for my supper last night. Fat as butter they was!" and the beast of a fellow licked his lips at the mere recollection of that most unholy banquet.

And now, at last, I seem to have drifted to the country of those feathered friends from whose society I have at all times, and more especially in later years, derived so much pleasure and amusement.

From early childhood I took a deep interest in watching the manners and customs of the barndoor fowl, knowing the fighting powers of each cockerel, and the laying capacity of every individual hen in my father's *omnium gatherum* poultry-yard. Indeed I may fairly claim that I saved the life of many a staid matron and venerable dame whom a purblind gardener, with neither love nor reverence for dumb animals, was on the point of sacrificing, under the impression that the lady was her own great-grandson. For in those far-off days high art in the way of poultry-breeding was at a discount, and our hens

were commonly allowed to complete their natural term of existence, provided always that they were not killed off on the score of mistaken identity. When, in due course, I went to school, the gardener, I fancy, was left to work his own wicked will, until the inability of the cockerels to lay eggs, and the abnormal toughness of the grandmothers when called upon to play the part of roast-chicken at the dinner-table, effectually damped the family ardour for poultry-keeping.

Needless to say, I set up a poultry-yard on my own account at the very first opportunity, and I may confidently assert that for many years I knew, and knew intimately, every bird therein, and was pretty well able to tell at a glance what particular hen had laid each egg in the basket for the day. Latterly, indeed, I have not found time to give my hens so much individual attention, though I seldom pass a day of my life here without going to have a look at them, and to pass the time of day to Noll, the bantam cock. Of the many fowls whose friendship I have enjoyed here, the Speckled Spinster, a cross between saddle-back game and white Leghorn, Quackenboss, a huge Pekin drake, and Noll, a game-bantam, single themselves out for special mention. Of these the two former have long since gone the way of all flesh, but Noll, now in his eighth year, is as gay and as perky as ever.

The Speckled Spinster, then, was a tart, unprepossessing, and unamiable lady, who evidently lived with the settled

conviction that a hen was sent into the world to lay eggs only, and not to fool around with the cock, or to waste valuable weeks in hatching or rearing chickens. The latter department she felt might with all safety be left to slow-moving and slow-minded Asiatics, but in an active and busy mind like hers a sedentary occupation found no response. Had my speckled friend been a woman rather than a hen, she might have sat for the portrait of Miggs or of Fanny Squeers—not the Miggs who sighed for the embraces of Simon Tappertit, but the Miggs who assisted in reducing the jovial old locksmith to a state of proper subjection, or the Miggs who, after a period of “pinching and slapping and tweaking the hair and noses of the youth of Golden Lion Court,” eventually found her proper vocation as female Turnkey for the County Bridewell;—not the Fanny Squeers who would fain have breathed soft nothings into the ears of her father’s usher, but the Fanny who, after launching a shower of ink-pots at that gentleman’s head, fairly fell upon him and beat him to her heart’s content, or the Fanny who engaged in sharp-tongued altercation with “base, degrading Tilda.”

My hen, however, differed from Dickens’s ladies in the very material point that her contempt for the male sex might be said to have existed *usque ab ovo*, and was in no way an offshoot of “rejected addresses.” In her case the addresses came entirely from the other would-be partners to

a contract, and she flouted them one and all, though in different fashions. In vain did the portly Dorking, who professed to rule the yard, hold out inducements to her to join his court to the sacrifice of her own independence, while the giddy-pated cockerel, who tried to establish a flirtation in some odd corner of the yard, was unceremoniously assailed with beak and claw, and rapidly convinced that his company was not desirable. Having at an early stage of her existence won and ever afterwards retained the Ladies' Championship of the yard, the Speckled Spinster made it her business to interrogate and put into her proper place any newly imported bird of her own sex, doing the thing in a style of easy impertinence which Tom Burke's fighting friend Maître François could hardly have surpassed. I can see her now, advancing to interview the latest arrival, with sprightly gait, head a little on one side, wings slightly drooping, and all her faculties keenly alert to forestall any sudden attack. And it was so easy to gather from her demeanour an idea of the brief conversation.

"Good morning to you, madam. And so they tell me that you call yourself a Dorking! Well, for my own part, just from looking at you, I should have said you had a touch of Cochin about you; but if you say that you really are a Dorking, I suppose we must believe you,—not, indeed, that we think much of Dorkings, or Cochins either, in this part of the world. So you needn't

give yourself airs here. Oh! I beg your pardon—what was your ladyship pleased to remark? Impertinent, did you say? Oh, indeed! Take that, and that!"

If the accompanying pecks were accepted with due humility, well and good, the incident terminated; if, on the other hand, they were returned, so much the better. For in a couple of rounds the Speckled Spinster, who was always in the pink of condition, and had mastered the art of feinting, ducking, countering, and hooking as well as any Brummagem light-weight, would convince her antagonist that timely submission to the Queen Paramount of the yard was an indispensable condition of a peaceable existence.

"Had enough? All right, then! off you go! But no more airs, please." And then, after administering two or three pecks to stray members of the audience, just by way of keeping her hand in, the victress would saunter off to lay her morning egg. My Speckled Spinster lived to a good old age, retaining to the last that position in the yard which no hen since her demise has adequately filled.

Almost exactly coeval with this lady was Quackenboss, the great Pekin drake, who held indisputable dominion among the male denizens of the yard. He was in a manner born to the royal purple, being, like Mæcenæ and King Giglio, "*atavis editus regibus*," and at an early age he assumed that sovereignty to which his breeding, good looks, and phy-

sical powers undoubtedly entitled him. Wise as King Solomon was King Quackenboss, and, if one may judge from the pictures of the Hebrew king, vastly better looking. Like King Solomon, too, alas! our duck monarch had a hankering after strange wives; and promptly attacking any stray drake introduced into the yard, like a true Oriental he insisted, as an indispensable condition of peace, that the intruder's wives should be added to his own *entourage*. While at other times he posed as a beneficent despot, it was painful to remark that when the time for the morning or the evening meal came round, Quackenboss freely asserted his royal prerogative of helping himself with a liberal bill, and—for hunger is apt to foster a lack of reverence for constituted authority—he generally managed to swallow almost as many feathers plucked from the bodies of obtrusive courtiers as he did grains of corn. Still more painful was it to note that if, by chance or of malice prepense, the morning supply of barley-meal was served up boiling hot, and the King had inadvertently filled his ample bill with the scalding mess, he promptly violated a primary law of etiquette, not indeed by returning the food to the plate, but by distributing the contents of his bill broadcast on the heads and shoulders of the royal bodyguard. Yet wise indeed was Quackenboss, and apart from the blemishes I have touched upon, a sound and judicious ruler, seldom interfering with the liberty of the subject, except when he felt it

necessary to intervene in a quarrel. For more than once I saw him waddle up to two cockerels, whose noisy fighting disturbed him, and thrusting his huge carcass between the combatants, hustle off one or the other to a far corner of the yard. It was, however, curious to remark that after one or two slight passages of arms he elected to give a wide berth to the Speckled Spinster, not, it was evident, because he was really afraid of her or recognised her authority, but rather because he felt that it detracted from his dignity to be seen waddling round the yard in pursuit of a creature which could go two paces to his one, or take shelter on an inaccessible perch. For the Spinster was, like De Wet, an adept in the art of guerilla warfare, and requiring a dig from the great man's bill with a peck delivered *con amore*, would then seek safety in flight, and laugh to scorn his clumsy attempts to corner her.

As I commonly fed my fowls myself in those days, Quackenboss was kind enough to affect to be extremely fond of me, permitting me to scratch his royal head, or even to pick him up and play with him. More than once when he thought that I had forgotten the feeding-hour, he waddled into the house with his harem in search of me. But our acquaintance rather cooled off when having, for the second time over, found him on a very muddy day sitting with five wives, his own two and three which he had forcibly annexed, in front of my dining-room fire, I warned the lot off

the premises with a carriage-whip.

My dear old Noll, the bantam cock, is with us to this day, as good a little fellow as he was more than seven years ago when we first swore friendship. If I go into the yard, he is never happy till I have spoken to him; and if when I carry the poultry-basket I forget to put a little food in a particular corner for himself and his two wives, he never fails to remind me of the omission. He is a thorough-paced, as well as a thorough-bred, little gentleman, from the tip of his beak to the end of his tail, never thinking of eating himself till his ladies are served, and—wholly contrary to the custom of barn-door cocks—calling them up to receive anything particularly nice rather than doubtful or nasty which he either finds or has given to him. Of late I have observed, not without jealousy, that he has taken up with my boot-boy, a young gentleman who takes his meals in an outhouse, not because, like Mr Muzzle's understrapper, he is of the "grampus" order, but for reasons best known to the mistress of the establishment. By way of beguiling the solitude of his repasts, the boy has evidently invited Noll to bear him company, and the little chap walks boldly into the eating-room, while the two little brown ladies stand expectant by the door, knowing that they will not be forgotten if their lord and master is presented with any special tit-bit. If now and again Noll recalls to me the image of Sir Geoffrey Hudson as

presented in 'Peveril of the Peak,' I have no hesitation in saying that of the pair the little bird is a far more entertaining and tactful companion than the unhappy little knight. Moreover, while the term *multum in parvo* might be applicable to either, the human dwarf was a freak of nature, but the bantam is of his kind perfect.

Yet, apart from the matter of size, in some respects the resemblance is ludicrously striking,—both have practically outlived their generation; in both cases the size of the heart is out of all proportion to that of the body; to both is vouchsafed the same overweening sense of individual importance, the same absolute innocence of their personal comicality; either pigmy is ready at a moment's notice to match himself with the giants of the land. It is fortunate, indeed, that Noll's weekly performances in the way of single combat do not have the same tragic result as that which occurred in the one duel credited to Sir Geoffrey. Probably the malevolence is wanting, for I firmly believe that Noll has Irish blood in his veins, and challenges the big cock of the yard to fight out of pure devilry, and that the bigger bird, like Sir Geoffrey's antagonist, is not inclined to take the matter too seriously. Time after time I have laughed till my sides have fairly ached as I have watched the encounter. The challenge evidently emanates from the smaller party, while the other so far falls in with the spirit or humour of the thing as to consent to

go through the necessary preliminaries.

Ex uno disce omnes. The combatants "take ground for their career," and then follows the ordinary stealthy advance, during which each bird affects to be picking up imaginary straws, though he keeps a keen eye upon his adversary, and is ready and prepared to take instant advantage of any false movement. Then comes the final rush, and the pair are face to face, with lowered heads, and the neck-feathers standing out like a sixteenth-century lady's ruff. A pause and a little fainting, followed by a simultaneous leap. Of course the great Wyandotte has jumped too high. By rights he should have gone on his knees rather than have jumped, if he really wished to encounter his pigmy opponent. For while he is in mid-air the bantam has nimbly slipped under his legs, and viciously spars at his hind-quarters on the instant that he regains *terra firma*. And by the time that the Wyandotte, not a little taken aback by this departure from the recognised rules of the game, and as compared with his foe rather like a crocodile in the art of wheeling, has fairly got himself round to face the bantam, the latter has flown on to the top of the paling, and is announcing to the world at large that the first round of the great fight has resulted in his favour. The big bird, rather dull of comprehension, but awake to the fact that with his cumbrous body he might as well attempt to fly over the moon as to the

top of the paling, can only stand and stare helplessly at his late antagonist.

"No use waiting here all day," he mutters to himself at last, "I may as well get back to work." But he is only half-way back to his favourite scratching corner when there is the sound of flapping wings, and, lo and behold! here is the bantam again, fresh and perky as ever, and making manifest preparations for the renewal of the encounter. And so the game goes on for perhaps half a dozen rounds with no damage to either party, except perhaps that the big cock has shed a loose feather of his tail, and the bantam—for he is an elderly gentleman now—is feeling rather out of breath.

"Well, I'll let you off the rest this time!" he announces from the top of the paling, and with that he flies down on the other side, and trots off to tell his two wives that he has fairly "knocked the stuffing" out of old friend Cocky-Olly.

Now and again, if the spirit moves him, he will for a few hours at a time desert his own wives, and take under his patronage two or three of the Wyandotte hens, whom he squires round the yard and waits upon with assiduous courtesy. The spectacle is rather suggestive of a tall-hatted preparatory schoolboy with two portly aunts in tow, though Noll is of course in reality the patriarch of the party. Though he is poaching on the big cock's preserves, the latter placid individual takes it in good part, and never attempts to retaliate in kind,

—an act of forbearance which suggests the idea that he imagines the little bantam hens to be still in the nursery.

Shall I be detracting from my little hero's renown if I confess that in the only *bond fide* encounter which to my knowledge he ever had with one of his own tribe he would have tasted the bitterness of defeat if I had not promptly intervened? Youth, so the saying goes, will be served, and as in the human walks of life paterfamilias, at the age, shall I say, of sixty, can hardly expect to hold his own at fist-cuffs with his son in the prime of youth, so, too, my little friend had met an Achilles who was too young and too vigorous for him. Moreover, the assailant, an impudent yearling cockerel, was guilty of an act of supreme filial ingratitude, and in his case no plea could be advanced of being urged to desperate measures by habitual ill-treatment. For Noll, contrary to the custom of the ordinary barndoor cock, has ever taken a deep interest in the hatching, rearing, and education of his chickens, watching over, feeding, and even gathering under his wings the young brood, with a tenderness and devotion that no mother could surpass. All the more cause to be disgusted then had I, when I came round a corner one day, to find father and son engaged in a deadly combat, which, in view of their disparity of age, could eventually have but one result. It would have gone to my very heart to see my dear old friend

mauled about, or to picture him, with his fine feelings wounded to the quick by defeat, wandering about the yard, a hunted fugitive where he had been king. And so, though I did not partake of the delicacy myself, they told me that the young ruffler, victim of his own ingratitude, was quite at his best "dressed like a woodcock and served up on toast."

A few words, in conclusion, about Poll the parrot, a friend of ten years' standing, N. or M., as the case may be, for I am ignorant alike of his or her age and sex. If, on the one hand, the bird has never laid an egg, per contra a predilection in favour of mankind rather than of womankind encourages the belief that Poll is of the female gender, and may be spoken of as "she." Her age is a matter of little consequence, and, moreover, we must concede to her the privileges of her supposed sex, and not be too curious about this matter. "Bashful fifteen" is near enough to the mark, for I fancy that she was only a child when she fairly won my heart at Eastbourne, ten years ago, by literally insisting that I should stop and talk to her. Standing under a sort of shelter where I had taken refuge from a sudden shower of rain, I had hardly noticed that a van laden with parrots and other foreign birds had drawn up there for the same purpose, when I was startled to hear an eager voice say, "Come up here and talk to me, do!" Turning my head, I saw that a green parrot, packed away in a small cage

at the top of the van, was so evidently delighted to see that she had attracted my attention, that I could not resist her cordial invitation to enter into conversation.

Accordingly, I stood upon the wheel of the van, and then and there made friends with Polly, who had apparently fallen in love with me at sight, and chattered away as gaily as if we had known each other for years. But having at the time not the most remote intention of investing in a parrot, I turned a deaf ear to the suggestions of the hawker that I should buy the bird, for which he asked a preposterous price. Two hours later in the day, by a strange coincidence, I encountered the same van under similar circumstances in another shelter in a different part of the town. Again Polly accosted me, and again the man renewed his solicitations that I should buy the bird which had so evidently taken a fancy to me.

"Give a poor chap a chance, sir!" he pleaded. "I've not sold a blessed bird all day. Only say what you'll give, and you shall have that there parrot at your own price."

And as Polly's wings were fluttering in joyful expectation, I made my bid, and having bought a new cage into the bargain, carried the happy little bird back to my lodgings.

Neither have I myself ever repented of the deal, nor has Polly's affection for me ever faltered. In the summer-time she spends most of the day in the garden, while the kitchen

is her winter palace; but in neither place does she ever omit to greet me cheerily as I pass, and she dearly loves to attract me to her cage to talk to and to play with her. She has a long and varied vocabulary, and at certain periods of the day talks incessantly; but having had the misfortune to spend her childhood in doubtful society, she has not as yet mastered the art of adapting her language to the susceptibilities of the audience. She has her strong likes and dislikes, making many friends among men and children, but evidently assigning the age of twenty-five years or thereabouts as the outside limit of respectable womanhood. It is fortunate, perhaps, that though commonly a very distinct talker, she has apparently borrowed the voice as well as the language of the original proprietor of the warning remark invariably addressed to any elderly lady who attempts to inaugurate a conversation with her. It took me a full year to discover what she did say on those occasions, but there is not a shadow of doubt on my mind now as to the identity of the words.

"Pretty Polly!" exclaims the visitor, who, we will take it, is wearing a bonnet, a style of headdress which the bird absolutely condemns, more especially when it is nodded at her.

"Don't be a d—d fool!"

"Oh, what a funny voice! What did you say, Polly?"

"Shut up!" this very clearly and distinctly, and Polly then proceeds to set a good example by maintaining an obstinate

silence during the rest of the visit.

"Shut up!" is occasionally said at random, but more commonly indicates dislike or boredom, and it entirely took the wind out of Noll's sails on an occasion when I carried him off one day to introduce him to Polly, who was sitting in her cage on the lawn. Polly, who will either scold or shout encouragement to dogs, cats, kitchen-maids, or any other animals, did not know exactly what to make of Noll, who strutted round her cage, helped himself out of her seed-tray, and finally proposed a friendly sparring-match. But she kept a keen eye on his proceedings, and descending from her perch as he squared up to her cage, she suddenly shouted "Shut up!" almost into his ear, with such ferocity that Noll, who had never heard a bird talk like a man before, took the hint, and walked off with a painful effort to look dignified.

Once only was there a temporary coolness between Polly and myself, and in that matter I was wholly to blame. A not very wise lady who kept a parrot on her own account suddenly asked me one day whether I ever kissed my parrot, and on my responding in the negative, went on, "Why, I kiss mine every day; they are so fond of it!"

Like a doubly distilled jack-ass I adopted the suggestion, and on the very next morning put my lips to the cage and proffered Polly a chaste salute. And she, nothing loth, accepted the offer with avid-

ity, so extremely realistic being her kiss that the blood fairly spouted from my lip, and she, as was her fashion when she felt that she had created an effect, threw herself back in her perch and fairly shouted with laughter. I felt hurt in two senses of the word at the time; but as, after all, I had really courted the disaster, I shortly made it up with Polly. This estimable lady, in addition to many other accomplishments, has been known to sing two different songs with two entirely distinct voices—the one a nasal treble, the other a hoarse bass. Once at least in rehearsing the latter performance she has brought the housewife from the top of the house to the lower regions under the impression that one of the maids was entertaining a "follower"; and quite half a dozen times in old days did the same lady, actuated by maternal anxiety, hurry out of her room to rescue her "one and only" when Polly's agonised screams of "Mother! mother!" suggested that the precious child had either fallen down and broken her nose or attempted suicide in a bucket of water.

One word in conclusion to those who complain, as it is the modern fashion to complain, of the dulness and solitude of country life: he who will rouse himself to take an interest in the things that live and move and have their being round about every homestead will never find life in the country monotonous, and will never lack intelligent companionship.

"SALLY": A STUDY.

BY HUGH CLIFFORD, C.M.G.

VI.

THE end of the fifth year of his exile in Europe found Saleh a very different being to the little, scared, half-savage boy who had been thrust, like a trapped animal, into Mrs Le Mesurier's drawing-room. Regular hours, quantities of good, plain, English food, plenty of open air and violent exercise at all seasons and in all weathers, had wrought a great improvement in his physique. He was small of stature, judged by English standards, as are most men of his race; but his beautifully built frame was spare, and hard, and active. Each limb was developed to the full, every muscle stood out in a rounded cord beneath the glossy skin. The blood ran warm under cheeks of which the olive tint was hardly more dusky than that of a Neapolitan; his hair, which of old had been so stiff and straight that it had resolutely declined to allow itself to be parted in the European fashion, was now silky and abundant, and, for all its blackness, grew with a slight wave in it, as an Englishman's hair should grow. His great dark eyes were clear and bright, lighting up readily with facile merriment, although there still lurked in them, when his face was in repose, that soft and dreamy melancholy which ever seems to me to speak of

the dumb agony of a race doomed to early extinction.

Saleh had always been a pretty boy, and his beardless face still caused him to appear incredibly youthful; but now, at nineteen years of age, he was more completely a man than any of the English youngsters with whom his days were passed. Also he was handsome, — not with the soft, foreign, almost feline beauty that distinguishes so many Orientals, but with good looks of a sturdier cast, bred of clean-cut features, manly independence, and self-respect, which approximate far more nearly to English standards of taste. The discipline to which he had been subjected, to which he had resigned himself as to one of the inevitable facts of life, had not succeeded in eradicating all the natural indolence of his character. He was still "slack," incurably "slack," more especially whenever anything in the nature of an intellectual effort was demanded of him; but he was not alone in this, for the failing was shared by many of his English comrades. In games, however, this weakness did not show itself, for the sporting instincts of his race came to his rescue. He pulled a good oar for one of his size and weight; he was a pretty bat, and the neatest of fielders; his activity and dex-

terity stood him in good stead at Association football and at hockey; he was a beautiful gymnast, and, as a swimmer, no one in his set could touch him. That peculiar form of discipline which is best taught by games, in which a man plays for the side, not for his own hand, had helped to strengthen his character, and he owed far more than he knew to the constant exercise which, demanding so much of his energies, left little over to tempt him to less wholesome things. In this direction, too, climate doubtless aided him, climate and the whole tone of the family of which he had become a member, for Saleh had fitted into the new life so perfectly that he now was seemingly nothing save just what that life had made him.

Moreover, his whole outlook had undergone a change, and women had ceased to be regarded by him as inferior beings, mere playthings given to their master, Man, for his amusement. He had lived with the Le Mesurier girls as brother and sister; Mrs Le Mesurier had come to be his mother in everything but fact; and the girls with whom he from time to time associated were often his superiors in education and intelligence, and all now commanded his respect simply by reason of their sex. Five years before this mental attitude towards women would have seemed to him the veriest topsyturvidom, but now it appealed to him as a matter of course. The change had come about so gradually, was the result of such daily accretions of experience, that he was

conscious of no alteration in his point of view. It seemed to him that he had always thought of these matters as he thought of them now; and when he danced with a pretty girl—and he danced quite beautifully—his pleasure was as natural and as little sullied by unholy dreams as that of any right-minded English lad.

And with all this Saleh was thoroughly, if unconsciously, happy. He loved his adopted family dearly, without troubling to ask himself why he loved them; he revelled in the games; he delighted in balls and parties; he was without a care in the world, for his intellectual failures, which were indeed colossal, did not greatly trouble him. Also, during the first five years of his life in England he had no ambitions, no aspirations that were not easily satisfied by a success in the playing-fields or the gym., while his adoption into the family and social circle of the Le Mesuriers had been so complete that he had forgotten that he was divided from them by the accident of colour.

Saleh had been transformed into an Englishman, and had himself accepted the fact of his inner transformation so unreservedly that to him it stood in need of no demonstration. His simple paganism, which only by an excess of courtesy could be called Muhammadanism, had been scrupulously respected. It formed no part of the white men's scheme that the lad should abandon the Faith of his fathers, wherefore, loyally observing the letter of the bond, the Le Mesuriers had carefully

abstained from making any attempt to convert their charge to Christianity. Had they been minded to effect this change, it is probable that they would have encountered little difficulty; but as matters stood, Saleh's opinions concerning things spiritual — if indeed he entertained any — had been suffered to take care of themselves. None the less the sincerely religious atmosphere of the household had made a deep impression upon his sensitive and receptive mind: it had given him new standards, new ideals, and, all unknown to him, had become a prime factor in the regulation of his conduct. He detested reading, hating the mere laborious drudgery of it, and the Bible is a stout

volume. He was neither expected nor invited to study it, and save under compulsion it was not his custom to study anything. Even if he had been made to enter that great treasure-house of Oriental wisdom, however, he was at this time too little given to introspection to have made any personal application to himself of aught that he would have found therein. The text which propounds that grim question, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" would have held for him no special augury. The bitter meaning of those taunting words was to be revealed to him in all its bearings in days which as yet were hidden by the merciful mystery of the future.

VII.

Of that fugue of distracting discords, which in the end was fated to bring to Saleh a dreary enlightenment, the first jarring note was struck, I think, by the little Princess.

The holidays of his fifth summer in England were spent by him on a visit to a friend, an old Wykehamist, whose people lived in a river-side house near Richmond. Saleh was quite contented to remain where he was, and had he been left to himself he would have declined the invitation unreservedly. Mr Le Mesurier, however, thought that it would be good for him to be severed for a time from the support of his "home" surroundings, and to be thus forced to stand alone. He therefore insisted upon an acceptance being sent, and in

due course Saleh reluctantly followed his letter.

Harry Fairfax, the friend in question, had become very intimate with the Le Mesuriers, and had learned to look upon Saleh as a member of the family. Also he liked him for himself, and thought that it would be rather a "lark" to introduce the little stranger to his own people. His father and mother were a quiet elderly pair, still wholly wrapped up in one another, who watched the bewildering doings of their offspring with a mild surprise without attempting to influence or control them. If Harry had expressed his intention of inviting Muck-a-Muck, the noble savage himself, to stay at Crosslands, Mr and Mrs Fairfax would have supposed that such

was the fashion of the present day, and would have raised no objection. Their daughters, Alice and Sibyl, who were also allowed to do in all things very much as they pleased, thought that their brother's proposal promised some amusement, and they were prepared to pay almost any price for the rare privilege of his company at home. Therefore the prospect of Saleh's visit displeased nobody except Saleh himself.

Just at first he was uncomfortably conscious of the fact that Fairfax's relations—more especially the two girls—eyed him with a certain curiosity, as a being new to their inexperience. Living under the same roof in daily intercourse with women, between whom and himself there subsisted no such brother and sister familiarity as that to which life with the Le Mesuriers had accustomed him, brought with it a measure of embarrassment. It made him shy, self-conscious, constrained,—all things from which hitherto his simplicity had kept him singularly free,—and yet in some way it was pleasurable, stimulating, even exciting. These latter sensations were realised more fully later, when the first strangeness of his new environment had to some extent worn off; but at the beginning of his visit Saleh felt himself to be divided from the Fairfaxes by an impalpable barrier. Its nature and cause he did not attempt to analyse, only he was dimly aware of its existence, and an unwonted feeling of loneliness, of isolation, came upon him. Instinct told him,

hinted to him, that he was regarded as in some sort an alien, a curiosity, and this made him sore and angry, not with others, but with himself. It was as though he had suddenly been revealed to himself in a new light,—had been made conscious of some unsuspected, unreal, yet inherent inferiority in his nature which differentiated him from the rest of humanity. He would rather have died than have shaped such a thought in words: for the moment he shirked allowing it to take even nebulous form in the back of his mind—in his most secret self-communings; but none the less an uneasy restlessness was bred in him by these disquieting, vague, and, as he forced himself to believe, groundless suspicions. For some days, therefore, he shunned the companionship of his new friends, seeking refuge from them and from the shadowy fancies that troubled him in solitary rambles. These led him mostly into Richmond Park, for the big expanse of comparatively wild woodland held for him a curious fascination. Though he had almost ceased to remember it, Saleh was forest-bred, and he, to whom by right of birth belongs the freedom of the jungle, is driven by instinct to the woods and thickets when the craving for consolation is upon him. The old park, with its network of metalled roads, its tame deer and fearless rabbits nibbling the grass undisturbed by groups of Londoners picnicking noisily within a few yards of them, was but a poor substitute for the magnificent, untouched

forests of Malaya. Even here, however, there were hollow places filled with tangles of underwood or mounds of brambles, sheltered by which it was possible for Saleh to fancy himself very far removed from the hurrying life around him; and here, too, the huge gnarled trunks of oak and elm were silent comrades whose neighbourhood consoled him with a sense of companionship and peace.

It was in Richmond Park that Saleh first saw the little Princess—a figure more exotic than his own—clad in a crimson frock, with a coquettish feather springing saucily from a toque of the same brilliant colour. She passed quite close to him where he lay among the bracken, a dog-whip in her little hand, and five great hounds of a breed unknown to Saleh, with long coats of white and silver-grey, lean, fierce heads, sharp muzzles, and savage eyes. The girl's hair was black, as only the hair of an Asiatic woman can be; her clear pale skin was swarthy; her features—the straight, low forehead, the hooked nose with nostrils curving outward, the full lips, the rounded but slightly retreating chin—were strongly Semitic in cast; her eyes—the big, sloe-black, elliptical eyes of the daughter of Northern India—were veiled and dreamy in repose under the heavy arches of eyebrow. She was of smaller stature than are most European girls, and her trim figure had ever so little a tendency to thickness; but her hands and feet were exquisite things, diminutive in size and most delicately

formed, although at the bases of her almond-shaped fingernails tiny smudges of a faint dusky blue betrayed the Eastern blood. She looked at the youngster lounging on the grass, and passed him by with a toss of her little head.

After that Saleh saw her frequently, always clad in crimson or scarlet,—for the love of colours crude and gay was innate in her,—always chaperoned by those five great hounds, over whom she seemed to exercise a tyrannical ascendancy. The incongruity of this oriental child and her surroundings began by piquing Saleh's curiosity, though it was significant of the extent to which he had identified himself with the people of his adoption that the little Princess, who, as a fellow-Asiatic, and one of his own colour, should surely have been felt to be akin to him, seemed to him a being outlandish, fantastic, *bizarre*,—infinitely more alien than were any of the English girls with whom he was wont to associate. Her beauty—for the little Jewish-looking lady with her marvellous eyes, the heavy arched eyebrows, and the wealth of blue-black hair, had her full share of good looks—made no appeal to him, even repelled him a little, just as the pink-and-white loveliness of English women had repelled him five years earlier. His taste had altered with the rest of him, and to-day he was as insular in the narrow range of his appreciation as any British-born youngster in the set to which he belonged. He had

no desire to make the little Princess's acquaintance, for the sight of her was, in a manner, terrifying to him. It seemed to cross the *t*'s, to dot the *i*'s of his half-formed fears, to make his vague suspicions more haunting and less nebulous, to add to the restless uneasiness of which he was already the prey. Somehow or another that crudely tinted exotic figure, moving so incongruously across the quiet English landscape, conveyed to him a hint that emphasised the falseness

of the position which he himself occupied, and forced upon him an explanation of all that had troubled him since he came to stay with the Fairfaxes—the true explanation to which he still strove to shut his eyes. It was as though he had caught sight of himself horribly caricatured and distorted in a misshapen mirror, and instinctively he turned his head away, refusing to look at an ugly vision which was fraught for him with so much of pain and of humiliation.

VIII.

On the occasion of their third chance meeting the little Princess stopped and spoke to Saleh. He was lying in the bracken as usual, idle of body, yet trying to keep his mind from digging too deeply into the enigmas that fretted him, and she halted in front of him, her dog-whip in her hand, her great hounds grouped around her, and looked down upon him with a sort of haughty scorn in her eyes.

"Who are you, you little black boy?" she asked insolently.

With the instinct of courtesy which the past five years had bred in him, Saleh sprang to his feet and stood before her hat in hand. He felt himself to be insulted, outraged by the girl's rude words, but her sex rendered him defenceless. This, again, was the fruit of his English training.

"I am Râja Saleh," he said, speaking with the strong foreign accent of which he was blissfully unconscious. "My father is the Sultan of Pêlêsu."

"And where is Pêlêsu, pray?" asked the girl, her lips curling scornfully. "I have never heard of Pêlêsu."

Unlike Saleh, she spoke her adopted language perfectly, yet with that slight lengthening of the vowels and over-precise enunciation of the consonants which, when accompanied with a fluty falsetto voice, proclaims the "Chee-Chee" to the Anglo-Indian with uncompromising distinctness.

"Pêlêsu is a State—a very large State—in the Malay Peninsula," answered Saleh sulkily.

The little Princess tossed her head and laughed. "Oh, that savage place!" she said. "I knew your father could not be one of the great princes of India, or I should have heard of him. I," she added proudly, "I am a daughter of the great House of Baram Singh. We are Rajputs. We are descended without a break in our line from Alexander the Great, who went to the East that he

might find the spot where the sun rises. My people have been kings for hundreds and hundreds of years."

"So have mine," cried Saleh. "And we too are descended from Alexander!" He spoke in all good faith, for every sprig of Malayan royalty, in common with the members of wellnigh every princely House in Asia, claims the proud distinction of the same mythical ancestry; but the little Princess laughed contemptuously at such preposterous pretensions.

"It is in the books—the Malay books. I have read it," said Saleh feebly.

"There are plenty of lies in the books," rejoined the little Princess sententiously. "But our chronicles are true. They are ever so old, and all the world knows about our descent. My people were kings for thousands and thousands of years!"

"And aren't they kings any longer?" inquired Saleh innocently.

This time the little Princess bent upon him a look of scornful pity that was withering.

"Have you learned *no* history, you little black boy?" she asked.

"Oh yes," said Saleh, with the ineradicable childishness of his race, and anxious, too, to display his knowledge. "I know a lot of history, about Julius Cæsar, and William the Conqueror, and Clive, and Warren Hastings, and Oliver Cromwell, the wicked regicide, and Marie Antoinette, and . . . and . . . Sir Stamford Raffles, . . . and——"

"Oh, all that stuff!" she interrupted. "That is nothing;

but the story of the House of Baram Singh is real history. The English robbed us!"

"I don't believe it," cried Saleh bluntly, his loyalty getting the better of his acquired courtesy.

"Then that just shows what a stupid, ignorant little boy you must be!" she retorted. "Everybody who knows anything knows what bandits these English are. They talk a great deal about right and wrong, and about injustice and justice; they are always sending poor people to prison for little thefts; but they make me sick,—these English,—they are such robbers! They were running wild in their horrid wet woods, naked and shivering under their blue paint, when my ancestors were civilised men and mighty kings. They were just miserable savages; and now, for all their prating about virtue, if men steal big enough things,—a crown, a kingdom,—they account it no crime—they think it glorious. Oh, they are such hypocrites and liars! I hate them! hate them!"

She ceased her tirade from sheer lack of breath, and stood there in the summer sunlight quivering with rage. She would not have dreamed of speaking thus to any European; but, despite all her pride of race, this little brown boy did not seem to matter, simply because the accident of his colour brought with it a conviction of his inferiority. Also, she felt, all right-thinking Orientals must share the opinions to which she gave such uncompromising expression.

To Saleh, the denationalised, however, her words were the rankest blasphemy. To him the very fire of her emotions was repellent because — because it was *un-English*! This unexpected encounter with a point of view so diametrically opposed to that which he had assimilated through his training, sympathies, and associates, smote him with a shock of horrified surprise. The limitations of his imagination had so far prevented him from so much as guessing that there might be more than one side even to the question of England's vast reformatory work in Asia, and his Malayan memories had become too blurred and distant for them to afford him any assistance in this direction. Therefore the railings of the little Princess were in the nature of an ugly revelation which, while it made the fool's paradise in which he had been living so contentedly totter to its foundations, outraged him by laying sacrilegious hands on much which he had learned to regard as holy. For the moment he was dumb, and had no words at his command to oppose to the bitter flood of the girl's rhetoric.

"And the English hate us too," she went on presently. "They hate us because they fear us. Some day we shall drive them out of India, and my people will go back and reign as before in their own land!"

"That is nonsense!" cried Saleh, with utter conviction. "You could never turn us out. We are much too strong, and

have got a footing there that nothing will ever shake."

"That shows how little you know," she retorted. "It will be done easily. We will outcaste them. We will make it a sin for any one, be he Hindu or Muhammadan, to supply the *Melch* with food or water. They will try to force our folk to give way; they will call out their soldiers; they will behave as they did in '57—like the savages they are at bottom; but it will be of no use. When it is their religions that inspire them, our people in India will die in thousands rather than sin at the bidding of the English. They have proved it in the past. It is the spirit of religion—not the accident of creed—which will unify our peoples, that will give them the power to die, but never to submit. The English will resist, for they are stubborn; but in the end they will have to go, and India will be ours once more. It can be done; I have heard my people speak of it, and some day we will do it!"

The dark blood dyed her pale cheeks to a deeper hue; her eyes, which had lost their dreamy melancholy, flashed as she gazed into vacancy like some tiny savage prophetess; her words poured from her, tingling with excitement, thrilling with the sincerity of her emotion, and Saleh stood before her, carried away in spite of himself by the contagion of her enthusiasm, but horrified at the picture which her words conjured up, and filled suddenly with a great fear for his friends.

"I do not think like you," he said hesitatingly, and even to his own ears his words sounded weak and stupid. "I like the English. They are my friends. They do a lot of good. They are kind people, and are just in their dealings."

He was painfully aware of his lack of eloquence: the very strength of his feelings rendered him more than usually inarticulate. He was loyally eager to vindicate the honour of his friends—of the nation of his adoption; but he was conscious that he had neither the brains nor the words to argue successfully with the little spitfire before him.

"You *like* the English!" she cried. "You dare to say that you *like* them—you, an Asiatic, the son of one of the many whom they have despoiled! Only cowards like them, cowards who fawn, as dogs fawn, upon the hand that beats them—thus!" And she struck the hound which stood nearest to her a vicious blow upon his muzzle with the handle of her whip. The great beast, whimpering a little, cowered on the ground at her feet, looking up at her uncomprehendingly with his heavy, slavish dog's eyes. "You are like him if you are fond of the English!" she cried, and struck the cowering creature again with her little cruel hand.

"Leave him alone! Don't be so cruel!" shouted Saleh, quivering with anger. Five years earlier the brutal treatment of any animal would have had no power to move him, and his quick indignation at the girl's maltreatment of

her dog went far to prove how utterly dead, or how completely lulled to sleep, was the oriental soul within him. Her words had disquieted, pained, tortured him; but now as he watched her brutally punish an unoffending animal he felt that he hated her.

"Ah!" she cried triumphantly, "you do not 'like' me when I am unjust to Rustam here, yet you praise the English, who have done much worse things! They hated my grandfather because he was a man and fought them. They beat his armies because they were ill-armed; they took his country from him, stealing even his crown jewels, like the brigands they are; and they carried him away to this horrible cold England to die in exile! But he never ceased to hate them and to show them the measure of his hate, and they watched him always, because they were afraid of the poor old man whom they had wronged, but whose spirit they could never break!"

"I am sorry for him," said Saleh, "but perhaps there were reasons which you do not know. Perhaps his people were unhappy when he ruled them."

"That is the nonsense which the English hypocrites have taught you to talk," the girl replied with infinite scorn. "If his people did not love him, why did they fight for him? Why did the English have to kill hundreds and hundreds of them before they could conquer his country? Answer me that."

"I do not know. I have not read about it," said Saleh, who

found himself at more of a disadvantage than ever.

"And if you had read of it, it would be in English books, written for the English by Englishmen, and crammed with lies! They can always find an excuse to justify their wickedness, these English; but the truth—ah, that is different! Only we who have suffered know the truth!

"Listen, you little black boy. They tried to make my father different—to turn him into an Englishman. He became a Christian,—it is bad to be anything but a Christian in this land,—and we are all Christians now. But when we win back our country we shall be restored to caste.

"My grandfather had tried resistance all his life, and it had failed. My father pretended for a long time that he was a friend of the English, hoping that would better serve his purposes; but because he spent some paltry sums—for even in exile a king must live lavishly—the English, who had robbed us of everything, were very angry on account of his debts. Then he escaped—went to Russia; but the Russians are white men too, and liars like the English. They made fair promises to him, but they never would *do* anything. They only wanted to make a tool of him. Then despair seized him, and he came back here and made his peace with the English—outwardly. He was a broken man then. He used to sit all day with his head fallen forward upon his breast, his hands idle, doing nothing, only thinking, thinking, thinking,—

thinking of all that ought to have been his,—and waiting for death. He died of a broken heart, my father, and it was the people whom you and other cowards 'like' who broke it! Oh, how I detest them; but still more I hate and despise black men like you who pretend to love them!"

She spoke with so fierce a passion that Saleh drew back from her, shocked and dismayed: outraged too, for instinctively he was aware that the little Princess would never have dreamed of using such words to a white man, and Saleh desired above everything to be treated as an Englishman. Her action in addressing him at all, even more than the words which she had uttered, was to him an insult, a humiliation.

"I am not a coward, and I do like the English. You must be a wicked girl to talk as you talk, and I don't believe what you say about the English is true. They are just people, and very kind people." Once more the hopeless inadequacy of his words caused him to be smartingly conscious of his own intellectual impotence.

The little Princess only answered with a disgusted ejaculation, and calling to her hounds to follow her, she left him with a look of blighting contempt and a toss of her pretty head.

Long after she had passed from his sight behind the trunks of the elms Saleh stood where she had left him, knee-deep in the bracken, jarred to the very marrow, confused, humiliated, and beset by vague

doubts. During the whole interview his own inferiority had been borne in upon him with the force of a new discovery, for throughout she had spoken to him as though, because he was not white, he ranked no higher in her estimation than if he were one of her hounds. Coming precisely at the moment when for the first time his colour was beginning to trouble him, the wound thus inflicted had eaten deep into his soul; but also, apart from the purely personal question, he had been offended by all that she had said against his friends. His was a nature formed for loyalty, and her abuse rankled. Moreover, her words had violated the integrity of that facile optimism which hitherto had led him to accept the world as he found it, subscribing with-

out reserve to Pope's astonishing article of faith, that "whatever is, is right"! Now, in less than half an hour his universe had been turned topsyturvy before his eyes: white had been made to look like black, right like wrong. It was horrible, unnatural, and infinitely bewildering, for it made him feel as though he were being robbed of his dearest beliefs, and were being left with nothing solid for his feet to rest upon.

As he turned homeward he tried, with the Malayan instinct that ever shuns the contemplation of aught that is distressing, to forget the little Princess and her dreadful charges; but do what he would, the thought of her still clung to him as a hateful and haunting memory.

IX.

From that day onward Saleh abandoned his rambles in Richmond Park. He dreaded to meet the little Princess again, and to be forced once more to listen to the bitter railings which had so disquieted him. Yet the story of the House of Baram Singh, as she had told it, still troubled him; for if she had spoken the truth, her people had been the victims of injustice and hardship, and their history was a dreadful and inexplicable tragedy. He wished that he possessed a deeper knowledge of history and of affairs, for he felt dimly that there must be some explanation, something resembling a justification for all that the English were stated to

have done. Failing such knowledge, he was plunged in doubt, in uncertainty; he was a prey to uncomfortable suspicions suddenly aroused; he longed to be convinced that all was as it should be, but knew not where to turn in search of enlightenment. He could not bring himself to ask questions of the Fairfaxes, partly because he was reluctant to appear to be identifying himself with Asiatics as against white folk, to be ranging himself on the side of the lesser breed—partly because the memory of his interview with the little Princess set him wincing whenever he recalled it to mind. The incident had left behind it an impression as of something

shameful, something upon which he must not suffer his thoughts to dwell, if the old serene and peaceful happiness and contentment with his lot were to be lured back again. Therefore it was with something of a shock that he heard the name of Baram Singh spoken one day at the Fairfax table.

"I see the Baram Singhs are still knocking about," Harry Fairfax remarked suddenly.

"Oh yes," said Sibyl. "Princess Marie played hockey with us all this winter. She is a beautiful half-back."

"I remember her playing when I was at home at Christmas," said Harry. "She played an uncommonly good game, but she struck me as being a trifle vicious with her stick. I have a dent in my shin-bone the depth of a walnut-shell to remember her by."

"She dances beautifully," said Alice.

"I remember that too, and, by the way, Fred Castle was awfully gone on her. Did it ever come to anything?"

"No," said Sibyl; "but I think his people were rather glad to get him away. He went out to India to join his regiment in March."

"Ah!" said Harry ruminatingly, "that will cure him."

"But her brother, Prince Alexander, has been married since you were here."

"Yes, of course. Wasn't there a great row about it?"

"Dreadful. Her people were furious: they did everything they could to prevent it," said Sibyl, with the eager interest which so many display only

when discussing the misfortunes of their friends.

"I suppose she thought it smart to be 'Princess Anything,' in spite of all drawbacks," suggested Harry.

"Yes, I suppose so," assented Sibyl; "but she has not got much out of it. Lots of people give her the cold shoulder, and I believe that she is not particularly *bien vue* even at Court."

"Serve her right!" said Harry.

"Oh, how *could* she!" ejaculated Alice, who so far had been listening in silence. "She must have been a horrid girl!"

She gave a little shudder, and then suddenly, as her eyes lighted upon Saleh's attentive face, her delicate skin was dyed to her very forehead with a burning blush.

"Keep off the grass!" said Harry, and then he and Sibyl laughed, while Mr and Mrs Fairfax looked embarrassed, and Saleh glanced from one to the other in utter perplexity.

The words of the conversation were in themselves familiar, yet the meaning which they seemed to have conveyed to the rest of the party was something which Saleh felt that he had caught imperfectly. What concern of his could the family affairs of the Baram Singhs be supposed to be? Yet he was dimly aware that Alice's evident embarrassment had been caused by his presence, and the fact, which to him lacked all reason, was distressing. Once again he felt himself to be an alien: once more he was filled with anger against the little Princess, who seemed fated to bring upon him unmerited humiliation.

The memory of this trifling incident was soon effaced, however, by the unusual graciousness with which Alice treated him during the afternoon that followed. She was enthusiastic in her praise of his play at lawn-tennis, and repeatedly chose him as her partner. Later, when they went on the river after tea, she said kind things about his handling of his oar, and pointedly invited him to share her seat in the stern for the homeward row. She fancied that she had hurt his feelings, and was determined to make amends; but Saleh, who was conscious of no grievance against her, and consequently was expectant of no reparation, saw in her overtures only the natural expression of her personal liking for himself. Her approval and her graciousness warmed him with a glow which that of the *Le Mesurier* girls had never had the power to kindle. His proximity to her thrilled him, as he sat beside

her, in a fashion that was new and wholly delightful, nor did it occur to him that her advances were somewhat more frank and open than such courtesies are apt to be between a girl and a man with whom she feels herself to be upon a footing of perfect equality. To Alice, Saleh's nationality and colour made him to all intents and purposes sexless. In her estimation he was not a man, like other marriageable men, and she accordingly admitted him behind that barrier of reserve which is the girl's natural intrenchment against the aggression of the male besieger.

Therefore, as the boat lolled down the Thames that evening through the fragrant summer gloaming, Alice went out of her way to be "nice" to Saleh, her desire to allay the pain of a wound thoughtlessly inflicted leading her, though she had no inkling of it, to work him a far more lasting injury.

X.

Thenceforth Saleh marvelled at the folly which had driven him to ramble alone in Richmond Park, and at the prodigality with which he had so wantonly wasted precious hours that might have been spent in Alice's company. His one desire now was to be near the girl, to watch the play of her dainty features, the grace of her every movement, to listen to her, to feel the thrill that shot through him when she spoke to him or smiled upon him. The remaining members of the Fairfax family had sunk

in his estimation to the utter insignificance of shadows. They were to him of no sort of account, save as happy satellites that revolved around his star. For him a room was empty till Alice chanced to enter it; a game or a jaunt was unspeakably stupid and wearisome if she took no part in it; and Harry Fairfax cursed Saleh's "slackness" hourly, since the latter shirked every amusement that might take him away from the society of the girl.

Mr Fairfax and his wife had

never passed beyond the stage of being unable to see anything in the world except each other's faces, so they were quite blind to what was happening. The young people of the household were not less obtuse. They liked their guest, and noted with a certain surprise how very like an English lad he was; but their attitude towards him resembled that of the great Dr Johnson with regard to the pig. They were not greatly concerned with the excellence of his swinish calligraphy, all their admiration being claimed by the marvel that a pig should write at all. They rather enjoyed showing Saleh off to their friends, but they never dreamed of looking upon him as a human being susceptible to all the emotions of humanity. His racial inferiority was something so completely beyond the range of dispute that it passed into their acceptance as an axiom. It was so patent a fact that it called for no demonstration. It was a point upon which they were unshakably convinced. If Alice had been accused of flirting with Saleh, she would have resented the charge as a degrading insult, and her brother and sister would have felt themselves to be no less outraged through her; but the bare possibility of such an interpretation being put upon her kindness to the lad never so much as crossed the girl's mind. It would have seemed to her too grotesque, too absurd. Her whole conception of their relative positions would have had to be revolutionised before such a suspicion could even find an

entry into her mind, for her very graciousness to Saleh was but an expression of the pity with which his inferiority inspired her.

Also, I think, Saleh's hairless, boyish face, which made him look to unaccustomed English eyes so much younger than his years, did him here a sorry service, for to Alice he seemed little more than a child, and it was as a child rendered piteous by irremediable deformity that she petted and flattered him. Yet Saleh, for all his apparent youth and his bare nineteen years of age, was a man full-grown. In his own country he would have entered upon the estate of the husband and the father before he was fifteen, and though the climate of England had done something towards checking his precocious development, he was now far more mature than are the majority of European lads six years his senior. Also the blood running in his veins was hot from a race which since the beginning of things has paired and mated almost in childhood, a race which holds with the primitive Adam that "it is not good for man to live alone." Circumstances, so far, had saved him from the divine obsession of love; but now in the daily companionship of Alice Fairfax the passion which his people name "the madness" came upon him in all its grandeur and its might. And the pity of it was that this was no mere calf-love, such as an English lad might have felt, nor yet the crude animal craving of man for woman which passes for love with the men

of Saleh's blood and is called among them by too holy a name. For here the curse of his five years' training among English folk fell heavily. The spiritual side of the lad's nature had been developed by insensible degrees, giving him a higher range of aspirations, a greater acuteness and delicacy of feeling, and far more power of appreciation and delight than were his by right of inheritance; but endowing him also with a capacity for suffering infinitely enhanced.

Primitive men are denied many joys which may be tasted only by their highly civilised and cultured brethren. Their desires are few, and of a kind easy to satisfy. They are never thrilled and exalted by the dreams of a lofty ambition; but the most bitter of disappointed hopes means for them nothing much more difficult of endurance than a hunger-pang—a memory which the next full meal will triumphantly efface. Inasmuch as they are nearer to the beasts, in so much are they spared the deeper agonies of man; for, just as the little mermaid in the German story could put on the likeness of a woman only at the cost of feeling the knife-blades eat into the feet with which she trod the earth, so each painful step which humanity has taken upon its upward path has made it more and more vulnerable through its increased sensitiveness, its finer perceptions. And Saleh, born and bred a primitive, but lifted through the caprice of the white men out of his native conditions, found himself, now on the threshold

of manhood, possessed of a refinement of taste and a yearning after higher things such as his teachers had been at no small pains to instil. They had given him all they might, but one thing they could not give—the equal chance with others to satisfy the aspiration they had inspired.

Left to himself, he would have loved many brown girls, after the fashion of his people, with a rough passion that made no demand upon his intellect and asked no contribution from the stunted soul of him; but transplanted as he had been from his natural environment, and forced to a development foreign to his circumstances, he loved Alice Fairfax with all the fire of his Malayan temperament, but also with the reverence, the purity, the idealism of a European lover. And here again his utter denationalisation smote him shrewdly; for since the devout lover must ever think meanly of himself when he raises his eyes to the object of his adoration, Saleh presently began to torture himself with doubts and questions.

For some flawless days he had lived in a fool's paradise, knowing only that he was happy, and dreaming not as yet that it was love which of a sudden had made the world so good a place in which to live. Then a chance word of Harry Fairfax had forced upon him a realisation of the truth. "When you girls are married and settled down," Harry had said with casual, brotherly indifference, speaking of some plan of his own, and immedi-

ately Saleh had understood that the bare notion of Alice becoming the wife of any man was a thing he could not endure to contemplate. He asked for nothing for himself. He would be content just to watch and love and serve her; but she must be Alice Fairfax, not the wife of some other man. In a moment it flashed upon him how bitter it would be "to look at happiness through another man's eyes," and to that thought succeeded a kind of cold despair, for the humility of a reverent lover at last brought into focus the elusive vision of himself as a being innately inferior, giving instantly a new meaning to the hints and suspicions which of late had been haunting him.

Yet still he struggled manfully with his conviction. He was eager to admit the supreme beauty and worth of his deity, he was content to prostrate himself in spirit before her, confessing that no man in all the world could be deserving of her love. This, he thought, must be the creed of any man who dared to love her; but he fought with himself desperately to prevent the truth from forcing him farther than that admission implied. He tried to shut his eyes to the gulf that divides the white men from the brown, strove strenuously to persuade himself that though all men were unworthy of her, he was not the most unworthy of all, and then the insolent words of the little Princess came back to him,

mocking his grief. "You black boy," she had called him, and the memory of the words set him wincing anew. He was not *black*, he told himself,—not black like a Habshi. (He still preserved sufficient of his Malayan prejudices to feel the deepest contempt for an African negro.) He was dark, of course, but hardly more swarthy than were many of the people he had seen at Naples on his voyage to England; yet he knew now that it was this very matter of his colour which had been troubling him ever since he first came to stay at Richmond. For a day or two after he had made the discovery that he loved Alice, the emotions that rent him affected him so deeply that his friends feared that he was ill, and Alice, more pitiful of him than ever, was doubly kind and gracious. Then the facile optimism of the ease-loving Malay came to his aid, and seeing how good the girl was to him, he speedily persuaded himself that he had been frightened by shadows. Something of his former self-content returned to him; an echo of the belief, held so firmly by the natural Malay, that his race represents humanity in its highest expression, came to him, bringing him some measure of comfort in spite of its want of logic; he comported himself with his old proud independence, and though now and again reaction plunged him in despair, at other times his hopes ran high, and even the impossible seemed easy of achievement.

THE VILLAGE SATURDAY EVE.

BY GIACOMO LEOPARDI.

Translated by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B.

THE sun is sinking in the west,
And from the fields the village lass
Comes, with across her shoulder thrown,
Her sheaf of grass,
And in her hand a posie rare
Of violets and roses,
Wherewith to-morrow she—such is her wont—proposes
To deck withal her bosom and her hair.

The old crone, with her gossips round,
Sits spinning on the steps before her door,
And prattles in the waning light
Of the good times of yore,—
How she on gala days was drest
As smartly as the best,
And how, when she was strong and slight
And lissome, she would dance all night,
And young and handsome fellows had
For partners by the score.

The sky turns azure blue,
Up comes the moon, and in her light
The shadows hills and houses threw
Are turned to silvery white.
And now the vesper bell proclaims
The day of rest is near,
And to men's hearts, you'd say, it brings
A message of good cheer.
Children to the village square
With shouts come trooping in,
And bounding, leaping, here and there,
They make a merry din:
And, whistling as he goes,
The labourer to his scanty meal hies home,
And of the morrow thinks, that brings to him repose.

And now, when all is darkness everywhere,
And other sounds are still,
Hark to the hammer's stroke, the handsaw's shrill,
As in his workshop, by the lamp's dim flare,
The carpenter is working might and main to make
A finish of his work before day break!

This is the welcomest day of all the seven,
Brimful of hope and joy. To-morrow
The hours will bring unrest and sorrow,
And the accustomed toil and moil recall
The thoughts that weigh so heavily on all.

Oh! merry laughing boy,
The time you now enjoy
For thee is like one long delightful day
Beneath a cloudless sky,
Forerunner of a season, rife
With joys, to make a festival of life;
Sport on, my lad! Thy present is a stage,
The cheeriest in life's pilgrimage!
I would not have it otherwise with thee.
But may life's festival, come when it may,
Not on thy heart too great a burden lay!

BABES OF THE HIGHWAY.

JOSEPH SWAN chafed in peevish impotence. Not only was the weather—in his words —“infernal,” not only were his warm woollen gloves forgotten at home, but a multitude of arrears in the office of Clapham & Sons had caused him to miss the 5.40—the last train to Acres. Ofttimes crusty, this continuity of misfortune filled him with exasperation. Work-bound on a stool he sat, waspishly biting one end of his pen during the idle intervals snatched from the other. A spare, fallow wisp of a man with black moustache, black eyes, and a sombre countenance. Ninety pounds a-year was the crazy income his services exacted from the firm of Clapham & Sons, a sum which helped to keep together the bodies and souls of Mrs Swan and two little Swans. It was Christmas Eve. This was the only office open in Norwich.

“We’ll brush away our excess of work,” the manager had said, “that our holiday after Christmas may be the longer.”

That is why Mr Swan had missed his train and the clock on the mantelpiece said ten minutes past ten. A quarter of an hour more and the last necessary figures had been scrawled in the ledger, Mr Swan had donned his hat and entered his coat. With a niggardly nod to the one other clerk he opened the door and stepped outside. His attitude

standing was suggestive of extreme fear, the lean shoulders shrank as from a blow, and the small head hung in forlorn submission. The third finger of his writing hand was flecked with dry ink, and he sucked it diffidently before thrusting both fists into his coat-pockets, while the room behind warmed his back through the open door and hampered his intention to venture forth upon the frosty journey. The abandoned clerk inside could see this queer figure stooping to the cold of the night and huddled together in its black overcoat, about the tail-end of which shimmered a threadbare pool, born of the past sedentary habits of Mr Swan.

“Shut the door,” he said sharply.

Mr Swan obeyed. Everything outside was white and glistened in the light of the frosty moon: only down in the valley to the right there crawled a slow mist, muffling the far-off end of the road near which the clerk stood. A few beclouded stars had crept into the sky and hung now tremulously in knots overhead.

The whole lay lapped in a tense silence, which Mr Swan broke by a nervous grating cough. With a sort of dive he began his walk, shambling along the hard road on his heels for fear he should slip. The chill of the night smartened his pallid cheeks to a

hectic flush, and braced him for the journey of three miles, that stood between him and home—a house in the village of Acres.

That day, consequent upon a wrangle with his wife, he had sallied forth to a toy-shop, patronised by him in the past, and there purchased a grey elephant and a plump doll,—presents destined for his two children. The elephant, which derived animation from a key in its belly, bulked big in the right pocket; and a wax nose, flattened against Mr Swan's chill left hand, enlightened him at least as to the whereabouts of the plump doll.

He trudged along, fostering thoughts on the delectable qualities innate in the bosoms of these dead toys. They had cost two shillings each, and Mr Swan contemplated a wordy tussle with his mate as to which of the offspring should have the elephant—in his mind by far the handsomer present. It was bitterly cold, and the memory of just such a night spent years ago warmly with some boon companions shot back vivid and delightful as he closed and unclosed his stiff fingers; but the recollections were hardly in harmony with his present conjugal relations—and a veil was drawn over them. Yet for a moment he regretted ever having met Mrs Swan. Embers of a peppery spirit imperfectly swamped by his better half still smouldered in the little clerk's heart, and the night air creeping into both pockets and nipping his unmitten hands fanned this

spirit—not to a flame, too little remained for that, but—to a flicker. Annie, not Archie, should have the elephant.

Mr Swan muttered monosyllables *thought* only in the home at Acres, and he coughed querulously. What warmed his testiness to boiling-point was the behaviour of the elephant in his pocket. The jolting of the journey had somehow deranged that quadruped's mechanism, and sundry odd noises echoed from the patient abdomen, just where the key entered. Mr Swan clenched the toy with fierce vigour and shook it: but it was no temporary *malaise* on the part of the elephant, and every farther step of the clerk's sang to the tune of a muffled rattle.

The road soon branched off to the left and ran between two rows of snow-clad trees, at the end of which loomed a stone archway, in outline like the entrance to some princely castle, but built here for the unromantic support of the railway. A great cap of snow shot over the edge and threw a gaunt blurred shadow far away down the road. The arch was long, with niches deep and broad on either side, where line-menders stored their implements. Mr Swan recollected these shelters, and also that once he had lit upon a tramp reclining there, and his testiness made way for a vague fear. What if some burly vagrant thirsting for his blood crouched in the shadow at the end, or worse still some shame-

less ghost hankering after his soul? All the stories of the neighbourhood tumbled into his brain, and his heart sank to his boots, so that for a moment he hesitated: but the necessity of reaching home, the chilliness of standing still, and the ever-present figure of Mrs Swan, pushed him forward. Shivering from mingled fear and cold, he slouched into the archway, and caught a strip of the white landscape beyond. Not a thing stirred in the gloom of the masonry,—the echoing boom of the clerk's steps alone outraged the silence. The niches to both sides were empty, all but the last on the left, where sprawled a bundle lit by a straggling moonbeam.

With lightened heart the clerk pressed on, when something about the bundle caught his eye, and he halted, rigid with surprise. Nestling against the wall, a patched coat round their shoulders, slumbered two tiny children. The stray moonbeam, which dappled the masonry above, seemed to change them to beings not of this world—little elves—and Mr Swan held his breath in wondering awe. One was a girl with long black locks, the other a boy with curly yellow hair: the girl had a fairy white arm tight round her comrade's neck, and thus the two slumbered with that sublime confidence known only to absolute strength and absolute weakness. A coil of rope jumbled in the corner stood as pillow to the pair, while a stockinged foot of each found shelter beneath some

littered sticks of wood. What puzzled Mr Swan was the disposal of the other two feet. The right leg of the little girl and the left leg of the little boy were shrouded in a musty sack reaching above the knees, in such a way, moreover, that the folds of the covering betrayed the outline of nothing underneath. Had they only a leg each? Or was the sack too small for all four legs, and had they therefore shared the bedclothes, neither wishing to usurp a bed for both his—or her—legs? One foot warm rather than both cold. That must be it, thought the clerk: but as he raised his eyes to the piece of wall above them, something hanging there explained the phenomenon, and a vague revulsion of conscience swept over him. A curious tremor shook his heart, as when he read Dickens' homely stories or heard singing in the church at Acres.

From some unevenly fixed nails in the stone-work dangled a pair of stockings, varying in colour and size. These two babes of the highway were courting gifts from Santa Claus. With that affecting faith innate in all children, which, in spite of eternal disappointment, is proof against all discouragement, they had thus commemorated Christmas Eve. Fireless, homeless, alone, they yet trusted in the generosity of the great god Santa Claus. Mr Swan had entered the archway braced for some villain's onslaught. Two children had defeated him: he

looked for blackguardism and found innocence—lambs instead of a lion. What stirred his very soul was the limpness of the stockings—they were both empty. Very old they looked, too. Frayed at the top, worn in the leg, perforated at the foot, Santa Claus would have had to insert some big present or the stockings would still be empty by morning.

A tinge of meanness warped Mr Swan's nature, and the humour of the occasion struck him all of a sudden. How apt it would be to drop something in, to the children's astonishment on the morrow: they could not really expect anything, he argued, and so would not be disappointed. Moreover, they had kept him waiting, and he was cold. He had drawn both hands from his pockets on entering the archway to cope with the expectant assailant, and now he thrust them back again. Each came in contact with a toy. Mr Swan had quite forgotten the toys. How if he dropped them into the stockings before him, would not the children's consternation be distinctly more appropriate then? He smiled. But what would Mrs Swan say if he came home empty-handed? Besides, this Santa Claus business was very absurd, and should be put a stop to. Mr Swan, as a member of the community, should set his foot down and resist the pleadings of sentiment. But the other face of the question showed in opposition, the

charm of this immemorial custom. Had he not as a child revelled in it, gone to bed on Christmas Eve with a flutter of expectation, risen on Christmas morn to a wonderful fulfilment! and then for a moment the thought of that great gift on the first Christmas morning flashed into memory, and he drew forth the two toys. Breathless, on tip-toe, numbed in the hands, he fumbled with the stockings. At last, after dreary miscarriages, the deed was done. The worsted stocking with the darned holes partially draped the plump doll, and the nether part of the elephant's anatomy bulged through a rent in the other stocking's heel; one of that quadruped's hind-legs also shot out of a mend in the sole.

Mr Swan had been chilly standing under the archway, now he felt quite warm: perhaps it was heat from within, it could not have been heat from without.

Twenty minutes stood between him and a fire. Various were his thoughts on the way. How to explain the absence of presents was a problem that tortured him, for with Mrs Swan as wife a solution was imperative. Suppose a story of highway robbery were concocted,—a few gaudy details focussing upon Mr Swan as the hero, a hero against odds innumerable? But flaws scarred the very surface of such an invention, for what could a vagabond want with toys when he left a Waterbury watch and

a two-guinea gold chain? No! the truth and nothing but the truth: moreover, the clerk knew that somewhere deep in his wife's heart—as in his own—there lingered a tender spot: he would melt her with a soul-stirring summary of the night's adventure. At last the house was reached.

"You are late," said Mrs Swan laconically.

"We shut office late," answered her husband.

"Did you buy those toys?" she queried.

"Yes."

"Where are they?"

"I dropped them on the road."

"Dropped them on the road!" she exclaimed, pivoting round on him.

"Into two stockings," he said.

The story was told as they sat round the fire, she stirring his gruel. Mrs Swan hung her head during the narration, but never stopped stirring. A tear splashed into the gruel when he finished.

OLIVER LOCKER LAMPSON.

SCOLOPAXIANA :

BOGTROTTERING, ETC.

THIS is indeed almost a hopeless art to attempt to teach anyhow but practically. The accomplished bogtrotter is, like other artists, usually born, not made. Some men will at their very first essay trip over rotten shaking marsh as safely as if it were a pavement, whereas to others a bog will never appear anything but a floundering perispiratory terror. The whole gist of the thing is of course the necessity of progressing at a fair speed without looking at the feet at all, or seeking (except unconsciously) a firm landing-place for the next step. Theoretically it may seem impossible to traverse a bog of which every inch is rotten, and at the same time keep the eyes alert for springing snipe and the body ready for action, without coming to grief; but that it is not so a walk with many an Irish sportsman will testify. Some of these latter are verily as much at home on the morasses as on the hard highroad. I have seen them striding, nay, running, over ground that quivered for twenty yards on either side at each step, without even going over ankles, though they are absolutely unable to tell you how it was done. Though far from being a performer of this class, I can usually go where any other Sassenach can go, and occasionally manage places which are too much for the average

snipe-shooter; and as something will be expected from me on this head, I must endeavour to put the aspiring bogtrotter on the right track, even if I cannot promise to preserve him always from an up-to-the-middle subsidence into mother earth.

To begin with, I believe that half the art consists in keeping the knees bent, and in never lifting the foot far from the ground. A slouching, crouching, daisy-cutting style of gait is the thing, the hinder foot being more dragged than lifted forward, and never moved at all until the foremost one has felt support beneath it. This "feeling" is the most indescribable portion of the whole procedure. For the purpose of this description I have made several experiments in analysing the physical sensations which accompany a successful walk over bad ground. I find that the advancing foot is invariably strongly contracted when about to touch earth, the toes being drawn tightly downwards in a most uncomfortable posture if one had time to think about it. On placing it flat and free upon the ground, a feat of no small difficulty, so strong was the instinct of contraction, I found that a false step or a deepish sinking was the invariable result. Sometimes, of course, the ground is too rotten to bear even the

most momentary contact of the foot, and then the bent knee makes recovery possible before it is too late, and this without any perceptible effort unless the stride has been over long. Bogs are usually of three types : the muddy holding kind, from which an effort to withdraw the foot very often nearly, and occasionally really, pulls off a tightly laced boot. If good at the game these cannot be traversed too quickly and glidingly, or on the contrary too slowly and carefully if the shooter is one of the steadfast order. They will nearly always bear even a heavy man if he sets about them the right way, and, it may be added, do not often contain very many snipe. Then there are the long tussock-studded strips, formerly described, that so often fringe the sides of brooks, each tussock capable of sustaining a ton weight, but the intervals between them unutterably rotten and occasionally very deep. Nature seems to have designed this species of snipe-ground as a sort of practical joke, for it will constantly be found that the tufts have been placed at exactly the distance of an over-long stride from one to the other, — a most exasperating interval for a man on tenterhooks of expectation as regards his quarry. Such are in fact the most difficult of any to negotiate, but perhaps the only ones which practice will make noticeably easier to traverse safely. Even the most experienced may expect many a tumble from over- or understepping the mark, and it may be well to remark here, that

the best method to carry a gun over ground of this sort is in the left hand balanced in the middle at the "trail," so that if a fall occurs it may be instantly dropped, with little chance of injury to itself or anything else. It is surprising how quickly after a little practice a gun can be thrown up to the shoulder from this position. Finally, we have those terrible, unmitigatedly rotten marshes, such as the red bogs of Ireland, that refuse to bear even a tiny terrier on their treacherous surface. They are most commonly situated about the sources of streams, though here and there they will be found of smaller extent at a good distance from any water except the hidden springs which no doubt form them. The young shooter is advised not to tackle these dangerous traps unless either he or his attendant is well acquainted with their geography. There are usually one or two well-known tracks that cross them, which it would be hopeless for a stranger to attempt to discover. Occasionally, however, and this is the case in some of the very worst and shakiest of the kind, the surface is underlaid by solid ground at a depth of from two to four feet. I know of several such, and if one is content with slow progress, nothing could be safer (and more filthy, it must be added) than a wade through them.

On the rare occasions in which snipe lie well in these quivering bogs, great sport may be had if the subsoil is firm. You cannot be too deliberate: each step should

occupy at least half a minute, and if properly managed your advance will be almost devoid of noise or earth-quaking propensities. Here and there will be found an apparently bottomless hole; but the vivid green of the growth around it should give ample warning of its presence, and in any case recovery from a false step is easy if the hinder foot is well embedded in the ooze. If by evil chance you should one day happen to sink too deep for extrication, unload or fire off your gun at once, and plant it flat on the mud in front of you, holding it by the extremities of the barrels and stock. Thus supported you could keep your head above ground all day if necessary, though I sincerely hope that the necessity will never arise. Do *not* struggle when you find yourself beyond your own aid; it will only sink you deeper, and exhaust your strength. Many a gloomy tale have some of the Irish "gossoons" about dreadful disappearances of this kind, but as a matter of fact it is one of the rarest accidents in the world, and certainly does not happen to a man more than once in fifty years, though cattle are constantly engulfed, owing to their shape not lending itself to recovery. One of the oddest occurrences that ever came to my knowledge in this connection was the loss of a valuable horse in a tiny patch of bottomless bog, actually of less superficial area than the animal itself. The body of the poor brute was never recovered, but it is probable that its hind legs sank

first, gradually pulling the body upon end, in which position the bog was just sufficiently large to contain the carcass. But the surface was strong enough to bear a heavy man easily, as the disconsolate owner demonstrated to me against my advice.

On seeking counsel from old hands, the young sportsman is more often than not disheartened at the very outset by being told that snipe-shooting is a "knack." Moreover, if his Mentor is one of that numerous class who "never bother about snipe," it is ten to one that he is further given to understand that this mysterious art is quite unattainable unless a man is naturally blessed with it from infancy. Of which statements the first part is perhaps pretty true, and the second both untrue and absurd. Snipe-shooting is a "knack," in so far as it is impossible to attain perfection in all its branches all at once, and perhaps from the fact that proficiency may one day arrive like a flash; but as this desirable consummation will only take place after periods of practice and failure, varying in length with the varying capabilities of individuals, it is difficult to see how this particular "knack" differs from that belonging to any other worldly business or sport soever. Given good eyesight, quick decision, and some previous acquaintance with the use of the gun on slower-flying game, any one will in time shoot snipe at least fairly well, though of course the first-class performers will be as few and

far between as they are at billiards, or cricket, or ploughing. We cannot all be cracks, thank goodness! or the pleasure of pursuing game or games would both disappear at an alarming rate. Imagine what the world would be like if every man with a gun killed five out of six of the birds he aimed at, or every cricketer went to the wicket with a certain hundred runs ready for the despondent fieldsmen. The only real "knack," so far as I can see, in snipe-shooting is that of being always prepared to fling gun to shoulder, no matter what constrained or awkward position the shooter may, by reason of the inequalities or marshiness of the ground, be in at the moment of a bird's springing. The power of doing this naturally, or of learning to do it, is certainly so much more the property of some men than of others, that it may perhaps be dignified by the title of "knack." Quick sight¹ and determination are not knack, and to call them so is a misuse of terms. They are both capable of improvement, I had almost said of creation, by cultivation, so, therefore, any able-bodied man who has or acquires them by that "universal provider," practice, has nine-tenths of the law on his side already in the matter of shooting snipe.

Taking for granted, then, that a sportsman has trained his eye to see the snipe as they spring, and his hand to the feel of a gun, wherein lies the re-

mainder of the secret of success? It is, I believe, in this, that he must trust his sight sufficiently to bring his gun to his shoulder and pull trigger *at the very instant* that his brain has received the telegraphic message from his eyes. No matter how close the snipe spring up before you (it will never be your happy fate to have to kick them up in the British Islands), bang should go your first barrel at once.² You will often miss, distressingly often at first, but when hand, eye, and their engine the brain have at last attuned themselves to the flight of one of the swiftest birds in the world, you will possess for ever the power of taking a much more satisfactory toll than if you had yielded to that fatal first instinct, the original sin of all shooting mankind, of pottering and waiting for a better chance. In snipe-shooting your best chance is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred your first, which in shooting up wind or in enclosed land will usually be your last also. The trick must be done "by eye" and instinct, like playing forward to fast bowling at cricket. There is less time for preparation and getting what is called a "good sight of the bird," than in any sport with the gun in Great Britain. You will find that dropping the tallest and most express-train pheasants that ever came over you downwind in stately procession, though truly the

¹ By quick sight of course I mean the power to use good eyes quickly, not by any means an invariable possession.

² Of course I am here speaking only of full snipe.

work is quick enough at times, is a leisurely proceeding compared to the instantaneous accuracy required in dealing with a tiny sad-coloured bird spinning full-speed ahead, all steam up at once, as often as not at the limit of gun-range. Excepting perhaps a driven partridge whizzing towards you over a low hedge, a snipe zig-zagging upwind, whether near or far, is the most difficult bird in the world to hit if you make the slightest attempt to dwell upon his flight either with the eye or the muzzle of the gun. Whereas, given the qualities previously mentioned, your first sight of him, and therefore your first barrel, should be pretty accurate, and if not may be immediately corrected by your second. If you have ever been fortunate enough to walk or shoot snipe in company with a really fine performer, you must have noticed how quickly, when forced to a double salute, his second barrel followed his first. Indeed I know several very consistent scorers who confess to their first barrel being always more or less experimental, their chief reliance being placed on the corrected alignment of the second. This is of course a bad style of shooting, which I do not recommend to beginners. It has, however, the sole merit of doing away to a certain extent with over-anxiety at the moment of the shooter's becoming aware of a bird springing before him, for the more nonchalant a "jumpy" gunner is over his first discharge, the more likely is he to down his bird, a discovery that no doubt originated

the habit in the sportsmen I refer to.

To repeat, then: it is on your first chance and your first barrel that you should rely, and the quicker you are in seizing the chance and firing the barrel, the bigger will be your annual bag of snipe—a fact that has been, I think, so conclusively proved that it would not require so much insistence, were it not that the usual advice of writers and talkers about snipe-shooting is the adoption of an exactly opposite course. I can only say that in my own case, at least, the "waiting game" has time after time resulted in the conversion of easy shots into difficult ones, with the inevitable accompaniment of that distressing and only drawback to sport with the gun, wounded birds. I hope that every reader can truthfully say that he would far rather clean miss a whole series of birds than gather them all still alive. It is, I know, a platitude of shooting; but if it were only generally felt to be something more than this, we would not perhaps see so much of that cruel, because in the case of snipe so often successful, "long chance taking," to witness which often makes the heart of the real sportsman a good deal heavier than the bag of the savage who indulges in it. Any duffer can hit a snipe at 70 yards with one or two at least of the five hundred or so pellets that usually compose a snipe charge. A single pellet may, and often does, break a bone, or a leg, or, as I have constantly seen, the bill of the poor bird, which

may or may not fall and meet a merciful death at the rough hands of its torturer; but it is playing a terribly low game on a sporting little wanderer, who certainly plays his part of it well enough according to the laws. Eschew long shots, then, as you would cheating at cards or any other atrocity, and kill or miss your snipe neatly and smartly within sporting range: you will not often wound if you are as quick over your work as I want you to be. There is of course a great deal of unconscious art that must be brought into play before the instantaneous first barrel I recommend. This is no place to enter into a disquisition on the physiology of shooting, but it will be easily imagined how many and how incredibly swift are the processes that a man has to perform before he can kill a series of birds darting away like lightning, each one probably at a different angle, a different pace, and a different height to the last. But as I have presumed in the reader a general acquaintance with the art of shooting, it is only necessary to say that in the case of snipe-shooting these processes are exactly the same as in any other sport with the gun, only quicker, more varied, and more unconscious. For this reason it is doubly difficult to reduce to writing the method of holding the gun at a snipe on the wing. Except, of course, in the rare case of a snipe flying in a direct line away from you, the gun is never *held* on the bird at all. As far as one can describe the indescribable, the correct movement

seems to be an uninterrupted lift and swing, the lift of course being to or, more commonly, towards the shoulder, and the swing in the same direction as, but faster than, the flight of the bird. There must be nothing of the "two motions" business beloved of drill-sergeants, or the shooter may get into the bad habit of pottering. A gun brought with a rap into the hollow of the shoulder needs a certain amount of steadying, a concession that is unconsciously granted by the "one! two!" class of marksman, entailing naturally loss of time to the gunner and gain in distance to the bird. I have often heard it questioned whether good shooting could possibly be made unless the butt of the gun were firmly bedded into the shoulder at each discharge. As far as my observation goes, I can safely say that good shooting, at snipe anyhow, cannot possibly result if this necessarily slow action of the stock is attended to every time. Touch the shoulder it does, as a rule, of course; but the touch is often so slight until after the shot has left the barrel as to be practically non-existent. Any one who has seen a crack rabbit shot crumple up the furry little thunderbolts as they flash from burrow to burrow or across a narrow ride will understand what I mean. Here again the gun is seldom brought into the shoulder, often, indeed, scarcely higher than the breast, and, in the case of one or two "fliers" I have seen, astonishing practice has been made from the hip! As regards elevation, the best advice on

this, as on most other points, is that given by the writer of the chapter on snipe-shooting in the Badminton Library, "*always aim above a snipe*," though the reason given for it is obviously not invariably accurate—i.e., that "the bird is pretty sure to be rising at the time." As a matter of fact, quite a common shot is that when a snipe is dipping in short sharp jerks into the wind's eye, so that if you were to look steadily along the midrib of the gun you would as often lose sight of the bird below it as you would see it above—the former, it may be added, being the safest instant at which to pull trigger. However, whether a snipe is actually rising or not, it must nearly always be treated as if it were, owing to the speed at which it moves. In other words, with the single exception of a bird crossing from left to right, when it will, of course, be in sight all the time, at the actual moment of firing it should be invisible to the shooter, being hidden by the gun as it swings with, but faster than, the object.

It is a complicated question, this lateral impetus of the muzzle. There is no more stock subject of discussion amongst sportsmen, especially those afflicted with the *cacoethes scribendi*. I do not propose to enter very deeply into the argument, especially as, like this precious fiscal question which is convulsing us, it appears rather of the "circular" order, from the fact that every side of it has its successful exponents, and is therefore correct. One does not expect a number of

first-class batsmen to play a certain kind of ball in exactly the same way. The probability is that every one of them would play it differently, though all, perhaps, would score the desired boundary hit from it. It is the same with the various systems of shooting. One may be theoretically better than another, but for certain shooters practically not so good for some reason or another, possibly from early training or instinct. I will not do more than name the three methods which constantly do interesting but inconclusive battle in the smoking-room or the correspondence columns of the sporting press. Firstly, should the gun be thrown up at the estimated distance ahead of the bird, and fired there at once, or, in other words, "held ahead"; or, secondly, should it be first aligned dead on the bird, swung with its flight, and be fired as it swings—i.e., "held on"; or, thirdly, should it be brought up as before on the object, but jerked forward in front of it and fired when it has reached the required distance? And another unanswerable question—in all these cases how much allowance should be made for the speed of the bird and that of the shot intended to intercept it? As regards the first three of these queries, the "lift and swing" method I have recommended above appears to resemble the second more than any other, though it differs in one important particular—i.e., that in my plan it is fatal to be in any way conscious of the primary alignment on the bird. And this for a very good reason.

Consciousness that your gun is pointed at the object means catching sight of your gun-barrels, and a man who does this constantly will never make a snipe shot. The unconscious effort, too, to preserve the alignment has the effect of checking the swing of the gun, and I have invariably found that when bird and barrels were both visible, a miss behind was the result. By my method, in shots from left to right I see the bird only; in shots from right to left, or at birds going straight away, I see nothing at all at the moment of firing. There is of course nothing new in all this. The method has been practised ever since shooting at flying birds began. But to beginners this losing sight of the much coveted game is the hardest part of the whole business—it seems so much like chance-work. With many young shooters, indeed, it appears to demand an actual physical effort to interpose the barrels between the bird and the eyes. But for this, as with most other things, the best cure is success. A few birds promptly downed will do more good than volumes of theoretical instruction.

Just a word of advice on a common situation of snipe-shooting, the proper treatment or the reverse of which may make the difference of a good many hundred birds, added or lost, to your bag during your shooting lifetime. We will suppose that you have fired at and killed a snipe, rising alone, with your first barrel, as you will, I hope, constantly do. Now, every single work on shooting

that I have read lays great stress on the importance of reloading at once, so that you may be ready for another bird in the shortest possible time. My advice is exactly the reverse. Do not reload at once, but, after your first barrel, remain on the *qui vive* at the “ready” for a minute or so, with your left barrel only charged. It is perfectly astonishing how many snipe select the precise moment when you are fumbling for a fresh cartridge to spring up and away before your open gun. The result is usually a violent closing of the breechloader, followed by a long despairing shot, and perhaps an unclassical expletive. Speaking for myself, I can only say that I have, over and over again, “scored off” in this way a cunning second bird, which I verily believe had been listening for the click of the opening breech-action before it ventured to follow its departed comrade. Perhaps a truer explanation of this idiosyncrasy of snipe is the instinctive habit I have often observed in nearly all wild birds, namely, that of crouching closer for an instant at the ringing report of a gun, and waiting until the echoes have died away before taking flight.

One of the chief charms of snipe-shooting is the delightful variety of the shots offered. In the course of a long day's sport it will be a rare thing to find two birds behaving in exactly the same manner, even under identical conditions of wind and surroundings. It is no doubt the consequent impossibility of

settling upon any fixed course of treatment that is responsible for the prevalence of that mysterious disease "gun fever" amongst young snipe-shooters, more than with any other class of sportsmen, even though other game may be scarcer, more valuable, and its possession just as earnestly desired. How well we know the symptoms! On certain "jumpy" sort of days even the oldest hands are unpleasantly reminded of the tremors of their sporting youth. During the writer's last attack he made a careful diagnosis of the malady for the purpose of devising a remedy, with the surprising result that a cure was instantly effected by the very effort to note the symptoms! As far as they can be reduced to writing, the physical effects appeared to be a clenching of the jaws, a certain uncomfortable rigidity of the muscles of the neck—in fact, a general feeling of tenseness all over the body, extending even to the arms, which seemed to work on rather badly oiled hinges rather than with their natural freedom. Add to this an exasperating difficulty in finding one's usual comfortable grip of the left hand on the fore-end, an irresistible desire to fiddle with the safety-catch, and, finally, a tendency to fling gun to shoulder when even a lark flutters up ahead, the said motion being of the wooden order, and liable to bed the butt of the gun on all sorts of unexpected and unusual portions of the anatomy, and you have a collection of symptoms eminently undesirable in a man

playing a game in which absolute elasticity is the one chief essential.

There are two or three cures that have been suggested for this very real complaint, two of which I have already described—viz., a *dégagé* first barrel, which will often agreeably restore your equanimity by its unexpected success, and dissection, as contemptuous as you can make it, of the ridiculous condition of your nerves. Another excellent method demands a certain amount of self-denial, namely, to throw up the gun at two or three birds without firing, a proceeding that has the peculiar effect of giving you a possibly quite unjustified opinion of the deadliness of your aim, and so doing away with the real cause of your previous "funk," the fear of missing. Of course, a man who is out of health, or who has smoked too many cigars and drunk just one whisky-and-soda too many overnight, or who owes or is owed more than he can afford, or is in any way afflicted with any of the thousand and one drawbacks of civilisation, cannot expect to be in the very best condition for snap-shooting. *Atra cura* perched on the end of your gun-barrels will cause them to be very wobbly and uncertain, and it is not every man who can make the little black demon skip off at the first crack of the Schultze. But I hope that the reader will never have so unpleasant a companion on his walks through the lonely marshland.

SCOLOPAX.

THE AVATAR OF BISHWAS DASS.

I WAS seated one warm April afternoon in my office at Calcutta. The surroundings distinctly predisposed to slumber. The drowsy hum of the flies and insects, the whispered conversation outside the reed-hung door-curtains, and the lethargic swing of the punkah were soporific conditions which required something more exciting than a bill of lading or indent to counteract them. So the pen was slipping from my nerveless hand, and my head was beginning to droop, when I became dimly aware of an animated discussion with the belted menials known as chuprassies outside, followed by a vision in white standing before me on the other side of the table. It thus spoke with a voluble cackle, running all the words into each other, in a manner impossible to represent in print.

"Having been given to understand some places are vacant under your honour's kind control I beg to offer you my services for the same I am the poor man but belonging to the high family and I failed for the matriculation examination should I be so fortunate as to secure the appointment I shall spare no pains to give your honour every satisfaction."

Here the voice paused for breath, which afforded me an opportunity of indulging in a dreamy consideration of the causes which lead a native of India invariably to regard the

circumstance that he has *failed* for an examination as quite equivalent to, if not more effective than, the fact of his having passed it. Perhaps it is the vague expectation that the candidate's idea of his own intellectual fitness which induced him to compete will be taken into account by the dispensers of patronage. If so, it is a forlorn hope which is ever doomed to meet with rude disappointment. As I made no sign, the voice proceeded,—

"I have the honour to state that I am quite fit for any responsible post that your honour may bestow on me I have received first-class education in Mission School under Rev. Robinson and Rev. Leatham Sun of my soul Thou Saviour dear it is not night if Thou be near Rock of ages cleft for me let me hide myself in Thee."

Here the voice paused again, and this extraordinary peroration concluded with a click of satisfaction. I looked up to observe my interlocutor. He was a young Baboo, dressed in a spotless white garment, with a cap on his head somewhat like an artilleryman's cap with a gold band round it. But not worn jauntily like a gunner's headdress: it was firmly and straightly fixed on the wearer's intellectual brow. He wore large gold-rimmed spectacles, more, as I guessed, and as I afterwards discovered to be the fact, to convey the idea of social status and erudition, than be-

cause his eyesight needed any assistance. His face, with his self-satisfied look and somewhat pouting lips, wore that curious expression, partly satirical, partly devotional, and partly licentious, which distinguishes many Hindoo gods, and at present he was gazing at me with a straining look of anxiety, and another series of hymns obviously ready to burst from his lips. I held up a warning hand to enjoin silence, and said, "Young man, in the first place, there is no vacancy in my office, you have been ill-informed; and in the next place, you certainly would not do. Your fatal fluency in quoting hymns would render you impossible as a clerk, and as a cashier you would probably recall by your venality and corruption the worst days of the Mogul Empire."

He seemed rather puzzled at this, and was not quite sure how to take it. He looked at me doubtfully, and moistened his lips with his tongue. He said, "Your honour can if necessary refer to Rev. Robinson and Rev. Leatham who shall inform your honour that I have failed for matriculation examination." He came back to this one strong point as if it was a qualification that no human ingenuity could disparage. "Also," he added rather irrelevantly, "Rev. Robinson and Rev. Leatham are very kind gentlemen and will speak to my credit Abide with me fast falls the eventide the darkness deepens——" I interrupted him at this point. "Young man," I said, "this interview is now over. You

have my permission to depart." He stood awhile in silence, evidently pondering whether one more hymn might not settle the matter. Seeing no response in my countenance, he suddenly, and with exceeding shrillness, said, "Good marning sar," and took his departure. I had hardly settled to my slumbers again before another discussion was heard at the door, and I was aware that the vision in white was again before me. This time he said, if possible with a slightly more impetuous cackle, "I have just been given to understand that there are some places vacant in the Customs department and that the Commissioner of Customs is a friend of your honour if your honour will give me a note I have no doubt by your kind assistance that I shall obtain an appointment and I shall ever pray for your honour's long life and prosperity."

I looked up. "Now, think a moment," I said, "Mr——?"

"Bishwas Dass," put in the Baboo with an insinuating smile. He thought I was relenting.

"Mr Bishwas Dass, you seem to be a young man of great intelligence and superior education, and your acquaintance with British hymnology would do credit to any educational establishment."

His eyes gleamed behind his spectacles at this encomium; perhaps visions of a superior clerkship, if not a partnership, opened before his dazzled imagination. "Now, I ask you," I continued, "as a sensible and educated man, what sort of

note can I give you to the Customs Commissioner, even if I were a friend of his, which I am not? All I could say was that I had seen you once, that you quoted hymns with extraordinary facility, but that I knew absolutely nothing about you except that you had asked for a place in my office. Do you want a note of that description.

"Such a chit," said Bishwas Dass, judiciously, "would be of no avail."

"Precisely so," I said; "so I don't see what I can do."

Bishwas Dass pondered this over for some moments, and possibly finding no hymn exactly to suit the case, finally, with a shrill cackle, said again, "Good marning sar," and vanished once more.

I felt faintly interested in the young man, and fell to pondering on the extraordinary educational policy of the Government, which turns out thousands of youths only fit to be clerks, and only aspiring to a career of that description, and is of course quite unable to provide them with clerkships to suit them. If Bishwas Dass had been brought up as an honest bricklayer or carpenter he might have earned his living. As it was, I thought he was doomed to perambulate the offices, with his gold cap and spectacles, ever on the same hopeless quest, until his white garments dropped from his back. However, these things were not so, but were otherwise, as the Greek chorus not unfrequently observes, and I little

dreamed of the potentialities of the youth's career.

On my way through the bazaar one day I discovered my friend squatting before a low desk with small piles of coppers before him. The place of business appeared to be a trinket and pawn shop of a not particularly elevated description. He greeted me with a bland smile; but I observed that he was not quite as plump as before, and that his gold cap and spectacles had vanished, as I strongly suspected, into the hands of the pawnbroker himself.

He said, "I am now with your honour's kind favour confidential clerk to a wealthy native banker and I have hopes of great advancement."

As far as I could see, at present his sole employment consisted in separating bad copper coins from the good ones, then deftly mixing them together in little heaps and passing them off on unsuspecting customers. This, however, may possibly have been Bishwas Dass's conception of the duties of a banker's confidential clerk.

"My pay," he went on to say in a triumphant whisper, "is four rupees a-month and with the favour of God next year it will be five rupees a-month."

5s. 4d. a-month, rising to 6s. 8d., hardly seemed to me wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. However, Bishwas Dass appeared to be quite satisfied, begged to be informed if he was on my list of candidates, and bade me farewell quite affably. I did

not see him again for some weeks, and then, alas! it was a sad fall from even the position of a pawnbroker's tout at 5s. a-month. There is a certain dreary quarter in Calcutta where mansions daubed with hideous paint stand coyly concealed in gardens, to which unwary strangers are conveyed in carriages, and where drink and still more questionable amusements can be obtained at varying prices. My way took me one afternoon through this infernal region, and there, to quote the words of the historian of the fall of the philosopher Square, "with shame do I narrate it, and with sorrow will it be read," whom did I see outside a meretriciously coloured house but Bishwas Dass himself. He was engaged in a shameful wrangle with a Ticca carriage-driver over the commission which had accrued to each from the conveyance thither of a couple of intoxicated sailors. The shrill voices of the disputants attracted me, and there was Bishwas Dass, no longer in spotless white and gold-rimmed spectacles, but a sorry sight, disreputable and dirty, with a bare head and ragged wisps of hair depending from it. He saw me, and had the grace to hide his face, and I passed on apparently unseeing. Alas! poor Bishwas Dass; he had indeed come down, truly facile had been his descent to Avernus, and I wondered what worse fate could be his. But there was a lower deep still. One day I had to go to the police court to get a declara-

tion made, and as the magistrate was engaged in trying a case, I waited a while and listened. It was a vulgar case of stealing in the Docks, and the prosecutrix narrated how she had gone to sleep with a small bag of rupees under her head, and how she was awakened by a slight movement, and saw the accused standing near; that she went to sleep again (being probably under the influence of liquor), and when she woke up her bag of rupees was gone. That she saw the accused buying some food at a stall, and charged him with the theft, and that he denied it; but on being searched by a policeman, the bag was found on him and some of the rupees, which she could identify, as she had marked some. It was a simple case of a very stupidly managed theft, and the magistrate called on the accused for any remarks that he might have to make.

"Your honour's worship," he began, "I will relate the entire circumstances with strict veracity." The voice seemed familiar, and I looked up, and indeed it was none other than the unfortunate Bishwas Dass, looking even more disreputable than when I had seen him last, in dirty torn clothes and a wolfish look in his eyes, and the Hindoo god in his appearance developed into the mere beast of prey with elementary passions and desires. He spoke, however, not without a certain dignity, "This woman, your worship, is a depraved female of immoral

proclivities" (he brought out this phrase with some satisfaction), "who abstracts valuables from intoxicated persons. I saw her deprive a sleeping sahib of his rupees and then she herself fell into perfect recumbency. So I resumed the rupees from under her head, having the good mind to restore the abstracted wealth to the rightful owner, but he was *non est*. As I had eaten no food for two days" (here there was a break in his voice that quite went to my heart), "and thinking that the rightful owner would at least give me reward for retribution of property, I took some money for food in anticipation of sanction. No sooner had I done so than this meretricious harridan" (these words he brought out with great gusto) "assaulted me with opprobrious gesture, and called on policeman and I was disgracefully treated by handcuffs. This is the veracious truth, and I have no help but God and your honour."

This ingenious defence, which, indeed, was no defence at all, was translated to the prosecutrix, who at once burst out into virulent Bengalee vernacular abuse. She declaimed against poor Bishwas Dass with all the terms in her very varied vocabulary, defamed the characters of his mother and sisters, and indeed of all his female relations, with the most scandalous and totally unfounded statements, and it was with considerable difficulty that the magistrate and police could reduce her to silence. "The prisoner practically ad-

mits his guilt," said the clerk, and the magistrate, without looking up, merely observed, "Two months' rigorous." Bishwas Dass cast a despairing look round the court and caught my eye. "Your honour," he said, "there is a gentleman present who—" but the policeman removed him downstairs before he could finish what he had to say. The last thing I saw was the claspings of handcuffs and the unhappy Bishwas Dass forced down the stairs, vainly struggling in the grasp of two policemen. A dishevelled lock of black hair was the last thing to go, and Bishwas Dass vanished from the kindly light of the sun. I drove back rather sadly, thinking of the exceedingly rapid fall of this promising young Baboo, whom I could not help regarding as one more victim of the Government educational system. I had no doubt in my own mind that what he said in court was in a way the truth from his point of view, but it was hardly a defence to appeal to a hard-worked and hard-headed magistrate. I thought I would see if I could not rescue him when he came out of jail, but the days passed and the image of Bishwas Dass became fainter, and I blush to say that when the day came other matters had put poor Bishwas Dass out of my head altogether. I remembered it afterwards, but then it was too late, and Bishwas Dass passed completely out of my thoughts and life.

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Some two years after this I had to visit the famous city of Oilville on business, and my affairs kept me there for some time. All the world has heard, or ought to have heard, of the city of Oilville, situated in what is known as the wild and woolly West of the United States of America. It is not an ancient city like Rome or Damascus, being, indeed, only fifty years old; but already its population, the height of its sky-scrapers, the sublimity of its elevators, the countless miles of its electric tramways, and the size of its depots are sufficient, as the late President of the Transvaal used to say, "to stagger humanity." All these facts, with great accuracy of detail, appeared in the 'Oilville Exposition Manual,' which had been translated into every language under heaven, and scattered broadcast over the habitable globe. For Oilville had resolved, like some other great cities, to have what was called, with a fine disregard of classical nomenclature, a "Pan-Universal Exposition." It deserved one. Fifty years ago it was a prairie village with a dozen dwelling-houses, two saloon-bars, and an insurance office, a bank, and a church, and a total population of some hundred souls. It was then six months old. Since that time it had passed through the usual vicissitudes of a Western town. The oil turned out abundant, and a boom followed. At the height of the boom land six miles outside city limits had sold by the

foot at about the same price land would sell in the city of London. When the "bottom tumbled out of the boom," to use the elegant Western expression, land in precisely the same locality could be purchased by the acre for a short drink. Oilville likewise had experienced a terrific fire, when the whole of the city vanished like a dream in smoke. However, the genius of the place survived all these little experiences; and at last the town became what is known as "solid," and had but few vestiges of its primitive condition. And now a building was to be erected, a monstrous building, with the hugest dome in the world; more brilliant electric lights were to gleam over more dazzling white stucco palaces than had ever been seen before; faster motors were to career about the grounds on smoother tracks; and more rapid machinery, piled up in apparently more hopeless confusion than had ever been seen before in the history of the world, were to din the ears of the unfortunate visitors. In fact, Oilville was going to make things "hum."

One of the principal and wealthiest citizens of Oilville was a lady, a certain Miss Krag—"Sarah B. Krag," as the papers familiarly called her, or sometimes "Sarah" *tout court*. Her father, a German from Pennsylvania, had arrived at Oilville in the very earliest days of its existence. He had already made a modest fortune in an Eastern city by the

lucrative profession of brewing. He then went West, discerned the future potentialities of Oilville, set up his homestead there, and devoted his great mind to the purchase of real estate and the brewing of lager beer. When the boom burst, the ruins thereof struck him, like Horace's hero, undismayed. He had sold his entire holding for some millions (on paper); but as the astute old Teuton had always bargained for some part of the price in cash and the rest on mortgage, he found himself at the end of the boom, as he expected, with all his land in his hands again, and with the modest sum of some hundred thousand dollars which he had extracted from the pockets of the baffled "boomsters." After that his career was simple and uneventful; and when at last "old man Krag," as he was affectionately termed, passed away full of years and dollars, he left his only daughter, Sarah, probably the richest prize in the matrimonial market west of the Mississippi. Then followed some wild delirious years, when every unmarried male inhabitant of the Western States aspired to lead Miss Krag to the altar. The newspapers, with their usual delicacy and tact, made frequent and jocular allusions to this circumstance. They avowed that it was impossible to fire off a revolver in the streets of Oilville without killing a man who had proposed to Miss Krag, that the postmaster had to put on an extra staff of officials to carry

the bags of mail which contained amorous proposals daily to the door of the Krag homestead. But it was not unto matrimony that the gentle heart of Miss Krag did incline, and so, as the years rolled on and Miss Krag still remained Miss Krag, and nothing came of these very numerous proposals, people changed their minds, like the inhabitants of Melita, and said she was a "crank." And so, indeed, poor Miss Krag was. Like Spinoza, this hard-featured, angular woman, now approaching the age of sixty, was a creature God-intoxicated, or rather, religion-intoxicated, and spent her time and money in painful search after the unknown God and the undiscoverable future. Unfortunately for herself, instead of silent meditation on these great problems, she conceived it more conducive to success to call in the experiences of others to help her; and some of her coadjutors in these momentous inquiries, who came to Oilville to hold high commune with her, struck the inhabitants of that city with respectful astonishment. To every variety of religious enthusiast,—Bible Christians, Christian Scientists, Mormons, Spiritualists, Shakers, and the like,—to all of them was Miss Krag at home. Then she went farther afield, and a weird assortment of Armenian priests, Thibetan lamas, African medicine-men, Mohammedan mullahs, and Buddhist monks arrived at Oilville in detachments, and amused and astonished the public. It is sad to have to

state that most of these spiritual guides turned out to be of the earth, earthy. Every religious quack of dubious antecedents seemed to smell out Miss Krag as if by instinct. Some departed in peace and with pockets lined with dollars, but not a few left her hospitable mansion in the charge of unsympathetic policemen. There was an Armenian bishop with a triple crown and a long grey beard whose appearance gave infinite zest to the lives of the youths of Oilville, but who afterwards turned out to be what is euphemistically known as a "hotel-runner" at Port Said. There was a Chinaman, alleged to be the abbot of a Buddhist monastery, who was wanted by the police for a theft in China Town, San Francisco, and was dragged ruthlessly by the detectives from Miss Krag's hearthstone. A high-class African Obi man, who was subsequently identified as a nigger barber from New Orleans, and an Anglican bishop, who turned out to be an unfrocked curate who had taken to drink and bolted with his churchwarden's wife, were also among the holy men whose religious developments Miss Krag sought to investigate. The clerk at the hotel where I stayed, the "Wild West House," whose usual attitude of mild contempt for the foolish requests of hotel guests was tempered with a chastened sense of humour, was my authority for most of these statements, and it is possible that Miss Krag's painful ex-

periences lost nothing in his recital of them.

"Yes, sir," he remarked one day, "you did the right thing when you came to Oilville in Exposition year. Sarah B. Krag is going to have an Exposition of her own, a kinder parliament of religions, and they are coming here to discuss the whole bag of tricks. There will be some lively times, I bet, if they all meet at once. Some remarkable costumes among them, too, and dresses that would make a fortune to Barnum's show. But I guess the Swami takes the cake."

"Who is the Swami?" I asked, for the word seemed like an echo of India.

"Well, I reckon he comes from the Himalaya Mountains; he's got a following of fellows with him they call 'chelas,' and he walks about in flowing robes; but he don't show much. He is Miss Krag's fancy man just now: she deserves a good one; she has had some rare bad ones in her time. Yes, sir," continued the clerk meditatively, "she's had her ups and downs, has Miss Krag, but she reckons she's struck oil in the Swami."

"What is the difference between him and the others?" I asked.

"Well, you see, he has got hold of the real original thing that was sent down to the Himalayas long before the Flood—about the time of the creation of the world, I guess. He don't take much stock of Buddhism, it's so modern and crude, he says; and as for Christianity, it's so painfully

new he ain't had time to study it yet,—he only heard of it the other day. Seems to me news don't travel very fast in the Himalayas—not many American journals taken in in Thibet: not that they'd learn much about Christianity from *them*. Besides, the Swami is no end of a duke, won't eat with any one, and says his meat is brought by angels from the Himalayas. I don't know where his meat comes from, but I do know where his drink comes from—that's from here; yes, sir, from this hotel. Two of his fellows came here one day and said they wanted the best and purest liquid on earth to wash the Swami's feet with. I gave 'em six dozen of our best and purest champagne at 100 dollars a dozen, and I guess they washed the Swami's inside with it. I did not see him walking about up town again for a week after that."

"I'd like to see the Swami," I observed.

"Didn't you say that you were going to Mrs Fanshaw's tea this afternoon? You'll see some of them there, I bet; not the Swami himself, but his followers, and you can size them up a bit and let me know: so long," and the clerk turned to commune with a drummer from Chicago.

The hotel clerk was not wont to be incorrectly informed as to the social movements in Oilville. When I arrived in Mrs Fanshaw's drawing-room, my hostess greeted me with the intelligence that she had secured one of the most charming of the Swami's followers for her after-

noon tea, and she felt sure that as I had been in India it would be a distinct delight to me to meet with such a man in this distant Western city.

"Besides," she said, "I want you to tell me what you really think of him. You see, dear Miss Krag is so peculiar and takes up with such curious people that we never feel quite sure about her friends, and some of us think—however, you shall see for yourself."

I made my way into the drawing-room, where there was a low hum of conversation. Above it, however, I heard from the end of the room a voice that seemed to carry my thoughts clean back to Calcutta. It was a kind of mellifluous cackle, and I felt that I could hardly be deceived as to the owner thereof. One glance assured me that it was none other than my Baboo friend, Bishwas Dass. He certainly seemed to be in prosperous circumstances; his turban was golden braided, his flowing garments were richly decorated, his cheeks were plump, his eyes gleaming, and the satirical-sensual-devotional look of a Hindoo god seemed to be that of a triumphant Krishna. He was seated in the middle of a bevy of fair American girls, who were hanging on his words, especially one golden-haired girl, who was gazing at him with rapt devotion.

"Ah! yes, dear ladies," he was saying, "in this fleeting world the Greater is become the Less, and the Less the Greater, and the All is the Whole of things. For such is

the teaching of the Vedas, the most ancient of all religions, though our teaching is that of a religion that was old long before the Vedas were thought of, and which teaches that all is Flux in the Universe, that Change is all in all, that the Universe is in Flux, and that all is Change. As the sacred word says, 'Ahum, Ahoom, Pudman, Vishasht, Strium, Brummun, Svakum,' which means, dear ladies," he continued, glancing round in mild triumph, "The temple of love is the temple of the Most High, and the grove of Purity is——"

Here his eyes went wandering round till they met mine, and he suddenly saw and recognised me, and stopped as if he had been shot. The effect on him was quite miraculous: he seemed to shrivel up, he turned green, his cheeks quivered, his eyes grew dull, and he sat helplessly gazing at me in a state of collapse on the settee.

"Are you ill, dear Chela?" demanded the ladies, and tea and muffins were pressed upon him with wild alacrity.

"It is nothing," he gasped,—"it is nothing. The noble Sanscrit words," he went on, looking at me with a hopelessly imploring look—"the noble Sanscrit words overcame me; but I must go to our Swami's evening prayers. I see there," he cried, looking at me, "the oldest friend and benefactor of my youth; let me speak to him."

He made as though to begin a rush towards me, which degenerated into a reluctant shamle. However, he came up to me at last, and shook

hands, and whispered, "Let me see you to-morrow: what hotel? And say nothing now."

I mentioned my hotel, and nodded.

"Yes, dear friends," he said, with some renewed confidence, "this gentleman is my most beloved benefactor: he saved my life once, and I trust him to do it again. I trust him with all," he continued, looking anxiously at me. "At nine to-morrow morning," he whispered as he passed me, and escaped from the room.

Of course I became at once the centre of an inquisitive throng. "Did you know our dear Chela before? Is his history really true? Was he really found as a new-born baby at the feet of the goddess in the forest? Does the Swami really live in a monastery at the top of the Himalayas?"

Such were the questions which were launched at me. I found myself rather embarrassed. I said, "I really cannot answer all these questions at once. I knew Bishwas Dass years ago, and did him some slight service. He is a clever young man, and that is all I know."

"How provoking you are, Mr Phillips; I believe you know a lot about him you won't tell."

"My dear lady, I assure you I know nothing. The Swami I never heard of before, and this youth is no doubt a Chela of excellent status."

The golden-haired young lady, who had been looking at me with great anxiety, then took up her parable.

"Is he not lovely?" she said. "Is it not wonderful to think of his coming into this world, no one knew how, and his being found at the feet of the statue of the goddess under a banyan-tree, with tigers and elephants all around, but none did him harm. And then when he awoke he chanted Vedic hymns, and all the animals came round and listened, the wild beasts and the hornéd deer."

"Hornéd deer," I observed, "is good."

"Mr Phillips," she went on, turning her eager eyes on me, "in that far Eastern country these wondrous things do happen, do they not?"

I thought of Bishwas Dass's youth, and the contrast between an infant chanting Vedic hymns in a pathless forest to a circle of sympathetic tigers, and the real Bishwas Dass on a hard bench in the mission school, being painfully drilled in British hymns by the Rev. Robinson and the Rev. Leatham, struck me as slightly ludicrous though not altogether unmixed with pathos. It was clear that the golden-haired young lady had mixed up Bishwas Dass with the illimitable East, a situation that was fraught with peril, and I resolved to stop, anyhow, *this* little illusion as soon as possible, after I had had a talk with Bishwas Dass himself.

"Well," I said guardedly, "India is a wonderful country, and extraordinary things do happen there, no doubt."

"I declare," said a 'oute-looking young American girl, a Miss Winslow, who had

listened with unaffected derision to her friend's rhapsodies, "I believe it is all flim-flam. The whole story seems to me about the thinnest thing I have ever heard. It is too ridiculous for words, a new-born baby in a forest beginning to chant Vedic hymns with tigers prowling round. Why, my dear, he would have been inside one of those tigers before he could chant a single verse. I don't believe a single word of it. Do you, Mr Phillips?" she asked, turning to me.

"Well," I said, "if I were you, I would ask the Swami himself and see what he says."

"That's just what I've done," she answered. "I thought I would go to the fountainhead and find out all about him, himself and his young men."

"And what was the result?" I asked.

"Well, I can't say I got much change out of him," said the young lady. "He looked at me with a kind of far-away look in his eyes, and said, 'The mysteries of life and death, and the mysteries of death and life, what is life, what is death? Tell me that.' Of course I could not tell him *that*, so he rather floored me there, and that was the only explanation he would give, and that did not seem to carry me very far."

"You did not get much out of him, certainly," I said, "if that was all."

"I asked him, too, whether all his Chelas came from the Himalayas, and he looked at me with a dreamy smile, and said, 'How do incarnations come and go, and what are the

Himalayas?' I thought some people *did* know how incarnations came, and as for the Himalayas, I knew they were a range of mountains, and told him so; but he said, 'No, they are the embodiment of the Infinite; they are and are not.' I should just like to meet with a hill that was and wasn't, a pretty good sort of a hill for a wheel-ride, so I told him he ought to join the Christian Scientists,—their horrid things don't exist either,—but he looked at me with a pitying smile, and said something in Sanscrit. Oh, he is as cunning as they make 'em. You'll get nothing out of him; but anyhow I think you're real mean, Mr Phillips, not to tell us more."

"My dear young lady," I said, "I assure you I don't know anything more." And I was glad to turn the conversation on to other topics, and escape further cross-examination.

It was with considerable interest that I awaited the coming of Bishwas Dass next morning. I was curious to know how from the depths of a Bengal lock-up he had arrived at being the oracle of an admiring crowd of ladies in the far West of America, and I resolved to base my future action on the real facts of the case, which I intended he should tell me without reserve.

Punctually at nine o'clock came a timid tap at the door, and Bishwas Dass entered. He was dressed, in order probably not to attract attention, in what Americans call "citizens'

clothes," not particularly well out, and these ill-fitting garments, combined with a bowler hat, had the effect of making Bishwas Dass a singularly unimpressive figure. Quite otherwise had he appeared on the previous day when, clad in flowing garments and golden turban, he discoursed on the high things of the universe to a charmed circle of ladies in exceedingly dubious Sanscrit. However, he came in awkwardly, gazed at me with the most profound anxiety, and took his seat on the extreme edge of a chair.

"Well," I said, "you're a nice young man for a Chela, quoting the Vedas to young ladies and ordering the best champagne for your Swami."

Bishwas Dass looked at me helplessly, and seemed as though he was about to burst into tears. My heart somewhat melted. "Now," I said, "tell me all about it. You must tell me the whole truth, and then I shall see what I shall do."

"I will tell the whole truth," said Bishwas Dass, in a trembling voice. "And then I am in your honour's hands. If your honour chooses to ruin me, you can do so, and I have no resource but God and your honour."

"Never mind about that," I said. "Tell me how you came here." And then Bishwas Dass began his tale.

When his term of imprisonment was over, he naturally found Calcutta no place for him, and so went up country and maintained himself for a while by writing English peti-

tions. There was not much wealth to be got in this way, and it did not seem to help towards the attainment of his great ambition, which, as he admitted to me, was to be a jute-merchant. However, he discovered, as Mr Micawber had previously discovered with regard to the coal trade on the Medway, that capital was the one thing needed to enable him to realise his modest ambition, and, like Mr Micawber, "capital" poor Bishwas Dass, just emerged from a Calcutta jail, "had not." So after prowling about Bengal rather disconsolately for some time, he finally met a young man at Patna, who told him he was going to America to make lots of money. Bishwas Dass made inquiries, was finally introduced to the Swami, and was selected by that astute gentleman as a most desirable follower. The Swami said that there were lacs of rupees to be made by fakirs and holy men in America, and mentioned Miss Krag, of whom he had heard, as a certain source of income. So Bishwas Dass fell in with it.

"He made us learn a little Sanscrit," said Bishwas Dass, "so as to quote sentences, and gave us a book called 'Isis Unveiled,' by Blavatsky Madam Sahib, and told us to learn the phrases and repeat them."

"The Swami seems to be a pretty smart sort of man," I observed, "though I think you did not get very far with your Sanscrit lessons."

"What your honour heard yesterday," said Bishwas Dass humbly, "was not Sanscrit at

all—it had no meaning. But your honour knows the proverb, 'Wink is good as nod to blind mare.'"

"Exactly so," I said; "and that nonsense that you reeled off to those young ladies, that perhaps came out of 'Isis Unveiled'?"

Bishwas Dass was fain to admit that there probably was something like it in that immortal work.

"Well, now," I said, "who is the Swami?"

Bishwas Dass hesitated, and finally said, "I told the Swami last night that I should tell your honour everything, and he said you were a noble-minded gentleman who would never hurt a poor man."

"H'm," I said.

"The Swami," continued Bishwas Dass with some reluctance, "was a pleader practising in Lucknow, but he produced a document in court which the judge thought was not a genuine document, so he took away his *sanad*."

"In fact," I interposed, "he committed forgery and was disbarred."

"Yes, that is what the papers said," answered Bishwas Dass. "And so he had nothing to do; but he heard of Miss Krag and the Exposition, and mortgaged his family estate and got money to come out here. The other Chelas, one was a clerk, one was a cook at Green & Reed's Restaurant in Bombay, and the other is a petition-writer."

"I see," I said. "You're a nice lot of holy men from the Himalayas, ain't you?"

Bishwas Dass wriggled a

little, and looked meekly at me, with the ghost of a deprecatory smile. "And now your honour knows all, and we are in your honour's hands, and your honour can ruin us; but we do no harm,—we talk about religion, and people give us money, that's all."

I fell into a train of thought and kept looking at Bishwas Dass. After all, what harm were they doing? *Populus vult decipi*, and if the Americans in their simplicity choose to give money to a low-class swindling native attorney for the revelation of things most high, it was no particular business of mine. Of course the whole thing was a swindle—a pleader with his ragged following of clerks and cooks posing as the missionaries of an ancient Eastern religion; but why should I interfere? If these people did not take money out of Miss Krag, somebody else would. This was the kind of thing she wanted, and she got it. After all, throughout the Exposition people were trying to sell things for more than they were really worth, which indeed is the ordinary course of business. In like manner the Swami with his slender store of oriental learning was selling his balderdash of a religion for a good deal more than it was worth, it being, indeed, worth nothing at all; but then the turbans, the devoted followers, and the flowing robes, all these were thrown in and had to be paid for. Certainly it was a roguery, but where is there not roguery? The incompetent politician, the fraudulent director, the pro-

moter of a gigantic Trust, were all thieves in one sense, and our Swami only did much as they, in a slightly different manner. As for Bishwas Dass, I really had not the heart to expose him and hold him up to odium, and possibly land him in the hands of the police again.

"Well," I said at last to Bishwas Dass, who sat watching me with intense anxiety, "I don't see why I should give you away, and so I will say nothing; but on one condition only, and if you break this, I shall burst up the whole show. I will have no philandering with young ladies."

"Philandering?" inquired Bishwas Dass, somewhat puzzled.

"Yes," I said; "I mean you must not make love to any white American girls, nor must you or any one of you marry any of them. I saw you last night looking at that golden-haired young lady. Well, you must not look at her any more. If I hear that you or any of your party are making serious love or getting engaged to any girl here, just you look out, or I will expose you all. So just remember that is my condition, and tell the Swami and the others."

"I promise faithfully," said Bishwas Dass, greatly relieved, "that I will carry out your honour's order in every way, and tell the others to do so too."

"You had better," I said. "And now tell me what do you do here, and how do you make money?"

"The Swami lectures," said

Bishwas Dass. "And we burn incense and carry candles, and ring bells, and prostrate ourselves at his feet: the front row," he added artlessly, "is five dollars and the back seats one dollar. We have an agent, Colonel Levi; he is very clever man and he makes business."

"What sort of business?"

"Well, you see, if a lady gives tea, he goes to her and says, 'You want Swami to show to your fashionable friends? Very well, pay five hundred dollars. If you want first-class Chela, fifty dollars; second-class Chela, twenty-five dollars.' I," continued Bishwas Dass modestly, "am the first-class Chela."

"I see," I said; "your Sanscrit is a little more advanced, and you know a few more phrases about the All and the Whole and the Nought, and things like that."

"Yes," said Bishwas Dass simply, "I suppose that is it; and then after séance we have a collection to help our religion and for Swami's expenses, but I think most of that goes to Swami's expenses."

"That," I said, "I can easily imagine; but tell me, what is the religion that you are preaching?"

"It is a mixture," said Bishwas Dass solemnly, "made up of everything, and we call it the Pre-Aryan religion. It really is very good religion."

"Pre-Aryan is a good word, at all events," I said; "and after all, it does not matter very much what you call it."

"No," said Bishwas Dass cheerfully, "it is all the same;

any name can make rose smell sweet," he added, with some pride in his mastery over English proverbs.

"Well," I said, "you may go now, and I won't interfere, but you must remember my condition."

Bishwas Dass rose with alacrity and looked quite happy. "I shall never forget your honour's kindness," he said. "And I shall ever pray as in duty bound for your honour's long life. I will also keep the condition and tell the others, and we will all bless your honour's name."

"Very well," I said. "Good-bye, and remember, I shall have my eye on you, and see that you do keep your promise."

Bishwas Dass departed, and I again fell to questioning myself whether I had done right or wrong in leaving this plausible young rascal loose on society. For the life of me I could not see they were doing any actual harm. Such imitation Sanscrit nonsense as I had heard Bishwas Dass pour out was perhaps not very edifying or instructive, but it was harmless, and the rolling phrases out of 'Isis Unveiled' might not be very morally elevating or intellectually stimulating, but certainly they were innocuous; and if the American public chose to pay fancy prices for them and the flowing dresses, why should I bother? As for the Pre-Aryan religion, one more sect would not do any harm in America,—there was plenty of room for all. The social aspect of the case afforded

a less puzzling problem. I myself should have thought that a hundred pounds was rather a large price to pay for the society of a rascally native attorney of blemished reputation; but if Mrs Jones of Pennsylvania Avenue liked to crush Mrs Smith of West 32nd Street by having an expensive guest at her parties, there was certainly no reason for *me* to interfere. Besides, I really had a weakness for poor Bishwas Dass, who had certainly had no luck hitherto, and I resolved to carry out my share of the conspiracy of silence if the Swami and his friends carried out their engagement of abstention from matrimonial engagements.

So the Swami continued his triumphant career uninterrupted by me, and as time went on I learnt that Bishwas Dass was faithfully keeping his promise to me, and had induced the others to pursue a similar line of conduct. In fact, my lively young friend Miss Winslow actually deplored the fact one day to me when I met her out.

"Look here, Mr Phillips," she said, "I know you have done something to those Swami people; they have quite changed since you came."

I inquired how.

"Why, they used to look at our girls as if they would eat them; now they cast down their eyes like so many nuns, and simply never look at anything in the shape of a girl."

"Don't they?" I said. "That shows strikingly bad taste on their part."

"Why, certainly it does show bad taste," said the young lady artlessly. "And that golden-haired girl you met at Mrs Fanshaw's is real mad about it, I tell you: she had no end of a mash on with Chela Bishwas, and now he says he's devoted to the goddess Buddha, or somebody like that."

"Hardly the goddess Buddha," I ventured to suggest.

"Well, one of those old Indian goddesses, anyway," returned the lively young lady. "But I think you're real mean not to tell us all you know about them." And the young lady went on her way sore displeased, but leaving me with the comfortable feeling that, at all events, the most pernicious possible result of the Swami's invasion of the Western world would be avoided.

The time wore on, and the Exposition and my stay at Oilville were drawing to a close, when one day Bishwas Dass, whom I met in the street, besought me to give him an interview on a matter of the deepest importance. I appointed an hour the next day, and Bishwas Dass again turned up in "citizens' clothes," with every appearance of agitation and anxiety.

"Well, what's up?" I said.

"Your honour," said Bishwas Dass earnestly, "I have faithfully carried out my promise, and now I want your honour's permission to take up an appointment which is to be conferred on me."

"What is it?" I asked.

"It is like this," said Bishwas Dass. "You see, the Expositi-

tion is coming to an end, and Swami has made money, and wants to go back to India; but he promised when he brought us here to provide for all of us. Swami himself is provided with suitable position."

"What's that?" I asked.

"There is ancestral Hindoo undivided estate near Lucknow with seventy claimants and they all bring suits. The case has been three times to Privy Council and twelve times to High Court and there are many suits pending. So Swami has bought one twenty-fourth of the undivided share of the brother's cousin's son, so he will be added as a party."

"I see," I said. "He has bought a pretty valuable property, hasn't he?"

"He only paid ten rupees for it," said Bishwas Dass simply; "but he will be party in about twenty suits that are now going on, so he is quite provided for."

Bishwas Dass spoke as if hopeless and interminable litigation was quite a decent means of livelihood, and a most enjoyable way of spending one's declining years.

"I see," I said. "He is no doubt amply provided for, with plenty of cheerful occupation for the rest of his life; and the Chelas, what becomes of them?"

"One, Isardas, will go with Swami as private secretary to help him in lawsuits."

"Some one, I suppose, to bribe the witnesses," I remarked, "and get at the court officials, and help to forge the necessary documents."

"Just so," said Bishwas Dass seriously; "and then Futteh-sing, the cook, he is going to stay here: he has got appointment at Oriental Restaurant to make the curries and walk about in turban at lunch-time. He gets a hundred dollars a-month, and food and lodging."

"That," I observed, "is a truly magnificent opening for a young man; but don't it strike you, Bishwas Dass, that it's rather a come-down from attending on saints in a Himalayan monastery to make curries and walk about a restaurant at Oilville?"

"I thought I told your honour that he was cook at Green & Reed's in Bombay," said Bishwas Dass mildly. "There are no cooks in Himalayas."

"I stand corrected," I said "and the fat little Chela, what of him?"

Bishwas Dass looked troubled. "I must ask your honour's kind permission for him," he went on. "He wants leave to marry American girl."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"It is Miss Hermann," he said, "whose father keeps saloon, and he will stand behind bar and give drinks to sahibs."

"What! the big, red-haired girl, the bar-keeper's daughter on 12th Street?"

"That is the missy sahib," said Bishwas Dass.

"Well," I said, "he may do that if he likes, as long as he does not take her away to India. I don't envy him: she'll knock his head off if he's up to any tricks. Yes, Bishwas Dass, I won't forbid the banns; and

now, as to you, what becomes of you?"

Bishwas Dass looked exceedingly nervous, cast an imploring glance at me, and, as his wont was when troubled in mind, moistened his lips with his tongue. "I have kept my word to your honour and I have looked at no matrimonial girl; but," he proceeded, "but—but—Miss Krag——"

"You don't mean to say you are asking leave to marry Miss Krag?" I asked aghast.

"No, no, your honour," said Bishwas Dass; "I promised I would not woo any maiden."

"Miss Krag a maiden to be wooed," I said musingly. "Well, I suppose she is one technically. What do you mean, then?"

"You see, your honour, it is this way: Swami said to me, 'All are now provided for except you, Bishwas Dass, and I have arranged first-class opening for you,' and then he told me, but I said I must ask your honour's permission first."

"What, in Heaven's name, is the opening?"

"The Swami," said Bishwas Dass, speaking with reluctant hesitation, "told Miss Krag that he had seen in a vision that millions of years ago she lived in Himalayas—that was in previous incarnation, of course—and she was married and had son, and that I am her son."

I stared at him, perfectly paralysed at the young rascal's impudence.

"And then," continued Bishwas Dass, "she recognised me to be her son, and with your honour's kind permission, she

wishes to adopt me and will give me monthly salary. It is a good appointment," said Bishwas Dass meekly,—he spoke of it as if it was a clerkship in the Customs that had been offered him,—“but I will not take it if your honour forbids,” and he gazed at me with luminous beseeching eyes.

"And the money?" I asked.

"That is all to be arranged as your honour would desire: she give me five hundred rupees a-month and all her other money is given to trustees for her family, and they give her annuity of hundred thousand dollars. So your honour sees that I am not the grasping. The Swami," he added modestly, "said I was noble young man."

"The Swami's opinion on a matter of this sort is valuable," I said, and I began to think the matter over. Poor Miss Krag, after all, why should she not do this? Doubtless, like every other woman, she had had vague maternal yearnings, and now she could satisfy them in a way. If she had married, it probably would have been to some scoundrel who was only after her money, who might have plundered her, beaten her, got drunk, or gambled, who knows? Or her children might have turned out badly and brought down her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. At all events, she had avoided all these possible evils, and I had no doubt that the poor old lady believed that Bishwas Dass really was her son in a sort of a way. And then, he was ready-made,—not the colour I should have chosen myself; how-

ever, that was her business and not mine. A son with a past, no doubt; but she never need know anything about that. After all, an old lady with cravings after the Unseen and the Unknowable was sure to be swindled by somebody, and if she came to anchor over Bishwas Dass for a definite sum, it was perhaps the wisest thing she could do.

"What do the relations say?" I asked.

"They have all agreed," he answered. And indeed the scheme did secure the greater part of Miss Krag's fortune from any other wandering religious enthusiast.

"Will you be good to her, Bishwas Dass?" I asked.

"I shall be her son," he said simply, "and I will always treat her as a mother. We will go to India, as she wants to see the holy cities, and I will serve her."

I reflected again. I always liked Bishwas Dass somehow, and believed that he had been the victim of circumstances. He had kept his word to me on the subject of the golden-haired girl, and I really thought he would be more or less true to Miss Krag.

"Very well, then," I concluded at last, "I give my consent—that is, I will say nothing; but look here, Bishwas Dass, you must be good to her. I shall be out in India too, and shall make it my business to find out how you treat her, and if there is any nonsense, you look out."

"Your honour need have no fear, I will be good son to her:

and now I have your honour's consent, adoption ceremony will take place at once. Swami will do it."

"Does the old lady really believe this monstrous fable?" I asked.

"Swami told her," said Bishwas Dass, "and she believes all he says."

"Does she?" I said grimly. "She is not so well acquainted with him as the judge of Lucknow used to be."

"But, after all," added Bishwas Dass ingenuously, "we have incarnation, so I may have been her son once."

"Well, you may certainly," I said; "but remember what I told you, and be a good son to the old lady now."

Bishwas Dass took his departure, greatly relieved. He apologised profusely on behalf of the Swami for not inviting me to the ceremony, but only the Swami and the Chelas were to be there, and one of Miss Krag's relations besides herself. I think he was slightly afraid of any possible criticism of his Sanscrit and ancient Vedic ceremonies, for the adoption was to take place according to Aryan, or rather Pre-Aryan, rites.

The next morning I found my friend the hotel clerk deep in the 'Oilville Times and Herald.' "Well," he said, "this is a thing which I guess will convulse Oilville. Ain't you going to the ceremony as a friend of the family, Mr Phillips?"

"What ceremony?" I asked; and for all response the clerk showed me the first page of the

newspaper. There it all was, crudest and coarsest of head-in large print, in the very lines:—

“SARAH B. KRAG. A HAPPY MOTHER AT LAST.

SHE WILL EMBRACE THE OFFSPRING OF HER PREHISTORIC NUPTIALS.

CHELA BISHWAS TO BE LED TO THE ADOPTIVE ALTAR.

FROM THE HIMALAYAS TO OILVILLE.

A JUMP OF FIVE MILLION YEARS WHILE YOU WAIT.

Sarah thinks his complexion changed some during the last few million years but says she don't mind.”

(I need hardly say that both the sentiment and the observation were entirely alien to Miss Krag, and due to the lively imagination of the newspaper man.)

“SWAMI IN ANCIENT ARYAN ROBES TO DO THE NEEDFUL IN THE GILDED ASIATIC HALL IN 30TH STREET.

OUR REPORTER WILL BE THERE.”

And then the newspaper went on to describe Miss Krag's personality, her income, and all the arrangements, and the article ended with very unflattering portraits in woodcut of Miss Krag and Bishwas Dass—which latter appeared to have been taken from the same block as the likeness of a negro murderer which adorned the next page.

“That will make New York and Chicago sit up,” said the clerk; “they never had anything like that in their obsolete old villages. But ain't you going, Mr Philips? You ought to give away the bride—the mother, I mean—to the arms of her long-lost son. Well, old man Krag would have gone just crazy if he had thought of a thing like that: it's enough to make him turn in his grave. What's

the points of that black young man anyway? If she wanted a son, couldn't she have taken a white one? There are a good many about this town would just have jumped at the offer. Well,” continued the clerk philosophically, “women do curious things; but this beats all. Seems to me, if he is a reincarnated son, she oughter have a reincarnated husband too. Where's *he*, I want to know? Why ain't he around? I don't seem to hear of him, somehow, unless it's you, Mr Phillips?”

“No,” I said, “I'm not the man.”

“Perhaps, then,” continued the clerk, “he don't live in this town; possible he's gone to the Himalayas for a spell; perhaps he's seen Miss Krag and his re-created son, and don't fancy either of them. What do you think, Mr Phillips?”

"I don't think about it at all," I said; "but one thing I know, that reporter will not be there."

"Won't he, though, my dear sir? You don't know the American reporter. But even if he ain't there, it don't matter a cent—the description will be on hand all right: you may bet your life on the young man of the 'Oilville Times and Herald.'"

And sure enough, next morning—though Bishwas Dass assured me that no outsider was present—there was a glowing description of the whole function which quite absorbed popular attention in Oilville, to the total exclusion of three fires, a murder, and the absconding of a bank clerk, which events happened on the same day. Miss Krag and her adopted son left Oilville very quietly—not even the omniscient reporter being aware of their departure; and soon after I, too, found myself on my way back to Calcutta.

I heard as time went on that there was no particular fault to be found with Bishwas Dass as a son. East is East, and West is West, and this very oddly assorted couple probably did not find it all smooth sailing. However, Miss Krag was perhaps as happy as any foolish woman who has done an incomparably foolish thing could reasonably expect to be. Bishwas Dass was reported to be outwardly fairly respectful, and perhaps he did not swindle her much. At all events, he did not murder her, for the poor old lady died of cholera about

four years later in an American missionary's house at Benares. Greatly to the scandal of her hosts she insisted on dying as a Hindoo, and her body was burnt on the banks of the Ganges.

I had almost forgotten this strange episode, when, driving out one evening in Calcutta, I met a truly luxurious native carriage with a coachman in gorgeous livery, and two footmen standing behind the barouche with fly-flappers in their hands. In the carriage there sat a fat Baboo merchant, surrounded by his family, and after the profound salaam he made me I had little difficulty in recognising my old friend Bishwas Dass, who had at last reached the summit of his ambition, and had become a flourishing jute-merchant. There he sat, his half-quizzical, half-devotional look softened by age and obesity, and with his diminutive wife and three plump bedizened little girls looking like a stout elderly Krishna surrounded by tiny "Gopis."

I heard that he was going to stand as a candidate for the municipal ward in which I have a vote, and if he would only repeat some of his hymns in that inimitable cackle of his, and would tell us some of his real experiences with Miss Krag, I am sure the English merchants would plump for him to a man. But possibly the respectable head of the wealthy firm of "Bishwas Dass & Co." could hardly be expected to condescend to such frivolities.

T. HART-DAVIES.

VOLTAIRE.

THE fiercest battles in the intellectual warfare of the eighteenth century were fought about the name of Voltaire. More than any man of his time he might, if he chose, have anticipated the verdict of posterity. His qualities and demerits were discussed during his lifetime with the frankness and energy which are generally reserved for those upon whom death has set its seal. Abused with fury by some, he was applauded by others with equal fury, and he lived long enough to see the world divided into the two opposing camps of Voltaireans and their enemies. Nor, when the excessive enthusiasm of his friends had driven him into his grave, did the contest cease. Condorcet, his earliest biographer, saw in his life nothing else than a natural progress from triumph to triumph; he was convinced that his hero was dominated always by an active kindness,—that he desired nothing else than to benefit his fellow-men; and he found no verse better suited to sum up Voltaire's career than this naïve expression of the habitual sentiment which, said Condorcet, filled his soul:—

“J’ai fait un peu de bien, c’est mon meilleur ouvrage.”

Joseph de Maistre, on the other hand, that sturdy reactionary, the last Tory of France, could not hear Voltaire's name with patience. In his eyes the

author of ‘Candide’ was but an impudent fellow, who mistook libel for satire, whose books were poisonous, and to whose best verses no other epithet could be given than *joli*. He found Voltaire's face as hideous as his works. “Look,” says he, “at this abject countenance, upon which shame never painted a blush, these two extinct craters which still seem to seethe with hate and luxury; this mouth, this horrible *rictus*, running from one ear to the other, and these lips pinched by cruel malice, ready to hurl forth blasphemy and sarcasm.” What honour, indeed, should be shown such a man, save that statues should be set up to him, as M. de Maistre suggested, by the hand of the common hangman?

Time long ago softened the enthusiasm of the one side, the animosity of the other, and we can look upon Voltaire with colder, juster eye. To-day there are few men who would pay Voltaire even the compliment of a hatred as violent as De Maistre's. We no longer believe the author of ‘La Pucelle’ the father of all evil, because we know that he had not the power, even if he had the will, to play so dangerous a part. But one thing is certain—namely, that he lived a life of more brilliant adventure than fell to the lot of any writer of his time. Hardened classic though he was, he knew by a happy experience the

many sharp contrasts, the startling alternations of honour and disgrace, which make up what we call Romance. So that whatever be our opinion of his "mission," we can all find amusement in his long and spirited journey through life. Mr Tallentyre, for instance, in his recently published 'Life of Voltaire' (London: Smith, Elder, & Co.), makes no attempt to define Voltaire's place in the literature of France: he regards the hundred or more volumes which bear his name as episodes in a career of activity; and as we are not asked to take the hero of the romance quite seriously, we may delight in his exploits without afterthought. This, perhaps, is the best point of view from which to regard the life of Voltaire; and if Mr Tallentyre had composed his book with a better sense of style and some respect for English grammar, we might congratulate him upon a notable achievement. But the biographer, even with the example of Voltaire, an eminent purist, before him, is always slipshod and inaccurate. A writer who could pen such a phrase as this, "Old Roy took occasion to sententiously point out," would have been wiser perhaps to leave the classics alone. However, Mr Tallentyre's book covers the ground with much diligence; and if it may not be read with profit, it serves to remind us of an amazing career.

Truly Voltaire was a fortunate youth. The son of a notary, he was little more than seventeen when he had fluttered

into the highest society of France. He was witty; he was gay—years afterwards the Empress Catherine called him the God of Gaiety,—and he was a poet. All doors were thrown open to him; and if the men looked askance at him, the women were enchanted by his daring and his malice. So quickly grew his fame that there was scarce a lampoon written in Paris that was not put down to the young Arouet. His father, who had no other ambition for him than that he should follow respectably in his own footsteps, was miserable at the boy's success, and when he was eighteen sent him to The Hague for safety. But he travelled thither not as a notary's son, but in the train of an ambassador, the Marquis de Châteauneuf. Yet though he changed his sky his soul remained the same, and he was speedily embroiled in a disastrous love-affair and sent home again. Soon after his return to Paris, a sojourn in the Bastille—a comfortable prison reserved for the highest in the land—set a seal upon Voltaire's gentility. There he was entertained with the polite profusion to which the king accustomed all his guests, and he emerged a far more distinguished poet than he went in. The production of 'Œdipe' added another leaf to his wreath of laurels, and from that day—it was in 1718—he never looked back. Nothing marred his prosperity: if literature brought him more fame than money, he knew a

hundred expedients whereby to become rich; and never again did he feel the pinch of poverty. He lent money out at interest, he speculated in lotteries, and he brought upon himself what was perhaps the worst disgrace of his life by gambling in Saxon bank-notes. But, with his usual frankness, he made no secret of these employments: he knew—none better—that a full pocket meant freedom to fight as he liked; and no scheme of his was ever balked by lack of credit. On the other hand, the charge commonly brought against him, that he was a miser, has no foundation in fact. As one of the many servants, whom he overwhelmed with generosity, confessed, he was a niggard of nothing but his time. His energy and facility were alike remarkable. He dashed off comedies, philosophical treatises, epics, and histories with an apparent carelessness which has never been equalled. Meanwhile, he found leisure, not only for business, but for the many quarrels with foolish persons which he conducted with tireless acrimony. No man ever loved fighting for its own sake better than he, and if he got the worst of it, as he frequently did, he remembered the aggressor, and waited patiently for another occasion. But there was one enemy against which he fought in vain—the government of Paris. Not even the friendship of Madame Du Maine could protect him from banishment, and many years of his life were passed in enforced absence from the capital he loved so well, and

upon which he cast so brilliant a lustre.

But Voltaire had the faculty of turning even his misfortunes to good account. He showed a finer sense of drama in his life than in his works. An insult, such as that offered him by the Duc de Rohan, became under his management a distinction. Voltaire's epigram against his adversary outlived the violence which it occasioned, and Voltaire arrived in England, a fugitive for the first time, with all the honour which well-advertised notoriety could give him. Thus he arranged the scenic effects of his life as other men stage-manage a theatre, and good fortune always came to his aid. His appearance in London was opportune in a double sense. Not only had Voltaire's fame preceded him, but he came in the nick of time to witness the obsequies of his master Newton, and to note that in England men of science were buried like kings. Nor did he waste his days in idleness: he surmounted the craggy difficulties of the English tongue, which he wrote with a timid propriety, and in which he conversed with ease; he visited the Court, and made the acquaintance of the King and his Ministers; he was splendidly entertained by Peterborough and Bolingbroke; the kindly Swift collected subscriptions for his 'Henriade'; he made the acquaintance of all the poets of our Augustan age—Pope and Congreve, Gay and Thomson; he dined with Lord Chesterfield, and sought from the great Duchess of

Marlborough information for his projected 'Siècle de Louis XIV.' Surely no Frenchman was ever better received even in hospitable London, and he repaid the debt with an enthusiastic appreciation of England and the English. Moreover, did he not discover Shakespeare to his cultured compatriots? And was it his fault if the exuberant admiration created by himself drove him many years afterwards into an exhibition of bad temper and worse criticism? There are few men who can patiently witness the sacrifice laid by other hands upon the altar of their gods; and though Voltaire was delighted to praise Shakespeare when he alone of Frenchmen understood his "sublimity," it was quite another matter when Le Tourneur, in a translation more zealous than correct, had made all France free of his genius. But what he valued above all in the life of England was the liberty which all its citizens enjoyed, not only to think as they pleased, but also to say what they thought. To claim these privileges for his countrymen was one object of Voltaire's life, and yet we value his famous 'Lettres Anglaise' far more for their pleasant impressions of men and things than for the political lessons which he drew from his own experience to benefit his fatherland.

And if his sojourn in England were dramatic, what a bitter comedy might be written concerning his long and patient friendship for Madame du Châtelet? Never was there so

odd a love-affair as that witnessed at the château of Cirey-sur-Blaise. It was love deeply tinged by philosophy, sentiment subdued by a tireless industry. The Marquis du Châtelet adored science and glory, with a passion as great as the philosopher's own. Leibnitz and Newton were her gods; she had built a shrine not to Venus but to Euclid; and she would almost have sacrificed her lover if only she could write a treatise worthy an Academic crown. The life at Cirey was a life of lofty ideals and profound study. The two philosophers met only when the day's work was done, and even then they solaced their hard-won leisure, and amused their friends, not by trivial chatter, but by the reading of poetry or the performance of plays. For some years, then, these two strange beings kept house together. Many times did they quarrel and make it up again, and we owe it to the lively indiscretion of friends that the meanest details of their daily life are made known to us. But in the meantime Voltaire was corresponding with Prince Frederick of Prussia, afterwards Frederick the Great, and as he always loved a king, at least as dearly as he loved liberty, Madame du Châtelet soon lost her influence. The king permitted no rivals in his friendship, and the lady made no secret of the jealousy which consumed her. But the friendship between Voltaire and Frederick is the most dramatic episode in a dramatic career. And if it reflects not much

credit on either side, that is because both king and poet were resolute to have their own way, and to make no submission the one to the other. At first the friendship founded on an interchange of flatteries prospered exceedingly. Voltaire assured the prince that he spoke like Trajan, wrote like Pliny, and in French excelled the best writers of the age. He thanked heaven every day that Frederick lived; he described him as *deliciæ generis humani*; he had no doubt but that the 'Anti-Machiavelli,' the work of the Northern Marcus Aurelius, was the only book worthy of a king that had been written for fifteen hundred years. But acquaintance as well as flattery is a necessity of friendship, and Frederick was insistent that Voltaire should visit him in Prussia; and Madame du Châtelet was no less insistent that Voltaire should not visit Frederick unaccompanied by herself. Now Frederick took but little interest in the Queen of Sheba, as he called the accomplished Emilie, and obstinately refused to see her. Indeed, the first meeting of Voltaire and Frederick at Moyland would have been impossible but for a timely ague. The king, having set out for Brussels, was taken ill by the way, and at last an excuse was made for Voltaire to visit him alone. The philosopher found his monarch shivering in a blue dressing-gown on a pallet-bed in an ill-furnished room; he gave him quinine and held his pulse; and the next day the Star of the North forgot his

illness, and listened for the first time to the brilliant declamation of Voltaire. This was but a passing visit, and it was not until ten years later that Voltaire took up his abode in Berlin. It was perhaps fortunate that these two egoists had been kept so long apart. Proximity was a certain end of their friendship. There is not room in the firmament for two suns to shine, and neither the king nor the poet would willingly accept eclipse. At the outset Frederick recognised that Voltaire was an added glory of his court, and he took delight, even after the bitterest quarrels, in Voltaire's amazing conversation; but he wished the world to know that the philosopher was no more than his orange, and that when he had sucked it dry, he would throw the skin away without scruple. Voltaire, on the other hand, was perfectly conscious that the king in all matters of literature was a mere amateur, and that his vaunted works would have been little worth had they not received a fearless castigation. Moreover, if Frederick were an absolute monarch, Voltaire too would permit no pretenders near his throne. And he was speedily engaged in holding up to ridicule the president of the king's own Academy. Nor was this the worst: Voltaire, ever eager to make money, engaged in not too reputable transactions with some Jews named Hirsch; and though, with his habitual courage, he took his opponents into court, he involved himself and the king also in an ugly scandal.

Then began a series of foolish quarrels—anger on the one hand, caprice on the other. To-day Voltaire was resolved to shake the dust of Berlin from his feet, to return his chamberlain's key and the insignia of his order, and see his patron no more. To-morrow he was reconciled with Frederick, and the renewed friendship was celebrated by a little supper. But the affair was past all permanent reconciliation. Voltaire was as resolutely determined to go as was Frederick to get rid of him, and at last—in 1753—Voltaire took leave of his Marcus Aurelius for the last time, and left Potsdam for ever.

But the comedy was not yet finished; or, rather, it soon degenerated at Frankfort into a kind of tragic farce. A fresh attack upon the president of the Berlin Academy was published after Voltaire left Potsdam, and threw Frederick into an ungovernable rage. With a lack of humour which it is difficult to forgive, he sent orders to Frankfort that Voltaire should not be allowed to leave that city until he had given up his chamberlain's key, the insignia of his order, all the king's manuscripts, and a certain volume which contained Frederick's poetical works. Voltaire, after his wont, ambled by the way, being in no desperate hurry to regain his native country, and it was more than two months after his departure from Potsdam that he arrived at Frankfort. There Frederick's orders had preceded him: a tiresome

official, Freytag by name, called upon him immediately to deliver the king's commands; and Voltaire found himself a prisoner in his inn. Here indeed was a pretty return for the years of flattery and attention, and it is not surprising that Voltaire, who prized his personal liberty above all things, was disgusted at what he deemed his patron's perfidy. The key and the ribbon he surrendered at once; the royal manuscripts were speedily discovered in the philosopher's trunks by the over-zealous officials; but, alas! the *Œuvre de Poesie* could not be found. That had been sent on with Voltaire's own books, and until it was delivered to Freytag, Voltaire must remain shut within the four walls of the Golden Lion. Nor when, at last, the book was delivered and given to Freytag was the philosopher permitted to go free. The councillors of Frankfort refused to surrender their prey without an express order from the king, who was on his travels, and had forgotten all about Voltaire and the laws of hospitality. And the worst is not yet told: after a hapless attempt to escape, Voltaire was treated with the last indignity, and was forced to exchange the comfort of the Golden Lion for the squalor of an ale-house. At last, after six weeks of the meanest squabbling, the philosopher was allowed to continue his journey to Mayence, and there can be no question which of the two comes better out of the affair. Voltaire, no doubt, possessed the genius of insolence

in a higher degree than any of his contemporaries. Yet no fault that he ever committed justified Frederick's mean and rancorous revenge, and it is the best proof of Voltaire's essential amiability that he forgave his enemy, maybe because he was a king, and once more delighted him with the eloquent flattery of his letters.

It was his invariable instinct for dramatic propriety that drove Voltaire to exchange the turbulence of Potsdam for the idyllic tranquillity of Switzerland. A life of warfare deserved an age of peace, and though Voltaire could only renounce the battle with his death, he found at Ferney a peace which France and Prussia alike denied him. Henceforth he was a very emperor of letters, issuing his decrees to the whole of Europe, and exacting the homage which he thought his due from travellers of all nations. A visit to Ferney became an essential incident in the Grand Tour, and for many years there was scarce a book of travels composed which did not describe the aspect and conversation of the ancient sage. Nor did the commercial energy, which was always a part of Voltaire's character, desert him in Switzerland. He built factories, he trained workmen, he sold the watches and lace which they made, and proved once more that literature of itself was not sufficient for his restless spirit. Thus he lived many years, respected if not loved, and he died at the very pinnacle of fame, of glory. A strange death, which set a seal

upon a strange life. Many are the poets who have died of neglect. It was reserved for Voltaire to perish, overwhelmed by the too eager adulation of his worshippers.

But after the years of adventure, after all the severed loves and broken friendships, there remain the complete works of Voltaire, which can hardly be expressed in a hundred volumes. What of this vast library? Shall we find here the same fascination which distinguishes the life of Voltaire? Assuredly not, and it is hardly too much to say that probably no human eye will ever again read the works of Voltaire from end to end. Mr John Morley believes that "when the right sense of historical proportion is more fully developed in men's minds, the name of Voltaire will stand out like the names of the great decisive movements in European advance, like the revival of learning or the Reformation." It is impossible to accept this amazing opinion. Voltaire had many merits, but he was far nearer a journalist than an upheaval, and he resembled a political pamphleteer more closely than a movement. It was once the fashion to believe that Voltaire was a forerunner of the French Revolution. Excited rebels were found to call themselves Voltaireans, or to cite their master's works, very much as the Anarchists of to-day attempt to put off their responsibility on Darwin or Herbert Spencer. But it is difficult to understand what message of liberty or intelligence Voltaire could bring to a country which

had bred Rabelais and Montaigne, Des Cartes and Molière. It is still more difficult to know how Voltaire, the flippant friend of aristocrats and kings, could have encouraged a popular orgy of blood. Moreover, Voltaire, for all his love of free thought, was in general as narrow a fanatic as his opponents, though his fanaticism was not the same as theirs. In other words, he was an inverted Methodist. And the Methodist that was in him almost always overshadowed the artist. He rarely wrote a line that was designed merely to please. The applause which was most grateful to him was that which greeted the heretical lines in his plays. His philosophy was but the brilliant expression of superficial good sense. He hated mysticism, because he believed that no mystery survived a proper diligence. In other words, he was confident that he had exhausted the knowledge of all the world, and that after him the inmost secrets of human life might be pierced by a study of his words. Nor may he claim the merit of originality. He had read Newton and Locke to some purpose, and the critic who said that he wrote down what other men thought was not unduly harsh. Again, he impoverished his splendid talent for exposition by spreading it over too wide an area. There was nothing in which he did not take an interest, and that faculty of interest makes, not for grandeur, but for journalism. And if he had nothing more to say to his own generation than to urge upon it an easy tolerance, he

has much less to say to ours. We at least can pick and choose among the centuries, and if we would seek an apostle of tolerance we can set Voltaire's clean-cut splendid platitudes aside, and find a truer wisdom in the balanced understanding of Erasmus, to name one of many examples. The truth is, Voltaire was always a partisan, and a partisan does not readily stand the test of time. He did not hesitate to twist the truth to his purpose, and to arrive by crooked paths at the wrong goal. Worse than all, he would have had all men alike. It was no part of his business, as it was of Montaigne's, *in sese descendere*; he was content always with the surface, and no doubt would have thought any sort of introspection an infamous waste of a philosopher's time. It is not too much to say, therefore, that his controversial works are as dead as last week's newspaper,—so dead, indeed, that not even their brilliant raillery can strike a spark of life into the dead bones.

And his plays, and his odes, and his epics,—will they ever again find an appreciative reader? It is not probable. To read one must be awake, and no one can read a single canto of the 'Henriade,' which once was deemed to be superior to Homer, without being overtaken by slumber. Again, it was as a dramatist that Voltaire first won the world's admiration. Condorcet detected in his plays a sense of art as of nature, which were absent, said he, from the barbarous tragedies of Shakespeare, and

to-day the plays of Voltaire are no more fitted to be read in the study than to be presented upon the stage. But though we exclude the mass of Voltaire's works from consideration, though we cannot call him a critic who wrote the famous, or infamous, essay on Shakespeare, which D'Alembert read before the French Academy in 1776, yet Voltaire would be assured of immortality even if his notoriety had not made him known to those who have never read him. 'Candide' and his 'Letters' are an imperishable title to fame. With these in his knapsack, Voltaire may march through the centuries, discarding as he goes all the tedious verse and prose by which he won an ephemeral glory. Exquisite in style, mordant in irony, 'Candide' is the wittiest satire upon optimism that ever was penned, and Voltaire's 'Letters' present to us in the very gayest of terms the brilliant life of a brilliant epoch. The man of genius who composed these masterpieces need not ask our attention for false philosophies, crude Newtonisms, futile glimpses into the obvious.

But that no sentiment might be strange to his versatile mind, Voltaire at the age of sixty-eight added to his many rôles that of a practical philanthropist. In 1761 Toulouse, distinguished even in the time of Rabelais for its intolerance, condemned to death an honest citizen, Jean Calas, for no better reason than that he was a Protestant. One evening in October Calas discovered that his unhappy son, Mark Anthony,

had hanged himself in his father's shop. For the honour of his family Calas determined to say nothing of the suicide, and to assume that his miserable son had died a natural death. The step was reasonable but imprudent, and its instant consequence was that Calas was charged by the popular voice with killing his son to prevent his becoming a Catholic. Of course there was no word of truth in this senseless charge. In the first place, Calas was no bigot: he had already made a liberal allowance to another son who had changed his religion; in the second place, Calas was both weak and old, and it was physically impossible that he should have hanged murderously a sturdy youth of twenty-eight. But the people took no account of reason: the man was a Huguenot, and that was enough for Toulouse and its judges. The wretched Calas endured the mockery of a trial, and was condemned to the torture, and afterwards to be broken on the wheel. He endured his tortures with perfect serenity; neither the rack nor water could wring from him a confession of guilt; and he died protesting his innocence. A few weeks after the death of Calas, Voltaire took up the case, declaring that he was interested as a philosopher, because he wished to discover on which side was the horror of fanaticism. At first, being a true Catholic in sympathy and sentiment, he was disposed to believe that Calas was justly punished. But a son of the murdered man came in flight

to Geneva, and from him Voltaire learnt not only the history of the case but the history of the family, and instantly took a more than philosophic interest in what he then knew to be a monstrous crime. He wrote pamphlets, he published documents, and in defiance of the Government insisted that the case should be retried. In the end his triumph was complete. The memory of Calas was abundantly vindicated, the scoundrel who condemned him was stripped of his office; the daughters of the dead man, who had been hustled away into convents, were restored to their mother, and Voltaire had put into practice the tolerance which he had so eloquently preached. Indeed, by his brave championship of the oppressed—and Calas was but the first of many clients—Voltaire achieved more for personal liberty than by many volumes of verse and prose. And yet even here his influence was not permanent. The memory of Calas did not spare Alfred Dreyfus the misery of the Devil's Isle.

The many-sidedness of Voltaire's character and achievement makes a simple judgment almost impossible. But undoubtedly the man whom in all history he most nearly resembles is Cicero. For Cicero, too, was the master of a brilliant wit, wherewith his intellect could not keep pace. He, too, was as curious in philosophy as in politics; he, too, was the champion of the oppressed; he, too, was a poet, and who shall say that his famous epic

was worse fustian than the 'Henriade'? In the matter of style the resemblance is yet closer. Cicero and Voltaire wrote each his own language with singular accuracy. They were both such fine masters that they reduced the science of writing to a formula, and each of them lacked that peculiar distinction which gives a personal touch to prose. So that what they had achieved was not beyond the reach of their disciples. And as Cicero brought the Latin language to an admirable level of logical commonplace, so Voltaire, Cicero's most eminent pupil, created a French prose which was not beyond the reach of diligence, and which made variety a sin. If it be true, as Matthew Arnold said, that the journey-work of literature is better done in France than in England, this is due to the example of Voltaire. But we may always pay too high a price for accuracy, and had Voltaire never lived the journals of France might have been far worse written than they are, but the French language would have preserved more of its ancient character and distinction. So that even in style we can hardly applaud the influence of Voltaire. But whatever evil he did to literature, let us remember that he was the author of 'Candide,' that masterpiece of irony, which will never lose its gaiety and freshness, and of certain 'Letters' which we cannot praise more highly than by saying that they are as good as Cicero's own.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE DEATH OF THEODOR MOMMSEN—THE 'HISTORY OF ROME'—HISTORIANS NEW AND OLD—ART OR SCIENCE—'THE CREEVEY PAPERS'—A SAMUEL PEPYS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—WHIGGISM DISPLAYED—LORD ROWTON, STATESMAN AND PHILANTHROPIST.

THE death of Theodor Mommsen has deprived Germany and Europe of their greatest historian. Born in Schleswig in 1817, Mommsen had been for more than half a century among the foremost scholars of his time. No details of the history of Rome, to which he gave his life, were too small for him. He made minute studies of topography; he deciphered and edited countless inscriptions; and he yielded to none of his contemporaries in the zeal of his research. But he believed that there is an art as well as a science of history, and while his industry in compiling facts was indefatigable, he was wise enough to know that raw material is but the beginning of history. In other words, he belonged to the same school to which Thucydides, Tacitus, and Gibbon belong. He was as intent to make the characters of his drama live in his pages as a modern novelist, and infinitely more skilful. He was, moreover, always a partisan, even when he was writing of the remote past, and he could only regard the great figures of Roman history in the light of modern policy and prejudice. The result was that his 'History of Rome,' despite its somewhat crabbed style, is

as easy to read as a romance. The essential interest of the story is not cramped, but rather expanded by the profound learning of its author. Its method, moreover, is far remote from the humdrum of pedantry, and the scholar is revealed, not in tortuous periods or heavy generalities, but in scholarship alone. Lucidly as Mommsen analysed the Roman constitution, vividly as he described battles and battlefields, it was in portraiture that he displayed his most splendid talent. His presentations of Cicero and Cæsar, to take but two examples, are immortal. Other historians may impugn their veracity or deny their justice; their resemblance to their originals may be doubtful; but they are brilliant figures, alive and alert, and they illustrate most clearly Professor Mommsen's prejudices. For Mommsen, scholar though he was, was never a recluse. The modern world was to him at least as real as the ancient, and while he wrote of Rome, he kept one eye fixed upon the politics of modern Europe. Conversely, it was with a German eye that he looked upon the history of Rome, and he hated Cicero and loved Cæsar for the same reason that he loved

or hated his contemporaries. Indeed, his love for a man of action was as passionate as the hatred which he always cherished for a man of words. That Cicero should have dared to oppose Cæsar was as ridiculous in his eyes as would have been the opposition of a journalist to the German Empire. For, like many another wise man of letters, Mommsen did not rate his own profession too high, and his contempt for Cicero, the most facile and plausible among men of letters, is easily intelligible. Again, though he devoted the whole of his life to study, and made but one incursion into active politics, he had a genuine admiration for those who achieved what they set out to achieve. He had no sympathy for high aspiration and poor accomplishment, and failure never failed to disgust him. But these very prejudices give a sense of unity and reality to his history. We know, at any rate, that we are reading about men and not half-vivified documents, and if we make a very modest allowance for the Professor's prejudice, we shall probably get nearer to the truth than any number of inscriptions would ever take us.

Professor Mommsen had one opportunity that seldom comes to men of letters. In 1873 he was returned to the Prussian Diet, where he might have put into practice his own theories; yet he was almost instantly engaged in playing the part of Cicero to Bismarck's Cæsar. In other words, the writer attacked the

man of action so violently that he was tried for defamation. In this incident the enemies of Mommsen have found a monstrous inconsistency, but with little justice. For it was not Bismarck's Cæsarism which Mommsen opposed, but rather his too easy acceptance of Socialism and other heresies. But the writer soon recognised that he was no match for his opponent, and after 1882 took no active part in the politics of his own land. This retirement, however, did not prevent him from holding and expressing violent opinions concerning the politics of other countries. By the immoderation of his speech he offended in succession France, Hungary, and England. During the Boer war we had no enemy more rancorous, reckless, and mendacious than Professor Mommsen. The great scholar, the author of the '*Römisches Staatsrecht*,' the editor of the '*Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum*,' who would make no statement concerning the ancient world without authority, cheerfully accepted the worst falsehoods manufactured by Dr Leyds. He would examine no facts, he would listen to no correction. When Professor Max Müller vainly asked the Germans to make inquiries before they condemned England's conduct of the war, Mommsen insolently repudiated what he called the Oxford Professor's "raid to improve public opinion in Germany." This phenomenon is not rare—a scholar who will consult half a dozen manuscripts to

settle a single word in a Latin text, and yet will believe the grossest calumnies about his neighbours if only they stand in print. But Mommsen's enmity was the more remarkable because, being an old Liberal of '48, he had always regarded England with a kindly eye. It had appeared to him, he said, "the asylum of progress, the land of political and intellectual liberty, of well-earned prosperity." But this youthful enthusiasm gave place to fury and bitterness. What was the ground or motive of Mommsen's unreasonable anger we do not know; we do know that before his death he repented publicly in a somewhat over-politic appeal to the English. "I look back over a long life," he wrote; "of what I hoped for my own nation and the world at large only a small part has been fulfilled. But the holy alliance of the nations has been the aim of my young days, and is still the leading star of my old age. And I believe that Germans and Englishmen are destined to go forward hand in hand." That is all very well; but if the English were guilty of the foolish crimes which Leyds and his rabble attributed to them, surely the Germans would be wiser to leave their sullied hands alone. For ourselves, we can forgive Professor Mommsen's attack upon us as the aberration of a scholar. He is not the first great man whom political animosity has driven mad. But we do not like his apology, which is too prudent for sincerity, too

nicely calculated for genuine feeling.

But what we admire most in Mommsen is his resolve—on one occasion at least—to regard the writing of history as an art. He recognised that the story of the past could not be told without dramatic effect. He recognised also that a dramatic effect need not conflict with accuracy. When he published the first volume of his most popular work—in 1854—the new theory of history was unknown. Its professors had not then claimed for it a place among the natural sciences—with Professor Max Müller's science of language. The patient collectors of facts had not then demanded for their pursuit the exclusive title of history, and Professor Mommsen knew not that he would presently incur disgrace because he refused to make his 'History of Rome' a shapeless, aimless mass of facts. But since Mommsen began his career, the conception of history has undergone a great change; and the title of historian, dignified by Thucydides and Tacitus, Gibbon and Mommsen, is to be taken away from them and given to the disciples of Muratori and Tillemont. Why this transference of title is made we do not know. It would have been wiser and more modest if the collectors of documents had chosen for their craft, now so ably pursued, a title that was not already engaged. But in usurping the title, these collectors would at the same time usurp the glory.

They speak with a just contempt of those who dabble in what is called "the philosophy of history"; but they are so rigid in their devotion to science, that they would exclude literature also from the historical province. Whence this confusion arises we do not know. Perhaps it is due to the fashionable advertisement given to the natural sciences some thirty years ago, when the new studies became so popular that he who devoted himself to what used to be called the Humanities owned to a kind of disgrace, and consoled himself with calling that a science which had nothing scientific about it. Max Müller made the first claim for his popular study of language, and now certain historians, chiefly in France, are following his example in their own branch. The claim we believe is baseless. It is absurd to expect phenomena, which may be changed by the artifice of a great or strong man, to be invariable, as the phenomena of the so-called natural sciences. And to speak of human development as though it followed an ascertainable scientific law is to confuse terms, to employ a wilfully false metaphor. Moreover, the "documents" of history upon which the new historians rely, both for material and the result of their science, are nothing if not human—letters, speeches, journals, and the rest—coloured by human intelligence, distorted by human prejudice or passion. How shall you call these wayward documents

the materials of a science? How shall you wrest therefrom a scientific truth, unless, for the sake of the game, you make it a rule that whatever stands in manuscript or print is true?

It is difficult to understand why modern historians should thus limit the meaning and purpose of their craft. Their excuse seems to be that the citizen will profit in some occult fashion if he has a clear, dry, undecorated knowledge of the past; as though, if the present be the scientific resultant of past forces, the citizen should learn from history what he is expected to do to-morrow. But apart from the truth that there is nothing so certain in history as the unexpected, the historians who have most profoundly influenced the world have composed their works on a plan of the oldest fashion. Plutarch's 'Parallel Lives' has been for many centuries an inspiration and a guide. Probably no book of antiquity has done so much in the shaping of kings and statesmen as that strange medley of wisdom and legend. But Plutarch, more than any other, took Emerson's "subjective" view of history. He, too, thought that "there is properly no history, only biography." The truth, no doubt, oftentimes escaped him, and, no doubt, had he always known it, he would have suppressed it to suit the occasion; but there is one point which he always kept in view—dramatic effect; and for this his book has been read by countless genera-

tions and in all tongues. Indeed, it is part of our human infirmity to be more deeply interested in the drama than in the hard facts of life, and we can put no faith in that ideal citizen who will find his profit in the cold conclusions of "scientific" history. Even if an army of patient investigators had arrived at those conclusions by the new method of co-operation, they would still be unintelligible to the citizen. It is idle to attempt his instruction with *mémoires pour servir*. You might as well say to him: "There is an excellent drug round the corner and out of your reach, but its influence is highly beneficial."

We would not underrate for a moment the valuable work achieved by the collector of facts and the decipherer of inscriptions. We would only urge that their collection and deciphering are the means, not the end, of history. The raw material is, and must always be, subsidiary to the finished work. In truth, facts of themselves have no particular significance until a synthesis is given them by an understanding mind. Such facts as were at the disposal of Gibbon when he wrote the 'Decline and Fall' were open to all the world; but it was Gibbon who used those facts to make his masterpiece, and the glory was his, and his alone. In other words, without the hod and the barrow no

palace can be built, but the man who carries the hod or pushes the barrow is not an architect. After all, it is largely a matter of definition, and we see no reason to take away the august name of historian from the men of genius who have illustrated it, and to confer it upon the band of industrious scholars for whom division of labour is a pious doctrine. But it may be remembered in Theodor Mommsen's honour that he was a historian also in the older and greater sense, and that, whatever may be the value of his noble 'Corpus Inscriptionum,' his claim to a distinguished title rests upon the 'History of Rome.'

We do not know in what category the professors of the new science would place 'The Creevey Papers,'¹ which have recently been edited by Sir Herbert Maxwell. Now, 'The Creevey Papers' are historical documents of great value and interest—of that there can be no doubt whatever. But they are not documents which can be used without check or comparison. For not only was Creevey an actor in many of the events which he describes, he was also a man of warm temperament, who saw all things either very black or very white. At the same time, he was both honourable and truthful; it was no part

¹ The Creevey Papers: a Selection from the Correspondence and Diaries of the late Thomas Creevey, M.P. Edited by the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P. London: John Murray.

of his business to distort such facts as came under his observation, and the many exaggerations found in his papers are due, not to a wilful perversion, but to a bitter spirit of partisanship. How, then, would the professors of the new science classify his work? It has precisely those vices which ennoble the full-dress history—which we are told is not history at all. That is to say, it is readable and entertaining, while it shows you the events of the time, not as they actually happened, but as they appeared to a politician of strong views and vigorous understanding. For our own part, we care not how ‘The Creevey Papers’ are described: we are content to read them with pleasure; and we are grateful for the characteristic information they give us of the men and measures of the time. Who Creevey was appears to have been uncertain even to himself. He, who is so pleasantly garrulous concerning others, is singularly reticent about his own origin. But we gather that he was born of Irish parentage in Liverpool in 1768; that he was educated at the University of Cambridge; that he entered Parliament in 1802 as member for Thetford, a pocket-borough in the gift of the Duke of Norfolk; and that, having married a fortune which left him at his wife’s death, he was reduced in middle life to the amiable necessity of living to amuse his friends. In his own day, few men in London were better known, but he had

only a single chance to prove his administrative ability, for he was a Whig who lived through a long period of Tory government; and though he never lost his interest in political intrigue, he was forced to play a secondary part in the great game. The result is that his name has almost dropped out of knowledge, and were it not for Charles Greville’s account, we might still have wondered who he was. Greville, however, who encountered him many times in his pilgrimage through life, has left us an enchanting description. Creevey, we are told, was thrown upon the world by his wife’s death,

“with about £200 a-year or less; no home, few connections, a great many acquaintances, a good constitution, and extraordinary spirits. He possesses nothing but his clothes; no property of any sort; he leads a vagrant life, visiting a number of people who are delighted to have him, and sometimes roving about to various places, as fancy happens to direct, and staying till he has spent what money he has in his pocket. He has no servant, no home, no creditors; he buys everything he wants at the place he is at; he has no ties upon him, and has his time entirely at his disposal and that of his friends. He is certainly a living proof that a man may be perfectly happy and exceedingly poor, or rather without riches, for he suffers none of the privations of poverty and enjoys many of the advantages of wealth. I think he is the only man I know in society who possesses nothing!”

It is, no doubt, a true portrait, drawn without a touch of ill-nature, and certainly Thomas Creevey played a difficult part as well as it ever was played.

He was, in fact, the noblest practitioner we know of that art which Lucian called ἡ παρασιτική. Yet he preserved through it all his independence and doggedness unimpaired. He was evidently the best possible company, always gay and always eloquent. He was perfectly conscious of his talent for conversation and anecdote, and he is not a little pleased when his success in this line is recognised. On one occasion he records with pride that it fell to him alone to amuse a dull party. Another time, when Lord William Russell had handed down Lady Holland to dinner, and was planting himself by her side, she said: "No, Lord William, let Mr Creevey come next to me: it is so long since I have seen him." Creevey's own comment—"Was there ever?"—is a clear proof of his delight, and he must have received more of this kind of flattery than any of his contemporaries. He was, moreover, as genuinely characteristic of the Regency as Sheridan himself, always ready to enliven the solemn life of the Pavilion with his high spirits and inexhaustible flow of talk. "Creevey was very great," said the Prince, after an hilarious party; and the Prince, who had known Sheridan and most of the wits, should have been a good judge of "greatness." But the chief charm of Creevey was never to grow old. He visited Ireland at the age of 60, and he describes what he saw and did with a boyish enthusiasm.

"Oh dear, oh dear! This Ireland is rather too hospitable: not that I was *inebriated* yesterday, but still it was rather severe." This he writes to his stepdaughter from "dear Dublin" in 1828, and severe it certainly was. He dined at the Guards' mess, where he became more in love with the army than ever. He drank a good deal of wine, and then, after dinner, was off with two guardsmen, with whom he took another glass of claret, and parted the best of friends.

"But this was by no means the end of the campaign: upon going into the great coffee-room of this hotel, as is my custom, there were three young Irishmen over their bottle, indulging in songs as well as wine, and nothing would serve them but my joining their party. Upon my soul and body, I was not the least drunk when I did so, suspicious as it may seem; but there was something irresistibly droll in their appearance. Then they would know my name, and then they knew me, both by name and fame; and they proved to me they did so, and never fellow was more made of than I was by my unknown friends. Ah! Mr Thomas, Mr Thomas! you are a neat article when left to yourself."

And as Mr Thomas was generally left to himself, he proved himself a neat article upon many occasions; and in such confessions as this one proves that, in habit and temperament, he bore a close resemblance to the celebrated Mr Samuel Pepys.

It is natural to compare Creevey's 'Papers' with the memoirs of J. W. Croker. The two men lived through the same years, observed the same

statesmen, and witnessed the same events—but with very different eyes. Croker was a Tory among Tories; while Creevey, if years sobered his judgment, began his career as a free-lance among the Whigs. Sir Herbert Maxwell points out that Creevey had not the literary turn of Croker; but he had something far better and rarer—a frank and natural method of speaking his mind. He made no pretence to be a man of letters, and we may take it for granted that he wrote as he talked, without preparation and from a well-stored brain. The consequence is that his letters, even if they miss the truth, give a keen and just impression of the man himself. They are packed with the slang of the day. They sketch in a line or two the leaders of either side; and the judgments which they record, bitter as they are, are nearly always shrewd. For that is what Creevey was—shrewd as well as gay; and it was this shrewdness which induced the leaders of the Whigs to seek his counsel at all times of crisis. Moreover, he had a very pretty taste in nicknames, and it is clear that his inventions in this line were always adopted by his friends. The Duke of Wellington is “The Beau,” Sir Robert Peel is “Spinning Jenny”; but it is on Brougham that he exercises his most lively fancy, and this accomplished politician appears under the names of the “Arch Fiend,” “Wicked Shifts,” or “Beelzebub.” It is for Brougham, too, that he reserves his fiercest

scorn; never did he trust him throughout a long intimacy; and he is continually warning Lord Grey against the deceits and machinations of the evil one.

But Creevey was always a good hater, as well as a harbourer of infamous opinions, and he never troubled to soften the expression of his hatred. In 1803, when Pitt was fighting the battle of England, Creevey could find no better words to describe him than “this damned fellow Pitt.”

“It is really infinitely droll to see these old rogues so defeated by the Court and Doctor;” again we quote Creevey’s own wicked words. “I really think Pitt is done: his face is no longer red, but yellow; his looks are dejected; his countenance I think much changed and fallen, and every now and then he gives a hollow cough. Upon my soul, hating him as I do, I am almost moved to pity to see his fallen greatness. I saw this once splendid fellow drive yesterday to the House of Lords in his forlorn shattered equipage, and I stood near him behind the throne till two o’clock this morning. I saw no expression but melancholy on the fellow’s face—princes of the blood passing him without speaking to him, and, as I could fancy, an universal sentiment in those around him that *he was done*.”

It did not occur to Creevey that if Pitt were done, he was “done” in the service of his country, and “done,” too, by the rancour of his political opponents. But there is something still worse to record: when Mrs Creevey at the Pavilion heard the news of Nelson’s victory and death, her first reflection was: “What will this do? Not, I hope, save Pitt; but both parties may now

be humble and make peace.” he describes him at the last. A finer example of what we know to-day as the Pro-Boer spirit, which would cheerfully see the country beaten if defeat would ensure the fall of a hated Minister, could not be found anywhere in history.

But in one respect Creevey had the candour to own himself in the wrong, and to revise his opinion. For many years he had hated the Wellesley family with all the fury of a stalwart Whig. In 1809 he discusses an infamous attack which Whitbread had made upon Sir Arthur Wellesley after the brilliant passage of the Douro, and Sir Arthur's letter of protest. “I hate Wellesley,” says Creevey stoutly, “but there are passages in his letter made me think better of him.” A year later we find Lord Milton praying with Creevey for the fall of the Marquess Wellesley: “I trust the Marquis,” he writes, “will meet with the fate you predict for him. He is a great calamity inflicted upon England.” But in the year of Waterloo Creevey met his bogey at Brussels, and gradually came to change his impression. At first he refused to acknowledge the soldier's virtue. “I thought several times,” he wrote, “Wellington must be drunk; but drunk or sober, he had not the least appearance of being a clever man.” But, as we have said, Creevey soon revised an infamous opinion, and long before his death “the Beau” was for him one of the great heroes of all time. “In all respects a perfect man”—thus

he describes him at the last. However, Creevey made the best use of his time in Brussels, and has given us an admirable account of the days of suspense. He was among the first who congratulated the Duke on his victory, and he confesses that the hero displayed nothing like triumph or joy. “It has been a damned serious business,” said the Duke; “Blücher and I have lost 30,000 men. It has been a damned nice thing—the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life;” and surely no general ever gave a more modest account of a great victory.

But though Creevey's main interest in life was politics, it must not be imagined that his ‘Papers’ are principally concerned with the intrigues of Whig and Tory. For Creevey, like the inveterate diner-out that he was, had a keen sense of humour. He turned a very sharp eye upon the follies of society, and being gifted with a profound knowledge of men, which the experience of many years had improved, he was able to sum up the characters of those he met with equal force and wisdom. His description of the Pavilion, essentially unlike Croker's, is not unkindly. He thought little enough of “Prinney,” as he called the Prince of Wales, but he does full justice to his amiable humour and gracious manners. Moreover, in the early days of their acquaintance, he was convinced that “Prinney” was sound in politics, but by 1813 he had discovered that

he was worn out "with fuss, fatigue, and rage"; and then, with a touch of characteristic contempt, he records that the Prince has been positively ordered to give up his stays, "as the wearing them any longer would be too great a sacrifice to ornament—in other words, would kill him." But there is one portrait in the book—that of Sheridan, which is wholly joyous. In no other memoirs does the author of 'The Rivals' cut a better figure, and for that alone we owe Mr Creevey and Sir Herbert Maxwell a deep debt of gratitude. Thus for many years Creevey dined and chattered, laughed with his friends and abused his enemies. Though time matured his opinions until Brougham could taunt him with being an old Tory, it did not modify the violence of his language. Brougham is Beelzebub to the last, and another eminent statesman is "the least-looking shrimp, and the lowest-looking one too, possible," and he agreed with Norman Macdonald that "a more barefaced scoundrel had never been exhibited" to him than this one. In fact, Creevey was no hero-worshipper, and it is therefore the more significant that he never mentions Queen Victoria save in praise. "She blushes and laughs every instant in so natural a manner as to disarm anybody," thus he writes. "Her voice is perfect, and so is the expression of her face when she means to do or say a pretty thing." So in 1838 Thomas Creevey died, and in his last

letter is struck the single note of pathos in a book which is anything but pathetic. "Where shall I go next?" asks this old wanderer of seventy, who devoted his life to the amusement of others, who had faced poverty with a happy smile, and who, even in the face of political discomfiture, never betrayed a sign of disappointment. One word must be said of the excellent courage and skill where-with Sir Herbert Maxwell has edited these valuable 'Papers.' He has shown the editor's greatest gift in the suppression of himself. Though he leaves nothing unexplained which needs a comment, he allows his author to tell his own tale, and the result is that we may read his book with a continuous pleasure which few novels can impart; and we are convinced that if only Creevey's lost diary can be found, we should have a masterpiece unrivalled in letters save by the 'Diary' of the candid Secretary to King Charles's Admiralty.

To Lord Rowton, whose death we record with sincere regret, was given a rare distinction: he lived through two careers, and he achieved a double triumph. He was but twenty-eight years of age when Disraeli appointed him his private secretary, and he served that great statesman until his death, with a skill and devotion which it would be superfluous to praise. At the time of Mr Corry's appointment—it was in 1866—Disraeli was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and it was the private secretary's duty in the

following years to give his chief what aid he could in the passage of the Reform Bill. The difficulties of the situation were neither few nor slight. The Tory party was not united upon the question of Reform, and Disraeli lost three of his most eminent colleagues in carrying the Bill. But Disraeli, who upon Lord Derby's resignation became Prime Minister, overcame all opposition; and the skill and discretion displayed by Mr Corry during this arduous time secured him the lifelong confidence of the statesman. In 1878 he accompanied his chief to Berlin, and not long afterwards won his reward by being raised to the peerage. But this is a twice-told tale, and it is needless in this place to celebrate the urbanity and gracious manner of Lord Rowton, who carried down to this prosaic age the courtesy and distinction which we have unhappily come to associate with the past. Until Lord Beaconsfield's death in 1881, then, Lord Rowton's career had been sternly official. But he presently devoted himself to the form of practical philanthropy which will make his name for ever famous. In truth, a wise charity is even rarer than a wise statesmanship. The most of men would help their fellows if they could, but imagination rarely takes them beyond the paltry giving of doles. But to give doles was no part of Lord Rowton's intention. He knew that the highest form of philanthropy was to make men help themselves, or, in other words, to

pay a fair price for the help which was given them. He discovered with an admirable wisdom that what the poor man needed above all things was a hotel where he might stay with comfort and without loss of self-respect. The old-fashioned doss-house, besides being a den of dirt and discomfort, was as fine a nursery of crime as could readily be imagined. There the poor wastrel, whose worst sin was poverty, was forced to herd with the very worst of his kind, and even if he were submerged by accident, he had a very small chance of escaping from the misery which overwhelmed him. To help such a one with money was at once useless and impertinent. The giving of alms could not improve his condition for more than a day, while it might destroy his independence for ever. But to supply the poor man with what was at once a club and a hotel, for a sum not much greater than that exacted by the doss-house, was to restore to him the possibility of a decent and honourable existence. And this was the object of the Rowton Houses, an object most successfully attained. Moreover, the credit, not only for the inception, but for the carrying out of the plan, was entirely due to Lord Rowton. He supported the design with money, and, better still, he gave a minute attention to all the details; nor when the first "Houses" were built and inhabited did Lord Rowton's interest cease. He inspected them himself, and he

was as keenly alive to the comfort of his clients as is the manager of a fashionable hotel in the west of London. But one point he and his colleagues always insisted upon: the Houses must above all be profitable to those who had invested their money in them. Those who found shelter there must have no sense of obligation, while those who supported them must not pride themselves on "doing good," but on getting a fair return in a commercial transaction. The success of the enterprise was immediate. Not only are Rowton Houses to be found in every part of London, but the other capitals of Europe are adopting a plan already so triumphantly tested. Nor is there any doubt that the scheme has had precisely the result that was anticipated. The Rowton Houses have at-

tracted the very class for which they were designed—namely, the intelligent and unsuccessful. Clergymen, barristers, actors, students, and authors all find a cheap shelter in Lord Rowton's popular hotels, as well as working men and artisans. Now, there is no doubt that the proper housing of the poor is the most difficult problem that confronts the statesman. At present it is unsolved, and apparently unsolvable. But Lord Rowton, among others, has proved what private enterprise, well designed and wisely governed, may achieve; and it is no mean distinction that he will go down to posterity, not merely as the accomplished secretary of a great statesman, but as a practical philanthropist, who has helped his less fortunate fellows without patronage and without disdain.

A PROPOSAL FOR THE IRRIGATION OF MESOPOTAMIA.

OLD METHODS AND MODERN SCIENCE.

THE writer well remembers with what mixed feelings the scheme of Mr Willcocks (now Sir William Willcocks) for a monster dam and reservoir on the Nile above Assouan in Egypt was received. By some, its colossal cost—about five millions sterling—was thought to be beyond the resources of Egypt, and by others, the estimate of profits to be derived from the great enterprise was looked upon as “too good to be true.” But to-day these timorous critics can go and visit that monster dam as an accomplished work, and no one any longer doubts the truth of its beneficial results to Egypt. For a small country the outlay of five millions of pounds did seem certainly at first sight insurmountable, but as confidence in the enterprise gained ground, the money question was found to present no difficulty. To Egypt, under the able and reliable guidance of Lord Cromer, capitalists showed themselves ready to advance the millions which were needed. Thanks to an ingenious combination with Sir John Aird, and a group of financiers behind him, both the professional talent necessary to carry out the great work and its financial requirements were

successfully provided. It has been an object-lesson of great value for the future; and proves that capital will never be wanting when it is sure of being honestly treated, and where it is to be employed in worthy and substantial undertakings.

This same master in irrigation, Sir William Willcocks, has made a study lately of the possibilities of restoring the ancient irrigation works on the Tigris in Mesopotamia, and on the 25th of March last delivered a lecture¹ upon the subject before the Khedivial Geographical Society in Cairo. This lecture has since been printed, and its subject and contents cannot fail to interest all who have at heart the progress and civilisation of the world they live in. They are especially worthy of our attention because of the unquestionable competence of their author. “A lifetime of devotion to irrigation works” is his modest description of himself, and we may add, a most successful career in Egypt, where, as trusted second to his distinguished uncle Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff, he played an important part in the initiation and execution of the irrigation works which have contributed in a high degree to the regen-

¹ The Restoration of the Ancient Irrigation Works on the Tigris. By Sir William Willcocks, K.C.M.G., M.I.C.E., late Director-General of Reservoirs, Egypt. Cairo: National Printing Department, 1903.

eration of that country under British auspices.

Needless to say that it was the project of the Bagdad Railway which suggested to Sir William Willcocks the opportuneness of the study which he has just made. But, like all minds too great to allow minor issues to preoccupy them, he is not concerned with the question by whom the projected railway is to be made. "Politics," he says, "I have nothing to do with. My ambition is to see ten blades of grass growing where none are growing to-day." It is the advancement of the world in wealth and prosperity which is his aim—the demonstration, to quote him again, "of how modern science will touch this region with her magic wand, and the waste places shall again become inhabited, and the desert shall blossom as the rose."

Sir William Willcocks thus describes the interesting region of whose irrigation he is about to speak:—

"Bagdad lies at a height of 66 metres above sea-level, removed 800 kilometres from the sea as measured on the Tigris, and 550 kilometres as the crow flies. Around Bagdad lies a country desolate to-day, but which was once the crown of the possessions of the powers which swayed the East. Wherever we go within 100 miles of Bagdad we are indeed on classic ground. Descending the river from north to south, we see first Dura, the intake of the great Nahrwan Canal and the plain on which Nebuchadnezzar erected his golden image, probably to commemorate a thorough restoration of this very canal; then Tel Alig, where the Emperor Julian died of his wounds when the expulsion of the Romans from these regions

meant the surrender of the Eastern world to the Persian kings; Opis, the wealthiest mart of the East for many generations; Bagdad, the capital of the Kaliphs, where Haroun el Rashid held his court; Ctesiphon, the ancient capital of the Sassanian Kings of Persia; Seleucia, the capital of the Macedonian kingdom of the East; Cunaxa, where Cyrus the younger was killed and Xenophon and the ten thousand began their retreat through country intersected by a hundred canals; and finally, Babylon itself, though this last city was on the Euphrates. . . . The slope of the Tigris from Bagdad to the sea is ¹³⁰⁰⁰ practically the same as that of the Nile; while, however, the fine mud of the Nile has been laid on a gradual slope, the coarser mud of the Tigris has been deposited within the first 250 kilometres. This very action has rendered these 250 kilometres extraordinarily fertile."

In ancient times all this vast extent of country was intersected with irrigating canals. On the left of the Tigris the most important one was called the Nahrwan Canal, which was in length 150 miles, in breadth, for 120 miles, from 110 to 132 yards, and for 30 miles (where the river Dyala carried part of the supply) 55 yards. The depth varied from 16½ to 33 feet. "No Egyptian canal can compare with the Nahrwan in magnitude; nor indeed any Indian canal." There were subsidiary canals, the Nahr Batt and the Battman, from the river Atheim (40 miles each in length); the Khalis and the Khorasan (30 miles each in length), with three lesser canals from the river Dyala. All these subsidiary canals flowed from the Hamrin Hills to the Nahrwan Canal, intersecting the country through

which they pass with smaller branches. On the right of the Tigris was the Dijail Canal, which Sir William Willcocks says was "a fine work over 60 miles long and 55 yards wide. . . . Parallel to the last-mentioned canal was the Ish-aki Canal and numerous other water-courses."

Professor Rawlinson in his 'Ancient Monarchies' attributes to Nebuchadnezzar II., about B.C. 600, a great canal called by the Arabs "Kerez Saideh," "400 miles in length, which commenced at Hit on the Euphrates, was carried along the extreme western edge of the alluvium close to the Arabian frontier, and finally falling into the sea at the head of the Bubian creek about 20 miles to the west of the 'Shat-el-Arab.'" Of the same monarch he says:—

"He dug the huge reservoir near Sippara (Sepharvaim), said to have been 140 miles in circumference and 180 feet deep, furnishing it with floodgates through which the water could be drawn off for purposes of irrigation. . . . He constructed a number of canals, among them the Nahr Melche or Royal river, a broad and deep channel which connected the Euphrates and the Tigris. He built quays and breakwaters along the shores of the Persian Gulf, and he at the same time founded the city of Deridotes or Teredon in the vicinity of that sea."¹

But irrigation works in these regions were far older than the days of Nebuchadnezzar II., the Assyrian monarch. They doubtless began under the

Chaldean monarchy about 1500 years earlier. Sir William Willcocks naturally compares these works with similar ones on the Nile, and ascribes their introduction to the Chaldeans. It is interesting, in passing, to notice the connection, in remote times, between African Ethiopia and Asiatic Chaldea. The ancient ethnological record preserved to us in the Book of Genesis tells us that "Cush begat Nimrod; he began to be a mighty one in the earth, . . . and the beginning of his kingdom was Babel [Babylon] Erech [Huruk or Warka?], Accad, and Calneh [Niffer] in the land of Shinar."² Cush is admitted to stand for Ethiopia, and Rawlinson gives, in great detail, his reasons for declaring that the early Chaldeans were Hamites—Ethiopians. Admitting that the early inhabitants of Chaldea belonged to the same race as the dwellers upon the Upper Nile, the question naturally arises, which were the primitive people and which the colonists? On this point Rawlinson concludes that "it is most probable that the race designated in Scripture by the hero-founder Nimrod . . . passed from East Africa by way of Arabia to the valley of the Euphrates, shortly before the opening of the historical period."³ What more natural than that these dwellers upon the Upper Nile carried with them, when they migrated to Chaldea, the science of hydrostatics, already so

¹ Ancient Monarchies, vol. iii. pp. 499 and 497.

² Genesis x. 9-12.

³ Ancient Monarchies, vol. i. pp. 67, 68.

largely developed in the land from which they came.¹

It was owing to these irrigation works,—canals, weirs, and dams,—carried on and extended during centuries, that the Delta of the Tigris became the garden of the East, “noted for a fertility unexampled elsewhere, and to moderns incredible.” So it continued to be far into our era. Sir William Willcocks quotes from an Arab book, ‘*The Kital el Akalim*,’ written about B.C. 970, which describes the Nahrwan Canal “as flowing amid continuous extensive villages, date-groves, and well-cultivated lands.” Alas! how has that wealth and glory gone? “Instead of the luxuriant fields, the groves, and gardens of former times,” says a modern traveller, “nothing now meets the eye but an arid waste.”² Rawlinson has said, “the great cause of this difference between ancient and modern Chaldea is the neglect of the water-courses.”³ This is true as a general explanation of what took place in the country through which both the Euphrates and the Tigris flowed. But more interesting are the remarks of Sir William Willcocks when he indicates with precision the immediate cause of the catastrophe in the region watered by the great Nahrwan Canal. He says:—

“To me it seems conclusive that in Chaldea’s evil day the main stream of

the Tigris deserted its ancient bed, followed the scoured and degraded bed of the canal, whose regulating head had been swept away, and cut out a new channel for itself at right angles to its old course. . . . Once the river had changed its course the old bed gradually silted up, the river ate away the feeder canal at the site of the regulator whose ruins are to-day in the bed of the river, and again ate away the main Nahrwan itself between the 70th and 80th kilometres. The ruin was complete, . . . a once flourishing and world-renowned region became a desert. . . . Captain Felix Jones well observes, ‘The summit of Opis as we gaze around affords a picture of wreck that could scarcely be conceived, if it were not spread at the feet of the beholder. Close to us are the dismembered walls of the great city, and many other mounds of adjacent edifices spread like islands over the vast plain, which is as bare of vegetation as a snow-tract, and smooth and glass-like as a calm sea. This appearance of the country denotes that some sudden and overwhelming mass of water must have prostrated everything on its way. While the Tigris, as it anciently flowed, is seen to have left its channel and to have taken its present course through the most flourishing portion of the district, severing in its mad career the neck of the great Nahrwan artery and spreading devastation over the whole district around. Towns, villages, and canals, men, animals, and cultivation must thus have been engulfed in a moment; but the immediate loss was doubtless small compared with the misery and gloom which followed. The whole region for a space of 400 kilometres, averaging about 30 in breadth, was dependent upon this conduit for water, and contained a population so dense, if we may judge from the ruins and great walls traversing it in its whole extent, that no spot in the globe perhaps could excel it. Of those

¹ Professor Sayce, however, in his ‘*Religions of Ancient Egypt and Babylonia*,’ favours the theory that Babylonia preceded Egypt in irrigation works. In a note at page 141, he says, “Babylonia was the country, it must be remembered, where river engineering and irrigation were originally developed.”

² Loftus.

³ *Ancient Monarchies*, vol. i. p. 42.

who were spared to witness the sad effects of the disaster, thousands—perhaps millions—had to fly to the banks of the Tigris for the

immediate preservation of life, as the region at once became a desert where before were animation and prosperity.”¹



It is after describing this stupendous wreck that Sir William Willcocks proceeds to explain how its consequences can be re-

¹ See Map of ancient Nahrwan Canal where change of the course of the Tigris is shown.

paired, and this is certainly the most important part of his study. He specially devotes himself to the river Tigris, saying, "The Bagdad railway will traverse these regions—its rails will be laid on the banks of a renewed and remodelled Nahrwan canal, and life and prosperity will again be seen in this land of great vicissitudes." To make clear his scheme of restoration, he has been fortunate in obtaining, through the kindness of Mr Spring Rice, a copy of the memoirs of Captain Felix Jones, I.N. (who for many years made Bagdad his headquarters), printed by the Indian Government in 1857. From these memoirs Sir William gives nine most interesting plates showing the course of the ancient canals, regulators, and some of the important remains of these extensive works as visible in 1847.¹ "I only occupy," he says, "the place of an irrigation expert explaining and elucidating the facts and observations of that extraordinarily capable man."

Sir William Willcocks divides the region which he proposes to restore into two sections:

one, Upper Chaldea, representing an area of 1,280,000 acres "of first-class land waiting only for water to yield at once a handsome return"; the other, Lower Chaldea, 1,500,000 acres, whose lands, although valuable, he considers were never as fertile as those of Upper Chaldea, and which have besides become impregnated with salt. This last section, he concludes, can wait.

Our space will not permit of our specifying in detail the works contemplated. Suffice it to say that for Upper Chaldea they resemble closely those in operation to-day in the Nile Valley, and present no exceptional difficulties. After indicating them with great clearness and in much detail, Sir William Willcocks proceeds to estimate their cost and yield. "These figures," he says, "are not arbitrary, but have been taken from my book on 'Egyptian Irrigation,' and have been calculated for Egypt with the greatest care and attention to details, after a study of the works lasting over fifteen years." Here are his estimates for Upper Chaldea:—

"The area of first-class land I estimate as follows—

	Acres.
West of the old Tigris	280,000
Between the old and new Tigris	160,000
East of the Tigris, north of Bagdad	420,000
East of the Tigris, south of Bagdad	420,000
Total	<u>1,280,000</u>

¹ By the kind permission of Sir William Willcocks two of these plates are here reproduced on a reduced scale.

"The cost of the works, discounting all assets, I estimate roughly as follows—

Main canal, 200 kilom. \times 500 sq. met. = 100,000,000 c.m.	
Earthwork main canal	£2,000,000
Weirs on the Tigris	600,000
Masonry works main canal, one-half the earthwork	1,000,000
Minor canals, 1,280,000 acres, at £3 per acre	3,840,000
	<hr/>
	£7,440,000
Add contingencies	560,000
	<hr/>
Grand total	£8,000,000

Cost per acre = $\frac{8,000,000}{1,280,000} = £7$ per acre.

Value of the land, 1,280,000 acres, at £30 per acre = £38,000,000

Rent per annum, 1,280,000 acres, at £3 per acre = 3,840,000

"If of this last sum nearly a half is spent in maintenance of the canals, we have a net return of £2,000,000 per annum, or 25 per cent on £8,000,000 of capital. Let those who know Egypt say whether they consider such figures as too sanguine."

Sir William Willcocks then develops his plan of restoration for Lower Chaldea, where he says "there should be no great difficulty in reclaiming and cultivating the rectangle of 150 kilometres, multiplied by 50 kilometres," between Bagdad and Babylon. The area of the tract is 1,500,000 acres, or about half that of Lower Egypt. We cannot enlarge upon the restoration of this latter region. The value of these lands he estimates at only the half of those of Upper Chaldea, and the cost of reclamation would be greater. They may therefore be put in the category of lands which can wait.

In connection with his calculation of cost Sir William Willcocks remarks that—

"To enable a true estimate of cost to be made there lies much information to be collected by brigades of engineers working under a capable chief—such information as only experts can gather in, through months of patient observation and field work. . . . If one and a quarter millions of

acres of land are taken in hand in Upper Chaldea, and the same area in Lower Chaldea, four brigades of engineers in the north and four in the south should, under capable direction, be able in two years to collect ample information to prepare definite projects and accurate estimates of costs. If each brigade consisted of four engineers, under a chief, working for six months per annum at surveys, levels, discharges, river-gauges, and soil surveys, and plotting and mapping the work during the remaining six months of each year, the cost of the preparation of the project, including establishment, travelling expenses, plans, calculations, and estimates, would not exceed £50,000. Such a sum should not stand in the way of the settling of so important a point as the restitution of the delta of the Tigris and Euphrates on the eve of its being traversed by the Bagdad railway."

There cannot be a doubt these suggestions are practical and judicious, but we would venture to remark that if only the reclamation of Upper Chaldea were first taken in hand, one-half of the cost indicated might suffice. In that case certainly an expenditure of £12,500 for each of two years

would not frighten capitalists who had in view an enterprise reasonably estimated to yield the handsome profit of 25 per cent on the capital expended. In this connection it is fair to add that the value of £30 per acre for perennially irrigated lands, capable of producing two crops annually, is a low estimate.

"With an increase of population and prosperity," says Sir William Willcocks, "Chaldea, situated as she will be, an oasis in the midst of an arid land, irrigated by snow-fed rivers whose supplies never fail, and traversed by a railway which will join East to West, will undoubtedly experience that same wave of prosperity which is passing over Egypt, the other similarly situated land. When this comes to pass, even in degree, we shall doubtless find that the rich lands of Upper Chaldea will have begun to rise from £30 to £80 per acre."

The advantage of such surveys as have been suggested would prove very great for fixing the most suitable course for the railway. In Egypt the soil extracted in the cutting of a canal forms the embankment on which the line of rails is laid, and so it should be in the case of the Bagdad railway.

"Indeed," says Sir William Willcocks, "it would be an irreparable mistake if the railways were aligned and constructed independently of the irrigation canals, and if, by some ill chance, the railways traversed one part of the delta, and the profitably irrigable part of the delta were to lie elsewhere. . . . In Egypt the railways and canals are designed together—the canals preceding the railways and settling their location."

It has been frequently said as an argument against the success of the Bagdad railway,

that it could not compete with the inexpensive transport by river; indeed, the German Commission which visited the ground was led to share this view. On this subject the opinion of Sir William Willcocks is worth quoting:—

"In connection with the navigation on the Tigris, it is of interest to note that in Egypt to-day with the railway service the question of summer navigation is never considered; and yet in Egypt navigation has great advantages. The current is always from the south and the wind is nearly always from the north, so that both up and down navigation are equally easy. In Chaldea, on the contrary, the current and the wind are both from the north, and up-stream navigation for sailing craft must of necessity be arduous."

In these circumstances, for what a railway might require to sacrifice on the down traffic in consequence of competition it would find considerable compensation in higher rates upon the up-transport, for which there could be no competition by river.

Sir William Willcocks evidently does not share the views, recently so loudly expressed by some in England, that the Bagdad railway can never pay—views which led one speaker to call it a "financial fraud." Sir William closes his lecture in these words:—

"Of all the regions of the earth, no region is more favoured by nature for the production of cereals than the lands on the Tigris. . . . Cotton, sugarcane, Indian corn, and all the summer products of cereals, leguminous plants, Egyptian clover, opium, and tobacco will find themselves at home as they do in Egypt. Of the historic gardens of Babylon and Bagdad it is not necessary for me to speak. A land,

whose climate allows her to produce such crops in tropical profusion, and whose snow-fed rivers permit of perennial irrigation over millions of acres, cannot lie barren and desolate

when the Bagdad railway is traversing her fields and European capital is seeking a remunerative outlet. The through traffic between Europe and the East will be yielding no incon-



siderable income; but when this traffic is being supplemented by the transport of the abundant harvests of Chaldea, the Bagdad railway will be establishing itself as a financial suc-

cess capable of satisfying the most sanguine of its promoters, men whose conception of the railway will have given birth to the resurrection of this world-famed land."

The picture which Sir William Willcocks has delineated to us is one of plenty and prosperity supplanting misery and want, of prolific fields of waving corn covering an arid desert, and a well-to-do population of teeming thousands replacing poverty-stricken units. Sceptical minds may be inclined to say, "It is too good to be true"; timorous spirits may shrink before an expenditure of eight millions sterling, just as they did when the great Assouan Dam was projected; but as they have been proved to be wrong in the one case they may probably be wrong in the other. Our pleasant task has been to draw attention to views which emanate from a thoroughly competent and trustworthy authority, and which appear to show conclusively that, near at hand, an immense tract of country, *now a desert*, requires only an expenditure of capital to restore it to what it once was, the most flourishing and prosperous region of the world; and that as an investment for capital it will prove largely remunerative. Such a work of resurrection is closely associated with the Bagdad railway,—indeed it is of vital importance that the canals necessary to accomplish this great work of reclamation should be kept in view and their course be determined before fixing upon the line of the projected railway in that region. This subsidiary enterprise is of such evident importance, from both a humanitarian and a financial point of view, that the promoters of the Bagdad Railway would be wise

to act on the suggestion of Sir William Willcocks and face the expenditure of about £15,000 during two years, to obtain with certitude the details necessary to elaborate and prepare this most interesting scheme of restoration. No case could be presented which more fully justifies such a preliminary expense.

Far-sighted and thoughtful minds in England will certainly indorse the opinions of such an impartial and competent authority as Captain Mahan, expressed in an article which he contributed to the 'National Review' in September of last year, in which he said:—

"In the general economy of the world, irrespective of political tenures, present or possible, the Persian Gulf is one terminus of a prospective inter-oceanic railroad. The track of this, as determined by topographical considerations, will take in great part a course over which, at one period and another of history, commerce between the East and the West has travelled. Though itself artificial, it will follow a road so far conforming to the nature of things that it has earned in the past the name of the Highway of Nations. The railroad will be one link, as the Persian Gulf is another, in a chain of communication between East and West, alternative to the all-water route by the Suez Canal and the Red Sea. . . . Great Britain having already political interest in the Persian Gulf, should encourage British capital to develop communications thence with the interior in Persia and in Mesopotamia as strengthening her political claim to consideration and excluding that of possible antagonists. The German road would thus find its terminus in a British system, a not unusual international relation."

What group of nations is destined to make the Bagdad

railway and restore the ancient land of Shinar to its former glory? The most desirable and the most natural is Germany, France, and England. But at present the association of England does not seem very promising. The Germans, who hold the concession, value it so highly that they are unwilling to offer such conditions of complete equality as can only be accepted by England. They hanker after a German preponderance, and hesitate to sink it in a purely international enterprise. We would have no right to complain if Germany and France decide to carry out alone the concession, as no one doubts their ability to do so. Willingly we gave over to Germany the position we once held in Turkey, and it is only a natural consequence that she should desire to reap all the fruits of that position. It will require a long period of reflection and an ability to regard the interesting enterprise from a world standpoint, and not a national, before Germany consents to a loyal association in which no one member of it retains privileges or control greater than another.

And yet, in truth, it is only in hearty co-operation with Eng-

land that the grandest results from the scheme can be realised—the linking of the East with the West. That co-operation would give an importance to the project which it cannot possess if it is merely a railroad for the development of Asiatic Turkey. While therefore we cannot object to the realisation by Germany and France alone of the lesser object, we shall regret that the greater possibilities of the railway are not from the outset clearly indicated by the association of the only Power which can fully assure them. It is no secret the interest which the German Emperor has taken in the Bagdad Railway concession—indeed it was to his personal influence that it owed its birth,—and we very much mistake the grasp of his Imperial mind if he is not able to realise how much greater would be the glory of contributing to establish a “Highway of the Nations” than of making a German railroad penetrating Asiatic Turkey. This last will be merely parochial in its aim and object: the “Highway of the Nations” would be the grandest enterprise in its far-reaching and civilising results which the world has ever witnessed.

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